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# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.*

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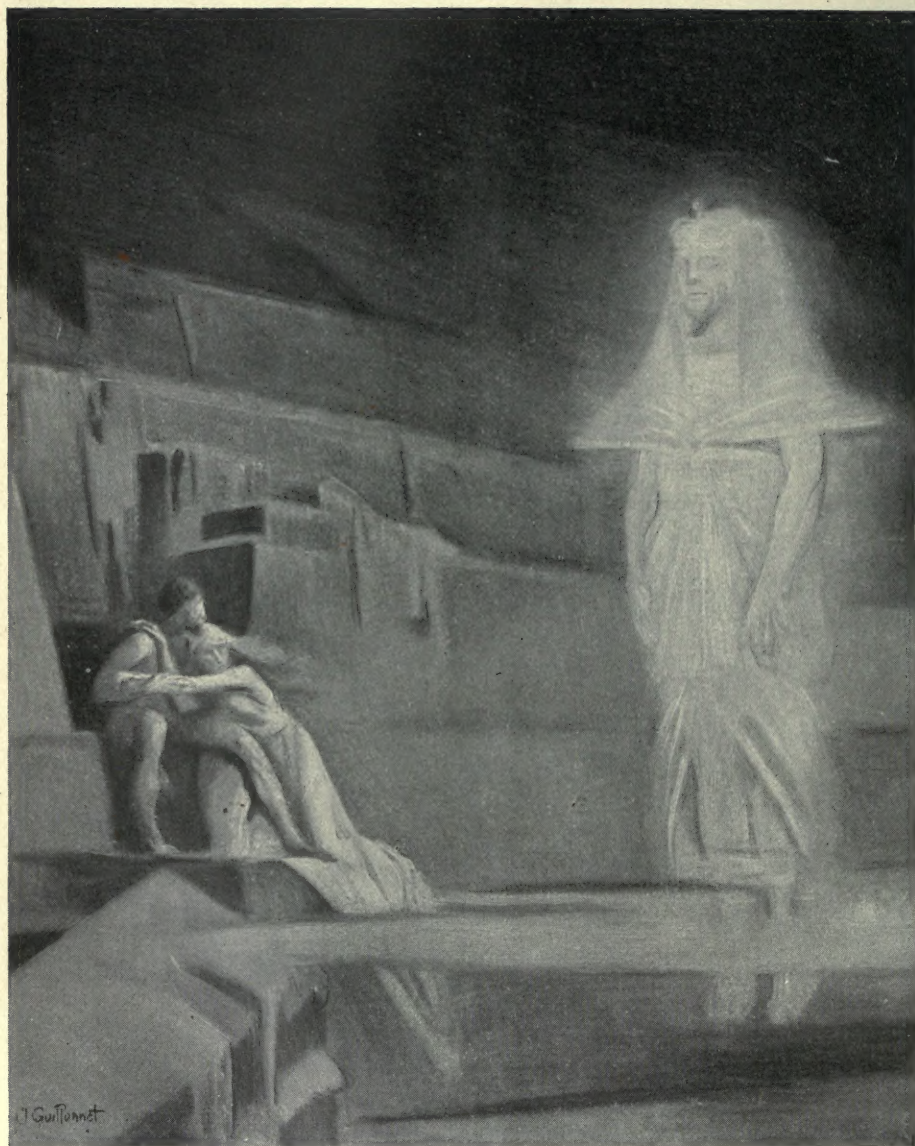
*By G. Rochegrosse.*





By O. Guillonnet.





By O. Guillonnet.

"Omega," page 466.



## THE INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

BY W. D. KELLEY.

FOR over a quarter of a century the idea of an all-rail communication between North and South America has at times been brought more or less prominently before the public. In the act of congress approved July 7, 1884, we find for the first time serious inquiry made as to the feasibility of such a line, by the appointment of a commission "to ascertain and report on the best modes of securing more intimate international and commercial relations between the United States and the several countries of Central and South America."

This commission after consulting the various countries interested, made its reports in 1885 and 1886, and as an outgrowth of their investigations we have the meeting of the International American conference at Washington, D. C., in 1889, which recommended a survey of a route for an intercontinental line of railroad to connect the systems of North and South America, and to be conducted by an international commission, the expenses to be shared by the several nations accepting in proportion to their respective populations

at the rate of one thousand dollars per each million of inhabitants.

The recommendations of the International American conference were accepted by Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Venezuela and the United States; Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay and Uruguay agreeing to construct the road through their countries, and not sharing in the expense of the surveys. Nearly all of the above-mentioned republics were represented on the Intercontinental Railway commission which held frequent meetings at its headquarters, located in Washington, in the latter part of 1890 and the early part of 1891, and decided to survey or explore what appeared to be, from the best data obtainable, the most practicable route for such a railway.

If we look at a map showing the railway systems of the three Americas we see the vast network of railroads in the United States, constituting one-half the railway mileage of the entire world, extending southward and crossing the Mexican frontier at four points. They converge at





A DAY IN CAMP. SOUTHERN ECUADOR.

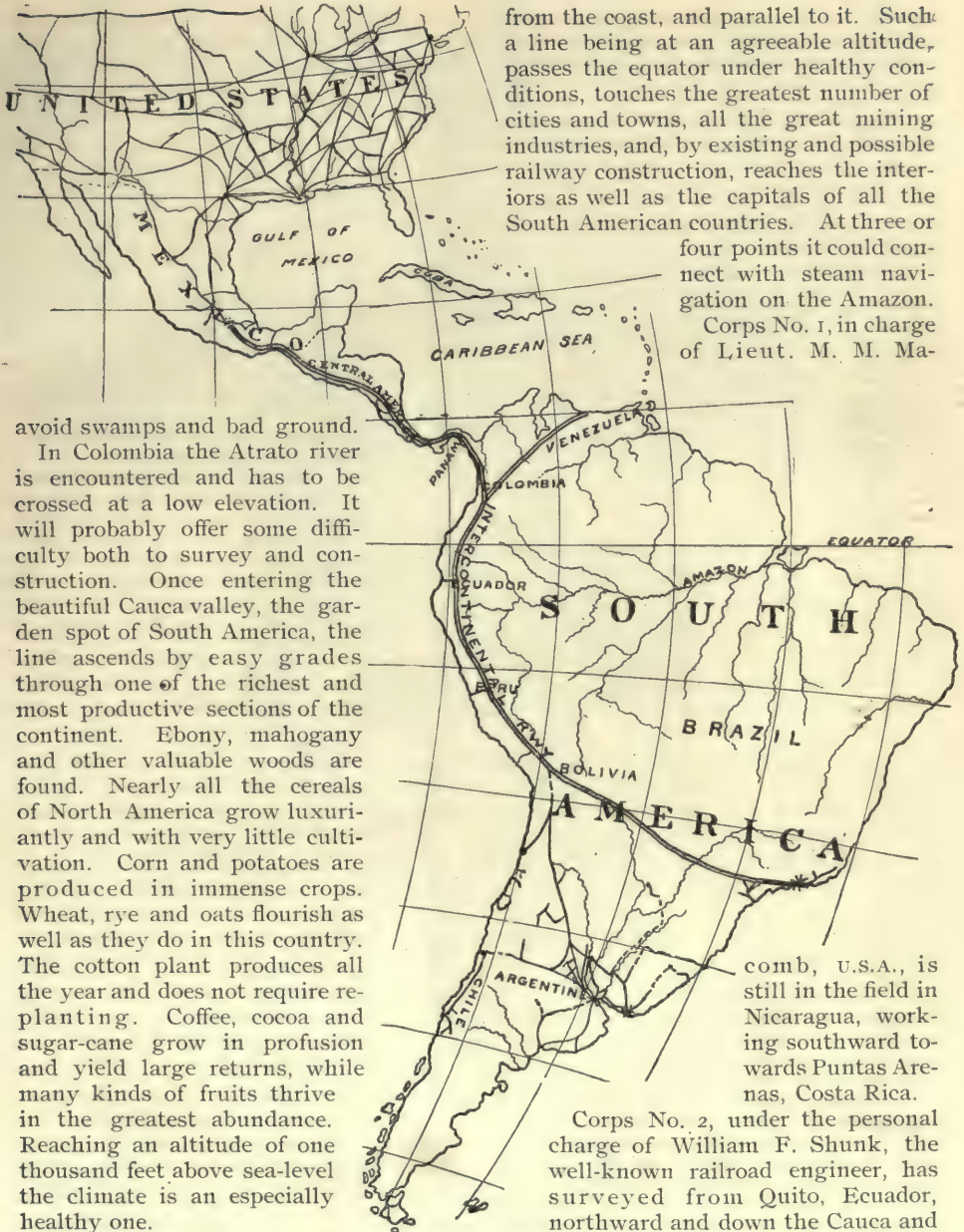
the City of Mexico and continue southward in one line, a distance of two hundred miles further, thus forming continuous rail communication from New York city, for a distance of about 3500 miles. In South America we see the combined systems of Brazil, Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Chili, aggregating 15,000 miles of line, converging northward into Bolivia, reaching a point near Lake Titicaca on the Peruvian frontier. Railway construction has been so rapid in South America that no maps yet show the Chili Antofagasto line built to Oruro, or the railway connection between the Argentine and Chilean systems practically completed. From Buenos Ayres to the northward we have 1500 miles of continuous line. Of the 9000 miles distance between New York city and Buenos Ayres we therefore have 5000 miles not only operating, but forming the backbone of a great system of railroads at either extremity of the proposed intercontinental line.

Between the great system of the North and that of the South, in the intervening 4000 miles, there is already operating, at various points along the line of the proposed intercontinental railway, about 500 miles of railway in the small countries composing Central America, and 1300 miles in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Of this 1800 miles of small disconnected lines, but little would be of use in actually filling in the gap between the two large systems, as they are in most cases constructed in from the coast at right angles

to the general direction. They would, however, serve as most important factors and aid both as commercial feeders and as a means of distributing along the interior the machinery, materials, labor and supplies necessary to building a railroad. Again considering the above intervening 4000 miles, much had been done already by private enterprise towards surveys.

In April, 1891, three engineering corps were sent into the field. Corps No. 1, composed of officers detailed from the United States army, to Guatemala, commencing the survey at Ayutla, near the Mexican frontier. The second and third corps went in company via Panama down the west coast of South America to the port of Guayaquil, Ecuador. Thence to the city of Quito, capital of Ecuador, in the interior, a distance of 270 miles, 70 by rail, 200 by mules. After a month's sojourn in experimental camp at Quito, the surveys were actually commenced. Corps No. 2 working northward towards Panama and corps No. 3 southward along the cordillera of the Andes.

In Central America many routes are feasible and almost any general elevation of from 250 to 2500 feet above sea-level can be followed as may be desired, thus taking in the rich coffee belts, agricultural districts and centers of population at will. In general, however, the Pacific slope is considered the best to follow, passing the isthmus on the Panama or Pacific side and continuing southward by skirting high enough on the foothills of the Darien country to



avoid swamps and bad ground.

In Colombia the Atrato river is encountered and has to be crossed at a low elevation. It will probably offer some difficulty both to survey and construction. Once entering the beautiful Cauca valley, the garden spot of South America, the line ascends by easy grades through one of the richest and most productive sections of the continent. Ebony, mahogany and other valuable woods are found. Nearly all the cereals of North America grow luxuriantly and with very little cultivation. Corn and potatoes are produced in immense crops. Wheat, rye and oats flourish as well as they do in this country. The cotton plant produces all the year and does not require replanting. Coffee, cocoa and sugar-cane grow in profusion and yield large returns, while many kinds of fruits thrive in the greatest abundance. Reaching an altitude of one thousand feet above sea-level the climate is an especially healthy one.

Approaching the knots of the Andes, in southern Colombia, the first real difficulties to railway construction begin. Entering Ecuador at Ibarra, the location surveyed, and which was considered best for economic construction, is that on the high plateau of the Andes, between the two great ranges, at a mean elevation of 9000 feet above sea-level, 200 to 300 miles back

from the coast, and parallel to it. Such a line being at an agreeable altitude, passes the equator under healthy conditions, touches the greatest number of cities and towns, all the great mining industries, and, by existing and possible railway construction, reaches the interiors as well as the capitals of all the South American countries. At three or four points it could connect with steam navigation on the Amazon.

Corps No. 1, in charge of Lieut. M. M. Ma-

comb, U.S.A., is still in the field in Nicaragua, working southward towards Puntas Arenas, Costa Rica.

Corps No. 2, under the personal charge of William F. Shunk, the well-known railroad engineer, has surveyed from Quito, Ecuador, northward and down the Cauca and Magdalena rivers. Encountering heavy rains, the examination of the Darien lowlands was postponed until the dry season, and the line was put through to the coast on the Caribbean sea, at Cartagena. Thence the party went by steamer to Puerto Limon, in Costa Rica, and, proceeding to the Pacific side, surveyed a line southward, through Panama, February 16, 1893.



Corps No. 3 surveyed the line from Quito, fourteen miles south of the equator, to the southward, a distance of 1436 miles of continuous transit line. Side lines had to be run to develop contiguous country and passes, making a total of 1700 miles of survey. This corps returned to the United States September 1, 1892, and is the only corps back. Their office work, consisting of forty-eight maps and profiles and estimates of the line, together with an amount of valuable information gathered, is now being worked up in the central office in Washington, and will, when measured on location, following the numerous curves necessary to cross the deep intervening valleys, give 1944 miles of actual railway to be built.

Mr. J. Imbrie Miller, also well known in railway circles, went down in original charge of this corps. He was taken sick at the outset of the expedition, and, never becoming acclimated to the high altitudes, was forced to return to the United States. He was succeeded by the writer.

Owing to the lack of details and unfinished summarizing of the results of the other corps, it is not possible to state what their mileage is. But it may be "guessed" that there will be in the neighborhood of a total of 4500 miles of railway to be built to yet connect New York city with Buenos Ayres. It is not expected that such a stupendous undertaking can be accomplished without difficulties or great expense, but the results, so far, show the scheme to be perfectly feasible, requiring nothing more extraordinary to be done by engineering skill than has been overcome on railroads now in operation. There will be plenty of tunnels—tunnels piercing the snow-capped cordillera, tunnels through spurs of the main ranges, and various systems of loop-tunnels to climb the great ascents. There will be numerous bridges of every

description, reaching the maximum that skill can design, in high viaduct construction on sharp curves. There will be heavy cuttings, and deep fillings for embankments. The maximum grade of four feet rise in one hundred will have to be used to a large extent, and curves of as short a radius as 359 feet will be required.

To deliver machinery and supplies to the interior will be, by itself, both difficult and expensive.

As regards operating the road, when completed, numerous difficulties will also be encountered. In places there will be lack of stone or wood for construction; over a large portion of the line, metal

railway ties and telegraph poles will have to be used. Coal exists in sufficient quantities only in few places, necessitating the general use of, probably, petroleum as fuel, which is now in general use on many South American railroads. Labor exists along the line in varied quantity and inferior quality. The average South American Indian or half-breed



INDIANS OF QUITO.

don't care to do much work and has many attractive religious "feast days," which take preference to all else to be attended to. The total cost of constructing a railroad to join all systems on the American continent would approximate two hundred millions of dollars. Instead of raising this sum by general contributions to stock or by subscriptions of the governments, it is assumed that the work would better be done by land and mineral grants given by each country directly interested, to private parties or syndicates and contractors. Each country would enter all materials for construction free of duty; military protection and absolute neutrality would be guaranteed the contractors in case of war.

Notwithstanding the difficulties cited, and which all must know exist in such a mountainous country, it is believed that



COTOPAXI AS SEEN FROM THE SURVEY LINE.

none of them are insurmountable, and that it is feasible to construct the road and operate it to advantage.

It was on the 21st of April, 1891, after a continuous and undelayed journey of eleven days from the time of leaving New York city, that the combined second and third corps arrived at Guayaquil, Ecuador, from which place the much-talked of march to the interior was to begin. We found Guayaquil to be a very thriving business town of forty thousand inhabitants, furnishing to the United States the greatest value in exports of any port on the west coast of South America. The busy scenes along the quays remind one of the docks of Liverpool on a small scale, the chief exports being coffee, sugar, hides, cocoa, rubber, rice and quinine. After six days' sojourn, and having received many hospitalities at the hands of the governor of the province, we were placed under charge of guides, furnished by the government of Ecuador, and began our journey over the main range and into the plateau to the city of Quito. The entire expense of transporting both corps was defrayed by the government of Ecuador.

At this point our new experiences began—the rainy season, with its swollen rivers and torrents, and trails belly-deep in mud, confronted us. We doubted the efficiency of the mule, which is the typical feature of South American life, and upon whose habits and usefulness volumes could be written and not one-half be told. He is

the motive power of the country—the baggage, freight, passenger, express and fast limited train of the land. He is the civil engineer, knows an unsafe bridge and the depth of every mud-hole and creek by the smelling of it. He is the only standard authority on distance from tambo to tambo. In following a mountain trail, winding and climbing around bold precipices, with thousands of feet below and above him, he always walks on the outermost edge of the path, mattering not whether the way is narrow or wide, and it would seem, at first, that in this he erred; but a little experience and acquaintance shows his theory to be correct, for he avoids better the falling stones from above and can escape the meeting of other mules in narrow defiles, making it impossible to pass, and not allow his cargo, be it either a pack or rider, to hit against the rocks and cause him to lose his balance. At first, the distrust in one's mule leads him to get off and walk in all bad and dangerous places, but it does not take long to learn that the safest place is on his back.

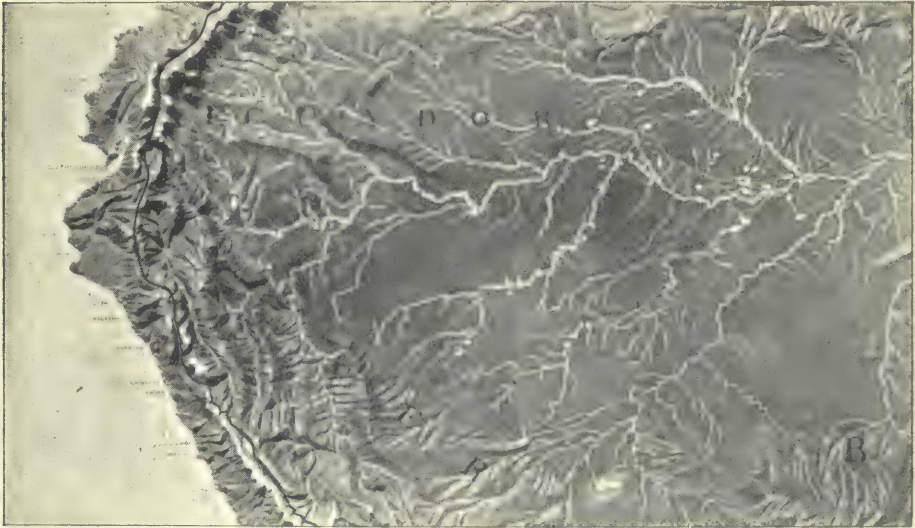
The fatigue of exertion in high altitudes, in rarefied atmosphere, begins to show itself at eight or nine thousand feet above sea-level, and at fourteen thousand feet it takes the form of a disease, known by the natives as "zaroche," the symptoms being dizziness, weakness, bleeding at the nostrils and ears, and perhaps dysentery and bowel troubles, of which strangers frequently die when making



the change too suddenly from the sea-level to the plateau. It might be said that all the members of the two surveying parties were, for the first month, more or less affected with this trouble, and some of them never became acclimated, and had to be sent down to the coast on litters rigged up for the purpose, carried night and day over the mountains by Indians. Of the ten or eleven English-speaking persons, including the corps surgeon, detailed from the United States navy, who composed the party at various times, only two besides the writer withstood the diversified phases and effects of climate, customs, food and exposure, and com-

spring; crops do not have to await the succession of the seasons to be planted and gathered; flowers and leaves fall while fresh ones bud into life. The hospitalities of Ecuador reached their climax amidst the banquets and receptions extended by the president and his committees, and the attentions of the citizens.

Our eighty mule loads of camp outfit had arrived and the first camp was pitched a few miles south of the equator. Like one enemy surrounding another, the tent-like peaks of eleven volcanoes, inactive and covered with eternal snow, peered down upon us from high above the clouds. This was called our "practice camp."



pleted the expedition. Only experience can tell what it is to be sick with summer complaints or fevers, and be obliged to live on wild bananas and fruits, and drink waters from different sources and streams. Usually, the mountain streams from the perpetual snows furnish pure water, but they are frequently laden with all sorts of mineral products.

A lapse of ten days after leaving Guayaquil, surviving our first mule ride and many hospitalities, found us in the hands of the reception committee at Ecuador's capital.

Quito is a well-built city of eighty thousand inhabitants, situated fourteen miles south of the equator and 9350 feet above the sea. The climate is that of perpetual

Here the machinery of our future movements was put together and the first stake on our survey for an intercontinental railway was set on June 2, 1891.

A back-sight transit line was run the entire distance with the stadia system for taking distances and levels. A thirty-foot stadia rod, in three sections, with a banner of white cloth one yard square on top as a signal, was used. The chief of the party and three Indian guides always went ahead with the stadia rod. Owing to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere at the high elevations, sights of half a mile could be read with as much precision as those of a thousand feet in ordinary survey work. Following the stadia rod came the transitman, the to-

pographers and their Indian helpers. The transitman took and recorded the survey notes, the topographer plotting them on the field maps and filling in the topography from stake to stake, two to twenty miles in width according to circumstances, using systems of intersections, slopes and the usual methods in plane table work. A pair of selected aneroid barometers were used, as a check only, for differences of elevations. Following the transit and topography parties, came a helper trained as a back rodman. The transitman after taking his reading on the long head stadia rod signalled "all right," the white banner of the stadia rod repeated the signal and the three separate sections, thus usually not within speaking distance from morning to night, moved always simultaneously from stake to stake. The surveyors generally left camp at daybreak, and on an average day's run were two or three miles ahead by noon. By 1 P.M. the previous night's camp had been lifted and the field party overtaken, the Indian guides receiving orders from the chief of the party as the cargoes passed the head rod. Camp for the night was then pitched such a distance ahead that the surveyors would set the last stake of the day in front of the tents at nightfall and then dismount and go in to dinner. A lunch was always carried in the saddle pocket for midday. The length of the day's work was always planned with first considering where food and water for the animals could be best provided. The maximum day's survey was fourteen and four-tenth miles on a level pampa with unobstructed sights and easy topography. In a wooded country, sometimes a whole day would be lost in getting a single sight. Cases of emergency arose when a mountain top would have to be cleared off and a tall straight tree selected, cleaned of its bark and rigged up with a cross-arm at the top and used as a stadia rod. In narrow valleys, or in much broken or wooded country, side lines would have to be run to enable the topographer to get wide maps. The total number of continuous miles run was 1436. Counting the side lines, 1700 miles were surveyed. This occupied the fourteen months from June, 1891, to July, 1892, an average of over 120 miles per month, or

four miles per day. We were obliged to work Sundays and holidays while on the march in order to make the provisions hold out until a fresh supply could be laid in. By living a part of the time on half rations, provisions for three weeks could be carried in cargo. At the expiration of such an interval it would be found necessary to halt at some tambo where man and animal could be fattened and rested and fresh supplies laid in. A misunderstanding, a wrong trail followed by the cargoes, or sometimes a sick mule, would be sufficient cause for leaving the surveying party at night without tents, food or blankets, to sleep in the dew on a cold mountain-side, or, perhaps, on the ground in a howling rainstorm.

The Indian helpers who worked on the line or acted as guides or mule drivers, were usually "forced peon labor" supplied by the government and paid for by the corps at a little higher than their usual wages per day elsewhere, so as not only to pay them for their return journey home, but to encourage a spirit of willingness.

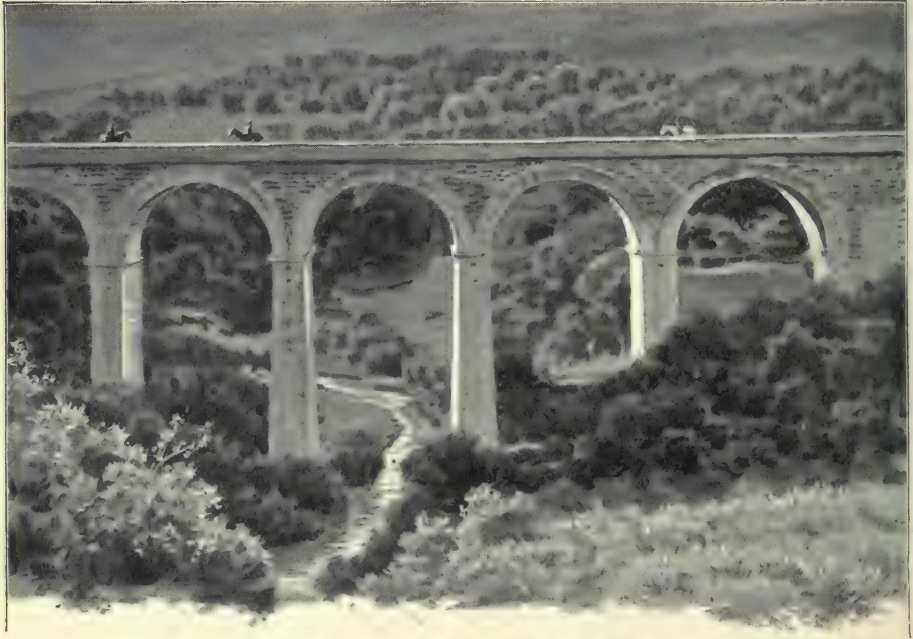
Circular letters from the heads of the governments were issued to the governors or prefects and on down to the lowest "tenientes" along the line of survey ordering them to furnish the party with all necessary facilities, including transportation, food, guides, or even guards of soldiers when requested. The camp was under cavalry escort twice, once in Ecuador when peon labor could "not be forced" to enter the low forests of the interior Amazon district, and once in Peru through a country infested by Indians hostile to the government.

At the very outset of the expedition from Quito, sickness had divided the corps into two camps. The "sick camp" having been left behind in Ambato, a town at the end of the diligence route, seventy-five miles south from Quito, at the



A NATIVE HALF-BREED SPINNING.





BRIDGE ON THE NATIONAL ROAD NEAR QUITO

expiration of two months of hopeless expectation, returned to the starting point on the coast at Guayaquil. Recruits to the engineering force were sent down from Washington and joined the surveyors in the interior of southern Ecuador. Sickness this time combined with misfortunes incident upon a disheartening attempt at crossing the cordillera in heavy rains, caused a second division of the expedition at the end of a union of only a month.

The three of us who had surveyed the line from Quito were again cut off from the main camp and had passed the main cordillera and entered the virgin forests and lower foothills of the Amazon basin. This time the separation was unexpected. Reflecting upon our situation in the woods, cut off from supplies, amid heavy rains, without change of boots or clothing, pestered with fleas and other insects, doing hard work, mostly on foot, as the few mules with us could only pick a meal from the leaves of the scattered edible vines, our Indian helpers sick with fever, all without proper food, the best was made of a bad situation, and at the expiration of two and a half months, pushing ahead little by little, small villages were encountered and dreams of Peruvian civ-

ilization became a reality. The torrents of the upper watersheds had grown in their courses to swollen and rapid flowing rivers, which had to be swam, or crossed by vine bridges, some of the more sluggish ones by rafts constructed of bamboo, others were forded if a broad shoal could be found; each day meant a wet skin for everybody. It was on Thanksgiving day, 1891, in the forests, that the frontier was crossed by fording the Rio Chamayo.

Passing through Ecuador, a distance of 248 miles by survey, to the Peruvian frontier, the first 250 miles may be said to be thickly populated, and towns of as many as fifteen thousand inhabitants are common, fully nine-tenths of the population being full-blooded Indians, the remainder cholo half-breeds and shading imperceptibly into the Spanish type of descent, of which there are very few in the interior.

On the immediate line of the survey of the 413 miles in the valleys of Ecuador, fifty towns are touched with a total population of 246,000. Six of these towns exceed 15,000 inhabitants, and one of the number, Quito, contains nearly 80,000. Nowhere is a whistle heard nor is there a piston moved by steam. The only road

over which a wagon can or is supposed to pass, is the national road, built by the French, and extends from Quito about seventy-five miles to the south. At Cuenca, Loja and Riobamba, the three next towns in the interior of importance, short stretches only of roads exist. A wagon road was once built by the government from the coast up to Quito, over which no wagon ever passed. It is a wonderful piece of work to ride over it on mule-back and get to one's destination alive.

All cargoes to the interior, and in the interior, are transported on mules. Such a trail is called "camino real," or main road, by the people, and has constituted their "Broadway of commerce" for three hundred years. It is left to the imagination of the reader to picture what the people call "trails," if these are the "main roads." In the interior of Peru there has been even less done towards road construction and general progress than in the interior of Ecuador. Interior Peru has no wagon roads whatever. Sixty-six towns of all sizes, to 60,000 inhabitants, were found on the immediate line of the survey containing a total population of 482,000 people. As in Ecuador, nine-tenths of these are Indians, the re-

mainder being cholo half-breeds and a scattering of Spanish blood. There is also a general similarity in the laying out of the towns.

A railroad built on the line followed from Quito to Cuzco, and comprising Ecuador and Peru, would be a vast elevated railroad in a fertile valley nine to fifteen thousand feet above the sea. On either side, high ranges of cordillera with the volcanic peaks are covered with everlasting snow. Here and there at intervals of two or three hundred miles, the symmetrical valley is broken up into a hopeless puzzle of cross ranges, isolated mountains, extending spurs, rivers flowing in all directions, until with one crowning effort, they combine and break their way through an abrupt cutting in the cordillera, passing off to one side and down to an ocean. Perhaps when a knot of the Andes is thus passed, one finds himself in the drainage area of the other ocean. Nine times the survey crossed from Pacific to Atlantic waters.

In the deep valleys is found the tropical climate with its most generous and profuse exhibition of living things, the typical spot to study the law of the survival of the fittest and the history of creation.



ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.



Vegetable and animal life struggling side by side, with imperceptible transitions from one to the other, each preying upon its neighbor and using it as a means for its own advancement. Where there is cultivated land there is found sugar-cane, bananas, oranges, alligator pears, delicious chimoyas and an endless variety of other fruits. Also, perhaps, cocoa, coffee and tobacco. Otherwise we might find nature doing more than her share in an attempt to raise a plenitude of bana-

sion of changes from perpetual snow at 14,400 feet above sea-level to tropics at 3800 feet above sea-level; a difference in elevation of over two miles, in the ordinary course of one day's march. Tents pitched in snow and ice on one day and in hot sands the next; bitten by severe frost, then by insects; sleeping in one's clothing with extra sweaters and leggings and six blankets, both woolen and rubber, aggregating over a dozen thicknesses; then only enough to protect one from fall-



CAMP PEONS WEARING THE PONCHO

nas, and sugar-cane for making rum or aguardiente, to keep up the existence and drunkenness of a tribe of naked savages, whose only aim in life is to live for the sake of living. Higher up is the sub-tropical climate with the products of Italy, and in the more elevated ravines and hills the temperature and crops of our own country. Thence ascending through the pasture lands of the Alps and a subarctic zone through the vast patches of tall long-branched cactus trees, with their delicious edible fruits, into the arctic, arid and rocky mountains, capped by craggy peaks of everlasting snows, leaving all animal life below but the majestic condor, the only creature living above the snow-line.

Our own expedition actually passed through, at one point, this entire succes-

ing tarantulas and centipedes, all in a distance of less than fifteen miles.

Thus as we find all shades of conditions in the vegetable and animal kingdoms depending upon the elevation above sea-level, the elevation being of itself the prime factor which establishes the temperature and climate; we find likewise similar differences in the races of people which make up the inhabitants. In the low, hot countries where nature will almost without human help raise a crop of bananas and a few vegetables, the Indians exist on such as they can get with the least labor. In the hot country the needs of the Indian are few, and we find him a naked savage. The women do the work about the hut and care for the limited necessities of life, the men do some crude hunting with blow-guns (made of the

chonta palm hollowed out) and with an arrow a foot long, or with bows and arrows.

It is said that among some of the savage tribes of the montaña cannibalism exists. Not only are strangers attacked, but they have the custom of eating their own deceased relatives, believing as they say, "that it is better to be inside a friend than to be devoured by the black earth."

As savage and uncivilized as these interior tribes are, they have done something in the way of progress; self-progress, for they have never been conquered; the changes wrought by Spanish invasions, wars with neighboring republics or interior revolutions, never penetrated to the remoteness of their people. They wash considerable gold and collect birds, monkey teeth, hides and snake skins. To dispose of their articles they travel on foot a journey of a month or more to some village or trading-post, usually arriving for a feast day. Their barter does not bring more than the price of several days' liquor in exchange. The feast day being over, and a grand drunk and dance gone by, they return to their homes.

Of the customs of tribes of the low hot lands, the most curious the writer met

with is the art of preserving the human head with all its features, but reduced to the size of one's fist. Various scientists, especially Germans, have tried to learn from them the process. Specimens of these preserved human heads have been obtained and sent to civilized countries for scientific study, but nobody has yet been able to discover this art. There will be a number of them on exhibition at the World's Fair. It is known that the bones and matter of the head are first extracted and the head filled with an unknown material. The long hair is wrapped up in leaves of a mountain herb which protects the hair while the head itself is placed in a pickle, the composition of which is unknown. At the end of this process, whatever it may be, the result is a human head reduced to one-quarter the natural size, with its natural length of hair. This they suspend by a string made of fiber from a girth or belt about the waist, and it is worn by the men of the tribe.

As we approach the mountainous districts and attain an elevation and a colder climate, the Indians have to wear correspondingly more clothing and eat more nutritious food, hence we find, as we might expect, a more industrious race. The children are taught to scale the high



A BULL PLAZA AT LIMA, PERU.



mountain-side pastures and guard the sheep, goats or cattle from sunrise to sunset. The women, in addition to their duties in preparing the food, are always busy with their spinning. A considerable ball of wool on the end of a stick is spun into a thread on the middle of another stick, which is kept in rapid motion by means of the twisting of the finger. A potato stuck on one end of this revolving stick serves as a governor to give it uniform motion as well as equilibrium.

The customs, language and appearances of the people change with every locality. Valleys only a few miles apart contain "bandas" or tribes quite different, and not able to speak the same dialect, all of them dialects of the old Inca tongue, of which there are said to be some twenty thousand. Some tribes may wear their

hair long, others short. Some wear clothing made of wool of their own raising, others clothing of hides of all kinds, and frequently of sheep skins with the wool left on. Some wear a sandal or sole of llama hide, fast-

ened on by strings leading between the toes and tying over the foot. Some wear the broad sombrero, others a straw hat of their own manufacture. All Indians seem to be specially adept at weaving straw. What we call the Panama hats, and which are worth even thirty to forty dollars or more, are made by the Indians of Ecuador and are brought mostly from Guayaquil. The universal apparel is the "poncho," a coarse, square blanket of bright colors with a slit in the center through which passes the head. Not only the Indians, but the Spanish-speaking classes are seldom seen without the "poncho," it is a South American garment, well suited for idle hands, as it is impossible to work with one on.

The ancient race of Incas which populated the high plateaus and cordillera before the discovery of America, seem to have been very progressive. The Incas had nobody to teach them; no mother

country. They were an entirely independent and self-developed people, solving their own problems of self-government.

The expedition of the Third corps may be said to have passed from one of these old Inca capitals, Quito, to the other, Cuzco, and, more or less, generally followed their old trail, cutting it open wherever closed by the overgrowing forests. Along this highway are many landmarks of the Inca. Chief among them ruined walls and towns of considerable size, old baths, hot, tepid and cold, made by walling up the springs where the water comes out of the ground. Numerous are the high "ventanas" or windows of the Incas, cut into the brown, chalky or hardpan perpendiculars. Hardly conceivable is it how they could have been able to scale the apparently smooth faces for as much as five hundred feet in places, but when once these little rooms were reached, it is equally easy to imagine how safe they were from attacking foes. These windows served as forts or strongholds, and not uncommonly commanded important points or passes in the mountains.

It is as we approach Cuzco that one finds the more remarkable works of the Incas, monuments of the high civilization they had attained. Their old temples contain huge monolithic doorways, cornices, staircases and rows of well squared and fitted stones, all built without mortar of any kind. Various writers have even gone so far as to state that "in no part of the world have stones been cut with such mathematical precision and admirable skill as in Peru, and in no part of Peru are there any to surpass those which are scattered over the plain of Tiahuanacu."

While admitting the wonderful stone-cutting, and considering the huge blocks of stone moved and put in place, the writer, as an engineer, is not yet able to admit that they surpass our own feats in architecture and engineering skill of today. Many of the stone blocks of the Inca walls and palaces are fifteen feet high by twelve feet, while the largest seems to be twenty-seven feet high by fourteen feet. These were moved and put in place a distance of ten miles from the quarry. We must, however, give due credit to the



INDIAN MOUNTAIN HUT.

self-developed Inca people of having possessed one of the "lost arts," i. e., the art of tempering copper, of which their stonecutting tools were made. The Incas worked in gold quite extensively. They extracted it both from the quartz and sands in considerable quantities. The interiors of some of the old temples, still existing, but used for other purposes, yet contain the gold decorations; at times hammered as thin as paper and covering an interior vault or wall. Their sun-dials and meridians give evidence that they had some knowledge of astronomy.

Peru is especially rich in minerals, gold and silver predominating. The route fol-

Cajamarca, machinery has been introduced to a large extent. Cerro de Pasco, with its busy streets, large number of foreigners, chimneys pouring forth coal smoke, a small mineral railroad and now and then the screech of a steam whistle, is the only interior town which would even remind one of our own country.

Approaching the end of the survey at Cuzco, in southern Peru, in the last 250 miles were found what will turn out to be the most difficult and expensive of construction. The cordillera takes a turn in an east and west direction and is cut by three deep rivers at right angles to the line. Three times the railroad would



CROSSING OF CAMP CARGOES AT QUEBRADA OÑA, ECUADOR.

lowed by the survey touches the immediate vicinity of all the mines. In the Amazon headwaters of the interior of Ecuador and Peru the rivers carry in their sands considerable gold in workable quantities, in places the ordinary Indian by his crude methods being able to wash out as much as five or ten dollars worth per day. These are, of course, valuable in themselves, but still more valuable to those who are to become the future developers of the soil in discovering and working the vast mines which must somewhere lie buried and hidden at the sources of these gold-laden streams. In the most important mines, the silver mines near

climb on maximum grades and curves and spirals from hot tropics to perpetual snows in this distance, representing elevations between 6000 and 14,400 feet above the sea.

The maximum elevation at which camp was pitched was 16,300 feet, in a deep snow and during a driving hail storm amidst rocks as large as the tents. The lowest elevation reached by the expedition was 2200 feet in the Marañon-Amazon, called "tierra caliente" or hot lands, where the midday sun could not be endured and work had to be suspended frequently until after 3 P.M.

The plant life of the Andes bears but



little resemblance to that of the United States. Of our own familiar forest and road trees, none of the kind exist there. Peach, pear, apple and plum help to make out the great variety of fruit life. They seem to be different from ours but not better. Roses on the wayside are common.

In Ecuador the Pacific watershed receives rain in season and is fertile. Further south, along the coast of Peru, however, the moist Atlantic air-currents seem to deposit their moisture on the eastern side of the cordillera. Upon striking the cold snow mountains, the last bit of moisture is deposited, and as dry winds they pass over to the Pacific side, and we find as a result almost a continuous sand desert over which the peculiar crescent-shaped sandhills travel, life-like, in large family groups. On the Peruvian coast it never rains. The houses are built with flat roofs and an umbrella is next to unknown. Animal and plant life exist only where an occasional river, fed by the snow mountains, reaches the coast.

Therefore, it is behind the Andean chain, in the warm rivers of the Amazon basin, well wooded and watered, that we find the greatest animal life. Snakes, vipers, tarantulas and centipedes crawl in the undergrowth or drop from tree branches. There are great numbers of bats and butterflies. Myriad swarms of insects tattoo one's hide leaving a black spot or ring at each bite. In the warm waters are fish, alligators and tortoise, and there is an endless variety of water birds. Duck and snipe were frequently shot and served in the camp mess. On the grassy hillsides wild horses and deer graze, and may be seen at sunset coming down to drink at the ravines. Richly plumaged parrots swarm on the red berry bushes and make the air hideous with their jabbering. Beautiful varieties of humming birds are busy from flower to flower. Many varieties of monkey, mountain lion, jaguar, bear, fox and other animals of large type hunt their existence about settlements where food can be obtained. The animals in the lofty sierra are the domesticated llamas and alpacas, and the wild vicuñas



OUR GUIDE.

noted for their very fine fur.

Probably no other country offers a larger field of study for the scientist. Of the many large telescopes looking for other worlds, none are south of the equator. Hence a large amount of the heavens is unobserved by us. There is now being established an American observatory at Arequipa, Peru, where some valuable observations

have been made, notably of Mars. It is to be hoped their attempt to secure a more powerful telescope may be successful. No greater field for the study of volcanoes, geology, mineralogy, botany and natural history exists. Scientific research offers to man a very excellent opportunity along the Andean chain.

Gold, silver and many other precious metals lie hidden in the Southern Cordillera, similar to those of the North, which have already added so much to the wealth and development of the United States. Agriculture offers to the settler fertile valleys and continuous crops belonging to every zone. The hospitalities of a people eager for the advancement of their countries are held out to all.

The many banquets tendered the engineer corps along the entire line of survey and the expressions of sympathy manifested, as well as the extreme courtesies and hospitalities of the private citizens tendered us, go to prove the anxiety with which our sister republics of the South await the coming of those closer relations with the people of the North, which may give them like prosperity. They all speak in hopeful terms of the construction of an intercontinental railway to link the northern and southern hemispheres.

A great deal has been both written and said in regard to our business and trade relations with those countries. Everybody seems to admit that they are not what they should be.

Geographically situated and connected as the three Americas are, the disadvantage we are at in trade with one another does not seem to be a natural one. Why, of a total of nine hundred millions of dollars worth of trade in all the Spanish American countries, does the United States get but one-fifth? Great Britain

alone exports to our own neighboring republics more than twice the value in manufactured goods that we do. In 1889 when the delegates came to attend the Pan-American congress held at Washington, they came by way of Europe crossing the ocean twice.

Railroads and steamship lines stimulate trade when people are desirous of trading with one another. If that desire does not exist, then no amount of communication between them or even the locking of them up in the same room can make them trade. As in "swapping jack-knives," it takes two people to make a bargain.

Our engineer corps had purchased field instruments of a leading firm in New York city at a price twenty per cent. greater than we could have bought the same instruments, of the same firm, had we ordered them from South America. An equipment of rifles and side arms, even with a discount allowed us in New York city, would not bring as much after we had carried them to South America. The same thing applies to sewing machines

and calicoes especially, and almost all manufactured articles in general. Naturally a manufacturer who can sell his goods at home for twenty per cent. more than he can elsewhere does not care to cater to other trade, even though he may make a fair profit on outside trades; he does not care to make special grades of his goods or to take special care or expense in the packing and shipping of them, for the mere sake of introducing his wares and entering into competition with others. In return also, neither does the foreign buyer care to buy even at the same prices when he can be better suited elsewhere. Such arguments as these came to the writer's ears frequently while in conversation with South American merchants.

The fault would seem to be with our own manufacturers, who, getting more for their goods at home than elsewhere, don't care for the South American trade. It makes no difference whether the cause is due to cheap labor in other manufacturing countries, or, as some have lately argued, due to a less active diplomatic corps there, or, in short, whether it



QUITO.



be due to the "man in the moon," so long as the desire to trade does not exist, there will be no trade. It seems with all the questions arising as to trade, reciprocity and better communication by rail and water, between the great republics of the American Hemisphere, as though the day were approaching when the channels of trade would return to their natural course and that with it would be built a great intercontinental railway.

When we inquire into the future of the Intercontinental railway, say fifty years after its completion, the imagination is lost in a labyrinth of possibilities.

However we base our estimates of its prospective value to mankind—and to the western hemisphere especially—we arrive at the most fabulous figures.

What the Pacific roads have accom-

plished, in comparatively few years, is too well known. Within one year after the arrival of the locomotive at the City of Mexico our commerce with that country trebled—six years multiplied it sixfold.

The Argentine Republic, due to its railroads, doubled its population in ten years.

With the present unsatisfactory trade relations, our commerce with the Spanish Americas is gaining about forty million dollars each year—mostly in imports. Put the civilization of the North into contact with that vast undeveloped wealth of the South, and it will mark the advent of such an era of prosperity as the world has never known.

The United States has undertaken this task in its conception of the Intercontinental railway. To her guidance and direction let the honor be to complete it.



NATIVES PLOWING.

## TIME.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

TIME is as feather-footed as the snow;  
So light he treads we never hear him go,  
Save when we list the clock's untiring beat  
Marking the swift iambs of his feet.



## FROZEN MOUNTAINS OF THE SEA.

BY MARY ELIZABETH JENNINGS.

EARLY in the summer our small party sailed from New York for Pilley's island, which lies well up on the northeast coast of Newfoundland. The objects of the trip were rest for tired brains and over-strained nerves, and an ardent desire, on the part of two of the party at least, for a nearer acquaintance with icebergs. From the start everything seemed propitious. Days of sunshine succeeded each other. The nights were clear and brilliantly lighted by a full moon. The sea was moderately smooth, and it was not until we reached Cape Race, around which sweeps the great polar current, with its lap full of ice, that we saw and passed our first berg. Caught by counter currents it was slowly but surely drifting upon jagged rocks, outposts of the desolate precipitous cliffs of Newfoundland, which rise from water fifty fathoms deep. During the afternoon we

passed fifteen more. The wild shore made a grand background for them, but after all, with one or two exceptions, they were disappointingly small. Leaning upon the rail and gazing at a berg some distance away that bore a remarkable resemblance to the Lion of Lucerne, the captain in passing stopped to inquire, "Do you find it equal to your expectations?" I confessed my sense of disappointment. "These are not so bad when you remember that nine parts of an iceberg are under water," he replied, "but wait until the morning—you will not be disappointed then."

As night came on, we caught occasional glimpses of far-away constantly changing bergs, that under the magic of the moon's bright rays, turned to gleaming silver. The sight was very beautiful, and our enthusiasm grew in proportion, nevertheless, when, we cold and sleepy, stepped on deck

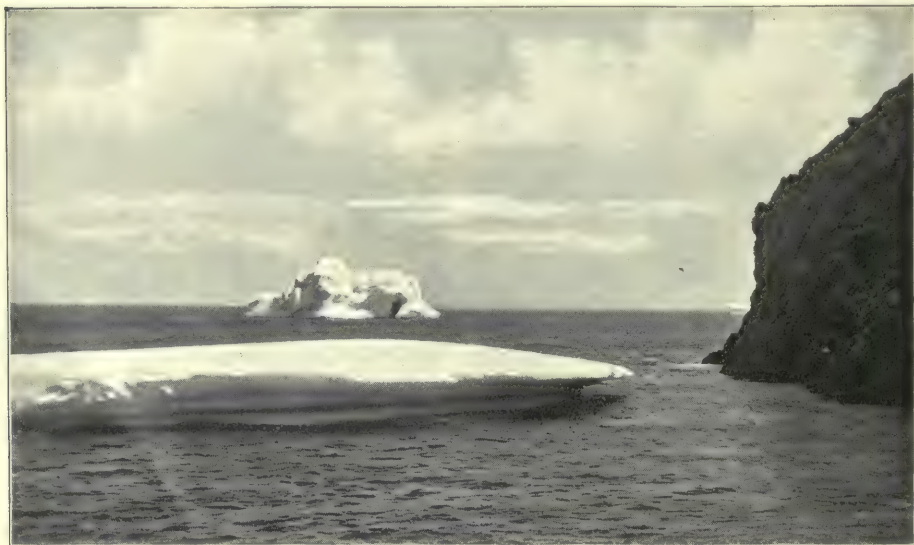


a little after four o'clock the next morning, we were scarcely prepared for the sight which greeted us. The sun had already risen and hung low and dreamily in the clear sky, while all around the clouds and waves were laughing and blushing in rosy glee. Seated majestically upon the water directly in front of this blaze of glory, which wrapped it around like a golden-tinted veil, was a huge iceberg, in form like unto a castle of yé olden time, with tower, battlements and turrets of purest marble. As we advanced, and the sun rose higher in the heavens, he poured over it such a flood of liquid gold we could no longer gaze upon it, but turned away only to find many large bergs near us. Fifty were in sight. An officer remarked that two or three of them were fully three hundred feet in height. They were of every conceivable form and shape. It needed no imagination to see the grand cathedral with its graceful pointed spire, while close beside a huge square block of solid gleaming ice lay the figure of a sinking ship, only the prow and masts with a bit of the smokestack above the water. Farther away stood a little country church, with its graveyard beside and behind it, showing one spot in shadow that looked like an open grave, and as we stood in silence there seemed to come over the water, on the still morning air, the sound of its tolling bell. Close beside us arose a huge

triumphal arch which would quite overshadow the Arc de Triomphe in bulk and grace and color. There were many hill shapes, some of them crowned with ruins of old castles. Among them stood a graceful leaning tower. We passed quite near a strange berg, across whose moderately slanting surface, the lower edge of which was raised but a foot or two above the sea, were two distinct and plainly marked paths, as well as other evidences of animal occupancy in the past.

The clouds, which had been for some time obscuring the sun at intervals, now gathered thick and dark, and when, after lunch, we reached the deck, it was to find the rain falling heavily, the first unpleasant weather we had experienced since leaving New York six days before. After the first feeling of disappointment had passed, we found the new condition of things not so much to be regretted after all, for it gave us another and different view of the giants of the deep. Now as ghosts, dressed in misty white, they glided past us. We listened to the hoarse sobbing of the ocean under their massive sides, and watched them until they faded into the mist and grayness of the sea.

The rain ceased falling and we obtained a fine view of the charming islands as we ran in among them, threading our way around and by them, until we came to anchor close by a beautiful shore. Pil-





ley's island—nine miles long—is scoloped and fringed its entire length by pretty little bays and fragrant shrubs. Its rounded hills are wooded to the top, and many rare fern-like mosses and creeping vines grow luxuriantly in the rich, moist soil.

Late in the afternoon we left the steamer and strolled up the hillside, pausing at length beside a half hidden spring of clear, cold water. Although not more than a quarter of a mile from the steamer, the solitude was absolute. Not a sound from bird or insect disturbed the quiet. Like Adam and Eve of old, with one great exception—there are no reptiles in Newfoundland—we had the world to ourselves.

As the sun went down, we watched with delighted eyes the lovely glow that flooded rock and sea and sky, until great shadows in hiding behind the heavily wooded banks, stretched out long arms and slowly gathered the bright picture in close embrace. So nature fell asleep, and the soft breathing of the sea alone stirred the hush that brooded over us.

Here three days passed pleasantly by, and Wednesday morning found us upon deck at four o'clock, the hour of beginning our homeward journey.

Who can paint upon paper the exquis-

ite sunrise, the quiet, broken at long intervals by the "peep" of some sleepy bird, or the fragrant odor of the pine trees bending low over the mirror-like water, with ever and anon a rustle of laughter among their branches? As we neared the open sea the scene changed a little, for many of the islands now had an iceberg near them or stranded at their feet; and

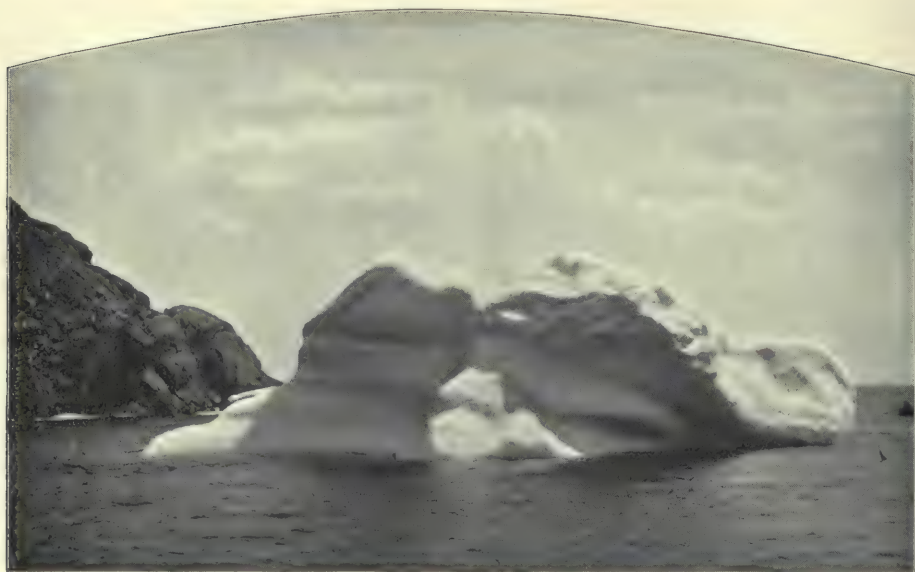
"The steady sun heaved up as the day drew on,  
And there grew a long swell of the sea;

And, first in upper air, then under, everywhere,  
From the topmost, towering sail,  
Down, down to the quarter rail,  
The wind began to breathe more free."

The sun shining upon these ice-masses causes them to melt, making little roughnesses, and holes, and channels, down which the water trickles to the sea. Thus it is that however regular an iceberg may be when it cracks off from its parent glacier, before it has been floating long its surface is carved with a thousand irregularities. The shapes that are impressed on these huge masses of ice are as varied as the forces at work on them are persistent. The fantastic figures that some of them assume are beyond description.

It seems curious that notwithstanding the exposure of the ice above water to all the attacks of sun and rain that it should be that part of the berg below water that should melt the faster. But it is so. The





effect of the sea is unseen and is only noticeable in its ultimate effect. The temperature of the water is always above the freezing point. And the difference between its temperature and that of the ice is constantly increasing as the berg moves southward. Thus the sea works unrelentingly in subduing the huge mass of the ice lying in its domain.

At length there comes a time when owing to the inequality in the loss of ice, the center of gravity of the berg is sufficiently changed. Then the berg, be it large or small, turns over like a porpoise.

We passed a large berg that had recently capsized. This berg showed a surface smooth as glass, as if the water underneath had acted as a kind of sand-paper.

By ten o'clock I had counted nearly one hundred bergs. Several of us watched with absorbing interest a large square mass of ice fully six hundred feet long, and from eighty to one hundred feet in height, which lay directly in our path. Its white sides gleamed and sparkled in the sun, as though set with countless diamonds, small but of the purest water. As our steamer turned to pass it, a large mass of ice weighing, according to the captain's estimate, fully seventy-five tons, broke away near the top, and with a loud report crashed into the sea. In an instant a still larger mass was hurled downward,

and the berg, with a noise like thunder, split into three pieces. The crashing and grinding of these huge masses, tossed about by the suddenly risen waves was awesome, yet it was as nothing compared with the mountain of ice that was slowly turning over in the water. Would its submerged end reach us when it rose? Grasping an iron support, and holding to each other, we waited, with that huge solid wall of ice rising directly under our steamer. A grinding jar, a stop, and we lay over to one side as the frozen leviathan lifted us up, and up, and up, until the steamer was out of water! Would the berg turn completely over and hurl us down amid the grinding ice? It seemed almost inevitable. So curious is the working of the mind that during this moment of suspense, though fully realizing our danger, we most carefully noted the noises of crashing dishes, falling chairs, as well as heavier things, the angle at which we lay upon the ice, and the massiveness, if I can so express it, of the motion of the berg.

One feels power in the dashing waves, but this was as if the whole world were being slowly swayed to and fro. At this crisis, fortunately, the ice beneath us sank down a little in the water, as though tired of its burden, and before it had time to rise again, we were struck by a heavy wave. With a shudder the steamer

started, slid a little on the ice, then plunged into the seething waters, going down, never, it seemed to me, to come up again. But thanks to her staunch timbers, she did come up, though with ice from the berg upon her decks. "A moment is a great thing when crowded full," and this lasted two moments.

The life-boats on the port side were quickly gotten ready, officers and crew working quietly but rapidly.

When it was found, however, after repeated soundings, that she was not leaking, we turned back for a last look upon the wreckage of the berg that covered the water for yards around in all directions. The great mass of ice over which we slid was now nearly stationary, the streak of rust and paint across its face, the mark made by our steamer as she took her plunge, was yet plainly visible, and we were filled anew with astonishment at our marvellous escape.

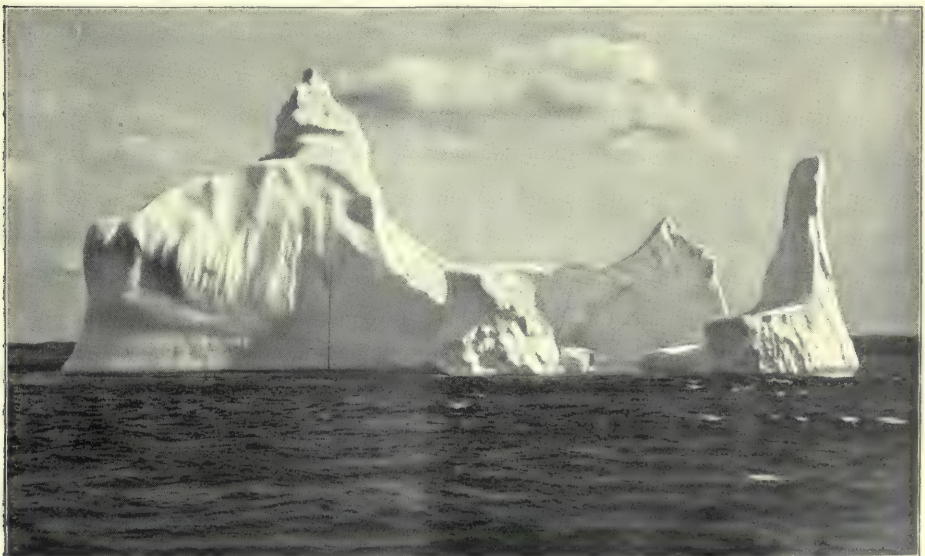
The disturbance in the water caused us to roll excessively for some time, but when again comfortably seated in our steamer chairs, which fortunately had not gone overboard, although they tried hard to do so, I picked up the broken thread of my count, tying it to the wrecked berg as a second starting point. The number soon reached one hundred and thirty-five, sixty of them being in sight at the same time. The largest was fully ten miles away, and looked to the naked eye like an island.



It was more than a mile in length, and under the glass its huge beetling cliffs and solid walls of ice came out with much grandeur.

About this time we witnessed a very fine mirage, three large bergs sharply pictured in the sky hanging upside down, while the image of one unseen below trembled a moment in the clouds, then disappeared. At six o'clock we passed a quantity of large and small portions of ice that covered the water for quite a distance, the remnants of another collapsed mountain.

When the sun dropped into the sea, the swell increased and the waves dashed high against the majestic, slowly swaying bergs. We watched them as before, but there was no longer any pleasure in the







sight; and as the dusk deepened into a moonless night, they grew dark, and seemed to our excited fancy, like huge monsters waiting for their prey. Even the waves laughed sullenly as they pounded them, and that night our desire for an intimate acquaintance with icebergs was quenched forever.

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### GENIUS.

BY EDWARD LUCAS WHITE.

HE cried aloud to God: "The men below  
 "Are happy, for I see them come and go  
 "Parents and mates and friends, paired, clothed with love.  
 "They heed not, see not, need not me above.  
 "I am alone here. Grant me love and peace,  
 "Or, if not these, give me at least release."

God answered him: "I set you here on high  
 "Upon my beacon-tower, you know not why.  
 "Your soul-torch by the cruel gale is blown  
 "As desperate as your aching heart is lone;  
 "You may not guess but that it shines in vain,  
 "Yet till it is burnt out you must remain."





**R**EGINA was past fifty. She looked in the glass, and she did not like what she saw there. She remembered the face that smiled at her long ago from the depths of the old-fashioned mirror. Ah, that other face! Its wild-rose bloom faded long ago. The lips that used to tremble, as if with joy to be alive, are

thinner now, and they do not tremble. They are firm and somewhat sad. The hair that used to break from its confinement and fall like a golden shower about the wild-rose face is sober-hued now, and stays where it is pinned.

Why should this old Regina, who has seen more than half a century, go to Madame Midas's assembly? And yet, why should she stay at home?

The carriage bears her on through the streets till she comes where the great, illuminated house kindles the surrounding night as with the broad glory of a newly-risen sun. The light shines, even upon Regina, and her heart beats faster.

She enters, and the dance is going on. She looks a little sadly at the





dancers. Dancing was for that other Regina, who smiled at her long ago out of the old-fashioned mirror. She sits down in a little recess, and looks on. She has come to that now.

Suddenly a step draws nigh her; and then a voice says: "May I have the next dance; or shall we sit it out together?" And, surely, this voice belongs to the far off years when the other Regina smiled at her from the old-fashioned mirror.

No! it is of now—of tonight—and he has come who went away so long, so long ago to the other side of the world. Was it to China that he changed. New life has warmed it, and Regina knows what means youth to a woman.



he went, or to Hades?—and is he a ghost or her old sweetheart? She puts out her hand—her delicate, thin hand, where all the veins show so clearly through the skin that it is like fine parchment—she puts it out.

There is no one looking at them just then; there are so many young people there to look at. He lifts the hand to his lips; and then Regina's lips tremble—they are firm and set no longer.

That night she looks into the mirror, and the face there seems

## THE OPTIMIST.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE fields were bleak and sodden; not a wing  
Or note enlivened the depressing wood.  
A soiled and sullen, stubborn snow-drift stood  
Beside the roadway! Winds came muttering  
Of storms to be, and brought the chilly sting  
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled cattle moored  
Forth plaintive pleadings for the earth's green food.  
No gleam, no hint of hope in anything!

The sky was blank and ashen, like the face  
Of some poor wretch who drained life's cup too fast.  
Yet, swaying to and fro, as if to fling  
About chilled Nature its lithe arms of grace,  
Smiling with promise in the wintry blast,  
The optimistic Willow spoke of Spring!



## CONVERSATIONS WITH BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, the poet and novelist, is known to all the world; but Björnstjerne Björnsson, the man, is, as I have found to my regret, generally misrepresented and misunderstood. A ridiculous story that he had challenged the king to mortal combat, gained, some years ago, currency in the United States, and was reprinted in hundreds of newspapers. Other more or less distorted anecdotes which have reached us through English and German papers bear on their face the evidence of having emanated from his enemies. That a poet, whose business it is to compose verses and fictitious tales, should also be a man

of action, a great citizen deeply interested in all public concerns, seems to most people an anomaly which is both strange and alarming. Nevertheless such is the rule rather than the exception in Norway. The ancient Scalds were fighters as well as singers. The poet Wergeland commenced this very battle for a real independence and absolute coördination with Sweden, which Björnsson has so manfully and indefatigably continued.

It was in 1873 that he first emerged as a political character. It was then he started that tremendous agitation against the old sleepy minority government which has finally resulted in the establishment



of parliamentarism in Norway. There is, indeed, as yet, no law compelling the king to choose his ministry from the party of the majority in the Storting; but since the impeachment of the ministry, Selmer, in 1882 or 1883 (which was largely due to Björnsson's influence), the king, after an abortive attempt at defiance, accepted parliamentarism in practice, if not in principle.

The struggle for full coördination with Sweden, which is yet in stormy progress, has also in a great measure been precipitated by Björnsson's powerful agitation in speech and writing, but it is yet too early to predict its issue.

As American ideas have, no doubt, entered more or less openly into this long and bitter campaign, it is of interest to note that Björnsson spent about ten months in the United States in the autumn and winter of 1880-81. As I was his companion during much of this time I propose to relate some of my more interesting reminiscences.

Immediately after his arrival he went to Mr. James Russell Lowell's place, Elmwood, near Cambridge, which was then occupied by the family of Mr. Ole Bull. There I went to visit him for a few days, during which we made long pedestrian

excursions into the neighborhood and had some memorable talks. As regards the United States he put me instantly on the defensive. He was struggling mightily with this mighty riddle; but there was something in it which puzzled, distressed, and, I should say, disappointed him. The country was obviously so vastly different from what he had expected. Predisposed as he was, by his own democratic sentiment, in favor of the great republic, he was, for months after his arrival, unwilling to condemn what seemed censurable, because he doubted the correctness of his point of view, and was only anxious to hear the explanations offered by Americans of what seemed anomalous in our social conditions.

First of all, the enormous differences in fortune, far greater than he had been accustomed to in the old world, and the rating of a man's worth in accordance with his financial standing, were terribly disillusionizing to him. I fancy he must have taken that inspiring eighteenth century bugle blast with which the Declaration of Independence opens in a rather too literal sense; and it grieved him to find that most Americans took it in a Pickwickian sense. Legislation here, as in Europe, favored the strong and oppressed the



AULESTAD, BJÖRNSSON'S HOME.



BJÖRNSON, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY WERENSKIÖLD.



weak; and the man who came into the world prenatally handicapped by poverty, poor blood and vicious proclivities, was made to bear, at his every step through life, a proportionately heavier burden than his favored brother.

"You may squirm as much as you like," he exclaimed; "but the fact cannot be blinked that to socialism in some shape or other belongs the future. The present crude theories which the justly discontented of the earth are propounding are only significant as the first serious agitation of the greatest of problems. It is so pleasant to think that God made the earth for you and me who promenade about in broadcloth, eat and drink our fill, and sip a moderate amount of pleasure from a variety of experiences. But have you ever known what it is to be hungry, my boy—to be so ravenous that your entrails scream, and yet not know where to turn for a bite of bread? Has it ever occurred to you how the world must look to the hungry man? We may lull our uneasy consciences to sleep with the idea that no man need be hungry who wants to work. But that is, after all, a very transparent lie. There are thousands

who are hungry and who cannot get work, or only at wages which are but a modified form of starvation. Now, there is no doubt in my mind that the modern state, whether you call it monarchy or republic, is a mere league of the powerful to keep their hold upon the good things of life, because a wider distribution would result in a smaller share to each. I am not in favor of any wild spoliation scheme, but I am in favor of legislation which will not discriminate in favor of the strong, at the expense of the weak. Civilization must be judged, not by the splendor of your Rothschilds, your Vanderbilts and your Astors, but by the average intelligence, comfort and well-being of the great people itself, in field, in mine, and in factory. The progress of civilization is to be gauged by the admission of an ever larger and larger proportion of the population to that degree of prosperity which will enable them to live decent, laborious, but yet comfortable lives, and not be crushed into mere soulless machines of toil. I am so constituted that I must sympathize with the under dog. It is the many who toil and starve and suffer whose lot I have at heart;



BJÖRNSEN ADDRESSING A POLITICAL MEETING.

it is the poor, the small, who cannot rise and assert their rights—it is these I love; and I believe that that country is the strongest, the greatest and the most civilized, which is covered with millions of modest but contented homes; not that in which the splendor of a few hundred palaces is supported by the wretchedness of a million hovels."

It was early in January 1881 that Björnsson came to New York, and took rooms in an old-fashioned house in Second avenue, near Stuyvesant square. I saw him almost daily during the three or four weeks he spent here in the city, preparing for his extended lecture tour through the Norwegian settlements in the Western States. Faithful as ever to his principles, he refused to go into society, and politely declined all invitations from those who were anxious to lionize him.

"Do you suppose I am going to make a dancing bear of myself for the amusement of those idle triflers?" he said one day, in response to my expostulations; "I have seen quite enough of that class of people in Boston. They are very much the same the world over."

"But you are quite mistaken," I insisted, "there is a very marked difference between New Yorkers and Bostonians, and as a mere matter of literary interest you ought to go into society and make a study of its looks and manners. Now, to mention only one thing: New York ladies are handsomer—that is, the average personal beauty is higher—than in Boston—"

"Yes, that is it," cried Björnsson, with a great laugh, "the ladies, the ladies! I have heard it a hundred times that the American ladies were so wonderful. Truth to tell, I really believed it. I came with great expectations. But now, do tell me, what they have in advance of Norwegian women, for instance, except that they are better off, and consequently, dress better?"

"They are, as a rule, far more beautiful," said I.

"Beautiful? Well, now, what constitutes beauty? They have soft skin, well-cared-for persons, good clothes. But the soul, the soul, my boy, that gazes out through this transparent covering is vain, flimsy, self-conscious, and filled with a thousand petty frivolities. Mere regularity of features counts for little with me, if there is no nobility of soul that shimmers

through. The American women I have met have, with few exceptions, been of this type. They demand much of life, but they have no idea that life has the same right to demand something of them. They are clever—with a sort of flimsy, superficial cleverness, and they know how to assert themselves and get the most out of their husbands and fathers. But they have been woefully spoiled. They never can get away from their own dear, little, pretty selves; they cannot lose themselves in a great thought, a great idea, and learn the blessedness of living for something better than vanity and flirtation and social tittle-tattle."

"You have, indeed, been unfortunate in your acquaintance with American ladies," I observed, "but you are too hasty in your judgment. The kind of women you describe exists, indeed, here as elsewhere; but I contend that they are not typical of American womanhood."

"Well, I was long disposed to make that admission, but a few weeks ago I attended a Woman's Rights convention, and felt confident that here I should at last find women who had emancipated themselves from the paltry frivolities of their sex. But there, too, though there was some good speaking, there was much the same rivalry in dress, and much vain display."

"I am afraid, Björnsson, that you have in you something of Shelley's millennial impatience. You expect too much. You demand a too radical reconstruction of the female mind. It will take centuries to accomplish what you ask for today; and I confess I am glad I was born before woman has been reconstructed on your lines."

The conversation here took so private a turn that I must refrain from reporting it.

One evening, when Björnsson dined quite informally at my house, an incident occurred which, though insignificant, afforded us much amusement. When he sat down at table, he looked with a contentous frown at the turkey, and I saw that he was none too well pleased.

"Perhaps you don't like turkey, Björnsson?" I asked.

"O yes—O yes," he replied, dubiously; "but, for God's sake, give me none of that *stopping!*"

We understood, of course, that by "stopping" he meant stuffing; but the



former word has been adopted in my family in commemoration of the incident.

Presently, observing a glass of claret at his plate, he took it up, looked at it, and, turning to the hostess, asked: "Do you expect me to drink this?"

Though a trifle alarmed at so extraordinary a question, she answered with the placidity and ready tact of an American lady:

"Certainly, unless perhaps you are accustomed to another brand. But I think you will find this good."

"Ah, madam, you misunderstand me," Björnson exclaimed; "I don't doubt that it is good, but I have always found that Americans put wine on their table, not to drink, but as a text for a temperance lecture."

"You have, indeed, had an extraordinary experience," the lady replied.

"Why, not at all. It has happened to me more than once. At Mrs. X's house, the other day, I innocently drank of the wine set before me, thinking that that was what it was for. Whereupon my hostess gave me a lecture on the awful consequences of drink, related some harrowing instances of young men who had gone to the devil, in consequence of merely sipping a little claret or sherry at a dinner party; and she neatly computed the chances, in my own case, of filling a drunkard's grave."

One evening, during his sojourn in this city, Björnson delivered a lecture in Tammany hall, on "The Prophets." His unorthodoxy was then a matter of great notoriety, and the Scandinavian press, both at home and in the west, was acrimoniously discussing what sort of reception they ought to give a man who came to them with the avowed purpose of undermining their Christianity. I tried with all my might to dissuade him from delivering his lecture on "The Prophets," and advised him instead to read from his writings (for he is a magnificent reader), or to choose some patriotic theme. But persuasion was in vain. What particularly scandalized the Lutheran clergy was Björnson's declaration that he did not believe in a personal devil. Luther had believed in the devil, and even flung his inkstand at him; and the fathers of the church, not to speak of the Bible itself, had declared that he went about like a roar-

ing lion, seeking whom he might devour. This by way of explanation.

As I was standing in the crowd before the ticket-office, I found myself next to a half-drunken Norwegian sailor who was swearing valiantly and pushing with all his might.

"Do be quiet, man!" I said. "Why are you pushing so?"

The man ripped out a tremendous oath; and declared that he wanted to get at Björnson.

"What do you want to get at him for?" I queried.

"I want to thrash him within an inch of his life."

"Thrash him? You'd better think twice before you undertake that job. He could pulverize you, and ten more like you, drunk as you are."

"I tell you, I want to thrash him!" the man repeated, with imperfect articulation.

"But why?"

"He says he does not believe in the devil. But I'll—blankety, blank—teach him to believe in the devil. I stand on biblical ground, I tell ye. Let me only get at him, and I'll—blankety, blank, blank—give him one straight in the nose, that'll make him wish himself home with his mother. For I stand—on the ground of Christianity, I tell ye."

I had all I could do in keeping the man away from Björnson, for he was not easy to argue with, being firmly convinced that a sound thrashing was all that was required to induce the poet to believe in the devil and make him perfectly orthodox.

My latest reminiscences of Björnson date from the summer of 1891, when I made him a visit of a few days at his estate Aulestad in Guldbrandsdal. The prospect of this visit had, indeed, had more to do in luring me back to Norway than any other anticipation. I had hired a horse and karyol from Lillehammer in the morning, and arrived at Aulestad at about eleven o'clock. I recognized Björnson's imposing figure from afar, standing at the foot of the flag-pole. The moment he caught sight of me, he waved his hat and ran up the stars and stripes. It was a large, beautiful flag, which unfurled bravely to the breeze. On the flag-pole on the other side of the house the "pure" Norwegian banner was fluttering, giving

me quite a festal greeting. Nor was I disappointed in the reception which was accorded me by the master of the house. His warm and robust straightforwardness and simple friendliness took my heart captive, now as before. Having conducted me to my room with many cordial assurances, he recaptured me as soon as I emerged, and plunged headlong into a discussion of American politics and social conditions. Was the world moving forward or backward in the United States? Was life getting easier, decenter, more comfortable for the poor man—the average man,—or was it getting harder, more grinding and desperately soul-crippling? What was the true inwardness of this outbreak of excessive protectionism and opposition to immigration? Etc., etc. I answered all these questions to the best of my ability, though every now and then I found my Norwegian vocabulary running short and I had to resort to English. But that Björnson would not permit.

"Why, speak your mother-tongue, man," he said; "just plunge in, and the words will come."

"Yes, but they are so often the wrong words," I pleaded.

"Never mind; but speak Norwegian."

Well, I accepted his advice, but made during the next half-hour the humiliating experience that I had partly forgotten my mother-tongue. I could read it as well as ever; but it was no longer the medium of my thought, and whenever words were needed, out of the common run—words of more delicate shades and subtler meanings—they came to me in English and I could not find their Norwegian equivalents. My conversation therefore flagged, and for the first time in my life I felt ill at ease in Björnson's presence. I had an awkward feeling of misrepresenting myself by my clumsy vocabulary. Having always delighted in my command of language—as a strong swimmer delights in moving with vigorous ease through the bright and pliant water—I had an acute sense of my shortcomings; and I gave up the attempt to pour forth the full flood of thought that rose and overbrimmed my mind at each of my host's questions. There was something beautiful to me in his eager interest in the social problems, and the aspect they assumed on our side of the Atlantic; and I was therefore

doubly sorry not to acquit myself better.

Björnson's house does not, in its outward appearance, differ much from the farm-houses of the prosperous peasants of Guldbrandsdal. It is a roomy, two-story building, rising against a background of meadow and forest, and without architectural pretensions of any kind. At a distance of a few hundred yards lies another dwelling-house, nearly as large, in Swiss chalet style, which is occupied by Björnson's married son Erling, who has charge of the estate. A servants' hall and a group of outhouses climb the hill-side behind, and a broad stretch of cultivated field slopes down toward the highway in front of the mansion. In the bottom of the valley runs the river Gausa, a tributary of Laagen.

The first remark Björnson made to me, when I had struck the above-recorded conversational snag, was a little startling.

"Don't you want to take a bath?" he asked, with his brusque abruptness.

"Well—yes—I have no objection," I answered, hesitatingly.

"Very well. We'll all go!"

And promptly he called together the entire male portion of his household—beside himself and me, two sons and two guests—and, armed with big bath-towels, we started across the fields toward a mountain stream which came plunging down the rocks with foam and roar and merry hubbub. A primitive shed, open toward the water, was visible among the alder bushes on the bank of the stream, and a broad platform had been built, a little aside from the falls, whither a swift and voluminous current was conducted by means of a wide wooden gutter. With paradisaical immodesty we undressed in the shed, and one by one mounted the platform in *puris naturalibus*. Björnson went first, and though the chilly stream, falling from a considerable height, hammered on his back until he was red and blue, he called to his son to go and turn on more water. He snorted with delight as he stood there, and emitted all sorts of gleeful shouts through the blinding shower that enveloped him.

"Ah, that was good, boys!" he cried, as he emerged, like a large sea-god, preceded by shivery gusts of spray. "Now, Boyesen, it is your turn."

I did not care to be backward, of course,



though I had a suspicion that that column of water was strong enough to knock me off the slippery platform and land me among the boulders below. I braced myself, however, with all my might and succeeded in keeping my footing.

"If you want more water," Björnson yelled, "Erling will go up and turn on more."

I fancied for a moment that he was joking; but a glance at his frank and serious face convinced me that he was making the offer in perfect good faith. And it was in perfect good faith, too, that I declined it. I walked about with a headache for the rest of the day, in consequence of the tremendous drumming of the water on my cranium; but the next day, when I repeated the experiment, it caused me no discomfort. I had, however, then learned how to protect my head, and receive the full force of the current on my back and shoulders.

As we walked back together after the shower-bath, I noticed a large building, near the ravine, in front of which a dozen decrepit individuals were reclining, some smoking and others idly sunning themselves.

"What kind of an institution is it you have erected there, Björnson?" I asked.

"Why, that is the poor-house."

"But it seems to me it is on your property."

"So it is."

"Then, do *you* support the paupers of the parish?"

"No, I don't support them. But that's a long story, and I'll only give you the gist of it. There was no one who was willing to have the poor-house for a neighbor, because it would necessarily depreciate all adjoining property. So I offered the plot here."

"And you enjoyed teaching the Christian heresy-hunters a lesson in brotherly love?"

"Yes, perhaps I enjoyed it. I shouldn't wonder if I did. These excellent pious people who are so tremendously orthodox, and hold me to be eternally lost—because I don't believe in the devil and a lot of other things, indispensable to salvation—they needed some such demonstration, though I don't suppose, for a moment, that they give me the least credit for it. You know even the good deeds of the un-

believer are sins and count against him."

In the afternoon, Björnson proposed that we should take a walk. As we started down the hillside, we met his son, driving some machine—I have an impression it was a mowing machine. Björnson stopped to talk with him about some agricultural matter. As he rejoined me, he pointed to a considerable piece of land on the other side of the highway and said:

"Do you see that field there? That is my contribution to my fatherland."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I reclaimed that from the forest. I broke up the stumps; I carted off the stones; I tilled, harrowed and manured it, and I spent twice, if not three times as much money on it as it is now worth."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, let us call it patriotism. If our fathers had not done a good deal of such unprofitable labor before us, where should we be now? I never look at that piece of land without satisfaction."

"I can well imagine it. I wish I could have before my eyes such a tangible result of *my* labor, convincing me that I had not lived in vain."

Björnson here struck a wood-path, and the conversation took a fresh turn. He fairly cross-examined me regarding the social and political conditions in the United States, and then plunged into the inexhaustible question of Norway's relation to Sweden. It was no easy task to keep up with him as he broke through the underbrush with his long, energetic stride, though every now and then he paused to call my attention to the beautiful view of the valley, or to point out to me some farm that suggested some interesting incident or a bit of personal history. We arrived at Aulestad, at the end of two hours, with a ravenous appetite for supper.

Björnson's hospitality is, like himself, free, generous, open-handed. Though his house is not, like that of a Norse chieftain of old, built across the highway, very few (unless it be political opponents) pass Aulestad by without stopping for dinner or spending the night. Only in very exceptional cases, however, does he interrupt his regular habits of work, bath and exercise, for the sake of any guest. There is a seat at his table, and a place at his side on his walks, for every agreeable

companion who will accommodate himself to the routine of the house, and who can make use of all the opportunities for entertainment that are placed at his disposal. But immediately after breakfast the host retires to the large front room on the second floor, which serves him for a library and study; and woe unto him who then dares disturb him! You may hear him pace up and down the floor, while composing, and occasionally seating himself at his desk to write down the result of his thought. He was, at the time of my visit, at work upon a drama or dramatic poem (which has not yet been published), somewhat in the style of "Over Evne" (Beyond his Strength), dealing with the psychology of the faith in miracles. His *Cantata of Peace* he had just finished, and read it to me with the most beautiful and expressive elocution.

Beside the very considerable number of guests which, in the summer season, makes Aulestad populous, the visitor is likely to notice two or three modest and retiring female inmates of the house, whom Björnson is apt to introduce to him by some such phrase or other as this:

"This is our good friend X. X., who has consented to spend some time with us;" or,

"Let me make you acquainted with our good friend X. Y., who is making her home with us for the present."

The straightforward candor and cordiality of his manner is never more notable than when he addresses these women. They dine at his table, make themselves useful, if they are so disposed, in the house, and are treated as members of the family. A literary friend, who

had paid a recent visit to Aulestad, gave me the following explanation of their presence:

"Björnson," he said, "is the most large-hearted and unprejudiced man I have ever known. He maintains, truly enough, that there is a monstrous injustice in the penalty which women incur by the same offense which is so readily pardoned in a man. When Björnson hears of a case where some unfortunate girl has been placed in a compromising position—when a helping hand might perhaps save her from social ruin and restore her to

usefulness and self-respect—he says to his wife: 'Caroline, can we not do something for her? Can she not stay with us till we can find her something better to do?' And his wife who nobly seconds him in this courageous charity, will answer: 'Yes, let her come to us.' Then she writes a letter to the girl in question, and you may imagine how joyously her invitation is accepted. Björnson then, through his many connections, exerts himself to restore the girl to her place in society, to straighten, if possible, the tangled



BJÖRNSSON IN 1881.

skein, or, perhaps, open to her some suitable activity in the Scandinavian settlements in the United States. And to the honor of his neighbors and countrymen be it said, that he exposes himself to no scandalous gossip by such action. For Björnson's character is so well known, through and through, that even his enemies, who in political controversy will leave him no shred of honor, have too much decency to assail him from that side. He is—he is—well, he is—in that regard, what Aristides was to the Athenians."



The evenings at Aulestad were most delightfully spent at Mr. Erling Björnson's annex, where there was a magnificent music-room. There Miss Gina Oselio, the Norwegian prima donna, sang; and her fiancé, Björn Björnson, who is an actor gave us some capital recitations.

Björnson is the most remarkable instance I know of the force of a great personality. Without wealth or the authority of official station, he has, by dint of genius

alone, made himself a power in the land, second perhaps to none. Where he is, beats the heart of Norway. To mention his name (as Dr. Brandes has said) is like running up the national banner. Like a great earl of the olden time, he sits upon his estate in defiant security, in spite of hatred; and all that are freest, best and noblest in Norway—nay, in all Scandinavia—recognize in him their chieftain and make pilgrimages to him.

## ACTÆON.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LONG had I known that steep wood you may enter  
 Best where the labyrinthine laurels cluster—  
 Long heard that in its breezy and pool-pearled center,  
 With gold hair showing o'er her snow-chaste luster,  
 The goddess bathed, of rough intrusion fearless,  
 Ringed by her maids, herself a maid of mien sublime and peerless.

What dolt in all Bœotia knew not surely  
 The sheer-perched grove no mortal had invaded,  
 Where every flickering leaf shone out more purely  
 Because of the immaculate Shape it shaded?  
 How oft in woodside strolls, when but a stripling,  
 Heard I from this fair mountain-slope æolian laughers rippling!

"Thither forbear with impious feet to venture,"  
 My kindred warned, in eager tones, yet tender;  
 "Hot on his head shall fall the fury and censure  
 Who scans but one brief instant her white splendor.  
 Better the boar's rude tusk to fleet death called him  
 Than that those luminous limbs of hers and sea-green eyes appalled him."

And yet, that noon, while my tired dogs were lolling,  
 Loose-tongued from chase, on turfy emerald reaches,  
 With folly I spurned the wiser will controlling  
 All that is best in man. . . . Great murmurous beeches  
 And shadowy firs before my stretched hands yielded;  
 I glided slowly along—then, shuddering, my rash gaze I shielded.

Nude, lovely and terrible, I saw her clearly . . .  
 Yet from that hour the sun in heaven turned sickly;  
 The violet valley-mist grew vapor merely;  
 Tame the pale cataract from the crag shot quickly.  
 For so the immortal in her might had chidden  
 This insolence of mine entrance past the bounds of the forbidden.

And thus, being shorn of every earthly gladness,  
 I drag my days out. . . . Silly and false the story  
 That these my faithful dogs were fired by madness,  
 Fought for my body and ate its fragments gory.  
 A deadlier vengeance yet from life hath reft me:  
 I have drained all joy at one wild draught—the lees alone are left me!



## A REVERSIBLE LOVE-AFFAIR.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

WHEN Mr. Philip Harley bought a ticket for Albany by the Day-Line boat, and thence onward to Niagara by rail, his purchase and the journey

sequent to it were made in literal fulfillment of a vow taken solemnly before the shrine of Love. Under the terms of this vow every rod of the journey would have for him its separate torturingly sweet memory of his late Constance; and the



calculated result of the expedition as a whole would be the reunion of his own heart with that of the young woman whose god-fathers and god-mothers in baptism had bestowed upon her this charming but slightly illusive name.

It was on the Albany boat, just a year before, that they had met for the first time after his return from ten years of artist life on the other side. In the interval she had developed from a tow-headed, long-legged nonentity of fourteen into a tall blonde ecstasy—yet an ecstasy with extreme self-possession and an unusually well-balanced mind—of twenty-four. The transformation was so complete that he did not in the least recognize her: but he longed to paint her the very moment that he laid eyes upon her as she stood near him in the crowd upon the dock.

Then came the delightful discovery—after the boat had got under way, and he had planted himself where he could look at her—that she certainly was none other than Constance Marden: for there beside her, obviously paternal, was Mr. Roger Marden—who had been the close friend of Philip's father and whom Philip had been accustomed to address as Uncle Roger all his life long. With this clue to her identity supplied, Philip instantly recognized her; and so, in five minutes, he and she were talking away together on the assured basis of their own old acquaintance, backed by the still older family friendship—and with a lively interest on the part of each to discover what manner of creature had come out of the chrysalis which in his case was just opening and in her case still was closed when last they had encountered each other, ten years before.

But at the end of their talk that day, and for a much longer period, Miss Marden was to Mr. Harley a fascinating perplexity. He had left America a boy of twenty, to whom, in a general way, all women were alike. During his ten years in Europe—seeing little of his fellow countrymen and less of his fellow countrywomen—he had not encountered a single member of the class of which Miss Marden was a type. To such an uninstructed person the type was puzzling. At a first meeting with this highly-finished specimen of American young ladyhood she produced an impression of pleasing warmth, of temperament, quite in keeping with

her rich blonde coloring and her rounded lines. Later, this temperamental impression wore away a little: as closer observation revealed the presence of less sharply defined but more deeply seated characteristics—a certain assured accuracy in her always-charming talk, a touch now and then of positiveness in the tone of her admirably modulated voice, in her gracious air a subtle intimation that she was abundantly able under any circumstances to take care of herself—which characteristics bore somewhat the same relation to her warmth of manner that was borne to her rounded outlines by the underlying bones. A profound student of human nature, with a thorough knowledge of the interesting class of which Miss Marden was a specimen, would have ventured the opinion that these less conspicuous traits were, and always would be, the dominant traits of her character—with a moral result not less aggressive and relentless than the physical result which would have been produced had she worn her bones on the outside. But to Mr. Harley, who possessed a very fair knowledge of many varieties of human nature yet lacked the special knowledge which would have enabled him to arrive at this interesting conclusion, Miss Marden, confessedly, was a ravishing mystery quite beyond his power to solve. Nor, in truth, had he any very strong desire to solve her. As an artist, he was fairly intoxicated by her beauty—and that, for the time-being, was a sufficient joy.

Miss Marden, on the other hand—being endowed with a superior intelligence, and having fully developed her dental-visual apparatus—encountered in Mr. Harley not a single quality that perplexed her in the least. Indeed, after her five seasons of New York society, the man who would have puzzled this astute observer would have been hard to find. By means of her well-ordered and well-used system of standards she promptly took his intellectual and social dimensions and assigned him to his appropriate place in her category of his sex.

Coming from such an expert in the gauging of male humanity, all the more flattering was it that the rating which she gave him was high. But, of course—she was quite incapable of making a mistake

in a matter of this sort—it was deserved. What with his clean-cut figure and a certain air of distinction in his carriage, his brilliant talk that had in it such touches of delicate yet subtly pungent venom, his ability (developed by an extended practice) to summon on occasion a singularly well managed look of sympathetic tenderness to his rather unusually good brown eyes—to say nothing of his being fresh from Paris and full of the spice and sparkle of that cheerful and frankly sophisticated town: all these things went together to entitle him to the high rating that he received. Possibly, too, her recognition of his obvious admiration of herself had an appreciable share in shaping her management of the scales.

## II.

When the matter of their respective destinations was opened Philip diplomatically refrained from committing himself until Constance had exhibited her own and her father's plans: a month in the Catskills, then to Niagara, from there to Montreal and Quebec, down through Lake Champlain and Lake George to Saratoga, and then to Newport until the time should come for returning to town. Philip replied to this statement with great presence of mind, and with an easy disregard of the eternal truth and of the long ticket in his pocket and of his carefully thought out scheme of combined fishing and painting in the Canadian woods—with a disregard of everything, in short, but his burning desire to paint her for an exhibition picture—that his own plans for the summer were still to be made; that he had not got them in shape beyond the first month.

But he was glad to say, he continued with an engaging frankness, that his first month was to be passed in the Catskills. Possibly he might meet them there. To which of the hotels were they going? And when Constance said that her father always made his quarters at the Mountain House—which ancient hostelry was endeared to him by the fact that he had spent a week there on his wedding journey, thirty years before—Philip quite outdid himself in his manifestations of ingenuous surprise and satisfaction because that was the very hotel to which he was going himself.

That month in the Catskills was decisive (for the time-being, at least) of their respective destinies.

For more than a year Constance had



"DOWN IN THAT WATERY WHIRLWIND OF A PLACE HE HAD PRACTICALLY  
SAVED CONSTANCE'S LIFE."



recognized the sociological fact that marriage was a conventional necessity. She perceived that the young woman who remained a spinster from choice was set down by the world as "odd;" and she knew that oddness was an aggressive variety of bad form. Marriage, of course, had attached to it many very serious drawbacks; but she fancied that the most serious of these drawbacks—the merging of her own individuality and her own will in the will and individuality of another—she would avoid; or, at least, if psychical conglomeration of this nature did take place that she could render it innocuous by constituting herself the dominant nucleus instead of the subject periphery of the compound. Holding these views, she had made one or two tentative attempts to realize them; but, not being very earnest in her purpose, she had not arrived at any positive results. She had decided definitely, however, that her pleasant drifting with the stream must come to an end without farther serious delay. It was time for her to establish herself in life, and to this superior necessity must give way her whim for prolonging her maidenhood. She had not the remotest intention, of course, of endangering her personal comfort for life by undue precipitancy. Inconsiderate haste was not to her liking; but she was resolved to put promptly through his trial paces every eligible young man who fell in her way, and from the first one who proved to be sound and kind to accept an offer of marriage with considerate speed. That such an offer would be made went without saying. Miss Marden knew the rules of the game of which the event is matrimony, and she also held the cards.

On the side of Mr. Harley a different line of inductive reasoning had led to a conclusion that practically was the same. At thirty, a reasonable man who has harvested a tolerably large crop of the *avena fatua* begins to think seriously of turning his agricultural energies toward the growth of the *avena sativa*. Mr. Harley, commendably illustrating this rule of discreet moderation, had returned to America for the definite purpose of marrying and settling down. His position in the art world was fixed, and he perceived that it would be to his advantage to fix his position in the social world as well. Matrimony of

the sort that he had in mind—an alliance with a woman of good birth and possessing a fortune nearly or quite equal to his own—would accomplish this desirable result: nor would it cut him off from growing quietly in some retired corner of his matrimonial estate, as occasion served, a refreshing wild oat or two to remind him of his many blithe harvests of the past.

Meeting with their hot young hearts thus ready to go a-blaze the very moment permission came from their cooler oldish heads for the conflagration to begin, their month together in the Catskills sufficed to fan into a brilliantly flaming condition the carefully laid fires of their theoretically spontaneous love. When Constance and her father went on to Niagara, Philip went with them quite as a matter of course; and at Niagara the blissful climax of their judiciously conducted idyl was attained.

It was during the period of exaltation immediately succeeding this climax that the solemn vow to which reference has been made was taken by these thrilling lovers in the presence of the Cataract and before the shrine of Love. The vow was suggested by Constance; whose private feeling was that it would be in the nature of an accident insurance policy upon their betrothal, and whose professed reason for it was that it would cast upon their compact a halo of romance. To do her justice though—for this was almost her first really serious engagement—her desire for romance was not wholly assumed. Philip, knowing in a general way that curious vows of one sort or another were the recognized concomitants of the sort of love-making that he thus for the first time was engaging in, and not wishing to display a too-suggestive ignorance of the requirements of his new rôle, acceded to the proposition with all possible alacrity. In his case, moreover, the dramatic situation that a fulfilment of the vow involved appealed to the artistic side of his nature warmly.

Being thus harmoniously agreed in the premises, they vowed that if ever for any reason their engagement should be broken—the smile on the face of Constance at this point was very tender and sweet, and there was a whole volcano of perennial affection in the clasp of Philip's hand—they would repair instantly to Niagara and there would revisit the several

places in the immediate vicinity of that stupendous cataract which had been especially hallowed by marking definite advances in their joyous journey of love. The final station of this pilgrimage, of course, would be the spot where they then were standing in the moonlight—the bridge leading to Goat Island—and where they had but that moment plighted their troth.

"And then you know, Phil dear," Constance said in deliciously soft tones, while a ravishing light shone in her beautiful eyes, "no matter what may have come between us the dear love that we now have for each other will come back again instantly to our hearts."

Philip was quite upset by this utterance—Constance did it so uncommonly well.

### III.

As the event proved, Miss Marden had been inspired by the spirit of prophecy. Their plighted troth had broken—had gone all to pieces, in fact—and Mr. Harley was making his second expedition to Niagara (partly, at least) because the conditions had arisen which were contemplated in the terms of their vow.

According to Constance's theory, a return to Niagara would compel the broken troth to mend again. He did not regard this result as at all probable, it even seemed to him distinctly undesirable; but—since he had promised—he felt bound to give the troth a chance. It is necessary to add, however, that he had qualified his vow by construing the meaning of the word "instantly," as therein used, with a certain degree of freedom. Actually, he had deferred his visit to Niagara long enough to make it coincident with the visit there of a certain little May-blossom of an Eleanor Langton in whom his interest was very serious indeed. And the farther explanation must be made that because of the May-blossom phase of the matter his journey has been referred to as a literal and partial, rather than as a spiritual and total, fulfilment of his obligation.

The disruption of the scheme of eternal affection which Miss Marden had planned and which Mr. Harley had accepted with enthusiasm had come about gradually. In the main it had been due to the application to their own case of the theorem

in psycho-dynamics which affirms that when an irresistible will encounters an invincible will the most judicious course for both is to separate. Farther investigation of Mr. Harley's character had convinced Miss Marden that her plan for animating their two souls with but a single thought, and that thought hers, would not work. Beneath a truly courteous exterior he possessed—as was made manifest to her upon various occasions—the obstinacy of a mule. Contemporaneous investigations conducted by Mr. Harley had enabled him to grasp at least the general outlines of Miss Marden's well-poised character—with the resulting conviction that if the joy of painting her could be purchased only at the cost of living with her such joy would come extravagantly high. Moreover, as was natural to a man of his years and liberal experience engaging in matrimony, Mr. Harley had no liking for peaches gone bald of their bloom. What he wanted was a wife all freshness and innocence—and while he was satisfied, of course, that Miss Marden was not seriously lacking in those gracious characteristics, he also was satisfied that, to put it mildly, she did not possess them in excess.

In a word, each of these discriminating lovers had discovered that the other was both more and less than the matrimonial article desired: which conditions—plus, in his case, the May-blossoming and very peach-bloomy Miss Langton; and, in her case, an eminently pliable Teddy Rawlings—had led to her writing to him from Bar Harbor only a week before that it all had better end. As in the sincerest depths of his own heart he was quite of her opinion, he replied briefly that he thought so too.

And then it was—only waiting long enough to make sure that he and his May-blossom would arrive at Niagara on the same day—that he came aboard the Albany day-boat, as was stated at the outset of this narrative, in literal fulfilment of his vow and in company with what should have been—but actually was not—a breaking heart.

### IV.

On the steamboat Philip established himself—therein yielding to a certain inherent sense of dry humor—as nearly as



was possible upon the precise spot where he and Constance had sat together during that joyous day that now was a year behind him on the highway of Time. But he maintained his position under circumstances of trial.

Directly beside him, their camp-stools almost exactly where Constance and her father had been seated, were three young girls who evidently had come out for what they themselves probably would have described as "a daisy time." In the American fashion, they were without a protector; but—also in the American fashion; and differing from Miss Marden, as it occurred to him, less in kind than in degree—they had every appearance of being able to take care of themselves. Their simple concept of happiness upon an excursion obviously was perpetual eating, and to satisfy it they had brought with them a prodigious supply of food. Two of them ate and at the same time engaged with much vivacity in giggling talk. The third ate mechanically—yet with a fine vigor—while her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in a paper novel of which the high-toned title was *The Baron's Will*. Before the boat was abreast of Yonkers these young persons had attacked a big box of ham sandwiches. Thence they went on in regular progression to pears, cream-puffs, apricots, macaroons, bananas, sugar-plums. The sugar-plums evidently completed the cycle, and they then began again on the ham sandwiches—for which the reader of *The Baron's Will* reached out her hand without raising her eyes from her book; and even—with an exquisite literary abstraction—seemed to time her far-reaching bites by the paragraphs of the entrancing page.

These omnivorous young women and their unhallowed feast still farther appealed to Philip's sense of dry humor. "By Jove, what a twist she has! How she did gorge at the Willoughbys!" he said to himself—which reflective observation bore not upon either of the young people before him, but upon his late Constance: and was all the more unfair because he himself had urged her to eat freely on the occasion to which he referred, and because he uniformly had commended in her what he had been wont to term her honest appetite.

However, it was with a very honest ap-

petite of his own that he ate his lunch, presently; and then betook himself to the upper deck to smoke his cigar while enjoying the run past the Catskills. Because of his artistic nature he grew quite sentimental as he watched these very beautiful mountains slowly drift past him, and at the same time thought about the curious pathological process which had gone on there when he and Constance effected their inconsiderate exchange of what they were pleased to call their hearts.

But his sentimentalism, being purely objective, was not at all painful and did not disturb his physical functions in the least. At Albany he ate an exceedingly substantial dinner; and he slept so soundly that he did not waken even with the jarring incident to the coupling of his car, about midnight, to the north-bound train.

## V.

The morning was bright and fresh as he drove from the railway station at Niagara to the Cataract House—just such a morning, he observed, as the one upon which they had arrived together a year before. In the hotel passages were the same pale sad-looking scrubbing-women whom he and Constance had decided were the widows of the various reckless persons who, as the newspapers put it, had suicided over the falls. He was shown to just such another dingy bed-room, and to just such another dingy bath-room, as on his previous visit. Even the breakfast to which he was condemned—a dull, colorless, unimaginative breakfast—was identical in every particular with the meal which he and she had eaten together and had found under those optimistic circumstances almost tolerable.

Being of a philosophically analytical habit, Mr. Harley observed with a good deal of interest that this chain of reminders of his inconstant Constance, in conjunction with the new conditions under which they were aroused, produced within him a state bordering upon double consciousness: a sort of phantasmal affection for the old love that he actually was off with running parallel with the substantial affection for the new love with which as yet he was not quite on. However, it was the new love that he really was in earnest about—so much in earnest that he chafed

and fumed at a great rate when his inquiry at the hotel office developed the fact that Mrs. Langton and her daughter were not due to arrive until well on in the afternoon.

By way of killing this dismal time of waiting he went off for a walk ; and presently realized—as he came in succession to the various view-points about the Falls and recalled at each some tender memory of the previous summer—that he was fulfilling his vow with a rather startling exactness. And then, oddly enough, he began to take a very unreasonable amount of interest in his memories—for even when a love-affair becomes a mummy it still is just a little bit alive.

On the bridge leading to Goat Island he stopped at the spot where he and Con-

place : the bench, near the stair coming up from Luna Island, at the outlook over the American Fall. They had walked to this bench on that fateful night and had rested there for a while in exquisite solitude. Now, however, in broad daylight, the supply of solitude was decidedly scant. As though projected by a slow-moving catapult, an unending procession of people shot up the stair into his immediate foreground : a dull train of stout women carrying sun-umbrellas and of bored-looking men wearing gray felt high hats. With these came also young people aggressively bride-and-groomish—who openly snuggled together as they leaned over the iron railing just in front of him, and who obviously made soft speeches to each other in low tones.

This sort of thing, of course, was insupportable. He went on hurriedly by the Cliff Path—and most hurriedly past the point where the Biddle stairs led down to the Cave of the Winds : which cavern was so closely associated with a really thrilling experience of the year before that his only feeling toward it, under the new conditions, was that of extreme dislike. Down in that watery whirlwind of a place he practically had saved Constance's life. They had made the descent together, and at the bottom of the lowest ladder a sudden gust had dashed in upon them so heavy a mass of water that she staggered under it, slipped, lost hold with one hand, and so swung out bodily around the end of the balustrade toward the seething undertow beneath the inner edge of the fall. The one chance to save her was to step out into the whirling water ; and Philip—not knowing how deep the water was, nor whether his step

was for life or for death—took that chance. Actually, the danger had been trifling. The water was shallow, and there was good foothold on the rock beneath. But the adventure had counted for so much at the time, had been, indeed, so directly instrumental in bringing matters between them to a climax, that it was only natural for him to regard it with strong disfavor from his more recently acquired May-blossom point-of view. He did not in



"RECALLED AT EACH SOME TENDER MEMORY."

stance, standing together in the moonlight, had come to a definite misunderstanding, as he now regarded it, and had plighted their temporarily eternal troth. Constance had behaved very badly, he decided, and none the less badly even if what she had done was only what he was very glad to have her do ; and having by this slightly illogical reasoning arrived at a comfortable sense of injury, he went onward to the next ordained stopping-



the least regret, of course, that he had preserved Miss Marden from becoming a cataractal victim—but oh! he thought, if only it had been his May-blossom's life that he then had saved!

Walking along the Cliff Path, and beset by these mixed reflections, he came to what should have been, under the terms of his vow, his next stopping-place: the bench, nestled into a cluster of arbor-vitæ, which commands the view of the Horse-Shoe Fall. But he did not stop there—for the excellent reason that the bench was occupied by a brace of actual lovers, and therefore was not available for the dubious accommodation of an ex-lover and a phantom love. As he passed on he wondered grimly if the feminine half of the brace in possession were named Constance, and if the masculine half were asking her to give him a sprig of arbor-vitæ because its meaning was constancy? He had known of an instance of that sort occurring on precisely that spot—and again his feeling that Constance had behaved very badly was comfortingly strong.

And then, by a perfectly natural process, his thoughts reverted tenderly to his May-blossom and to the meeting that was in store for him at the end of this horribly long day. He looked at his watch to find how much of his waiting time remained. Actually, so far, he had killed only an hour. At this rate, by sundown he would be gray!

It was with quite a hopeless feeling that he kept on toward the bridge leading across to the Three Sisters; and because of his hopelessness he was correspondingly grateful to the good fortune that sent him, close by the bridge, a really capital subject for a sketch and so enabled him agreeably to fill in another half hour. On one of the shaded benches on the little esplanade that opens here was seated an old gentleman, whose decorous black garments and black high hat girdled with crape were of the cut and fashion of an earlier day. His hair and eye-brows were quite white, and his clean-shaven face had that drawn and weary look that comes only in old faces when Sorrow has set its seal on Age. Coming close to him, Philip saw that he was asleep—and therefore the way to making the sketch was plain. At the moment, of course, the artist was all aflame with enthusiastic purpose to work

up this sketch into a stunning exhibition picture—with a rattling catalogue name, such as "The Last Leaf," or "Sunset"—that would be the best thing he had ever done; and, equally of course, the beginning of this enthusiastic purpose also was its end.

When, his sketch being finished, he crossed the bridge to the Three Sisters he found those little islands quite intolerable. They were saturated with Buffalo excursionists vigorously at lunch. Even that most exquisite bit in all the upper rapids—the outlook towards Spouting Rock—had for a foreground a row of coatless male Buffaloes seated upon a log, with their backs to the river, eating sandwiches with all the fervor of their earnest souls. Near them beneath the trees—scattered about upon the rocks in easy attitudes, and having the look of contented but ill-dressed dryads—were stout female Buffaloes who shared their feast.

Upon beholding this scene, Philip fled precipitately homeward to his hotel. As an artist the spectacle enraged him; but also, as a man, it reminded him that he wanted lunch himself.

## VI.

Mrs. Langton and her daughter were due to arrive by a train getting in about four o'clock. Philip's first intention had been to meet them at the railway station; but more mature reflection had led him to decide that better results would come by waiting until they should be rested and refreshed after their journey and by then executing a slightly dramatic chance encounter on the veranda or the stairs. He was a prudent young man, and at this particular juncture he did not intend to lose any points by carelessness.

It was a part of his programme of prudence to avoid a genuine chance meeting by absenting himself from the hotel during the entire afternoon; and to this end he strolled down to the grove immediately after lunch with the intention of smoking there a refreshing cigar while enjoying the beauty of the American Fall. At that time of day the park was almost deserted. The only person near him was a thick-set man—wearing a suit of black clothes and a very shiny high, hat, and having the look of defiant rusticity which

usually may be observed in a western congressman—who had seated himself on a bench, with his back to the cataract and, utterly ignoring that watery excrescence upon the face of nature, was reading the *Omaha Bee*. To do this Nebraska man justice, there was nothing aggressive about his method of pursuing happiness; but Mr. Harley—possessing an easily ruffled artistic temperament, and being exceptionally open just then to irritating influences—found it so insufferable that he got up presently in a rage and dashed across to the inclined railway and so down to the foot of the fall.

The point of view to which he was carried by his anger is one of the most impressive in the Niagara series. Looking upward, all the world seems to be solved there in the huge gush of pale foam and paler spray, with the underlying torrent of green-black water pouring forever downward with a forever thunderous roar. Unfortunately, being handicapped again by his artistic temperament, his chief interest in this really creditable display of the beauties of nature was in how it would paint.

This too technical standpoint continued to interfere with his pleasure during the walk that he took—having returned to the upper level—to the several view-points on the Canadian side. In considering the

general panorama from the bridge, and the views in detail of the Horse-Shoe Fall, the Whirlpool, and the Whirlpool Rapids, his enjoyment uniformly was lessened by his efforts to accommodate these several natural wonders to canvasses of appropriate shapes and sizes and to decide upon his plans of treatment and precise points of view. The Whirlpool Rapids, to be sure, did almost make him forget in genuine enthusiasm over nature how they ought or ought not to be treated by art; and he might have been entirely carried away into rhapsody but for the offensive photographer who wanted to photograph him seated upon a pile of rocks in relief against the tumultuous waters, and who assured him that such a photograph would be "a dandy thing to take to his friends."

But even with these several drawbacks the walk served its purpose: enabling him to kill the dull hours through which he had to wait until his new love came to him, and at the same time to discharge himself handsomely of his vow to revisit the spots sacred to the memory of the old love which so fortunately had withered away.

## VII.

The chance encounter with the May-blossoming Miss Langton was an entire success. Philip managed it so that they met suddenly on the veranda; and he was glad to observe that after her start of surprise there came into her lovely eyes a look of pleasure that had every appearance of being genuine.

Mrs. Langton, who was with her daughter when this meeting took place, was more than cordial—she was discreetly helpful. With adroit promptness she remembered that she had forgotten her fan and went to get it. Her absence gave them five minutes entirely to themselves; and one member of the company (that had been a crowd until Mrs. Langton made her obliging move) too long had sailed the



"A REALLY CAPITAL SUBJECT FOR A SKETCH."



latitudes of love to waste this precious time.

In answer to her natural question as to how he happened to be there just then, he dropped his voice to the register of embarrassed tenderness and said with precisely the right amount of hesitant confusion: "I knew that you would be here about this time, and—and I couldn't help coming." And then he continued—after a momentary pause, in which he observed with skilled interest the delicate flush of color rising to her face—speaking in less hesitant and more earnest tones: "It doesn't bother you, does it, my being here?" The pink in this pretty May-blossom perceptibly deepened in tone, and her voice scarcely was audible as she answered, "No!" and with her answer gave him a glance of her blue eyes so brief that no known subdivision of time is short enough to describe its shortness, yet of a quality which to one of his experience was so betraying that he knew that he was master of this game of hearts.

Mr. Harley was too astute a player to press his advantage unduly. Having thus secured information sufficient for his purposes, and entirely to his liking, he promptly relieved the strain of the situation by passing in the most natural way to a series of the most commonplace questions—about her mother's health, and where they had been, and where they were going—and so won her gratitude, as he counted upon doing, by covering her retreat from the rather trying position into which he had forced her so skilfully that she attributed her getting there wholly to her own imprudent self.

"How kind and how considerate he is!" she thought. And he was thinking: "Her naiveté is absolutely ravishing—Constance has not been able to blush like that for at least five years!" On the spur of the moment he decided to bring matters to a crisis that very night, and so continued: "Shall we walk to the Falls after dinner? It will be moonlight tonight, you know, and you ought to make sure of the view while the fine weather lasts—that is, of course, if you are not too tired." And again Mr. Harley's trained understanding was quite satisfied by the tone in which she answered: "I am not at all tired."

And then Mrs. Langton—having re-

membered that she had not forgotten her fan, but had left it behind her because she did not want it—joined them again. That she asked him to dine with them was a fresh act of circumspect maternal grace.

About Mrs. Langton there was, indeed, a serpentine dove-likeness which Mr. Harley fully recognized and heartily admired. She still was a young woman—under forty, certainly; but her life had not been passed in a convent, and she had acquired a more than fair working knowledge of worldly ways. It had pleased her, of course, that Philip so obviously admired her peach-bloomy daughter; for she sedulously had guarded the peach-bloom against the coming of a person of his eligible and appreciative sort. From the very beginning of their acquaintance, in fact, they had understood and had liked each other—each recognizing in the other that agreeable lack of extreme innocence which tends to the amelioration of social intercourse and which comes to persons of intelligence as the result of wholesome attrition with the world.

At dinner she was admirable: manifesting a beautiful unconsciousness of her daughter's embarrassment—which increased in a direct ratio with that young person's more and more clear instinctive understanding of what probably would be the outcome of the moonlight walk—yet skilfully assisting Philip to hide it by maintaining with him an easy flow of talk. Nor was her consideration shown only toward her daughter. It was at her suggestion that they drank their coffee, over which the ignorant May-blossom was disposed to linger, with a reasonable celerity—because, as she explained with a cordial thoughtfulness that entirely won his gratitude, she knew that Mr. Harley wanted his cigar; and the moment the coffee was finished she bade him begone to the enjoyment of this luxury upon the veranda—where they presently would join him when they had provided themselves with wraps to guard against a possible chill in the night air. Indeed, her deportment was such that as he lighted his cigar his mind was filled with agreeable thoughts of a future abounding in happiness. His wife would be precisely the May-blossom which—precisely because he himself was so well past the blossoming stage—alone would satisfy him;

while at her elbow, ready with shrewd counsel to guard her against the gaucheries to which immaculate immaturity is prone, would be this charming mother-in-law: who, on the way to the condition of entire maturity at which she obviously had arrived, had eaten enough of the fruit of the tree of knowledge to be engagingly maculate and very wise.

It was while in the midst of these pleasant reflections that Mr. Harley experienced a disconcerting shock. He had seated himself at the remote end of the front veranda, the end nearest to the river, whence he had a distant view of the main entrance to the hotel—in front of which entrance was a radiant space bright from the blaze of gas-jets within. Suddenly, across this field of light—coming from a carriage which had stopped before the door—there passed a woman whom he could have sworn was Constance Marden. He could not distinguish her face, but the general resemblance was perfect: her height, her figure, her walk. He

gave a gasp, as the dreadful thought occurred to him that it really might be she: and come to keep her end of the vow!

He sprang to his feet and walked rapidly toward the doorway into which this horrifying possibility had vanished. But half way down the veranda he met Mrs. Langton and her daughter coming to rejoin him, and his intended pursuit was balked. For fully ten minutes he was in a state of nervous tremor—until his common-sense returned to him in a sufficient quantity to make him realize the utter groundlessness of his fear. From the standpoint of rationality he perceived, of course, that to expect such a person as Constance Marden to keep such a vow was nothing less than exquisitely absurd.

### VIII.

When the moonlight shone fairly above the tree-tops—precisely as it had shone when his treatment of the same theme, under different conditions, had reached the same point a year before—Philip very politely invited the ladies to walk with him to the Falls.

The beautiful confidence which this invitation proved that he reposed in the discretion of his possible mother-in-law was justified by the event. In the most matter-of-fact way Mrs. Langton protested that she already felt a chill in the air (which actually had the bland softness of a tropic night) and at her age (this was a charming touch) she did not dare to take any risks. But they, being young—she added with an exemplary unselfishness—must not on her account lose the rarely beautiful view. She was sure that Mr. Harley would take the best of care of Eleanor—and so they really must go off without her for half an hour while she retired to the parlor and made herself comfortable with her book. Neither Philip's polite request, nor her daughter's urgent entreaty (which last was entirely genuine, for by this time the May-blossom was all in a quiver with maidenly fears) sufficed to change her purpose—and Philip, fully recognizing the delicacy of the comedy, vowed in his heart that it was finer than anything he had ever seen upon the stage. Still keener—thrillingly keen, indeed—was his pleasure, as they walked together down the pathway beside the rapids, at



"A DANDY THING TO TAKE TO HIS FRIENDS."



the demonstratively innocent way in which Eleanor's arm trembled within his own. It was most piquant—and in what delightful contrast with the conduct of Constance under similar circumstances! Constance, as he remembered with great distinctness, had marched with him over this very same ground to this very same encounter with the cool steadiness of a grenadier.

Having had the benefit of a dress rehearsal on the same stage—to say nothing of rehearsals of various sorts elsewhere—Mr. Harley was in a position to play his part extremely well. He was not only letter perfect, but his business was accurately elegant. Quite naturally, in the middle of the bridge leading across to Goat Island he halted her (it was exactly where he and Constance had stopped—he recognized the crooked joint in the iron rail) and commended to her attention the view southward up the stream: where the full moon, hanging directly over the center of the river, flooded with a radiant glitter the on-rush of tumultuous waters which poured downward, as though from the very gates of heaven, from where the gleaming crest of the rapids, a half mile away, cut sharp against the blue-black sky.

Knowing that the entrancing beauty of this view certainly would exercise a wholesome influence upon his May-blossom in her then very solvent mood, Mr. Harley preserved for a considerable period a silence that was as judicious as it was eloquent. Not, indeed, until the strain due to his persistent muteness had become almost insupportable to her—a condition which he gauged accurately by the sudden involuntary tightening of her clasp upon his arm—did he speak: and then, all in a moment, with a delicately exact blending of tenderness and passion and entreaty, did he utter the appropriate words in a strictly appropriate tone—to which the May-blossom made answer (without at all realizing how carefully the situation had been played up to, and how impossible any other answer would be) by looking up at him in trustful tenderness with brimming yet assenting eyes.

And then, presently, they crossed the bridge to Goat Island and walked onward slowly beneath the friendly shadow of the trees.

## IX.

They were settling slowly into a condition of calmer happiness when, half an hour later, they came to the bridge again on their way back to Mrs. Langton and the hotel. In the shadow of the buildings on Bath Island they momentarily halted—as they saw another pair of lovers standing on the bridge exactly where they had stood a little time before; where also, though Philip had neglected to mention this interesting fact to his May-blossom, had been effected a year earlier yet another interchange of hearts.

The man's face, full in the moonlight, was turned toward them—and Philip instantly recognized it as pertaining to that ass of a Teddy Rawlings. The woman's face, in shadow and almost completely turned away from them, he could not distinguish; but that her figure bore a strong resemblance to that of his late Constance he saw at the first glance. Again was he shocked by the possibility of his ex-love's presence; but with the shock there came on this occasion a keen—though possibly a not wholly logical—pang of jealousy. Had she, then, really come to keep their tryst—and was this the way that she was keeping it? And why, most especially why, was she keeping it (or, strictly speaking, unkeeping it) with that creature Teddy: who at the best of times was a beast, and who under these circumstances of her too-obvious favor was all the beasts in the Zoo rolled into one?

Mr. Harley's questions were not asked aloud. To have addressed them to his May-blossom—even supposing that she could have answered them—would have been injudicious; and to have addressed them directly to the persons whom they concerned would have been not only injudicious but rude. Nor is it likely, in the latter event, that they would have been answered: for at the very moment that they were formulated in Mr. Harley's mind the duet on the bridge came to a crescendo climax in which its meaning (though this had not been very doubtful) and Miss Marden's identity simultaneously were made plain.

With the same sudden and delectably acquiescent movement of the head which Philip remembered with great distinctness, Constance—a little shifting her po-

sition—turned toward Teddy her beautiful face, so that the moonlight shone full upon it and revealed precisely the same radiant look that he also remembered so well. Then there was the same quick, impulsive gesture with the hands; the same momentary drooping of the lovely blonde head (Constance, of course, understood the value of moonlight on fair hair too well not to push back her hood on these occasions); the same slow swaying forward; and then, in exquisite finale, the

same delicious yielding to the same kiss—with variations.

"Isn't it beautiful, Philip dear?" the May-blossom whispered tenderly—and in a moment added: "But I am sure, darling, that they cannot possibly be as happy as we are!"

And Philip, speaking with an assured confidence that was bedded in demonstrated certainty, responded promptly: "And so am I!"



THE MAN FROM NEBRASKA.

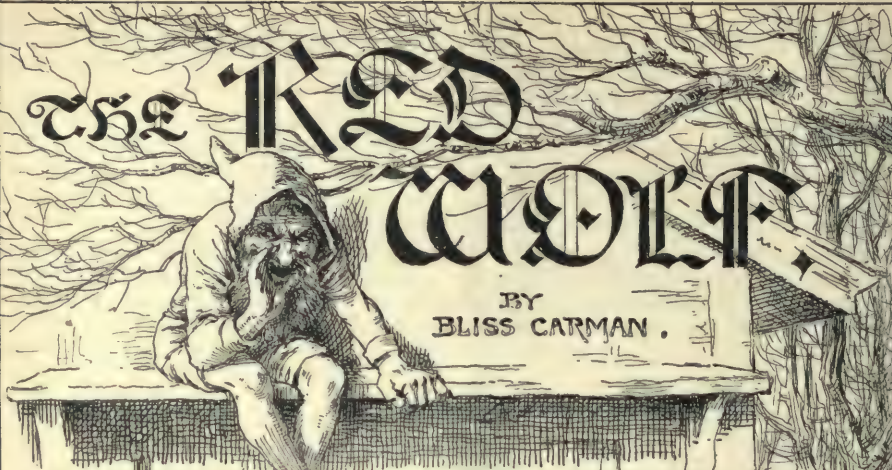
## WHEN LOVE COMES.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

How shall I know him,  
My love, when him I see?  
By the sunshine over me,  
And all around my way:  
I shall know him  
As the daisy knows the day.

How shall he know me  
When he sees me,—my love?  
By the eyes that look above,  
The open heart to say,—  
"Love, I own you,  
As the daisy owns the day."





# THE RED WOLF.

BY  
BLISS CARMAN.

With the fall of the leaf, comes the wolf, wolf, wolf,  
The old red wolf at my door.  
And my hateful yellow dwarf, with his hideous crooked laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

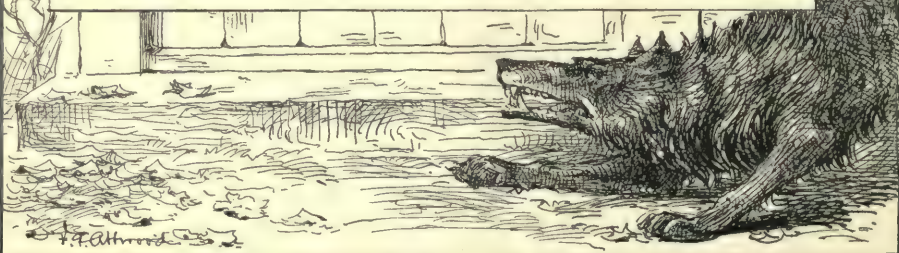
With the still of the frost comes the wolf, wolf, wolf,  
The gaunt red wolf at my door.  
He's as tall as a Great Dane, with his grizzly russet mane;  
And he haunts the silent woods at my door.

The scarlet maple leaves and the sweet ripe nuts  
May strew the forest glade at my door,  
But my cringing, cunning dwarf, with his slavered kacking laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

The violets may come, the pale windflowers blow  
And tremble by the stream at my door;  
But my dwarf will never cease, until his last release,  
From his "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

The long sweet April wind may woo the world from grief,  
And tell the old tales at my door;  
The rainbirds in the rain may plead their far refrain,  
In the glad young year at my door;

And in the quiet sun, the silly partridge brood  
In the red pine dust by my door;  
Yet my squinting, runty dwarf, with his lewd, ungodly laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.



I'm his master, (and his slave, with his "Wolf, wolf, wolf!")  
As he squats in the sun at my door.  
There morn and noon and night, with his cuddled; low delight,  
He watches for the wolf at my door.

The wind may parch his hide, or freeze him to the bone,  
While the wolf walks far from the door;  
Still year on year he sits, with his five unholy wits,  
And watches for the wolf at the door.

But the fall of the leaf and the starting of the bud,  
Are the seasons he loves by the door;  
Then his blood begins to rouse, this Caliban I house,  
And it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

In the dread lone of the night I can hear him snuff the sill;  
Then it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door:  
His damned persistent bark, like a husky's in the dark,  
His "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

I have tried to rid the house of the misbegotten spawn;  
But he skulks like a shadow at my door,  
With the same uncanny glee as when he came to me  
With his first cry of wolf at my door.

I curse him, and he leers; I kick him, and he whines;  
But he never leaves the stone at my door.  
Peep of day or set of sun, his croaking's never done  
Of the Red Wolf of Despair at my door.







But when the night is old, and the stars begin to fade,  
And silence walks the path by my door,  
Then is his dearest hour, his most unbridled power,  
And low comes his "Wolf!" at the door.

I turn me in my sleep between the night and day,  
While dreams throng the yard at my door,  
In my strong soul aware of a grewsome terror there  
Soon to knock with command at my door.

Is it the hollow voice of the census-taker Time  
In his old idle round from door to door?  
Or only the north wind, when all the leaves are thinned,  
Come at last with his moan to my door?

I cannot guess nor tell; only it comes and comes,  
As from a vaster world beyond my door,  
From centuries of eld, the death of freedom knelled,  
A host of mortal fears at my door.

Then I wake; and joy and youth and fame and love and bliss,  
And all the good that ever passed my door,  
Grow dim, and faint and fade, with the whole world unmade,  
To perish as the summer at my door.

The crouching heart within me quails like a shuddering thing,  
As I turn on my pillow to the door;  
Then in the chill white dawn, when life is half withdrawn,  
Comes the dream-curdling "Wolf!" at my door.

*W. H. Auden*



Only my yellow dwarf; (my servitor and lord!)  
I hear him lift the latch of my door;  
I see his wobbling chin and his unrepentant grin,  
As he lets his oafship in at the door.

He is low and humped and foul, and shambles like an ape;  
And stealthily he barricades the door.  
Then lays his goblin head against my lonely bed,  
With a "Wolf, wolf, wolf," at the door!

I loathe him, but I feed him; I'll tell you how it was  
(Hear him now with his "Wolf!" at the door!)  
That I ever took him in; he is—he is my kin,  
And kin to the wolf at the door!

I loathe him, yet he lives; as God lets Satan live,  
I suffer him to slumber at my door,  
Till that long-looked for time, that splendid sudden prime,  
When Spring shall go in scarlet by my door.

That day I will arise, put my heel upon his throat,  
And squirt his yellow blood upon the door;  
Then watch him dying there, like a spider in his lair,  
With a "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

The great white morning sun shall walk the earth again,  
And the children return to my door.  
I shall hear their merry laugh, and forget my buried dwarf,  
As a tale that is told at the door.

Far from the quiet woods the gaunt red wolf shall flee,  
As a cur that is stoned from the door;  
And God's great peace come back along the lonely track,  
To fill the golden year at my door.







AMONG THE FALLOWES.



## SILK AND TASSEL.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

NOVEMBER daybreak. A low sky, gray, windy, eaten to a jagged edge at the east as by the touch of fire still underworld. Frost has nipped hard. Grassland is sere and stark. Weedy stubble wears shrouding of black. The fields are still—so still. Even the birds drowse yet upon their perches, with heads beneath the wing, dreaming it may be of summers past. But plowmen are wide awake. Daylight is a laggard now—no beam of it must be wasted. Hear them trooping out from the farm-steads. What beat of hoof, what clank of chain, what heartsome calls and chirrupings to the good beasts by whose help they live and thrive.

Moses the plowman loves his work, his team. Especially Dick, the lead horse—a big, intelligent bay, with the white star in the forehead, the one white hind hoof, that index equine perfection. Depend on it, his is not wholly a cart-horse ancestry. Though he gets thence the broad breast, the massy shoulder, the quarter that is power incarnate, racing blood speaks in the sharp, thin crest, the quick, intelligent ear, the fine flat bone and clean line of limb. His back is short, with good length below, his coat is smooth and lively; there is even a half ripple in his black, streaming tail. Though he stands an inch lower than his next neighbor, Liz, the buckskin mare, he is the bet-

ter horse at all points—for strength, or speed or stay.

Liz is, in truth, a melancholy creature. Even at grass on the summer Sundays her ears have a complaining droop, or else are viciously batted if a comrade grazes past. Poor beast! She is hardly blame-worthy. Who could be cheerful—even good-tempered, if born to the burden of a clay-bank coat, big, splay feet, coarse muzzle and raw-boned, long-waisted frame? All the more if fate in mockery set the owner of them in company with creatures of her own kind, marvellously better favored. Such, for example, as Black Phyllis, the off leader. Hersiresported silk, her dam was the master's own saddle mare, more than half thoroughbred. Phyllis herself has the grace of patrician, the strength of plebeian blood. Her coat is like satin, her muzzle tapers enough to go into a quart pot. Pride is not prouder than the arch of her crest, as prancing, curveting, with little shrill neighs, she comes afield. Yet once in the collar, Dick pulls no greater draught, Liz is not steadier, kinder, at the work. Doubtless Phyllis feels the obligation of nobility—besides she is here but for a time. Save in the stress of fallowing she draws the carriage or bears about a brave rider through green country ways.

Maybe, too, she feels that the end crowns the work. The end of this work is corn, the stateliest grain that grows. The early planting which insures against drought is possible only through fall plowing.

Then if it be wet, holding, miry even, it is no matter—frost and snow will change all that. When their season is past the plow runs only in dry, pleasant weather upon pain of leaving the land behind it cloddy and lifeless until another winter.

So even before frost-fall, breaking began. These fifty undulant acres stood breast high in weeds. The field is a long square. Down the middle of it, stopping some way from either end, Moses ran his first furrow, swung his team and threw another to it. You hardly saw the brown gash in the breadth of furzy growth, even after he had gone a dozen times back and forth, throwing furrow to furrow, then he went round and round them, plowing out instead of in, the lead horse walking in a furrow, the two others footing it on the firm ground. His plow is a left-hand one—infinity the best for fallowing. Forward, forward the good beasts go in long, round, ever growing wide and wider. Now and again stalwart weeds choke the plow or the mire of a water-vein clogs the share. With a quick, powerful turn of arm and wrist, Moses plucks it from the furrow, tramps off the obstruction with a booted heel and sets the point again in earth without checking the team. Most times, though, he tramps sturdily behind, one hand upon the plow-handle, the other wrapped about with the line that runs to Dick's head. Plowing is but play to him. If he walks a little bent it is from habit, not weariness. He is too wise not to make haste slowly. Liz's ungainly muzzle is full all the time of weed-tips that she has greedily snatched as they went passed.

Yet, save in the shortest days, Moses and Dick will give an account of three acres turned. Look well at them as a vagrant low sunray glints for a breath's space upon chain and share, then is swallowed in the murk crowding down from the north. Spite of the red sunset, the rising is redder,—so angrily red, indeed, as surely to foretell falling weather. Dawn had no breath of air. Now the wind sits at northwest, a huddle of spiteful sharp-lined clouds at its breast, driving rapidly under the gray fleece, that night has hung in the heavens. At the sight Moses sighs aloud. A patient, merry fellow, often singing at his work, he knows wind and cloud by heart—already feels poten-

tially upon his face and hands the sting of snow-spits, the numbing of cold rain. It is hard work this morning. The crusted earth rolls away from the share in thick, yard-long clods. Though they have made the land's round but twice there is a stain of moisture on the plow-beasts' heaving flanks, a fleck of white foam at Phyllis's bit. She is impatient of this steady strain—afire to dash headlong through the morning's electric chill. It has crept into her marrow as hard cold never could do. See how she dashes against the collar. Her mates feel the impulse—yield to it—the big plow fairly leaps, as swinging to the trot they round the far turn.

Moses bestirs himself. "Whoa dar! Dick—Richard! Miss 'Lizbeth Buckskin, whut de matter wid you? Whoa dar, pretty gal! I know you wants ter run, but plowin' ain't racin'," he shouts, pulling the line so taut, Dick's chin well-nigh touches the collar. For a dozen rounds the creatures pant and strain for their heads. At last, worn to the work, they fall to proper steadiness. Moses begins to sing—

"Birdeye lady, sooner in de mornin',  
Birdeye lady, sooner in de mornin',  
Come to de fiel', an' tell dis nigger howdy.  
He's plowin' all day long fer ter git  
[de early corn in."]

The song is a survival—a relic from the old, care-free days, when Moses and his sort sang at the plow, in the harvest, about the corn-pile. Over and over he chants the rude lilt. What memories must lurk in it for the everlasting land! A full hundred years have bloomed and faded since first the notes of it rang through a virgin world. The field was barely begun then—a tiny clearing, with a cabin at its edge. All about it, belting woodlands spread miles of untouched green. The pioneer who had brought his household thus deep into the wilderness had much ado, at first, to find them bread.

Truly, corn was the staff of life in those days. Without it, the march of civilization must have been laggard, indeed. Scant breadths of rich new soil gave bread for the year. Besides, the grain had but to be husked and pounded; there was no tediousness of flail and winnowing



betwixt the full ear and bread. What wonder that the darkies, with sly humor, nicknamed the familiar ash-cake "John constant," the rare wheaten loaf "Billy seldom." What wonder, either, that their masters and mistresses spoke of "English dough," when they meant the product of flour; it is but the fit and proper correlative of "Indian corn."

For a first corn-crop the timber was partly deadened, partly felled—if possible, in May, and never later than July. By August it was as dry as tinder, and fire swept through it, burning up all but the larger trunks. They lay too thick, too criss-crossed, to think of plowing; but, all among them, corn, dropped the next February, sprang green and tall, grew to lusty shoot and ear, with but a scrape or two of the hoe, to give it advantage of weeds.

While it grew to ripeness—it was hard in August—strong arms were busy cutting, piling the charred trunks, carrying death and ruin further into the woodland wall. Next year, perhaps, saw corn-rows run straight through the tall dead timber. How the poor trees must have hated the green, springing upstart, who compassed in a night what to them was the growth of the year! Always there is enmity betwixt them—the forest primeval and these invading lancers, who stand shoulder to shoulder, crowd rank upon rank, till they cover the face of the earth. You can see that at the wood's edge, or even where one tree has been left alive in the field. The grain springs up pertly, grows to the tassel as bravely as its fellows; it maybe makes even a show of silk. Then the tree rustles scorn through all its leaves, sets its roots sucking—sucking the dew, the rain, the warm moisture of the land. A giant indeed, like a giant he uses his strength; the corn shrinks, shrivels, stands yellow and fruitless, the sport of each light wind.

Except, indeed, the tree be a walnut, corn grows scatheless sometimes at its very root. The plant has, throughout, subtle sympathies—more subtle antipathies. A peach-tree growing in the midst of it bears fairer, finer-flavored fruit than any the orchard can boast. Apples so situate, if they do not blast in the gloom, grow gnarled and spotty—scarce, indeed, worth the gathering. Beans, pea-

vines, pumpkins, run riot in its seat. Oats and rye spring luxuriantly after it; but cornland wheat, though it may yield heavily, is always of poor quality—a shrivelled, chaffy grain. This, too, though science affirms that corn feeds largely from the air, takes nothing like so much from the soil as does tobacco—a crop after which wheat grows better than even upon clover fallow.

Moses is silent now. He has other use for his breath. His eyes are rheumy, his feet chilled through, his fingers so numb he can scarce manage strap or buckle. Each low scudding cloud has a sharp fringe of rain, or spits at him a stinging powder of snow. The horses are wild to be out of it. More than once, Phyllis has stood upon her hind feet, plunging for her head. Along the outstretch, urge as he may, with voice and line, they lag and look wistfully over the shoulder; coming down, with their heads to the stable, they break almost into a run—are hardly sent around the turn. When the farm-bell rings the noon-hour, they stop short in their tracks, though they are midway the outstretch, and know well that Moses never unharnesses save at the nearest point home. He looks at them pitifully, and says, with a little cluck: "Not yit, po' fellers! Us bofe ought ter be out er dis; but den, us bofe loves ter eat, an' if we don' make it, how us gwine ter git it?"

Even Dick has no answer for that. This day—how many days—the plow runs until dark, though blood is nipped and all the ways be foul. Snug in her warm stable, Liz, the buckskin, doubtless gives thanks for the night wherein no man can work.

#### IN THE CORN-FIELD.

High May, hot and splendid. Lush new leafage droops in noonday's dazzling sun. Elder flowers and dog-roses be-star the wayside. June is imminent, corn ready for laying by. Mightily grown, too, from the white kernel dropped in March—the peeping shoot, wherewith April drew green lines athwart the fields. Now it stands shoulder—headhigh, big lusty stalks, locking blades across the row. Their rustle in the south wind is as the noise of many waters—a curious, insistent susurrus running through all the day. Did the summer visibly, audibly

trail her robe along the hills the sound must be like this—the folding, lapping, gliding of the richest, sheeniest stuff.

Six plowmen are afield, Moses at their head, with Dick for his plow-beast. How cheerily they go, up, down the long rows, light earth creaming away from the bright plowshare to lie heaped at the corn's root. What wonder it flourishes upon land of such heart, such tilth! Five times since the planting has the earth been stirred. Weed or grass has sprung up but to die. Save for the appointed growth the soil is as bare as a floor. The plowmen tread it barefoot. Indeed, to do otherwise were a waste of opportunity. What so delicious as the feel of it, yielding, cool, electrically fresh. The pea-sower keeps well before the plows. A little while, and all the earth will be a mat of leafy vines, beset throughout their green darkness with winged white or pinky purple blossom.

Long ere that comes to pass, corn will be tall, indeed. Already in the swales, it is over a man's head, with never a hint of tassel. Well may the plows be glad

to be quit of it. So high, so thick it stands, no breath of air comes through, and still the climbing sun pours through the rows, a flood of golden heat. Man nor beast can endure it past eleven o'clock. They went into it at sunrise, to be drenched with May dew. They come out, dripping wet, though the dew is three hours vanished. Children of the tropics that they are, Moses and his fellows, scent danger in the blinding, blistering rays. See! Each of them has cushioned his head-piece thickly with fresh leaves, put a shelter of branchy boughs in his horse's head-stall. A month later they will not half so fear the sun. It is the first great heat, so quick-come, so breathless, that the whole world stands agasp.

"Growing weather," say the farmers. Ripening, too. Wheat, last week new-come in milk, takes on more than a hint of yellow. More than ever the plow must speed, that there may be time for the harvest. With the corn it is now or never. Another week, another rain, the field will be a jungle.

And rain is not far away. True, there is no hint of cloud in blue overhead—no rimming haze even, no muttering thunder from under the horizon. But the weather-wise feel it in the thick, lifeless air, potentially inert. They know its tricks, its treachery—have seen the cloud no bigger

than a man's hand, gather low down the sky, mount swelling to the zenith, and wrap the heavens with its pall, cover the face of earth with darkness or fearfully illumine it with the lightning's spectral glare. Even as you look such an one mounts, darkens—pelts the warm earth with a sheeted fall that in five minutes sends muddy runnels furiously racing down every fresh furrow,—indeed, turns all to a quagmire, the plowland's breadth. Now Dick and Liz and the rest shall have happy holiday. Moses rejoices in it, even more than themselves. Before the rain is half over he has led them out of stall to the dripping freedom of the wide hill pasture.

How green and still and sweet smelling it lies! No wonder the beasts run ecstatically about,



"MOSES."



neighling, prancing, nipping one at the other, snatching lush tender mouthfuls between rolls on the soft, wet turf. Dick has been down and up, three times in as many minutes, notwithstanding he was wise enough before each wallow, to put his nose to the earth and go completely around, on the spot where he meant to lie. Had his sensitive muzzle touched stock or stone he would have chosen some other spot, where his fine new spring coat could come to no harm.

He need not be so avid of pleasure—he has plowed his last corn-row until another year. Look over the pasture fence—then say if there is not magic in the rain? The corn-field is a sea of tossing blades, of wind-tangled stalks, tossed and writhen to a very jungle. Almost you see them grow. The morning will find them a full foot higher than when the sun went down. A week at the latest must bring silk and tassel. Where growth is rankest, the powdery golden tips will nod twenty feet in air, the gorgeous shoots in their bravery of silk be out of a tall man's reach.

What shining various filament the corn silk is! Here are pink and white and yellow and scarlet crowding the same stalk. How curiously vital the texture of it. Trail it across the back of your bare hand and note the fine faint prickings that follow—fine enough, faint enough, for the sting of fairy darts. Other grains content them with sad-colored, inconspicuous flowers. Not so this lordly savage of harvest. Rainbow color is not too gay to let the world know he has come to fruit.

Up above, each wind that blows shakes out dusty gold, bears it anear, afar, a very breath of life. Without it, vain were goodly stalk and lusty leaf and silken frippery of springing shoot. The stalk that stands solitary may look the sum and pattern of fruitful growth, but unless it has the neighborhood of a corn-field, will yield scarce a dozen grains to the ear. That is why corn of pure strain is so hardly come at. Choose your seed never so carefully alike, the crop from it will show traces of whatever is planted within a mile of it. This, too, is what makes it the grain of whim and vagary. Atavism is strong in it. Else how should the gorgeous red ears, the purple, the strawberry, each and all, spring from de-

corous white flint seed. How else, either, should the grain form sometimes in the tassel itself without sign of husk or cob. Truly environment means much to it. So much that the corn merchant can tell you at a glance whence came this grain or that, and how it grew. Sandy soil gives grain flinty but of light weight, alluvion yields enormously of big, coarse, spongy ears. From limestone clays in good heart comes corn of the very best—sound, sightly, heavy and flint-hard. Corn has a knack, too, of becoming weatherwise. In Texas or Louisiana there are six to seven months betwixt planting and ripeness, yet in a few generations the same seed will accommodate itself to the brief Canadian or Minnesota summer. Conversely, seed from high latitudes matures as quickly as low ones, yet, in the space of five years will learn to take the whole year's sunshine for growth, as does grain to the manner born.

Come again to the field. Peas are in blossom, corn just past roasting-ear stage. The green aisles are full of music—little ruffling airs set the long blades lightly atoss. Bees drone through all day long, the grasshopper makes whirring flights whenever you stir a foot. Over and beyond his noise comes the locusts insistent shrilling. "Dry-flies" country folks call them—holding that their crying is the sure forerunner of drought. Yet from the wood's depth the rain-crow flings his call athwart the locust-chorus. A weird, plaintive note it is—neither low nor loud, sometimes almost maddening in its hour-long iteration.

Moses would tell you the bird was "calling rain," and that the butterflies, so thick here where the runnel drains through, were industriously fanning up with their gay wings the cloud that is to furnish it. Certainly there is a hover of them—white, yellow, many spotted—all over the moist earth. And here amid the corn, hanging head down, in the shadow-fastness of thick blades, are all manner of night-flying creatures—enough, indeed, to make a collector wild with joy. See, here is a death's head moth; there is a big, black-gray one with gold spots down either side of the big body, still another with brown velvet wings veined and dusted with dull red; two, three, silvery white fellows, and beyond them a gorgeous peacock moth.



"THE PIONEER HAD MUCH ADO AT FIRST TO FIND THEM BREAD."

Indeed, pretty well all that creeps, or flies, or sings, at some time makes acquaintance with the corn-field. All singing birds fly over and through it, partridge and dove make it their dear asylum. Rabbits run riot in it, especially after the young peas form, wild turkeys hide in it, dust in the light earth and feed fat on the drooping stalks. And all along the wood's edge, the creek's bank, squirrels and coons leave a mark none may mistake. Sometimes for a dozen rows in, the ears are stripped bare of grain. The worst thief of all, though, is the muskrat, who cuts down the tender stalk just as it is tasseling, and makes off with it to his underwater dwelling. So greedy is he that, if undisturbed, he will cover with it all the face of the pool that serves to mask his abiding place.

Doubtless, they are toothsome, those young stalks—almost as sweet as sugarcane. Certainly, the young ears are. Though all the world feasted on them throughout their season, see what store remains to harden and wax great and hang heavy in all the field. The sun has done his part, the wind, the dew, also the early and the latter rains. Rich and gold-

en unto harvest shall stand all this fair breadth. Already the long, shapely ears begin to droop earthward, the russet to make head against the green. The corn, the summer are grown to ripeness. One with the other they will laughing rejoice, till upon both shall be set the frost's white seal of perfectness that men misname, death.

#### AT THE PILE.

November dusk. Overhead the stars show as drops of lurid light, outside the round of the misty vault. The wind, sitting at west, blows faint, but keen, full-

freighted with autumn scents. Tang of the fields is in it, winebreath of the orchards, all the hundred fine fragrances of new-fallen leaves. But here, at the corn-pile, nobody notes or marks them. On every hand, the crusting earth rings sharply with tread of sturdy feet. In an hour it will be moonrise. Already there is tremulous luminance along the purple edge of the east. Till the moon comes, round and red, the ingatherers will make shift by this smoky glimmer of lanterns, hung sparsely about to shrub or stake.

What merry multitude their light reveals! Fifty—a hundred—good fellows all, men in the prime of mighty muscle, sturdy graybeards, piping plowboys; for the most part, black as night, with a bare sprinkle of white faces—a dozen, at the most. How they laugh and jest—run, leap, wrestle, play tricks of wanton strength, in this the gathering hour. Moses, this year the plantation's foreman, as master of ceremonies, gives cordial greeting to all. A little way off, his employer stands, smiling and shaking hands with the old men, calling cheerily to the younger ones, with half of whom he has



run rabbits, fished, and gone in swimming, all through his boyish days.

Possibly, that is what lies back of the corn-shucking, though the land-owner is a born conservative, foolishly fond, his wise neighbors say, of old friends, old ways. Once, corn-shuckings were a commonplace of the harvest season—the necessary complement of corn-gathering. This one is in the nature of an event. The harvest has been more than plentiful. Both cribs are full of big, sound ears in the shuck; yet here is a pile that ordinarily would stand for the year's whole yield. A solid heap, higher than your head, flattish at top, and many paces round, it can never hold less than 200 barrels—1000 bushels, that is—of shelled grain. The shape is a longish oval, and even the lantern-light shows rails so laid across it as to divide it exactly in two. It runs east and west, so all may have the moon's light when it comes. Moses has builded strictly by the orders of his father, the plantation patriarch, who got a liberal education in such matters before the war.

As the moon's edge peeps above the rimming trees, there is a shout from all throats: "Cap'ns, Marse John, cap'ns! 'P'int de cap'ns, and le'ss see shucks fly!"

Marse John shakes his head, saying: "Daddy Jim must do that; he knows more about everything than any of us youngsters." Daddy Jim smiles broadly. He alone of the good company wears Sunday clothes. If his shirt is coarse, it is as white as snow. It lies open at the throat, revealing the massy muscle of his hairy trunk. Below the shirt comes the grand, flowered satin waistcoat Marse John's father wore upon his wedding-day. It looks a little out of place above brown jeans trousers, but is kept in good heart by the pigeon-tailed blue broadcloth coat, resplendent in brass buttons. Clearly, Daddy Jim is not of tonight's workers. A glance shows the reason—hands so drawn and knotted with rheumatism as to make much ado of holding the staff whereon he leans. Yet, while his son, or his master's son, has a crust, a roof, Daddy Jim is secure from want.

Now he smiles broadly, looks about him, and says, in authoritative bass: "Willyum Dennis's Handy is 'bout de king-pin 'mongst de shuckers; but I bleeves George Meechum kin gib 'im er

mighty fa'ar wrassle fer' hit. So, Marse John, I takes dem two—wid yo' commission, suh. Choose out yer mans, boys—dere's chance yere ternight fer er whole passel er fun."

"Who gwine walk de pile?" demands a piping voice. Daddy Jim puts on a reflective air, and says: "Dat sorter stumps me! Orter be Pete Meechum, he know sech er heap er songs; but I do 'ant ter spa'ar 'im f'um de shuckin'; he's er caution dar, I tell ye—wuf 'bout two common men."

"Yes—an' I chooses him fer one on my side," shouts Captain Handy Dennis. Pete giggles shamefacedly, saying: "Dunno which is de wussest—shuckin' er singin'."

His brother, Captain George, sniffs disdainfully. "Des you git down dar in de front an' I'll show you—dat I will—sut'n as you 's knee-high to er grasshopper." As he speaks, a tall fellow lurches through the dusk, to be met with the cry, from all sides: "Ned! Ned! Dar comes Ned Rives! Git him on de pile, an' we'll skeer de ole scritch-owels clur out dey hollers."

"I lay ye don't," says Daddy Jim. "Owel kin see in de dark. He not afeared er no co'n-field niggers, not eben ef dee wus all ha'nts. Now, come on, ye'all, an' git yer dram. Dat's hit, Marse John—gi' 'm des two fingers ter start on. Cap'n's fus—den Ned. Now, black mans, lemme see ye hustle and wrassle—go th'ough dis yere co'n-pile like de ole he-rat when de dawg git arter 'im."

At the word, black men and white men make a ring about the pile, sitting amiably cheek by jowl. The whites are all young fellows, in for a frolic, and no whit better dressed than their dark compeers. Marse John's young son is close at Moses' elbow. They fight under Captain George, whose force rings one-half the pile. Captain Handy and Pete will give account of the other end. Handy's father, William, mounts guard over the demijohn; only by his good pleasure may any man taste a drop of its contents, until the shucking is ended. Daddy Jim, though, will see to it that every man has water.

Nearly everybody has a shucking-pin—a peg of hard wood, bound to his right palm with stout leathern thongs. Before Ned can climb to his place, they are furi-

ously at the corn—snatching, tearing, rending—sending wreaths of shuck to right, to left, behind; rain of stripped ears overhead, to their allotted space. The rising moon has brought a keener, colder wind. Nobody heeds it, feels it—not even Daddy Jim. With a few old cronies, like himself past work, he stands as eager as the youngest there, for the triumph of his side. How his old heart beats, his old eyes shine, his stiff fingers thrill, as he watches the swift, tireless play of the white hand and the black! Ear for ear, Moses and little John work like machines rather than creatures of flesh and blood. Already there is a vacant round before them; the next touch fills it with an avalanche of higher ears. Ned has begun to walk the pile. Hark to his singing! Corn-songs are like no other melodies under the sun. Oftener than not, they wholly lack rhyme and reason; yet, in rhythm and cadence, a master of harmony might take them to heart. Ned's song is of the simplest—a monochord almost. Walking slowly back and forth the pile, he chants the stave that all about answer in full-throated chorus. The voices are mellow—a few mildly sweet. In all, there is an undertone—a wailing minor that might be the echo of their fathers' exiled plaint. To a trained ear, it is the hallmark of African descent—as unmistakable as the blue-white eyeball, or the tell-tale darkness under the nail.

Loud, louder swells the singing. Five miles, east and west, the chorus goes throbbing through the still night. Frost is falling. Already it rims silver-white the dead leaves by the path, glistens coldly on the rail-fence, and shows gray upon the grass. And, through the silence of it, you hear:

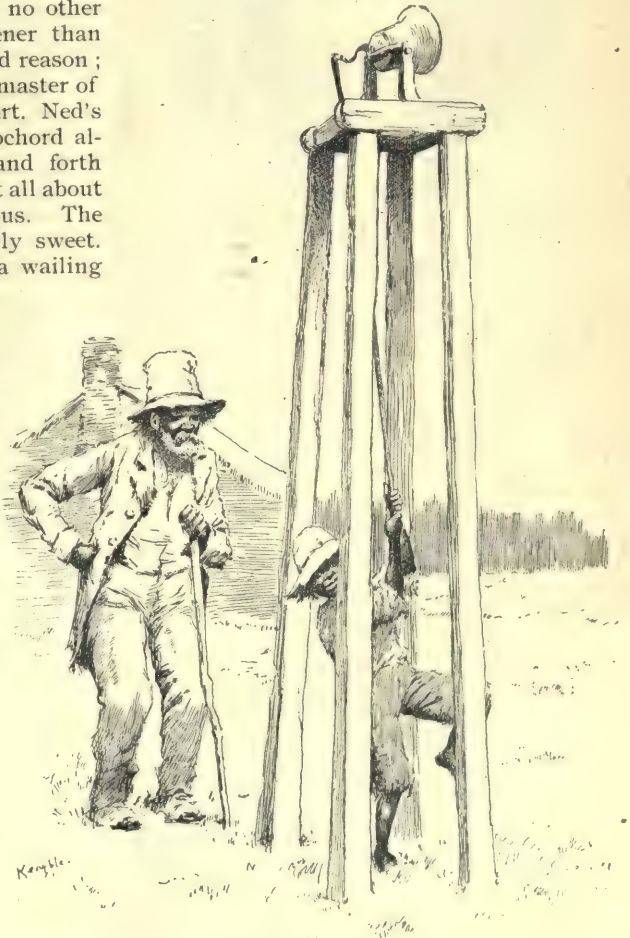
Lou, Miss Maria,  
(Oh! Ho! Ho!)  
I want to go to 'Ria;  
(Ring, John! Ho!)  
Maria was a lady,  
(So! So! So!)  
Maria was a beauty—  
(Ho, John! Ho!)  
Maria died an' lef' me.  
(Oh, ring, John! Ho!)

Far down the path a different strain breaks through—belated guests it must be, singing by way of greeting. At the sound, Ned stops short, flings his arms above his head, and breaks into this chant—all the workers echoing:

Dram! Dram! Little drap er dram, sir!  
(Chorus) Dram! Dram! Fetch erlong de dram.  
Dram! Dram! Shuckin' mighty thirsty.  
Dram! Dram! Nigger want er dram.

William Dennis shakes his head, but, at a sign from Daddy Jim, relents and passes the bottle from lip to lip. Ned begins:

Cyarve dat 'possum! Cyarve dat 'possum!  
(Chorus)— (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)  
Cyarve an' cook dat 'possum, children.  
(Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)



RINGING THE NOON-HOUR.





"DADDY JIM."

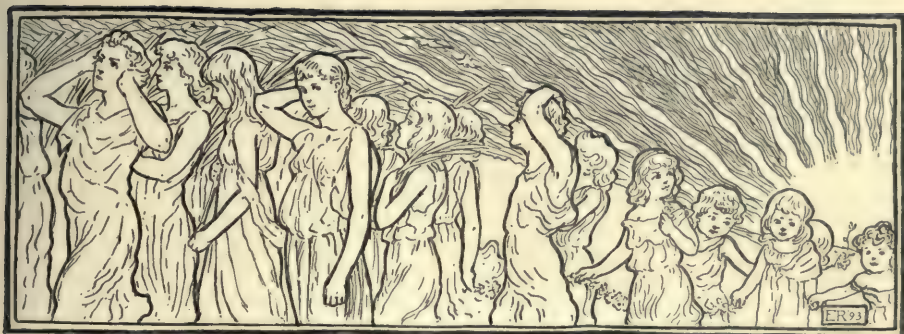
Jay-bird settin' on er swingin' limb;  
 (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)  
 I up wid er rock an' flinged at him—  
 (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)  
 Cyarve an' cook dat 'possum, children!  
 (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)  
 One-legged hopper-grass stockin' of a plow,  
 (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)  
 One-eyed red-ant showin' of 'im how—  
 (Cyarve 'im ter de heart!)

Daddy Jim breaks in indignant: "Dat ain't no corn-song wuth shucks, Ned. Say, don't you know 'Rock me July,' an' 'Cindy Brown,' an' 'Ham-Meat Gravy,' an' 'Up an' down de Banjo?' Sing some er dem 'less 'n ye want dis yere crowd ter see corn an' daybreak tergedder."

For answer, Ned strikes up "Sally gal, yaller gal." The rest give a vigorous chorusing but lose no time. Each captain is burrowing as for life, to the heart of the pile. If he can but snatch one unhusked ear from the other side of the railing he will be accounted victor—the corn-piles'

king. Hourly the bottle goes round—the singing grows louder. When first cock crow sounds the great heap has melted as by magic to a space of husky litter, with a double line of squat figures across its middle, whose arms fly like windmills, tossing back and back the hard, white, glistening corn. Ned has perforce quit the pile to stand chanting at one side. The two captains front each other in rivalry as tense as ever stirred victors in the Olympian games. Each must have shucked to the rail before he can lawfully seize corn from beyond it. Heavens! how they pant and strain, with lowered heads, faces beaded all over with sweat. So even, so well matched are they, it looks now as though one must win, now the other. Moses is still at Cap'n George's elbow, though Daddy Jim took "little John" away an hour ago. Fate seems to fight for Cap'n Handy—his last half dozen ears have popped at the stalk like pipe-stems. Another minute and he can grab the ears still in front of his antagonist. With adroit awkwardness Moses lurches forward, catches with both hands, and as he recovers balance, clears the rail for his leader. Next minute a wild laughing shout says, Cap'n George has won. By time the patter of ears is hushed, he has been lifted to the shoulders of two stout fellows, and is being borne to supper just behind Marse John, whom Ned and Moses carry with triumphant good will.

In their wake the crowd comes laughing, singing, shouting, with no thought of aching muscles or fingers worn to the quick. The waiting supper is worthy such noble appetites—barbecue, cold ham, wheaten bread, cakes and pies galore, besides coffee and cider and buttermilk. Another stiff dram precedes it, as a final one follows it. To all Marse John says a hearty "Thank ye," then slips away to bed. But the moon is low—at the tree-tops almost, when Daddy Jim parts with his latest lingering irony. He will not go to bed at all. Instead, he sits down in front of the smouldering fire, and says, slow, tohimself: "Thank God, ole nigger, you done seed one mo' corn-shuckin' right, an' thank dat dar boy Moses dat de home side didn't got beat!"



## A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

### X.

I SAT down, and Mrs. Makely continued: "I have thought it all out, and I want you to confess that in all practical matters a woman's brain is better than a man's. Mr. Bullion, here, says it is, and I want you to say so, too."

"Yes," the banker admitted, "when it comes down to business, a woman is worth any two of us."

"And we have just been agreeing," I coincided, "that the only gentlemen among us are women. Mrs. Makely, I admit, without further dispute, that the most unworldly woman is worldlier than the worldliest man; and that in all practical matters we fade into dreamers and doctrinaires beside you. Now, go on!"

But she did not mean to let me off so easily. She began to brag herself up, as women do, whenever you make them the slightest concession.

"Here, you men," she said, "have been trying for a whole week to get something out of Mr. Homos about his country, and you have left it to a poor, weak woman, at last, to think how to manage it. I do believe that you get so much interested in your own talk, when you are with him, that you don't let him get in a word, and that's the reason you haven't found out anything about Altruria, yet, from him."

In view of the manner in which she had cut in at Mrs. Camp's, and stopped

Homos on the very verge of the only full and free confession he had ever been near making about Altruria, I thought this was pretty cool, but, for fear of worse, I said:

"You're quite right, Mrs. Makely. I'm sorry to say that there has been a shameful want of self-control among us, and that, if we learn anything at all from him, it will be because you have taught us how."

She could not resist this bit of taffy. She scarcely gave herself time to gulp it, before she said:

"Oh, it's very well to say that, now! But where would you have been, if I hadn't set my wits to work? Now, listen! It just popped into my mind, like an inspiration, when I was thinking of something altogether different. It flashed upon me in an instant: a good object, and a public occasion!"

"Well?" I said, finding this explosive and electrical inspiration rather enigmatical.

"Why, you know, the Union chapel, over in the village, is in a languishing condition, and the ladies have been talking all summer about doing something for it, getting up something—a concert, or theatricals, or a dance, or something—and applying the proceeds to repainting and papering the visible church; it needs it dreadfully. But, of course, those things are not exactly religious, don't you know; and a fair is so much trouble; and *such* a



bore, when you get the articles ready, even; and everybody feels swindled; and now people frown on raffles, so there's no one thinking of them. What you want is something striking. We did think of a parlor-reading, or perhaps ventriloquism; but the performers all charge so much that there wouldn't be anything left after paying expenses."

She seemed to expect some sort of prompting at this point; therefore I said, "Well?"

"Well," she repeated, "that is just where your Mr. Homos comes in."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Get him to deliver a Talk on Altruria. As soon as he knows it's for a good object, he will be on fire to do it; and they must live so much in common there, that the public occasion will be just the thing that will appeal to him."

It did seem a good plan to me, and I said so. But Mrs. Makely was so much in love with it, that she was not satisfied with my modest recognition.

"Good? It's magnificent! It's the very thing! And I have thought it out, down to the last detail—"

"Excuse me!" I interrupted. "Do you think there is sufficient general interest in the subject, outside of the hotel, to get a full house for him? I shouldn't like to see him subjected to the mortification of empty benches."

"What in the world are you thinking of? Why, there isn't a farmhouse, anywhere within ten miles, where they haven't heard of Mr. Homos; and there isn't a servant under this roof, or in any of the boarding-houses, who doesn't know something about Altruria and want to know more. It seems that your friend has been much oftener with the porters and the stable boys than he has been with us."

I had only too great reason to fear so. In spite of my warnings and entreaties, he had continued to behave toward every human being he met, exactly as if they were equals. He apparently could not conceive of that social difference which difference of occupation creates among us. He owned that he saw it, and from the talk of our little group, he knew it existed; but when I expostulated with him upon some act in gross violation of society usage, he only answered that he could

not imagine that what he saw and knew could actually be. It was quite impossible to keep him from bowing with the utmost deference to our waitress; he shook hands with the head waiter every morning as well as with me; there was a fearful story current in the house, that he had been seen running down one of the corridors to relieve a chambermaid laden with two heavy waterpails, which she was carrying to the rooms to fill up the pitchers. This was probably not true, but I myself saw him helping in the hotel hayfield one afternoon, shirt-sleeved like any of the hired men. He said that it was the best possible exercise, and that he was ashamed he could give no better excuse for it than the fact that without something of the kind he should suffer from indigestion. It was grotesque, and out of all keeping with a man of his cultivation and breeding. He was a gentleman and a scholar, there was no denying, and yet he did things in contravention of good form at every opportunity, and nothing I could say had any effect with him. I was perplexed beyond measure, the day after I had reproached him for his labor in the hayfield, to find him in a group of table-girls, who were listening while the head waiter read aloud to them in the shade of the house; there was a corner looking towards the stables which was given up to them by tacit consent of the guests during a certain part of the afternoon. I feigned not to see him, but I could not forbear speaking to him about it. He took it in good part, but he said he had been rather disappointed in the kind of literature they liked, and the comments they made on it; he had expected that with the education they had received, and with their experience of the seriousness of life, they would prefer something less trivial. He supposed, however, that a romantic love story, where a poor American girl marries an English lord formed a refuge for them from the real world which promised them so little and held them so cheap. It was quite useless for one to try to make him realize his behavior in consorting with servants as a kind of scandal.

The worst of it was that his behavior, as I could see, had already begun to demoralize the objects of his misplaced politeness. At first, the servants stared

and resented it, as if it were some tasteless joke; but in an incredibly short time, when they saw that he meant his courtesy in good faith they took it as their due. I had always had a good understanding with the head waiter, and I thought I could safely smile with him at the queer conduct of my friend toward himself and his fellow servants. To my astonishment he said, "I don't see why he shouldn't treat them as if they were ladies and gentlemen. Doesn't he treat you and your friends so?"

It was impossible to answer this, and I could only resolve to suffer in silence, and hope that the Altrurian would soon go. At first I dreaded the moment when the landlord should come and tell me that his room was wanted; now I almost desired it, but he never did. On the contrary, the Altrurian was in high favor with him. He said he liked to see a man make himself pleasant with everybody; and that he did not believe he had ever had a guest in the house who was so popular all round.

"Of course," Mrs. Makely went on, "I don't criticise him—with his peculiar traditions. I presume I should be just so myself if I had been brought up in Altruria, which thank goodness, I wasn't. But Mr. Homos is a perfect dear, and all the women in the house are in love with him, from the cook's helpers, up and down. No, the only danger is that there won't be room in the hotel parlors for all the people that will want to hear him, and we shall have to make the admission something that will be prohibitive in most cases. We shall have to make it a dollar."

"Well," I said, "I think that will settle the question as far as the farming population is concerned. It's twice as much as they ever pay for a reserved seat in the circus, and four times as much as a simple admission to the noblest form of entertainment that they have known. I'm afraid, Mrs. Makely, you're going to be very few, though fit."

"Well, I've thought it all over, and I'm going to put the tickets at a dollar."

"Very good. Have you caught your hare?"

"No, I haven't, yet. And I want you to help me catch him. What do you think is the best way to go about it?"

The banker said he would leave us to the discussion of that question, but Mrs. Makely could count upon him in everything, if she could only get the man to talk. At the end of our conference we decided to interview the Altrurian together; but to let him do all the talking.

I shall always be ashamed of the way that woman wheedled the Altrurian, when we found him the next morning, walking up and down the piazza, before breakfast. That is, it was before our breakfast; when we asked him to go in with us, he said he had just had his breakfast and was waiting for Reuben Camp, who had promised to take him up as he passed with a load of hay for one of the hotels in the village.

"Ah, that reminds me, Mr. Homos," the unscrupulous woman began on him, at once. "We want to interest you in a little movement we're getting up for the Union chapel in the village. You know it's the church where all the different sects have their services, alternately. Of course, it's rather an original way of doing, but there *is* sense in it where the people are too poor to go into debt for different churches, and—"

"It's admirable!" said the Altrurian. "I have heard something about it from the Camps. It is an outward emblem of the unity which ought to prevail among Christians of all professions. How can I help you, Mrs. Makely?"

"I knew you would approve of it!" she exulted. "Well, it's simply this: The poor little place has got so shabby that I'm almost ashamed to be seen going into it, for one; and what we want is to raise money enough to give it a new coat of paint outside—it's never had but one—and put on some kind of pretty paper, of an ecclesiastical pattern, on the inside. I declare, those staring white walls, with the cracks in the plastering zigzagging every *which* way, distract me so that I can't put my mind on the sermon. Don't you think paper, say of a gothic design, would be a great improvement? I'm sure it would; and it's Mr. Twelvemough's idea, too."

I learned this fact now for the first time; but, with Mrs. Makely's warning eye upon me, I could not say so, and I made what sounded to me like a gothic murmur of acquiescence. It sufficed for Mrs.



Makely's purpose, at any rate, and she went on, without giving the Altrurian a chance to say what he thought the devotional effect of paper would be :

"Well, the long and the short of it is that we want you to make this money for us, Mr. Homos."

"I?" He started in a kind of horror. "My dear lady, I never made any money in my life! I should think it *wrong* to make money!"

"In Altruria, yes. We all know how it is in your delightful country, and I assure you that no one could respect your conscientious scruples more than I do. But you must remember that you are in America, now. In America you have to make money, or else—get left. And then you must consider the object, and all the good you can do, indirectly, by a little Talk on Altruria."

He answered, blandly : "A little Talk on Altruria? How in the world should I get money by that?"

She was only too eager to explain, and she did it with so much volubility and at such great length, that I, who am good for nothing till I have had my cup of coffee in the morning, almost perished of an elucidation which the Altrurian bore with the sweetest patience.

When she gave him a chance to answer, at last, he said : "I shall be very happy to do what you wish, madam."

"Will you?" she screamed. "Oh, I'm so glad! You *have* been so slippery about Altruria, you know, that I expected nothing but a point-blank refusal. Of course, I knew you would be kind about it. Oh, I can hardly believe my senses! You can't think what a dear you are." I knew she had got that word from some English people who had been in the hotel; and she was working it rather wildly, but it was not my business to check her. "Well, then, all you have got to do is to leave the whole thing to me, and not bother about it a bit till I send and tell you we are ready to listen. There comes Reuben with his ox-team! Thank you *so* much, Mr. Homos. No one need be ashamed to enter the house of God"—she said Gawd, in an access of piety—"after we get that paint and paper on it; and we shall have them on before two Sabbaths have passed over it."

She wrung the Altrurian's hand; I was

only afraid she was going to kiss him.

"There is but one stipulation I should like to make," he began.

"Oh, a thousand," she cut in.

"And that is, there shall be no exclusion from my lecture on account of occupation or condition. That is a thing that I can in no wise countenance, even in America; it is far more abhorrent to me even than money-making, though they are each a part and parcel of the other."

"I thought it was that!" she retorted joyously. "And I can assure you, Mr. Homos, there shall be nothing of that kind. Every one—I don't care who it is, or what they do—shall hear you who buys a ticket. Now, will that do?"

"Perfectly," said the Altrurian, and he let her wring his hand again.

She pushed hers through my arm as we started for the dining-room, and leaned over to whisper jubilantly : "That will fix it! He will see how much his precious lower classes care for Altruria if they have to pay a dollar apiece to hear about it. And I shall keep faith with him to the letter."

I could not feel that she would keep it to the spirit; but I could only groan inwardly and chuckle outwardly at the woman's depravity.

It seemed to me though, I could not approve of it, a capital joke, and so it seemed to all the members of the little group whom I had made especially acquainted with the Altrurian. It is true that the minister was somewhat troubled with the moral question, which did not leave me wholly at peace; and the banker affected to find a question of taste involved, which he said he must let me settle, however, as the man's host; if I could stand it, he could. No one said anything against the plan to Mrs. Makely, and this energetic woman made us take two tickets apiece, as soon as she got them printed, over in the village. She got little handbills printed, and had them scattered about through the neighborhood, at all the hotels, boarding-houses and summer cottages, to give notice of the time and place of the talk on Altruria. She fixed this for the following Saturday afternoon, in our hotel parlor; she had it in the afternoon so as not to interfere with the hop in the evening; and she got tickets on sale at the principal houses, and at the

village drug-store, and she made me go about with her and help her sell them at some of the cottages in person.

I must say I found this extremely distasteful, especially in cases where the people were not very willing to buy, and she had to urge them. They all admitted the excellence of the object, but they were not so sure about the means. At several places the ladies asked who was this Mr. Homos, anyway; and how did she know that he was really from Altruria? He might be an imposter.

Then Mrs. Makely would put me forward, and I would be obliged to give such account of him as I could, and to explain just how and why he came to be my guest; with the cumulative effect of bringing back all the misgivings which I had myself felt at the outset concerning him, and which I had dismissed as too fantastic.

The tickets went off rather slowly, even in our own hotel; people thought them too dear; and some, as soon as they knew the price, said frankly they had heard enough about Altruria already, and were sick of the whole thing.

Mrs. Makely said this was quite what she had expected of those people; that they were horrid, and stingy and vulgar; and she should see what face they would have to ask her to take tickets when *they* were trying to get up something. She began to be vexed with herself, she confessed, at the joke she was playing on Mr. Homos, and I noticed that she put herself rather defiantly *en évidence* in his company, whenever she could in the presence of these reluctant ladies. She told me she had not the courage to ask the clerk how many of the tickets he had sold out of those she had left at the desk. One morning, the third or fourth, as I was going in to breakfast with her, the head waiter stopped her as he opened the door, and asked modestly if she could spare him a few tickets, for he thought he could sell some. To my amazement the unprincipled creature said, "Why, certainly. How many?" and instantly took a package out of her pocket, where she seemed always to have them. He asked, "Would twenty be more than she could spare?" and she answered, "Not at all! Here are twenty-five," and bestowed the whole package on him.

That afternoon Reuben Camp came lounging up toward us, where I sat with her on the corner of the piazza, and said that if she would like to let him try his luck with some tickets for the talk he would see what he could do.

"You can have all you want, Reuben," she said, "and I hope you'll have better luck than I have. I'm perfectly disgusted with people."

She fished several packages out of her pocket this time and he asked, "Do you mean that I can have them all?"

"Every one, and a band of music into the bargain," she answered recklessly. But she seemed a little daunted when he quietly took them. "You know there are a hundred here?"

"Yes, I should like to see what I can do amongst the natives. Then, there is a construction train over at the junction, and I know a lot of the fellows. I guess some of 'em would like to come."

"The tickets are a dollar each, you know," she suggested.

"That's all right," said Camp. "Well, good afternoon."

Mrs. Makely turned to me with a kind of gasp, so he shambled away. "I don't know about that!"

"About having the whole crew of a construction train at the Talk? I dare say it won't be pleasant to the ladies who have bought tickets."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Makely with astonishing contempt, "I don't care what *they* think. But Reuben has got all my tickets, and suppose he keeps them so long that I won't have time to sell any, and then throws them back on my hands? I know!" she added joyously. "I can go round now, and tell people that my tickets are all gone; and I'll go instantly and have the clerk hold all he has left at a premium."

She came back looking rather blank.

"He hasn't got a single one left. He says an old native came in this morning and took every last one of them—he doesn't remember just how many. I believe they're going to speculate on them; and if Reuben Camp serves me a trick like that—Why!" she broke off, "I believe I'll speculate on them myself! I should like to know why I shouldn't! Oh, I should just *like* to make some of those creatures pay double or treble for



the chances they've refused. Ah, Mrs. Bulkham," she called out to a lady who was coming down the veranda toward us, "you'll be glad to know I've got rid of all my tickets! *Such* a relief!"

"You *have*?" Mrs. Bulkham retorted. "Every one!"

"I thought," said Mrs. Bulkham, "that you understood I wanted one for my daughter and myself, if she came."

"I certainly didn't," said Mrs. Makely, with a wink of concentrated wickedness at me. "But if you do, you will have to say so now, without any ifs or ands about it; and if any of the tickets come back—I let friends have a few on sale—I will give you two."

"Well, I do," said Mrs. Bulkham, after a moment.

"Very well, it will be five dollars for the two. I feel bound to get all I can for the cause. Shall I put your name down?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bulkham, rather crossly; but Mrs. Makely inscribed her name on her tablets with a radiant amiability, which suffered no eclipse, when within the next fifteen minutes a dozen other ladies hurried up, and bought in at the same rate.

I could not stand it, and I got up to go away, feeling extremely *particeps criminis*. Mrs. Makely seemed to have a conscience as light as air.

"If Reuben Camp or the head waiter don't bring back some of those tickets I don't know what I shall do. I shall have to put chairs into the aisles, and charge five dollars apiece for as many people as I can crowd in there. I never knew anything so perfectly providential."

"I envy you the ability to see it in that light, Mrs. Makely," I said, faint at heart. "Suppose Camp crowds the place full of his train men, how will the ladies that you've sold tickets to at five dollars apiece like it?"

"Pooh! What do I care how they like it? Horrid things! And for repairs on the house of Gawd, it's the same as being in church, where everybody is equal."

The time passed. Mrs. Makely sold chances to all the ladies in the house; and on Friday night Reuben Camp brought her a hundred dollars; the head waiter had already paid in twenty-five.

"I didn't dare to ask them if they speculated on them," she confided to me. "Do you suppose they would have the conscience?"

She had secured the large parlor of the hotel, where the young people danced in the evening, and where entertainments were held, of the sort usually given in summer hotels; we had already had a dramatic reading, a séance with the phonograph, an exhibition of necromancy, a concert by a college glee club, and I do not know what else. The room would hold perhaps two hundred people, if they were closely seated, and by her own showing, Mrs. Makely had sold above two hundred and fifty tickets and chances. All Saturday forenoon she consoled herself with the belief that a great many people at the other hotels and cottages had bought seats merely to aid the cause, and would not really come; she estimated that at least fifty would stay away; but if Reuben Camp had sold his tickets among the natives, we might expect every one of them to come and get his money's worth; she did not dare to ask the head waiter how he had got rid of his twenty-five tickets.

The hour set for the Talk to begin was three o'clock, so that people could have their naps comfortably over, after the one o'clock lunch, and be just in the right frame of mind for listening. But long before the appointed time, the people who dine at twelve, and never take an after-dinner nap, began to arrive, on foot, in farm-wagons, smart buggies, mud-crust-ed carryalls, and all manner of ramshackle vehicles. They arrived as if coming to a circus, old husbands and wives, young couples and their children, pretty girls and their fellows, and hitched their horses to the tails of their wagons, and began to make a picnic lunch in the shadow of the grove lying between the hotel and the station. About two, we heard the snorting of a locomotive at a time when no train was due, and a construction train came in view, with the men waving their handkerchiefs from the windows, and apparently ready for all the fun there was to be in the thing. Some of them had a small flag in each hand, the American stars and stripes, and the flag of Altruria, in compliment to my guest, I suppose. A good many of the farmers came over to the hotel to buy tickets, which they

said they had expected to get after they came, and Mrs. Makely was obliged to pacify them with all sorts of lying promises. From moment to moment she was in consultation with the landlord, who decided to throw open the dining-room, which connected with the parlor, so as to allow the help and the neighbors to hear, without incommoding the hotel guests. She said that this took a great burden off her mind, and that now she should feel perfectly easy, for no one could complain about being mixed up with the servants and the natives, and yet everyone could hear perfectly.

She could not rest till she had sent for Homos and told him of this admirable arrangement. I did not know whether to be glad or not, when he instantly told her that, if there was to be any such separation of his auditors, in recognition of our class distinctions, he must refuse to speak at all.

"Then, what in the world are we to do?" she wailed out, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Have you got the money for all your tickets?" he asked, with a sort of disgust for the whole transaction in his tone.

"Yes, and more, too. I don't believe there's a soul, in the hotel or out of it, that hasn't paid at least a dollar to hear you: and that makes it so very embarrassing. Oh, *dear* Mr. Homos! you won't be so implacably high-principled as all that! Think that you are doing it for the house of Gawd."

The woman made me sick.

"Then, no one," said the Altrurian, "can feel aggrieved, or unfairly used, if I say what I have to say in the open air, where all can listen equally, without any manner of preference or distinction. We will go up to the edge of the grove overlooking the tennis-court, and hold our meeting there, as the Altrurian meetings have always been held, with the sky for a roof, and with no walls but the horizon."

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Makely. "Who would ever have thought you were so practical, Mr. Homos? I don't believe you're an Altrurian, after all; I believe you are an American in disguise."

The Altrurian turned away, without making any response to this flattering attribution of our nationality to him; but

Mrs. Makely had not waited for any. She had flown off, and I next saw her attacking the landlord, with such apparent success that he slapped himself on the leg and vanished, and immediately the porters and bell-boys and all the men-servants began carrying out chairs to the tennis-court, which was already well set round with benches. In a little while the whole space was covered, and settees were placed well up the ground toward the grove.

By half past two, the guests of the hotel came out, and took the best seats, as by right, and the different tallyhoes and mountain wagons began to arrive from the other hotels, with their silly hotel-cries, and their gay groups dismounted and dispersed themselves over the tennis-court until all the chairs were taken. It was fine to see how the natives and the trainmen and the hotel servants, with an instinctive perception of the proprieties, yielded these places to their superiors, and, after the summer folks were all seated, scattered themselves on the grass and the pine-needles about the border of the grove. I should have liked to instance the fact to the Altrurian, as a proof that this sort of subordination was a part of human nature, and that a principle which pervaded our civilization, after the democratic training of our whole national life, must be divinely implanted. But there was no opportunity for me to speak with him after the fact had accomplished itself, for by this time he had taken his place in front of a little clump of low pines and was waiting for the assembly to quiet itself before he began to speak. I do not think there could have been less than five hundred present, and the scene had that accidental picturesqueness which results from the grouping of all sorts of faces and costumes. Many of our ladies had pretty hats and brilliant parasols, but I must say that the soberer tone of some of the old farm-wives' brown calicoes and out-dated bonnets contributed to enrich the coloring, and here and there the faded blue of an ancient cotton-blouse on a farmer's back had the distinction and poetry of a bit from Millet. There was a certain gayety in the sunny glisten of the men's straw-hats, everywhere, that was very good.

The sky overhead was absolutely stain-



less, and the light of the cool afternoon sun dreamed upon the slopes of the solemn mountains to the east. The tall pines in the background blackened themselves against the horizon ; nearer they showed more and more decidedly their bluish green, and the brown of the newly-fallen

needles painted their aisles deep into their airy shadows.

A little wind stirred their tops, and for a moment, just before the Altrurian began to speak, drew from them an organ-tone that melted delicately away as his powerful voice arose.



### A STRADIVARIUS.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

Thou prisoned spirit of a forest tree,  
 The pulse of some grand hush alone could teach  
 Thy sense of speech past any sound that be,  
 Thy secret of a sound past any speech !

Held in dumb thrall, a king among thy kind,  
 From solitary ages no relief ;  
 Filled with that self which stirred and round thee vined  
 The magic making of a fibered leaf !

And, Oh, the vastness of thy mountain heights !  
 The little world beneath thee, fold on fold,  
 The nearness of those awe-enraptured nights,  
 The birth of dawn and depth of dark untold !

The visage bare of every storm that beat ;  
 The wailing wind that pierced thee with its woe,  
 Or wooed thee gently with a kiss—O sweet !—  
 Or soothed thee softly swaying to and fro ;

The shudder of a torrent rushing by,  
 The tremble of each bird-breast thou hast known,  
 The unmoved gaze of each star-face on high,  
 The cool, blue calms which thou didst reach alone ;

All this on thy great heart of wood was wrought,  
 And yet how mute ! All life, all death unspoke !  
 A loneliness too deep for finite thought,  
 The seal of countless centuries unbroke.

But now, ah, now, that thrill ! That lifted spell !  
 Sob out thy solitude, weep or rejoice !  
 The strange pent music of all silence tell,  
 God's touch, a soul, hath given thee thy voice !

## OMEGA:

### THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

#### IV.

THE last habitable regions of the globe were two wide valleys near the equator, the basins of dried up seas; valleys of slight depth, for the general level was almost absolutely uniform. No mountain peaks, ravines or wild gorges, not a single wooded valley or precipice was to be seen; the world was one vast plain, from which rivers and seas had gradually disappeared. But as the action of meteorological agents, rainfall and streams, had diminished in intensity with the loss of water, the last hollows of the sea bottom had not been entirely filled up, and shallow valleys remained, vestiges of the former structure of the globe. In these a little ice and moisture were left, but the circulation of water in the atmosphere had ceased, and the rivers flowed in subterranean channels as in invisible veins.

As the atmosphere contained no aqueous vapor, the sky was always cloudless, and there was neither rain nor snow. The sun, less dazzling and less hot than formerly, shone with the yellowish splendor of a topaz. The color of the sky was sea-green rather than blue. The volume of the atmosphere had diminished considerably. Its oxygen and nitrogen had become in part fixed in metallic combinations, as oxides and nitrides, and its carbonic acid had slowly increased, as vegetation, deprived of water, became more and more rare and absorbed an ever decreasing amount of this gas. But the mass of the earth, owing to the constant fall of meteorites, bolides and uranolites, had increased with time; so that the atmosphere, though considerably less in volume, had retained its density and exerted nearly the same pressure.



EVA.

Strangely enough, the snow and ice had diminished as the earth grew cold; the cause of this low temperature was the absence of water vapor from the atmosphere, which had decreased with the superficial area of the sea. As the water penetrated the interior of the earth and the general level became more uniform, first the depth and then the area of seas had been reduced, the invisible envelope of aqueous vapor had

lost its protecting power, and the day came when the return of the heat received from the sun was no longer prevented, it was radiated into space as rapidly as it was received, as if it fell upon a mirror incapable of absorbing its rays.

Such was the condition of the earth. The last representatives of the human race had survived all these physical transformations solely by virtue of its genius of invention and power of adaptation. Its last efforts had been directed toward extracting nutritious substances from the air, from subterranean water, and from plants, and replacing the vanished vapor of the air by buildings and roofs of glass.

It was necessary at any cost to capture these solar rays and to prevent their radiation into space. It was easy to store up this heat in large quantities, for the sun shone unobscured by any cloud and the day was long—fifty-five hours.

For a long time the efforts of architects had been solely directed towards this imprisonment of the sun's rays and the prevention of their dispersion during the fifty-five hours of the night. They had succeeded in accomplishing this by an ingenious arrangement of glass roofs, superposed one upon the other, and by movable screens. All combustible material had long before been exhausted; and even





THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

the hydrogen extracted from water was difficult to obtain.

The mean temperature in the open air during the daytime was not very low, not falling below  $-10^{\circ}$ .<sup>\*</sup> Notwithstanding the changes which the ages had wrought in vegetable life, no species of plants could exist, even in this equatorial zone.

As for the other latitudes, they had been totally uninhabitable for thousands of years, in spite of every effort made to live in them. In the latitudes of Paris, Nice, Rome, Naples, Algiers and Tunis, all protective atmospheric action had ceased, and the oblique rays of the sun had proved insufficient to warm the soil which was frozen to a great depth, like a veritable block of ice. The world's population had gradually diminished from ten milliards to nine, to eight, and then to seven, one-half the surface of the globe being then habitable. As the habitable zone became more and more restricted to the equator, the population had still further diminished, as had also the mean

length of human life, and the day came when only a few hundred millions remained, scattered in groups along the equator, and maintaining life only by the artifices of a laborious and scientific industry.

Later still, toward the end, only two groups of a few hundred human beings were left, occupying the last surviving centers of industry. From all the rest of the globe the human race had slowly but inexorably disappeared—dried up, exhausted, degenerated, from century to century, through the lack of an assimilable atmosphere and sufficient food. Its last remnants seemed to have lapsed back into barbarism, vegetating like the Esquimaux of the north. These two ancient centers of civ-

ilization, themselves yielding to decay, had survived only at the cost of a constant struggle between industrial genius and implacable nature.

Even here, between the tropics and the equator, the two remaining groups of human beings which still contrived to exist in face of a thousand hardships which yearly became more insupportable, did so only by subsisting, so to speak, on what their predecessors had left behind. These two ocean valleys, one of which was near the bottom of what is now the Pacific ocean, the other to the south of the present island of Ceylon, had formerly been the sites of two immense cities of glass—iron and glass having been, for a long time, the materials chiefly employed in building construction. They resembled vast winter-gardens, without upper stories, with transparent ceilings of immense height. Here were to be found the last plants, except those cultivated in the subterranean galleries leading to rivers flowing under ground.

<sup>\*</sup> Many readers will regard this climate quite bearable, inasmuch, as in our own day regions may be cited whose mean temperature is much lower, yet which are nevertheless habitable: as, for example, Verchnoiansk, whose mean annual temperature is  $-19.3^{\circ}$ . But in these regions there is a summer during which the ice melts; and if in January the temperature falls to  $-60^{\circ}$ , and even lower, in July they enjoy a temperature of fifteen and twenty degrees above zero. But at the stage which we have now reached in the history of the world, this mean temperature of the equatorial zone was constant, and it was impossible for ice ever to melt again.

Elsewhere the surface of the earth was a ruin, and even here only the last vestiges of a vanished greatness were to be seen.

In the first of these ancient cities of glass, the sole survivors were two old men, and the grandson of one of them, Omegar, who had seen his mother and sisters die, one after the other, of consumption, and who now wandered in despair through these vast solitudes. Of these old men, one had formerly been a philosopher and had consecrated his long life to the study of the history of perishing humanity; the other was a physician, who had in vain sought to save from consumption the last inhabitants of the world. Their bodies seemed wasted by anæmia rather than by age. They were pale as specters, with long, white beards, and only their moral energy sustained them yet an instant against the decree of destiny. But they could not struggle longer against this destiny, and one day Omegar found them stretched lifeless, side by side. From the dying hands of one fell the last history ever written, the history of the final transformations of humanity, written half a century before. The second had died in his laboratory while endeavoring to keep in order the nourishment tubes, automatically regulated by machinery propelled by solar engines.

The last servants, long before developed by education from the simian race, had succumbed many years before, as had also the great majority of the animal species domesticated for the service of humanity. Horses, dogs, reindeers, and certain large birds used in aerial service, yet

survived, but so entirely changed that they bore no resemblance to their progenitors.

It was evident that the race was irrevocably doomed. Science had disappeared with scientists, art with artists, and the survivors lived only upon the past. The heart knew no more hope, the spirit no ambition. The light was in the past; the future was an eternal night. All was over. The glories of days gone by had forever vanished. If, in preceding centuries, some traveller, wandering in these solitudes, thought he had rediscovered the sites of Paris, Rome, or the brilliant capitals which had succeeded them, he was the victim of his own imagination; for these sites had not existed for millions of years, having been swept away by the waters of the sea. Vague



"ALL DAY LONG HE WANDERED THROUGH THE VAST GALLERIES."



traditions had floated down through the ages, thanks to the printing-press and the recorders of the great events of history; but even these traditions were uncertain and often false. For, as to Paris, the annals of history contained only some references to a maritime Paris; of its existence as the capital of France for thousands of years, there was no trace nor memory. The names which to us seem immortal, Confucius, Plato, Mahomet, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, had perished and were forgotten. Art had, indeed, preserved noble memories; but these memories did not extend as far back as the infancy of humanity, and reached only a few million years into the past. Omegar lingered in an ancient gallery of pictures, bequeathed by former centuries, and contemplated the great cities which had disappeared. Only one of these pictures related to what had once been Europe, and was a view of Paris, consisting of a promontory projecting into the sea, crowned by an astronomical temple and gay with helicopteron circling above the lofty towers of its terraces. Immense ships were plowing the sea. This classic Paris was the Paris of the one hundred and seventieth century of the Christian era, corresponding to the one hundred and fifty-seventh of the astronomical era—the Paris which existed immediately prior to the final submergence of the land. Even its name had changed; for words change like persons and things. Near by, other pictures portrayed the great but less ancient cities which had risen in America, Australia, Asia, and afterwards upon the continents which had emerged from the ocean. And so this museum of the past recalled in succession the passing pomps of humanity down to the end.

The end! The hour had struck on the time-piece of destiny. Omegar knew the life of the world thenceforth was in the past, that no future existed for it, and that the present even was vanishing like the dream of a

moment. This last heir of the human race felt the overwhelming sentiment of the vanity of things. Should he wait for some inconceivable miracle to save him from his fate? Should he bury his companions, and share their tomb with them? Should he endeavor to prolong for a few days, a few weeks, a few years even, a solitary, useless and despairing existence? All day long he wandered through the vast and silent galleries, and at night abandoned himself to the drowsiness which oppressed him. All about him was dark—the darkness of the sepulchre.

A sweet dream, however, stirred his slumbering thought, and surrounded his soul with a halo of angelic brightness. Sleep brought him the illusion of life. He was no longer alone. A seductive image, which he had seen more than once before, stood before him. Eyes caressing as the light of heaven, deep as the infinite, gazed upon him and attracted him. He was in a garden filled with the perfume of flowers. Birds sang in the nests amid the foliage. And in the distant landscape, framed in plants and flowers, were the vast ruins of dead cities. Then he saw a lake, on whose rippling surface two swans glided, bearing a cradle from which a new-born child stretched toward him its arms.

Never had such a ray of light illuminated his soul. So deep was his emotion that he suddenly awoke, opened his eyes, and found confronting him only the somber reality. Then a sadness more terrible even than any he had known filled his whole being. He could not find an instant of repose. He rose, went to his couch, and waited anxiously for the morning. He remembered his dream, but he did not believe in it. He felt, vaguely, that another human being existed somewhere; but his degenerate race had lost, in part, its psychic power, and perhaps, also, woman always exerts upon man an attraction more powerful than that which man exerts upon woman. When the day



"ALONE!"

broke, when the last man saw the ruins of his ancient city standing out upon the sky of dawn, when he found himself alone with the two last dead, he realized more than ever his unavoidable destiny, and decided to terminate at once a life so hopelessly miserable.

Going into the laboratory, he sought a bottle whose contents were well known to him, uncorked it, and carried it to his lips, to empty it at a draught.

But, at the very moment the vial touched his lips, he felt a hand upon his arm.

He turned suddenly. There was no one in the laboratory, and in the gallery he found only the two dead.

## V.

In the ruins of the other equatorial city, occupying a once submerged valley south of the island of Ceylon, was a young girl, whose mother and older sister had perished of consumption and cold, and who was now left alone, the last surviving member of the last family of the race. A few trees, of northern species, had been preserved under the spacious dome of glass, and beneath their scanty foliage, holding the cold hands of her mother who had died the night before, the young girl sat alone, doomed to death in the very flower of her age. The night was cold. In the sky above the full moon shone like a golden torch, but its yellow rays were as cold as the silver beams of the ancient Selene. In the vast room reigned the stillness and solitude of death, broken only by the young girl's breathing, which seemed to animate the silence with the semblance of life.

She was not weeping. Her sixteen years contained more experience and knowledge than sixty years of the world's prime. She knew that she was the sole survivor of this last group of human beings, and that every happiness, every joy and every hope had vanished forever. There was no present, no future; only

solitude and silence, the physical and moral impossibility of life, and soon eternal sleep. She thought of the women of bygone days, of those who had lived the real life of humanity, of lovers, wives and mothers, but to her red and tearless eyes appeared only images of death; while beyond the walls of glass stretched a barren desert, covered by the last ice and the last snow. Now her young heart beat violently in her breast, till her slender hands could no longer compress its tumult; and now life seemed arrested



"A FEW TREES OF NORTHERN SPECIES HAD BEEN PRESERVED."

in her bosom, and every respiration suspended. If for a moment she fell asleep, in her dreams she played again with her laughing and care-free sister, while her mother sung in a pure and penetrating voice the beautiful inspirations of the last poets; and she seemed to see, once more, the last fêtes of a brilliant society, as if reflected from the surface of some distant mirror. Then, on awakening, these magic memories faded into the somber reality. Alone! Alone in the world, and tomorrow death, without having known life! To struggle against this unavoidable fate was useless; the decree of destiny was without appeal, and there was nothing to do but to submit, to await the inevitable end, since without food or air organic life was impossible—or else to anticipate death and, deliver oneself at once from a joyless existence and a certain doom.

She passed into the bath-room, where



the warm water was still flowing, although the appliances which art had designed to supply the wants of life were no longer in working order; for the last remaining servants (descendants of ancient simian species, modified, as the human race had been, by the changing conditions of life,) had also succumbed to the insufficiency of water. She plunged into the perfumed bath, turned the key which regulated the supply of electricity derived from subterranean water-courses still unfrozen, and for a moment seemed to forget the decree of destiny in the enjoyment of this refreshing rest. Had any indiscreet spectator beheld her as, standing upon the bearskin before the large mirror, she began to arrange the tresses of her long auburn hair, he would have detected a smile upon her lips, showing that, for an instant, she was oblivious of her dark future. Passing into another room, she approached the apparatus which furnished the food of that time, extracted from water, air, and the plants and fruits automatically cultivated in the greenhouses.

It was still in working order, like a clock which has been wound up. For thousands of years the genius of man had been almost exclusively applied to the struggle with destiny. The last remaining water had been forced to circulate in subterranean canals, where also the solar heat had been stored. The last animals had been trained to serve these machines, and the nutritious properties of the last plants had been utilized to the utmost. Men had finally succeeded in living upon almost nothing, so far as quantity was concerned; every newly discovered form of food being completely assimilable. Cities had finally been built of glass, open to the sun, to which was conveyed every substance necessary to the synthesis of the food which replaced the products of nature. But as time passed, it became more and more difficult to obtain the necessities of life. The mine was at last exhausted. Matter had been conquered by intelligence; but the day had come when intelligence itself was overmatched, when every worker had died at his post and the earth's storehouse had been depleted. Unwilling to abandon this desperate struggle, man had put forth every effort. But he could not prevent the earth's absorption of water,

and the last resources of a science which seemed greater even than nature itself had been exhausted.

Eva returned to the body of her mother, and once more took the cold hands in her own. The psychic faculties of the race in these its latter days had acquired, as we have said, transcendent powers, and she thought for a moment to summon her mother from the tomb. It seemed to her as if she must have one more approving glance, one more counsel. A single idea took possession of her, so fascinating her that she even lost the desire to die. She saw afar the soul which should respond to her own. Every man belonging to that company of which she was the last survivor had died before her birth. Woman had outlived the sex once called strong. In the pictures upon the walls of the great library, in books, engravings and statues, she saw represented the great men of the city, but she had never seen a living man; and still dreaming, strange and disquieting forms passed before her. She was transported into an unknown and mysterious world, into a new life, and love did not seem to be yet wholly banished from earth. During the reign of cold, all electrical communication between the two last cities left upon the earth had been interrupted. Their inhabitants could speak no more with each other, see each other no more, nor feel each other's presence. Yet she was as well acquainted with the ocean city as if she had seen it, and when she fixed her eyes upon the great terrestrial globe suspended from the ceiling of the library, and then, closing them, concentrated all her will and psychic power upon the object of her thought, she acted at a distance as effectively, though in a different way, as in former days men had done when communicating with each other by electricity. She called, and felt that another heard and understood. The preceding night she had transported herself to the ancient city in which Omegar lived, and had appeared to him for an instant in a dream. That very morning she had witnessed his despairing act and by a supreme effort of the will had arrested his arm. And now, stretched in her chair beside the dead body of her mother, heavy with sleep, her solitary soul wandered in dreams above the ocean city, seeking the companionship of the

only mate left upon the earth. And far away, in that ocean city, Omegar heard her call. Slowly, as in a dream, he ascended the platform from which the air-ships used to take their flight. Yielding to a mysterious influence, he obeyed the distant summons. Speeding toward the west, the electric air-ship passed above the frozen regions of the tropics, once the site of the Pacific ocean, Polynesia, Malaisia and the Sunda islands, and stopped at the landing of the crystal palace.

The young girl, startled from her dream by the traveller, who fell from the air at her feet, fled in terror to the farther end of the immense hall, lifting the heavy curtain of skin which separated it from the library. When the young man reached her side, he stopped, knelt, and took her hand in his, saying simply: "You called me. I have come." And then he added: "I have known you for a long time. I knew that you existed, I have often seen you; you are the constant thought of my heart, but I did not dare to come."

She bade him rise, saying: "My friend, I know that we are alone in the world, and that we are about to die. A will stronger than my own compelled me to call you. It seemed as if it were the supreme desire of my mother, supreme even in death. See, she sleeps thus since yesterday. How long the night is!"

The young man, kneeling, had taken the hand of the dead, and they both stood there beside the funeral couch, as if in prayer.

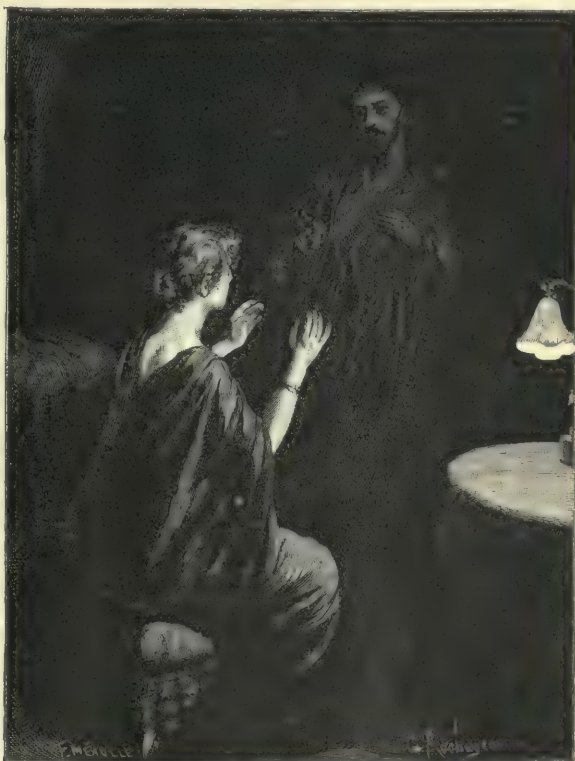
He leaned gently toward the young girl, and their heads touched.

He let fall the hand of the dead.

Eva shuddered. "No," she said.

Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet in terror; the dead woman had revived. She had withdrawn the hand which he had taken in his own, and had opened her eyes. She made a movement, looking at them.

"I wake from a strange dream," she said, without seeming surprised at the presence of Omegar. "Behold, my children, my dream;" and she pointed to the planet Jupiter, shining with dazzling splendor in the sky.



"SHE FELT THAT ANOTHER HEARD AND UNDERSTOOD."

And as they gazed upon the star, to their astonished vision it appeared to approach them, to grow larger, to take the place of the frozen scene about them.

Its immense seas were covered with ships. Aërial fleets cleaved the air. The shores of its seas and the mouths of its great rivers were the scenes of a prodigious activity. Brilliant cities appeared, peopled by moving multitudes. Neither the details of their habitations nor the forms of these new beings could be distinguished, but one divined that here was a humanity quite different from ours, living in the bosom of another nature, having other senses at its disposal; and one felt also that this vast world was incomparably superior to the earth.

"Behold, where we shall be tomorrow!"



said the dying woman. "We shall find there all the human race, perfected and transformed. Jupiter has received the inheritance of the earth. Our world has accomplished its mission, and life is over here below. Farewell!"

She stretched out her arms to them; they bent over her pale face and pressed a long kiss upon her forehead. But they perceived that this forehead was cold as marble, in spite of this strange awakening.

The dead woman had closed her eyes, to open them no more.

## VI.

It is sweet to live. Love atones for every loss; in its joy all else is forgotten. Ineffable music of the heart, thy divine melody fills the soul with an ecstasy of infinite happiness! What illustrious historians have celebrated the heroes of the world's progress, the glories of war, the conquests of mind and of spirit! Yet after so many centuries of labor and struggle, there remained only two palpitating hearts, the kisses of two lovers. All had perished except love; and love, the supreme sentiment, endured, shining like an inextinguishable beacon over the immense ocean of the vanished ages.

Death! They did not dream of it. Did they not suffice for each other? What if the cold froze their very marrow? Did they not possess in their hearts a warmth which defied the cold of nature? Did not the sun still shine gloriously, and was not the final doom of the world yet far distant? Omegar bent every energy to the maintenance of the marvellous system which had been devised for the automatic extraction by chemical processes of the nutritive principles of the air, water and plants, and in this he

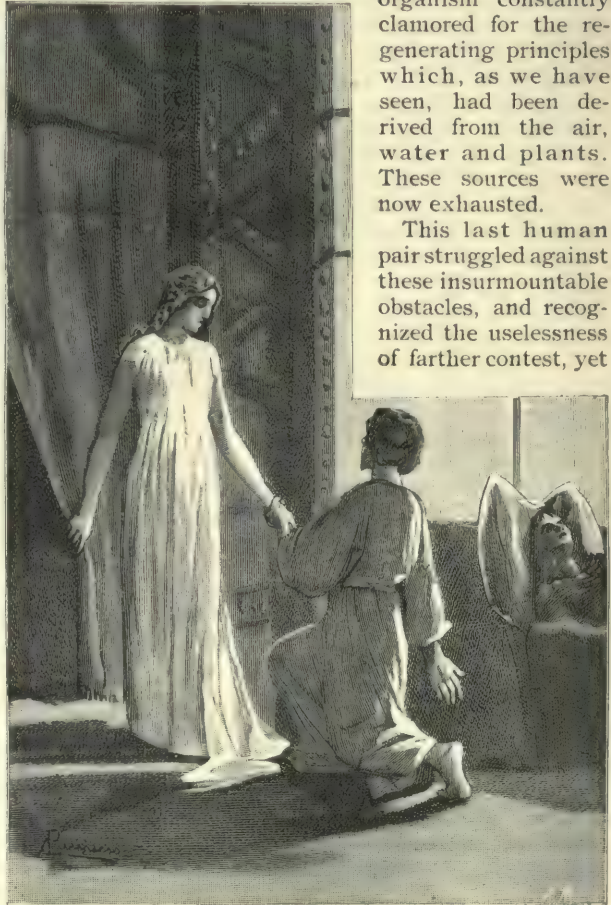
seemed to be successful. So in other days, after the fall of the Roman empire, the barbarians had been seen to utilize during centuries the aqueducts, baths and thermal springs, all the creations of the civilization of the Cæsars, and to draw from a vanished industry the sources of their own strength.

But, one day, wonderful as it was, this system gave out. The subterranean waters themselves ceased to flow. The soil was frozen to a great depth. The rays of the sun still warmed the air within the glass-covered dwellings, but no plant could live longer; the supply of water was exhausted.

The combined efforts of science and industry were impotent to give to the atmosphere the nutritive qualities possessed by those of other worlds, and the human

organism constantly clamored for the regenerating principles which, as we have seen, had been derived from the air, water and plants. These sources were now exhausted.

This last human pair struggled against these insurmountable obstacles, and recognized the uselessness of farther contest, yet



"YOU CALLED ME. I HAVE COME."

they were not resigned to death. Before knowing each other they had awaited it fearlessly. Now each wished to defend the other, the beloved one, against pitiless destiny. The very idea of seeing Omegar lying inanimate beside her, filled Eva with such anguish that she could not bear the thought. And he, too, vainly longed to carry away his well beloved from a world doomed to decay, to fly with her to that brilliant Jupiter which awaited them, and not to abandon to the earth the body he adored.

He thought that, perhaps, there still existed, somewhere upon the earth, a spot which had retained a little of that life-giving water without which existence was impossible; and, although already they were both almost without strength, he formed the supreme resolution of setting out to seek for it. The electric *aéronef* was still in working order. Forsaking the city which was now only a tomb, the two last survivors of a vanished humanity abandoned these inhospitable regions and set out to seek some unknown oasis.

The ancient kingdoms of the world passed under their feet. They saw the remains of great cities, made illustrious by the splendors of civilization, lying in ruins along the equator. The silence of death covered them all. Omegar recognized the ancient city which he had recently left, but he knew that there, also the supreme source of life was lacking, and they did not stop. They traversed thus, in their solitary air-ship, the regions, which had witnessed the last stages of the life of humanity; but death, and silence, and the frozen desert was everywhere. No more fields, no more vegetation; the water-courses were visible as on a map, and it was evident that along their banks



"BEHOLD, WHERE WE SHALL BE TOMORROW!"

life had been prolonged; but they were now dried up forever. And when, at times, some motionless lake was distinguished in the lower levels, it was like a lake of stone; for even at the equator the sun was powerless to melt the eternal ice. A kind of bear, with long fur, was still to be seen wandering over the frozen earth, seeking in the crevices of the rocks its scanty vegetable food. From time to time, also, they descried a kind of penguin and sea-cows walking upon the ice, and large, gray polar birds in awkward flight, or alighting mournfully.

Nowhere was the sought-for oasis found. The earth was indeed dead.

Night came. Not a cloud obscured the sky. A warmer current from the south had carried them over what was formerly Africa, now a frozen waste. The mechan-



ism of the *aéronef* had ceased to work. Exhausted by cold rather than by hunger, they threw themselves upon the bearskins in the bottom of the car.

Perceiving a ruin, they alighted. It was an immense quadrangular base, revealing traces of an enormous stone stairway. It was still possible to recognize one of the ancient Egyptian pyramids which, in the middle of the desert, survived the civilization which it represented. With all Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia, it had sunk below the level of the sea, and had afterwards emerged into the light and been restored in the heart of a new capital by a new civilization, more brilliant than that of Thebes and of Memphis, and finally had been again abandoned to the desert. It was the only remaining monument of the earlier life of humanity, and owed its stability to its geometric form.

"Let us rest here," said Eva, "since we are doomed to die. Who, indeed, has escaped death? Let me die in peace in your arms."

They sought a corner of the ruin and sat down beside each other, face to face with the silent desert. The young girl cowered upon the ground, pressing her husband in her arms, still striving with all her might against the penetrating cold. He drew her to his heart, and warmed her with his kisses.

"I love you, and I am dying," she said. "But, no, we will not die. See that star, which calls us!"

At the same moment they heard behind them a slight noise, issuing from the ancient tomb of Cheops, a noise like that the wind makes in the leaves. Shuddering, they turned, together, in the direction whence the sound came. A white shadow, which seemed to be self-luminous, for the night was already dark and there was no moon, glided rather than walked toward them, and stopped before their astonished eyes.

"Fear nothing," it said. "I come to seek

you. No, you shall not die. No one has ever died. Time flows into eternity; eternity remains.

I was Cheops, King of Egypt, and I reigned over this country in the early days of the world. As a slave, I have since expiated my crimes in many existences, and when at length my soul deserved immortality I lived upon Neptune, Ganymede, Rhea, Titan, Saturn, Mars, and other worlds as yet unknown to you. Jupiter is now my home. In the days of humanity's greatness, Jupiter was not habitable for intelligent beings. It was passing through the necessary stages of preparation. Now this immense world is the heir to all human achievement. Worlds succeed each other in time as in space. All is eternal, and merges into the divine. Confide in me, and follow me."

And as the old Pharaoh was still speaking, they felt a delicious fluid penetrate their souls, as sometimes the ear is filled with an exquisite melody. A sense of calm and transcendent happiness flowed in their veins. Never, in any dream, in any ecstasy, had they ever experienced such joy.

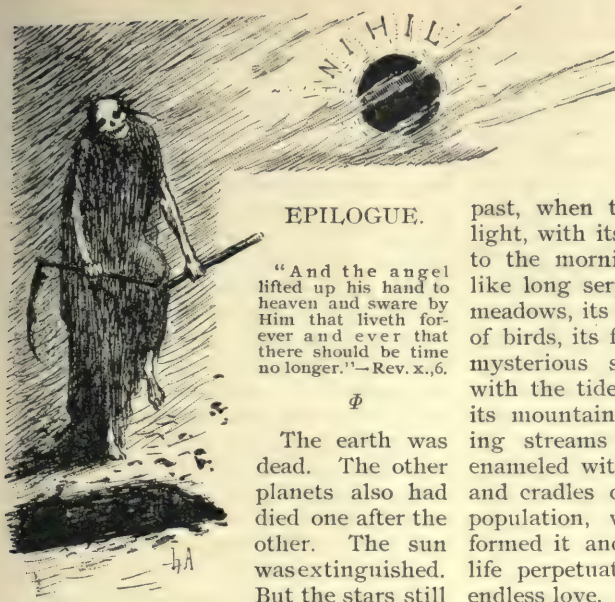
Eva pressed Omegar in her arms. "I love you," she repeated. Her voice was only a breath. He touched his lips to her already cold mouth, and heard them murmur: "How I could have loved!"

Jupiter was shining majestically above them, and in the glorious light of his rays their sight grew dim and their eyes gently closed.

The spectre rose into space and vanished. And one to whom it is given to see, not with the bodily eyes, which perceive only material vibrations, but with the eyes of the soul which perceive psychical vibrations, might have seen two small flames shining side by side, united by a common attraction, and rising, together with the phantom, into the heavens.



LOVE THE CONQUEROR.



## EPILOGUE.

"And the angel lifted up his hand to heaven and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever that there should be time no longer."—Rev. x., 6.

Φ

The earth was dead. The other planets also had died one after the other. The sun was extinguished. But the stars still

shone; there were still suns and worlds.

In the measureless duration of eternity, time, an essentially relative conception, is determined by each world, and even in each world this conception is dependent upon the consciousness of the individual. Each world measures its own duration. The year of the earth is not that of Neptune. The latter is 164 times the former, and yet is not longer relatively to the absolute. There is no common measure between time and eternity. In empty space there is no time, no years, no centuries; only the possibility of a measurement of time which becomes real the moment a revolving world appears. Without some periodic motion no conception whatever of time is possible.

The earth no longer existed, nor her celestial companion, the little isle of Mars, nor the beautiful sphere of Venus, nor the colossal world of Jupiter, nor the strange universe of Saturn, which had lost its rings, nor the slow-moving Uranus and Neptune—not even the glorious sun, in whose fecundating heat these mansions of the heavens had basked for so many centuries. The sun was a dark ball, the planets also; and still this invisible system sped on in the glacial cold of starry space. So far as life is concerned, all these worlds were dead, did not exist. They survived their past history like the ruins of the dead cities of

Assyria which the archaeologist uncovers in the desert, moving on their way in darkness through the invisible and the unknown.

No genius, no magician could recall the vanished

past, when the earth floated bathed in light, with its broad green fields waking to the morning sun, its rivers winding like long serpents through the verdant meadows, its woods alive with the songs of birds, its forests filled with deep and mysterious shadows, its seas heaving with the tides or roaring in the tempest, its mountain slopes furrowed with rushing streams and cascades, its gardens enameled with flowers, its nests of birds and cradles of children, and its toiling population, whose activity had transformed it and who lived so joyously a life perpetuated by the delights of an endless love. All this happiness seemed eternal. What has become of those mornings and evenings, of those flowers and those lovers, of that light and perfume, of those harmonies and joys, of those beauties and dreams? All is dead, has disappeared in the darkness of night.

The world dead, all the planets dead, the sun extinguished. The solar system annihilated, time itself suspended.

Time lapses into eternity. But eternity remains, and time is born again.

Before the existence of the earth, throughout an eternity, suns and worlds existed, peopled with beings like ourselves. Millions of years before the earth was, they were. The past of the universe has been as brilliant as the present, the future will be as the past, the present is of no importance.

In examining the past history of the earth, we might go back to a time when our planet shone in space, a veritable sun, appearing as Jupiter and Saturn do now, shrouded in a dense atmosphere charged with warm vapors; and we might follow all its transformations down to the period of man. We have seen that when its heat was entirely dissipated, its waters absorbed, the aqueous vapor of its atmosphere gone, and this atmosphere itself more or less absorbed, our planet must have presented the appearance of those great lunar deserts seen through the telescope (with certain differences due to the



action of causes peculiar to the earth), with its final geographical configurations, its dried-up shores and water-courses, a planetary corpse, a dead and frozen world. It still bears, however, within its bosom an unexpended energy—that of its motion of translation about the sun, an energy which, transformed into heat by the sudden destruction of its motion, would suffice to melt it and to reduce it, in part, to a state of vapor, thus inaugurating a new epoch; but for an instant only, for, if this motion of translation were destroyed, the earth would fall into the sun and its independent existence would come to an end. If suddenly arrested, it would move in a straight line toward the sun, with an increasing velocity, and reach the sun in sixty-five days; were its motion gradually arrested, it would move in a spiral, to be swallowed up, at last, in the central luminary.

The entire history of terrestrial life is before our eyes. It has its commencement and its end; and its duration, however many the centuries which compose it, is preceded and followed by eternity—is, indeed, but a single instant lost in eternity.

For a long time after the earth had ceased to be the abode of life, the colossal worlds of Jupiter and Saturn, passing more slowly from their solar to their planetary stage, reigned in their turn among the planets, with the splendor of a vitality incomparably superior to that of our earth. But they, also, waxed old and descended into the night of the tomb.

## X

Had the earth, like Jupiter, for example, retained long enough the elements of life, death would have come only with the extinction of the sun. But the length of the life of a world is proportional to its size and its elements of vitality.

The solar heat is due to two principal causes—the condensation of the original nebula, and the fall of meteorites. According to the best established calculations of thermodynamics, the former has produced a quantity of heat eighteen million times greater than that which the sun radiates yearly, supposing the original nebula was cold, which there is no reason to believe was the case. It is, therefore, certain that the solar temperature produced by this condensation far exceeded

the above. If condensation continues, the radiation of heat may go on for centuries without loss.

The heat emitted every second is equal to that which would result from the combustion of eleven quadrillions six hundred thousand milliards of tons of coal burning at once! The earth intercepts only one five hundredth millionth part of the radiant heat, and this one five hundredth millionth suffices to maintain all terrestrial life. Of sixty-seven millions of light and heat rays which the sun radiates into space, only one is received and utilized by the planets.

Well! to maintain this source of heat it is only necessary that the rate of condensation should be such that the sun's diameter should decrease seventy-seven meters a year, or one kilometer in thirteen years. This contraction is so gradual that it would be wholly imperceptible. Nine thousand five hundred years would be required to reduce the diameter by one single second of arc.

Even if the sun be actually in a gaseous state, its temperature, so far from growing less, or even remaining stationary, would increase by the very fact of contraction; for if on the one hand the temperature of a gaseous body falls when it condenses, on the other hand the heat generated by contraction is more than sufficient to prevent a fall in temperature, and the amount of heat increases until a liquid state is reached. The sun seems to have reached this stage.

The condensation of the sun, whose density is only one-fourth that of the earth, may thus of itself maintain for centuries, at least for ten million years, the light and heat of this brilliant star. But we have just spoken of a second source of heat: the fall of meteorites. One hundred and forty-six million meteorites fall upon the earth yearly. A vastly greater number fall into the sun, because of its greater attraction. If their mass equals about the one hundredth part of the mass of the earth, their fall would suffice to maintain the temperature,—not by their combustion, for if the sun itself was being consumed it would not have lasted more than six thousand years, but by the sudden transformation of the energy of motion into heat, the velocity of impact being 650,000 meters

per second, so great is the solar attraction.

If the earth should fall into the sun, it would make good for ninety-five years the actual loss of solar energy; Venus would make good this loss for eighty-four years; Mercury for seven; Mars for thirteen; Jupiter for 32,254; Saturn for 9652; Uranus for 1610; and Neptune for 1890 years. That is to say, the fall of all the planets into the sun would produce heat enough to maintain the present rate of expenditure for about 46,000 years.

It is therefore certain that the fall of meteors greatly lengthens the life of the sun. One thirty-third millionth of the solar mass added each year would compensate for the loss, and half of this would be sufficient if we admit that condensation shares equally with the fall of meteorites in the maintenance of solar heat; centuries would have to pass before any acceleration of the planets' velocities would be apparent.

Owing to these two causes alone we may, therefore, admit a future for the sun of at least twenty million years; and this period cannot but be increased by other unknown causes, to say nothing of an encounter with a swarm of meteorites.

The sun therefore was the last living member of the system; the last animated by the warmth of life.

But the sun also went out. After having so long poured upon his celestial children his vivifying beams, the black spots upon his surface increased in number and in extent, his brilliant photosphere grew dull, and his hitherto dazzling surface became congealed. An enormous red ball took the place of the dazzling center of the vanished worlds.

For a long time this enormous star maintained a high surface temperature, and a sort of phosphorescent atmosphere; its virgin soil, illumined by the light of the stars and by the electric influences which formed a kind of atmosphere, gave birth to a marvelous flora, to an unknown fauna, to beings differing absolutely in organization from those who had succeeded each other upon the worlds of its system.

But for the sun also the end

came, and the hour sounded on the time-piece of destiny when the whole solar system was stricken from the book of life. And one after another the stars, each one of which is a sun, a solar system, shared the same fate: yet the universe continued to exist as it does today.

¶

The science of mathematics tells us: "The solar system does not appear to possess at present more than the one four hundred and fifty-fourth part of the transformable energy which it had in the nebulous state. Although this remainder constitutes a fund whose magnitude confounds our imagination, it will also someday be exhausted. Later, the transformation will be complete for the entire universe, resulting in a general equilibrium of temperature and pressure.

"Energy will not then be susceptible of transformation. This does not mean annihilation, a word without meaning, nor does it mean the absence of motion, properly speaking, since the same sum of energy will always exist in the form of atomic motion, but the absence of all sensible motion, of all differentiation, the absolute uniformity of conditions, that is to say, absolute death."

Such is the present statement of the science of mathematics.

Experiment and observation prove that on the one hand the quantity of matter, and on the other hand the quantity of energy also, remains constant, whatever the change in form or in position; but they also show that the universe tends to a state of equilibrium, a condition in which its heat will be uniformly distributed. The heat of the sun and of all the stars seems to be due to the transformation of their initial energy of motion, to molecular impacts; the heat thus generated is being constantly radiated into space, and this radiation will go on until every sun is cooled down to the temperature of space itself. If we admit that the sciences of today, mechanics, physics and mathematics, are trustworthy; and that the laws which now control the operations of nature





and of reason are permanent, this must be the fate of the universe.

Far from being eternal, the earth on which we live has had a beginning. In eternity a hundred million years, a thousand million years or centuries, are as a day. There is an eternity behind us and before us, and all apparent duration is but a point. A scientific investigation of nature and acquaintance with its laws raises, therefore, the question already raised by the theologians, whether Plato, Zoroaster, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas Aquinas, or some young seminarist who has just taken orders: "What was God doing before the creation of the universe, and what will he do after its end?" Or, under a less anthropomorphic form, since God is unknowable: "What was the condition of the universe prior to the present order of things, and what will it be after this order has passed away?"

Note that the question is the same, whether we admit a personal God, reasoning and acting toward a definite end, or whether we deny the existence of any spiritual being, and admit only the existence of indestructible atoms and forces representing an invariable sum of energy. In the first case, why should God, an eternal and uncreated power, remain inactive? Or, having remained inactive, satisfied with the absolute infinity of his nature which nothing could augment, why did he change this state and create matter and force? The theologian may reply: "Because it was his good pleasure." But philosophy is not satisfied with this change in the divine purpose. In the second case, since the origin of the present condition of things only dates back a certain time, and since there can be no effect without a cause, we have the right to ask what was the condition of things anterior to the formation of the present universe.

Although energy is indestructible, we certainly cannot deny the tendency toward its universal dissipation, and this must lead to absolute repose and death, for the conclusions of mathematics are irresistible.

Nevertheless, we do not concede this.

Why?

Because the universe is not a definite quantity.

Ω

It is impossible to conceive of a limit to the extension of matter. Limitless space, the inexhaustible source of the transformation of potential energy into visible motion, and thence into heat and other forces, confronts us, and not a simple, finished piece of mechanism, running like a clock and stopping forever.

The future of the universe is its past. If the universe were to have had an end, this end would have been reached long ago, and we should not be here to study this problem.

It is because our conceptions are finite, that things have a beginning and an end. We cannot conceive of an absolutely endless series of transformations, either in the future or in the past, nor that an equally endless series of material combinations, of planets, suns, sun-systems, milky ways, stellar universes, etc., can succeed each other. Nevertheless, the heavens are there to show us the infinite. Nor can we comprehend any better the infinity of space or of time; yet it is impossible for us to conceive of a limit to either, for our thought overleaps the limit, and is impotent to conceive of bounds beyond which there is no space nor time. One may travel forever, in any direction, without reaching a boundary, and as soon as anyone affirms that at a certain moment duration ceases, we refuse our assent; for we cannot confound time with the human measures of it.

These measures are relative and arbitrary; but time itself exists, like space, independently of them. Suppress everything, space and time would still remain; that is to say, space which material things may occupy, and the possibility of the succession of events. If this were not so, neither space nor time would be really measurable, not even in thought, since thought would not exist. But it is impossible for the mind even to suppress either the one or the other. Strictly speaking, it is neither space nor time that we are speaking of, but infinity and eternity, relative to which every measure, however great, is but a point.

We do not comprehend or conceive of infinite space or time, because we are incapable of it. But this incapacity does not invalidate the existence of the ab-



solate. In confessing that we do not comprehend infinity, we feel it about us, and that space, as bounded by a wall or any barrier whatever, is in itself an absurd idea. And we are equally incapable of denying the possibility of the existence, at some instant of time, of a system of worlds whose motions would measure time without creating it. Do our clocks create time? No, they do but measure it. In the presence of the absolute, our measures of both time and space vanish; but the absolute remains.

We live, then, in the infinite, without doubting it for an instant. The hand which holds this pen is composed of eternal and indestructible elements, and the atoms which constitute it existed in the solar nebula whence our planet came, and will exist forever. Your lungs breathe, your brains think, with matter and forces which acted millions of years ago and will act endlessly. And the little globule which we inhabit floats, not at the center of a limited universe, but in the depth of infinity, as truly as does the most distant star which the telescope can discover.

The best definition of the universe ever given, to which there was nothing to add, is Pascal's, "A sphere whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere."

It is this infinity which assures the eternity of the universe.

Stars, systems, myriads, millions, universes succeed each other without end in

every direction. We do not live near a center which does not exist, and the earth like the farthest star, lies in the fathomless infinite.

No bounds to space. Fly in thought in any direction with any velocity for months, years, centuries, forever, we shall meet with no limit, approach no boundary, we shall always remain in the vestibule of the infinite before us.

No bounds to time. Live in imagination through future ages, add centuries to centuries, epoch to epoch, we shall never attain the end, we shall always remain in the vestibule of the eternity which opens before us.

In our little sphere of terrestrial observation we see that, through all the transformations of matter and motion, the same quantity of each remains, though under new forms. Living beings afford a perpetual illustration of this: they are born, they grow by appropriating substances from the world without, and when they die they break up and restore to nature the elements of which they are composed. But by a law whose action never ceases other bodies are constituted from these same elements. Every star may be likened to an organized being, even as regards its internal heat. A body is alive so long as respiration and the circulation of the blood makes it possible for the various organs to perform their functions. When equilibrium and repose are reached, death



follows ; but after death all the substances of which the body was formed are wrought into other beings. Dissolution is the prelude to recreation. Analogy leads us to believe that the same is true of the cosmos. Nothing can be destroyed. *There is an incommensurable Power, which we are obliged to recognize as limitless in space and without beginning or end in time, and this Power is that which persists through all the changes in those sensible appearances under which the universe presents itself to us.*

For this reason there will always be suns and worlds, not like ours, but still suns and worlds succeeding each other through all eternity.

And for us this visible universe can only be the changing *appearance* of the absolute and eternal *reality*.

## A

It is in virtue of this transcendent law that, long after the death of the earth, of the giant planets and the central luminary, while our old and darkened sun was still speeding through boundless space, with its dead worlds on which terrestrial and planetary life had once engaged in the futile struggle for daily existence, another extinct sun, issuing from the depths of infinity, collided obliquely with it and brought it to rest !

Then in the vast night of space, from the shock of these two mighty bodies was suddenly kindled a stupendous conflagration, and an immense gaseous nebula was

formed, which trembled for an instant like a flaring flame, and then sped on into regions unknown. Its temperature was several million degrees. All which here below had been earth, water, air, minerals, plants, atoms ; all which had constituted man, his flesh, his palpitating heart, his flashing eye, his armed hand, his thinking brain, his entrancing beauty ; the victor and the vanquished, the executioner and his victim, and those inferior souls still wearing the fetters of matter, — all were changed into fire. And so with the worlds of Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest. It was the resurrection of visible nature. But those superior souls which had acquired immortality continued to live forever in the hierarchy of the invisible psychic universe. The conscious existence of mankind had attained an ideal state. Mankind had passed by transmigration through the worlds to a new life with God, and freed from the burdens of matter, soared with an endless progress in eternal light.

The immense gaseous nebula, which absorbed all former worlds, thus transformed into vapor, began to turn upon itself. And in the zones of condensation of this primordial star-mist, new worlds were born, as heretofore the earth was.

So another universe began, whose genesis some future Moses and Laplace would tell, a new creation, extra-terrestrial, superhuman, inexhaustible, resembling neither the earth nor Mars, nor Saturn, nor the sun.

And new humanities arose, new civilizations, new vanities, another Babylon, another Thebes, another Athens, another Rome, another Paris, new palaces, temples, glories and loves. And all these things possessed nothing of the earth, whose very memory had passed away like a shadow.

And these universes passed away in their turn. But infinite space remained, peopled with worlds, and stars, and souls, and suns ; and time went on forever.

For there can be neither end, nor beginning.



## EVOLUTION.

BY R. WHITTINGHAM.

SOMETIME since, in a prominent and widely circulated periodical, there was an article published, treating of The Hypothesis of Materialism. In it occurred the following passage: "This doctrine of evolution is . . . plainly inconsistent with the Word of God, as to the origin of man."

While having neither interest or part in materialism, the writer of the present article strongly objects to the sweeping generalization of such an assertion, and has, therefore, prepared the following comparison of the two named statements, by which any calm and unprejudiced mind can readily compare them and judge how far they can be pronounced antagonistic.

It must be remembered that the theory of evolution is a very different thing from the deductions of some evolutionists. The theory of evolution is pretty well known to most intelligent readers. Pure and simple, it is this: By the operation of physical laws, the functions of life and all the varying forms of different species, in all kingdoms, are derived from original germs in one or more earlier types; and by an ascending scale all nature is progressively evolved from the moneres up to man. This, and nothing more, is the theory. If admitted as a fact, that it is "plainly inconsistent with the Word of God" is hereby denied; to demonstrate the justice of which denial, we design to place the two statements side by side, and, without argument or discussion, let them testify for themselves.

### STATEMENT OF THE NATURALIST.

As far as the light of science enables us to penetrate, the first condition of the earth was: without planetary form or matter, in its nebulous condition, and consisting of atoms in their enormously rarified or fluid state, having motion as cosmic vapor; but, coming under the influence of gravitation, these deliquidated rotary particles condensed, first to the center, then through their mass, and so, of necessity,

1. The rapidly increasing rotation by centrifugal action threw off sections of the outer material, which, through increased speed and pressure, developed intense heat, becoming incandescent and luminous, revolving balls of fire. Meantime,

2. The greater mass of condensing matter formed an immense globe in the midst of these revolving fragments, which became then the planetary system.

3. In the course of ages, the smaller portions of deliquidated matter, by radiating their heat into space, became so cooled that a crust formed on the exterior part of the globe, and solid matter, as we now term it, appeared on the earth, as testified by the igneous rocks, etc.

4. The continuance of these conditions for immense periods of time caused a contraction as well as cooling of the crust and a shrinking of the shell. Geologic changes took place. Vast bodies of water were condensed upon the face of the globe, and the operation of heat and cold, upheaval and depression during ages, produced at length a soil upon its surface, in which protoplasmic vitality first manifested itself in the lowest conditions of vegetable life.

### STATEMENT OF THE WORD.

The Scriptures declare the first condition of the earth to be: without form and void, having no solid matter. Chaos and darkness was the appearance of the confusion, and the spirit of God moved upon the appearance of the fluid; and

- 1: God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

2. Let there be a firmament in the midst of the fluids.

3. Let the waters under the heavens be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear.

4. Let the waters under the heavens be gathered into one place, and let dry land appear, and let the earth bring forth grass and herb, yielding seed after his kind. And it was so.



5. The luminosity of the igneous condition of the earth ceasing as the outer crust solidified, and the great masses of heavy carboniferous vapors, then clouding the surface, being slowly absorbed by the growing plants and vegetable life upon it, the sun appears for the first time, as pouring forth its flood of light from a central mass. In like manner, the smaller portions that had been detached from the center and revolved around it, as well as the greater ones, all became exteriorly cold and solidified. Receiving the light of the sun, they reflected it back upon the earth. So appeared first the phases of the moon and planets.

6. The motion of these two bodies—earth and moon—revolving around the central sun constituted the procession of the equinoxes and the different seasons of summer and winter.

7. The procession of these seasons, and the constantly decreasing heat, together with extended vegetable growth, caused the evolution of higher types of life. The zoöphytes and organic forms of moving things develop. The waters of the tropical heats bring forth innumerable hosts of primary existence, insects that form immense beds of solid rock. And, the scale of life still advancing, next,

8. Winged creatures are discovered in the geologic remains—strange, intermediate forms, suited to both water and air; finally, true birds and fowls are found perfected. The climatic conditions also vary and tend toward crushing out one series of existences and bringing in new, each of more complex organization; thus,

9. With the progress of life, the prepared food and adaptation of environment, metamorphic processes go on, in which, by the survival of the fittest, in natural selection, the higher types of the vertebrates begin to appear and ascend to the mammalia, beasts and cattle after their kind are evolved.\*

10. All the paleontological indications show us that after this series, so evolved, first appears the animal form, as walking erect and with fully completed cranial expansion. Thus the chimpanzee rounds up the animal development, and in the gorilla is first established a true type of animal man, the germ form of what, by long ages of natural selection and survival of the fittest, brings us finally to the troglodyte, or savage man. This one we find dwelling in caves, gnawing the bones of the beasts he has destroyed. Capable of overcoming all these, by nearly equal strength and superior cunning, he proves himself their conqueror and so superior to them. Through his prehensile faculty being able to construct shelter for himself he was able to withstand those extremes of climate which proved fatal to races of equally and more robust animals; but,

5. Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night. And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also; and He said:

6. Let them be for signs and seasons, for days and for years.

7. Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving thing, that that hath life.

8. The fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

9. Let the earth bring forth the living creatures after their kind; the creeping thing after his kind; cattle and beasts after their kind, God made.†

10. And God said: Let us make a man in our image, and resembling us, and let *them* have dominion over all the earth; so God created man in His own image, male and female created He them, to have dominion over the fowls of the air and beasts of the field.

\* That "evolved" means produced from a previous germ under a type law, as a physical necessity. Hence we find the ascending scale of life a steady progress, from mollusk up to man.

† That "made" means produced under a law, for the terms are used correlatively in the Word. Thus, Gen. v. 24: "God said, let the earth bring forth;" v. 25: "And God made the beasts of the earth."

11. While the remains of the savage man of this period indicate little beyond physical function and animal dominion, there are tokens that, in the course of ages, he had evidently risen in the scale. *Sometime* and *somehow* he gained a step on the evolution, so that mentality is developed; not merely observation and comparison, but reflection and higher reason, for,

12. On personal intercourse, speech seems to have been developed, and with that the beginning of lower arts. The progress of civilization asserts itself; with the discovery of fire, cooking of food and culinary operations manifest themselves.

13. With such advance, family relations begin to be established; tribal associations branch out of them. Through the claims of marital relations and the dependencies upon them in family and children, as we find with the lake-dwellers, homes and families become universal.

14. With such progress of body and mind, ethical considerations are sure to develop. Modesty grows out of convenience to it. We find needles among the remains of the lake-dwellers, which indicates that they sewed the skins of beasts together for garments; from that steady evolution we trace the development of man, mind and body, up through the stone age, the polished stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, until the prehistoric era is joined to history, and then evolution is so far complete.

11. And the Lord God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living mind.

12. And God brought the creatures to the man to see what he would call them; and whatever the man called them, that was the name of them.

13. And God made a woman and brought her to the man, and Adam said, . . . Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.

14. And the Lord God made coats of skins unto Adam and his wife, and He clothed them.

Now, without any discussion of, or attempting to reconcile, these accounts, I would like to remark upon the above parallel.

It must be remembered that these two accounts are reading in exactly opposite ways—the one, through scientific research, reading backward; the other, by revealed truth, declaring forward. Where one (with Hoeckle) reads “necessity,” the other simply affirms, “God said.” Now, are these inconsistent? “Necessity” is but a name; it means nothing. As a fact, it is only “God” spelt another way. The idea of law compels the thought of a lawgiver, and no reasoning man can deny it.

There are three great gaps in the naturalist statement of creation, frankly admitted by every liberal-minded evolutionist:

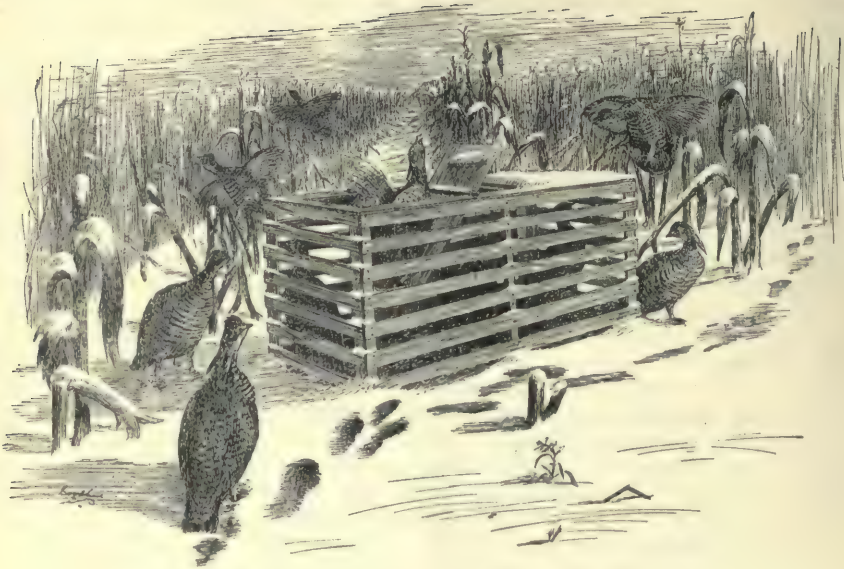
1. The origin of life, which required a given germ.
2. A species to link the quadrumana with man, which is not found.
3. The beginning of mind as a reasoning intellect, distinct from animal intelligence.

Accept the statement of the Word, and these gaps are closed. A divine will and law steps in to work out the result, and the evolution is rendered harmonious.

On the other hand, reject the evolution theory, and the literalist interpreting the Word and its statement will find his difficulty insurmountable. Without the evolution of the natural man and the selection of one as a type form, into whom was directly infused of Divine gift a mind and soul, as the head of a new, spiritual race—he can find no harmony in the revealed record—he can discover in Genesis i. and ii. only two conflicting accounts.

In short, understand evolution as the backward reading of Divine truth, a present God of Almighty power, not leaving Himself without a witness, but filling all in all—by whom, even yet, all things consist—and we find no contradiction between the accounts. The one affirms *from whom* all comes, but not *how*; the other declares fully how all things are; blend them, and reason rejoices in the truth.





## THE PRAIRIE-HEN AND ITS ENEMIES.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

WITH the possible exception of the turkey, the most picturesque of American game birds are those species of grouse that frequent the open country. Of these, the commonest and best known is the pinnated grouse or prairie-hen. This interesting fowl once inhabited the open lands of our eastern states, but it is now scarcely to be found east of the Mississippi valley, and even there its ranks are thinning. Unless protective legislation in its behalf can be made more effectual in future, it is to be feared that the tide of civilization that has swept the prairie-hen from the Hudson to the Mississippi in half a century will ultimately sweep it from the earth. It seems a pity that such a fate should threaten so unique and interesting a bird, more especially since the prairie-hen, though refusing to be domesticated, does not shun, but rather courts the society of man. Civilization has in many ways befriended him, increasing his food supply and decreasing the number of his enemies. But, in the long run, man has proved a worse enemy

than those he supplanted; and if the grouse is finally exterminated, it will be chiefly through the same cupidity and lack of foresight that have led to the extinction of the bison and the destruction of our forests.

Other enemies must, however, be credited with a share of the work of destruction. Indeed, the poor bird runs a gauntlet of foes from the moment it leaves the shell. One can best appreciate this practical struggle for existence by following the prairie-hen through the changes of a year. We shall find that a new set of dangers confronts it with each season's change.

With the first



HEAD OF PRAIRIE-HEN.



AT HOME IN SUMMER.

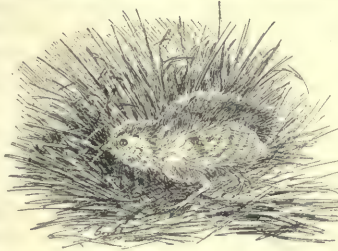
intimations of approaching spring, the prairie-hens disband the large flocks in which they have associated during the winter, and scatter to the localities where they are to spend the summer. Here companies of from a score to often a hundred assemble at day-break each morning during the spring time, on some prairie knoll, to indulge in a most remarkable performance, which might with equal propriety be styled a love-dance or a tournament. The cocks strut about, with head and tail erect, and with drooping wings, like turkey gobblers. Meeting one another, they pause, bow, gesticulate, pirouette, and finally, selecting their antagonists, come together in fierce duels, after the manner of barnyard fowls. Some hard knocks are given and received, and a few feathers or drops of blood may be lost, but on the whole, the duels are distinctly of the modern type. Throughout the affair, when not too actively battling, each cock flaunts in the air the long, stiff feathers which ornament the sides of his throat like lesser wings, and distends the great air-sacs that lie beneath them till he seems to wear an orange on each side of his neck. Aided by these air-sacs, the cocks emit a low-toned but strangely penetrating "booming" sound, which, coming from many throats, makes the air resonant, and well befits the martial scene. One may closely imi-

tate this sound by closing his lips tightly, and attempting to pronounce the syllable "boom," very slowly, through his nose. The resulting sound seems about as loud to the producer as would the utterance of the grouse. But a unique feature of the bird's performance is the fact that it seems to have so little volume if heard near at hand, yet sounds almost as loud at a distance of half a mile.

The tournament continues for perhaps an hour, or until the fortunes of war have marked the victors. Meanwhile the hens, over whom the mimic war has raged, stand idly in the background, viewing with seeming interest the acts of gallantry incited by their charms.

As a lover, the grouse is picturesque, gallant, admirable. As a husband, he is reprobate to a degree. No sooner have his spouses—for he is a rank polygamist—completed their complement of eggs, than he deserts them altogether for the season, becoming a recluse and an aimless wanderer. All interest centers now on the brooding mother-bird, upon whom devolve the

duties of the family. Far out on the open prairie, or perchance in a less remote grassy slough, or yet again in a fence-corner close by the field of the farmer, she has selected a nesting-place, scratched a little hollow in the earth, pressed into



A BUNDLE OF POSSIBILITIES.



THE INEVITABLE END.





GATHERING FOR THE TOURNAMENT.

it a few blades of grass, and deposited her half-score or more of eggs. For several weeks she must sit there in loneliness, only stealing away, now and again, long enough to secure necessary morsels of food. A perilous task it is, too, as well as a lonely one. By day, the searching eye of a passing hawk may find her out to her peril; and at night dangers are all about her, for the weasel lopes through the long grass in search of just such a victim, the coyote would find her a morsel greatly to his taste, and even a wandering grimal-kin may pounce upon her as she sleeps.

But, fortunately, the prairie-hen's mottled plumage harmonizes marvellously with the loam and dead grass about her, shielding her from the eye; and, while she sets, no odor emanates from her body. At other times her effluvium is very penetrating; a hunting dog might scent her up-wind a hundred yards, or twice or thrice that. But while she broods those precious eggs, wolf, weasel, or cat, or the keenest-nosed setter, might pass her almost within touching distance, without suspecting her presence. Thus doubly shielded from the keen senses of her enemies, she stands a fair chance of going through the ordeal of nidification in safety, to be rewarded at last by the sound of

little bills grating against the prison shells, and the yet more delightful peep of liberated fledglings.

Dainty little balls of down these fledglings are, running about, as do all the gallinaceæ, almost before the shells are off their backs, and sprouting great wing quills, to carry them short flights if need be, long before feathers supplant down on any other part of their bodies. The same perils that were about the mother-bird now menace the chicks, but in a far greater measure. It is a fortunate family if some of its members are not carried off by the foes before maturity. And worse than any of the feathered or furred enemies are the drenching rains that visit the prairie region at this season. The young prairie-hens are very susceptible to the wet, and thousands of them perish in the June freshets. Many a mother-bird finds her brood decimated in this way. But the instinct of maternity is still strong upon her; so, after a few days of disconsolate wandering and unresponsive clucking, she locates a new nest, deposits another set of eggs, and begins afresh the long, tedious waiting. Even a second time, should misfortune overtake her brood, the prairie-hen will repeat this process. Often, late in the fall, when most grouse of the season are well-grown, I have come upon a hen leading a brood of but a few weeks' growth. Small chance they have, it is to be feared, of getting through the winter alive; but they speak volumes for the courage and persistency of the mother.

If the young prairie-hen escapes the birds, and beasts, and floods, he grows rapidly, and each week finds him better



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE.

able to care for himself. By the middle of September he is, perhaps, two-thirds grown, and a lusty bird he is, strong of foot and of wing, and well fitted to escape his old enemies. But now a new and more terrible danger threatens him. The "closed season," during which the law gave him protection out of regard for his callowness, has expired, and the sportsman is abroad. Tooth and talon might be eluded, but there is small chance of escape from the murderous hail of the breech-loader.

The method of hunting the prairie-chicken deserves to be especially noticed. However abundant the game may be, it is almost useless to pursue it in the early autumn without the aid of a trained hunting dog. Even though the stubble of the wheat-fields to which the birds resort, at this season is but six or eight inches high, they crouch and skulk in it so successfully as to elude detection, and they run so rapidly as to easily keep out of the path of anyone who might otherwise stumble upon them. Early in the season, before they have been alarmed by contact with the sportsman, they will crouch in the grass or stubble and allow a man to pass within a few yards of them. Thus a hunter without a dog might pass within easy range of scores of chickens, without so much as seeing one. So only the novice thinks of pursuing them in this way.

The experienced sportsman takes into the field a trained setter or pointer, and the entire aspect of the case is changed. It is a pretty sight to see the fleet-footed animals beating back and forth across a field at a swift gallop, depending altogether upon their noses, and covering securely, with a favorable wind, an area of perhaps a quarter of a mile on either side of the path of the sportsman. If the odor of game is detected, the dog becomes rigid as a statue, and so remains till his master has reached his side, when he steals forward cautiously until the chicken flushes. At the sound of the gun, he will, if properly trained, either drop to the ground or stand perfectly still



HARD-HIT.

until ordered to go on.

Until the grouse have been much hunted, they do not all fly at once when thus pursued, the sound of a gun often only making them crouch more closely. So, advancing cautiously, guided by the nose of the dog, the sportsman may flush them

singly or in groups of two or three, thus sometimes bagging almost the entire covey. To most sportsmen there is a great fascination in that period of expectancy when the dog is slowly creeping upon game that cannot be seen however closely the field is scrutinized, yet which may at any moment hurtle up, with nerve-trying whirl, perhaps almost from under one's feet. But the sportsman who values his game in proportion to the skill required in securing it will find the grouse a much worthier object of his prowess a month or two later, when it has become more wary, and, having gained full size



POT-HUNTING.



and strength, has ceased to be an easy target for tyros.

With the first fall of snow the chickens desert the wheat stubble for the corn-fields, and, gathering in large "packs," become very wary. The sportsman now gives them over for the season, but the farmer-boy and the pot-hunter take them in hand, and, by building blinds in the fields or in fence-corners where the grouse come to roost, continue the slaughter.

Nor is this all. The winters of the region inhabited by the prairie-hen are extremely inclement. Storm after storm deepens the snow, and makes the food supply more and more scarce. Starvation stares the poor bird in the face. Escaping this, he will very likely freeze to death. And now the last straw is added by the market-hunter, who places in the corn-field a great harmless-looking cage, with an ear of corn fastened alluringly on its top. The prairie-hen has no great



A MID-AIR TRAGEDY.

amount of sagacity, and even the fatal experience of many companions does not teach him that the tempting bait is securely fastened to a deadly trap-door, to alight on which is to invite a certain fate.

This nefarious device, used in defiance of law and humanity, removes each winter thousands of the prairie-hens that had proved most worthy to survive in the struggle for existence. To it, more than to any other single cause, is due the steady decline in numbers from year to year of the sturdiest and most picturesque game bird of our country. But comment is useless, for the market-hunter is far beyond the reach of mere words. Unfortunately, owing to the nature of his calling, laws usually affect him quite as little.

It may appear that the prairie-hen's winter prospect is hardly an alluring one. It contains, however, one bright hope. This is the possibility that some belated farmer may fail to gather all of his corn crop before the deep snows come. In that event, the corn must be left to the tender mercies of the prairie-hens till the spring-time. Where a large field has thus been left, as sometimes happens, the grouse gather from miles around, as if summoned to a feast, associating in "packs" of many thousands. So many eyes are here on guard that the hunter cannot hope to approach them, and food is so abundant that the trap offers little temptation. A few snowy owls are usually attracted to the vicinity, and sometimes a marsh hawk, emboldened by hunger, makes a successful



A WHITE OWL OF DAKOTA AND ITS PREY.



A TOURNAMENT IN PROGRESS.

onslaught, though the quarry is much heavier than himself. But owl and hawk are a few enemies against thousands, and can at most pick up now and then a straggler; and the main army of prairie-hens under these circumstances might hope to come through the winter gloriously, were it not for the terrible storms that from time to time sweep over the prairies. The prairie-hen is a hardy fellow, and even a

three days' blizzard, with the mercury far below zero, will not outmaster him, unless he chances to be snowed under, and covered with a crust that he cannot penetrate. But this sometimes happens, and then there is little prospect of escape, for thaws

seldom come in this region during the winter. I have seen storms where, I had reason to believe, thousands of prairie-hens perished in this way.

To a reasoning mortal, it seems strange that a bird gifted with wings that will carry it fifty or sixty miles an hour should remain over winter in a climate offering so few attractions. But, of course, the grouse is not responsible for his instincts. How should he know that balmy skies are southward? Even if he did know it, however, perhaps he would not care to court them, for he is clothed for winter, and seems to love to buffet with the storm.

It should be said, however, that though the prairie-hen is always classed as a permanent resident in the region he inhabits, yet he is strictly speaking in some degree a migrant. To the resident of the western village, it is a familiar sight in



HEAD OF SAGE GROUSE.



HEAD OF SHARP-TAIL GROUSE.





A CLOSE CALL.

the morning or evening of spring and autumn days, to see large flocks of grouse passing over at no great height; and it is noted that the autumnal flights are always southward, the vernal to the north. It would appear that the great body of grouse shift their habitat twice each year, and it may be doubted whether any individuals spend an entire season in the same region. The summer phalanx of any particular latitude shifts a few hundred miles to the south for the winter, to be replaced by coteries that summer still further to the north. Of late years another danger has threatened the prairie-hen through this habit. It chances that telegraph and telephone wires are strung at about the height at which the grouse usually fly, and many a bird whizzing through space in the gloaming or before a storm, meets his death in mid-air through contact with one of these silent and unseen foes. Barbed-wire fences similarly menace birds that are flying near the ground in passing from one field to another. I doubt not the surviving grouse regard these deadly wires as yet another device invented by

their arch-enemy, man, for their destruction.

The name prairie-chicken, by which the pinnated grouse is universally known in the west, is given also to an allied species, the prairie sharp-tailed grouse. In the Missouri region, and northward, the two birds meet and associate, and are colloquially regarded as varieties of one species. This idea is fostered by the fact that they interbreed, producing hybrids of all gradations of color. The habits of the two are very similar—even to the love-dance and its “booming” accompaniment

—but the sharp-tail is a yet harder bird than his congener. Clothed for winter to his toes, he loves to remain throughout the season in regions too inhospitable even for so hardy a fellow as his pinnated cousin. His habitat is more restricted than that of the other, and his nature is even more wild and unyielding. If the prophesy that foretells the extermination of these two birds is unhappily fulfilled, the prairie will lose its most characteristic feathered residents.

The other member of the group of open country grouse, is the giant sage-hen. He is a resident of the true plains rather than of the prairies, being confined almost exclusively to the sage barrens of the far west. His habits are otherwise similar to those of his congeners; but because of his greater size and more restricted

habitat he is even more surely threatened with extermination.

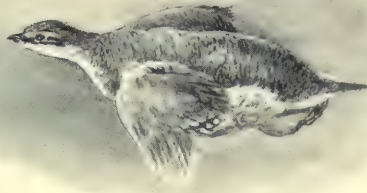
Throughout this article I have used the name “prairie-hen” as if it denoted a single species of bird. Such, probably, is not really the case. Specimens of “pinnated grouse” from different regions vary somewhat in appear-



DISTURBED.

ance. Market dealers have long noted that Texas grouse are smaller in size and lighter in color than northern ones. Some ornithologists thought the Texas breed entitled to rank as a geographical variety. More recently they pronounce it a distinct species, naming it the lesser prairie-hen. It is now thought that the grouse formerly abundant throughout the eastern states, and still represented by a few specimens on Martha's Vineyard, is also specifically distinct. The name "heath-hen" is given this species.

Within the present year yet another division has been made in the ranks of the pinnated grouse, a fourth species having been determined under title of "southern prairie-hen." The differences shown by these four species, however, are not such as to appeal very strongly to the casual observer. The average sportsman would at sight pronounce any specimen



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE ON THE WING.

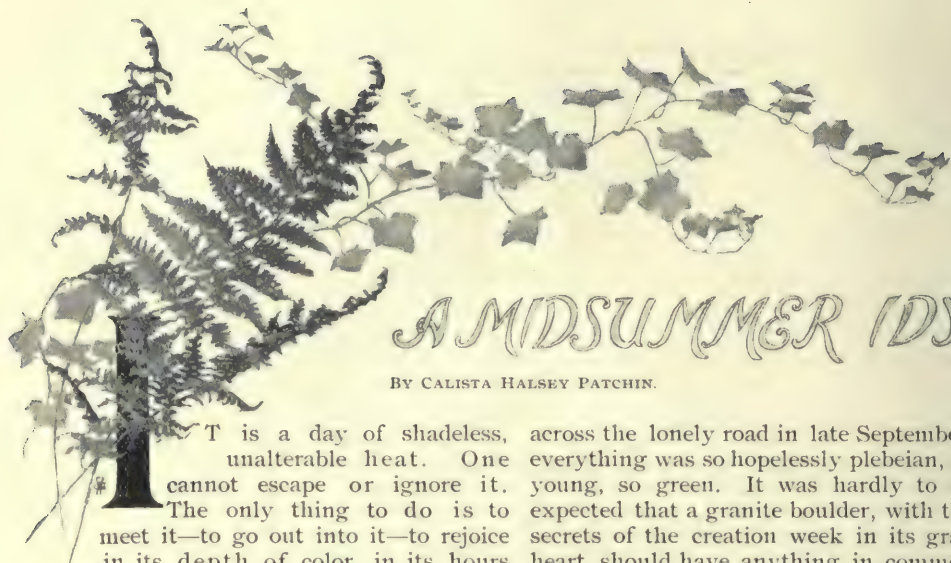
of either species a "prairie-chicken," without suspecting that all were not of one "kind." And in this judgment he would be no more undiscerning than our earlier ornithologists. The distinctive markings, however, are plainly visible and when once pointed out will not be overlooked again.

The habits of the various prairie-hens are very similar notwithstanding their diversity of classification, allowance being made for the differences in the climates of the widely separated regions over which the genus is scattered. It is obvious that some comments of the present article, relative to winter habits of the grouse, could only be applicable to the more northerly species, the prairie-hen proper. With this exception, what is said applies to all alike. The species represented pictorially are the prairie-hen and the lesser prairie-hen.



THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.





## A MIDSUMMER IDYL

BY CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN.

It is a day of shadeless, unalterable heat. One cannot escape or ignore it.

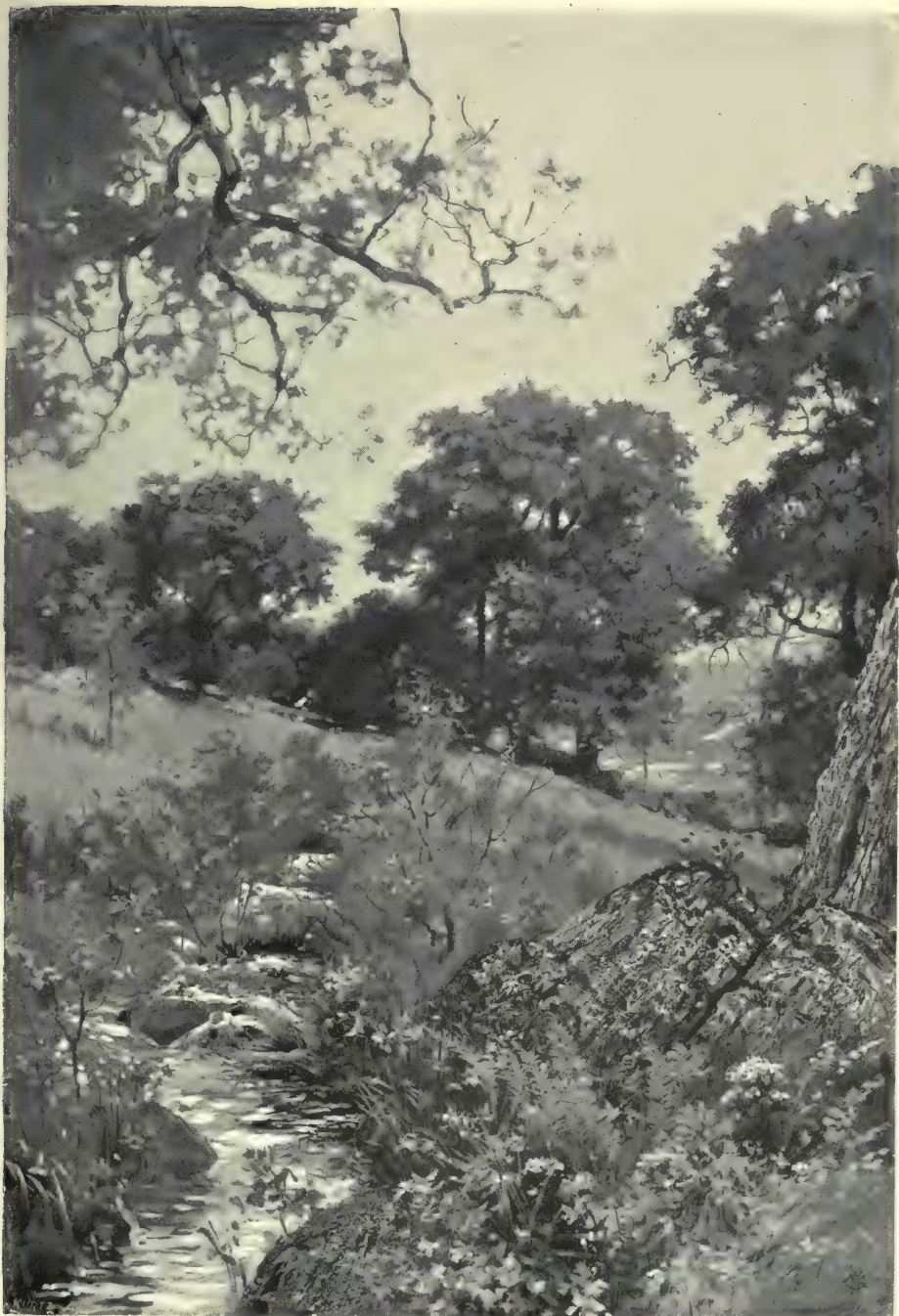
The only thing to do is to meet it—to go out into it—to rejoice in its depth of color, in its hours of flooded light, in its passion pulse of growth. Lie down on the grass. Lying there the cool secrets of hidden springs will reveal themselves to you. The strength of the gray rock that pillows you will thrill you through and through. If you lie still enough and long enough, you will come to hear the silent forces at work in the dead dark below you. You will hear the slow, sure setting-together of crystals—the steady, slow upheaval of great strata of the lower earth. Is it because the magnetic currents set to the north and south, that you feel strong, and cool and transfused with subtle rest? You lie as in a dream. What matters it now that the heavens are filled with fervent heat; that a devouring flame has laid waste the wide white spaces of the sky?

The elm tree that has grown up, shouldering the rock a little aside as it grew—I must tell you how they were friends of old—this Rock and Tree. To go back to the beginning—the very beginning of beginnings—this Rock belonged to the primary stratum—to one of the very first families. You can imagine with what a patrician pride the Rock looked down on everything around it. Everything, from spring beauties and trailing arbutus that made the first reconnaissance in the spring, to the golden rod, that led a ragged regiment of weeds

across the lonely road in late September, everything was so hopelessly plebeian, so young, so green. It was hardly to be expected that a granite boulder, with the secrets of the creation week in its gray heart, should have anything in common with flowers that flaunted out their red and blue life in one summer. Once some trees were cut away, and far down in the valley the Rock saw the sycamores, blanched and ghastly, standing like lepers by the silent water-courses, and for the first time it was thrilled with the sense of kinship. They were old; they knew; they endured. Knowing, too, as it did, that the same springs that fed the sycamores quickened to life the green ivy that one fateful summer lived by the Rock. Oh, that summer! That Ivy!

You may be sure the Rock did not tell me this over-true tale. It was told me by a great, green Fern, who rocked herself to and fro as she told me. Now, this was the traditional ivy that clings to the traditional oak, and it was doubtless only because no oaks grew on that hillside that she made tendril-like advances to the Rock, which I think at first was hardly aware of her.

You see all green and growing things had kept their distance. Only a few lichens on its north side did the Rock tolerate—and it was proud of those as some people are proud of gray hair or an Austrian lip. But nothing like the daring of the Ivy had ever been known before, and all the wild things of the woods held their breath to see what would happen. She was not very exacting. She asked only to lavish herself on someone





else, and so, not finding herself repulsed, she clung closer to the Rock, which hardly noticed the clinging touches on its north side. Anyone but the Ivy would have known better than to come up on the north side at all—a wiser ivy even would have approached the Rock on its sunny south side, and then, perhaps, this story need never have been written. But this was only a foolish, loving ivy, who did not reason very much or very well, but only loved, and clung closer as the days went by, and by and by, oh, foolish, loving Ivy! flung herself prone on the breast of the Rock. It was nothing to her that she received nothing for all her trouble. If true love is daring, true love is also humble, and gives without grudging. It was very hard to make the Ivy understand that her love was not wanted—that her sweetness was suffocation. It was almost impossible to say all this without hurting her to the death, and the first families are too chivalrous for that. And so at last, hints and indifference availing nothing, the Rock swore a mighty oath to be rid of her. And that night Vulcan forged a special thunderbolt—the first families have such influence. The next night there was a great storm, and in the morning the Rock lay there, rent and riven in twain. But it cared nothing at all for that, since in that

hot, passionate breath of the lightning, the Ivy had perished, root and branch.

Many and many a summer after that, so long after that everybody who knew the sad fate of the Ivy was dead and gone—the Elm Tree grew up, wiser in her generation, on the sunny south side of the Rock. Nobody remembered anything about the Ivy but the ferns, and they kept their own counsel, believing from the first in the Elm Tree's ability to take care of herself. And so she did. I dare say it was mostly because she grew up straight and beautiful and willful, that the rock, from looking at her with a grim surprise, grew proud of her and gloried in her grace and her beauty. There was no one like her in all the forest, nor ever would be. And so pride grew into love, and love into passionate longing. And she—well, she loved the Rock in her way, but her way was not the Ivy's way. For her the Rock kept crystal clear the spring that kept her alive and for all answer she lifted herself farther away, and up in the blue air her whispering leaves learned a new language, that the Rock could not understand. But there was one thing she did. As she grew, she lifted the Rock with her, till the rift the lightning had made was quite closed. Should you know that it had been broken if the Walking Fern had not told me, and I had not told you?





## SALMON CASTS.

BY HENRY ARTHUR HERBERT OF MUCKROSS.

ONLY northern latitudes are privileged to claim the salmon. In Europe they are most common in the British Isles, Denmark, Norway and northern Russia, and on this continent the salmon frequent the rivers of Maine, Newfoundland and the eastern coast of Canada, the Yukon, the Columbia and other rivers flowing into the northern Pacific. The habits of the fish are everywhere practically the same, though the seasons when it attains perfection for the market and for the angler differ locally. To the European sportsman the British Isles and Norway are the favorite fishing grounds, as the east coast of the United States and Canada is with us.

The Scandinavian rivers of note all flow into the North and Arctic seas, the most famous being the Romsdal, Stordals, Namsen, Alten, Pusvik and Tana. Most, if not all of these rivers are rented by English anglers, the fishing beginning about the end of May and terminating in August. The length of the season depends on the depth of the winter's snowfall, which keeps the rivers full as the summer sun accelerates the thaw. The proprietors of the land through which the rivers flow are the riparian owners and the red tape, a fisherman has to endure in seeking a lease of fishing rights is peculiar: he must first interview the headsmen of the district in order to make a bargain. This being arranged the headsmen calls all the proprietors along the banks of the river to agree upon the terms, which are, generally, either a fixed rent in money or so many vogues (forty pounds) of salmon, each vogue being at a fixed value. The headsmen next apportion the rental according to the extent and excellence of each owner's portion of the stream.

Once a bargain is concluded the proprietors are most particular in living up to their contracts and virtually act as caretakers of the preserves. These contracts usually include a dwelling or "fishing box" on the most convenient part of the river, with supplies of milk, eggs, etc.; also the use of boats and the services of boatmen who are almost invariably good fishermen and expert gaffers. The government salmon laws are very stringent. The nets within a given distance of the mouth of the river can be used only three or four days per week, so that the fish may run up the rivers, and from 6 P.M. on Saturday to the same hour upon Sunday even rod or pole-fishing is not permitted.

On most of the rivers the angler has to fish from a boat, generally casting with his rod the upper portion of the pools, while







THE SCENE OF THE NET FISHERIES AT BERWICK.

he trolls, or harls, the lower part. The trolling consists in placing two rods on each side of the boat, one with a spoon or phantom and the other with a fly. The reason for this proceeding is that the rivers are too wide to cover with a cast of the fly. The flies used in Norway are very large and gaudy, much more so than anywhere else where salmon fishing is practiced. The boatmen are very expert and can force their narrow boats up almost any rapid or stream. The fishing is carried on mainly at night, as in the northern portions of Norway and Russia the midnight sun shines during two months of the year. In former years immense takes of salmon were captured by the rod, three and four thousand pounds of fish being a common total at the end of a season. The best record made by any two rods is credited to the late Duke of Roxburgh, who, with his father, landed 1,400 pounds of fish in one night.

In the United States the fishing privileges on the salmon rivers are rented by many individuals and clubs. The Canadian government, as a rule, owns all the rivers in the Dominion. On the south of the St. Lawrence the best rivers are the Caspédia, Restigouche, Nipisiquit, Misamichi, Matapédiac and Kennebec; and the Saguenay, Godbou, Maine and Natashquan on the north. The smaller

streams of Newfoundland, too, abound with small salmon. The flies used are much the same in many respects as the Norwegian and Scottish, but considerably smaller in size, also, the tackle is lighter. The anglers use birch canoes, dextrously handled by Indian and half-breed boatmen, and usually build their own camps, save where their action in this regard has been anticipated by that of some sporting club.

The Yukon and other rivers flowing into the Pacific are so rich in salmon that they furnish the markets of the world with canned fish. The stories told of the fabulous number of salmon that ascend these rivers are almost incredible, and yet tons upon tons of fish are found in the shallows, or die on their return from the spawning ground. The salmon in these rivers have never been known to rise to or take any known description of fly, but have been captured by the spoon bait or spinners. The canners and natives catch them in large drag-nets and fish-wheels, these latter being placed in certain parts of the rapids and in falls where the fish run up in countless shoals. The wheel scoops them up into a trough which connects with the canning factories.

The habits of the salmon are pretty generally known, and the knowledge of them forms the foundation of all legislation for

his protection. The sea is his natural home and fattening ground. He ascends into fresh water simply to reproduce his species, and this accomplished he returns again to his "salty home." Every river has its own family, or tribe, of salmon, and even where two rivers run into the same estuary, it is seldom that the fish make a mistake, or run up any but their own stream. Each river has a different time for its fish to run up, and in the British Isles those salmon fisheries are the most valuable where the fish ascend earliest in the season. My experience has shown me that rivers flowing from large lakes are those in which the salmon first make their appearance in the spring. The only practical reason for this, to my mind is, that the temperature of the water is warmer than of rivers without such large reservoirs at their source, the latter being chiefly fed by springs off the high lands; and nature teaches the fish that there is a larger and safer area to hide in. For instance, take two Irish rivers, the Laune, and the Maine, which flow into the Atlantic, within a mile of each other. The Laune is fed by the Killarney lakes, and the salmon ascend its waters in January, the legal period for the net fisheries dating from the 16th of January to July. In the Maine hardly a

fish runs before the month of May, and they continue running until October. This is only a single instance, but I could quote many similar ones all over the salmon world.

The first rivers that are opened for fishing in the British Isles, are those in the south of Ireland in January, Scotland follows two weeks later, England and Wales coming last. Norwegian salmon begin to reach the market about the month of May, the southern rivers of that country being the first to send fish, as they clear themselves from ice.

The breeding time varies in the same way, the fish in some rivers being on the "reds," or spawning grounds, as early as October, others not until January or February. This applies to the British Isles rather than to this country or Norway. Salmon in the latter spawn much earlier; nature matures them sooner and drives them on the beds, so as to hasten the process of reproduction before "black frost" appears.

The perseverance of the salmon against seemingly insuperable difficulties in attaining their spawning grounds is remarkable. They have been found up the rivers a thousand miles from sea. They will jump almost perpendicular waterfalls and



SALMON POOL AT DRYBURGH.



stem the most rapid currents. In many places in the United Kingdom, the fishery commissioners have placed ladders to assist the fish, and also to open up new spawning grounds. A most remarkable instance of what can be done is to be seen in Ireland between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. Some years ago a canal was built between these fine sheets of water, for the purpose of navigation. Owing to the fissures in the limestone bed, when the water was turned in, it was found impossible to retain a sufficient quantity. It was resolved to make it of some use, so the worst of the fissures were bridged over by large iron pipes three feet by two in diameter, and the experiment proved a great success, as the salmon run through these pipes to this day, and have stocked an immense area of new water.

The salmon were formerly so plentiful in parts of Scotland and Ireland that in some of the old indentures, or engagements of servants, a clause was inserted by the latter, stipulating that they should not be fed on salmon more than four times in any one week. Fancy such a luxury as salmon is in these days, being refused by the powdered "Jeemses" of England!

Salmon, when they first run, or ascend the rivers, early in the season, are called "spring fish" and weigh from ten to thirty pounds. These are the old fish of the preceding years returning up the rivers. The second "run" begins about June, and these fish are called "peel" in Ireland; "grilse" in Scotland; and "se-wenn" in Wales. They weigh from four to twelve pounds each, and are the smelts of the year before. In some rivers there is a third "run" of large fish known in Ireland as "blackberry;" in Scotland as "autumn," or "backend fish."

The "spring fish" afford the greatest sport as they are more lively and full of strength. How keenly I remember my first "spring fish!" Eight summers had not passed over my head. It had been my delight to practice trout fishing with my father's old keeper. Gradually I had learned to handle a small rod, and the promise of a salmon rod from my uncle, Mr. Charles Balfour, in case I should succeed in landing a salmon the first time I fished for one, fired me with ambition. One fine Saturday we started off with

an old retainer rowing the boat, and keeper Ross as my instructor. I had been given a holiday and would not have changed places with anyone, as I jumped into the boat, lunch and rod in hand. Glenna Bay on Killarney, was our first essay. The breeze was excellent, and everything was propitious. Boy-like, I gave my opinion on the flies to be used, as though I were an old experienced hand, but pride hath a fall, and those I picked out did not seem to charm a single fish. "Mike," who was rowing, exclaimed, "Bedad, your honor, we'll try him with a 'fiery brown'" (the name of a favorite fly on those lakes). A few more casts, and a fish came up. With a jerk that would have pulled a whale out of the sea, I struck at him. A splutter followed, the fish disappeared and I was left lamenting, minus my "fiery brown" which remained in the fish's mouth. I still recall the agonized exclamation of the poor boatman: "Oh, your honor, you've lost a lovely creature fully fourteen pounds weight, what did ye ever try to pull it out of his mouth for when he had it swallowed?" Regrets were useless, and there was nothing for it but to try again, with various instructions how to behave when another "lovely creature" should flirt with my fly. A confiding salmon did appear, and I found myself suddenly tied to the fish and am not ashamed to confess, though I landed him eventually, that he played me a great deal more than I played him. My pride was only equalled by my jubilation when I received the promised rod—a rod that has since killed many thousand pounds weight of salmon, and accompanied me over many a mile of sea and river.

In fly fishing, a man's individuality comes to the front. There are few first-rate fishermen, in proportion to the number of proficient in various other sports. This arises from the fact that no matter how good a man's rod, how "killing" his selection of flies, how thorough his outfit, if he lack an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the fish he is seeking, the color of the water, and the size and color of the flies, he is at a loss, for knowledge of all these go to make the complete education of an angler, and to possess them he must have manipulated a rod from his youth up.

A friend of mine had been fishing on



POOL AND FISHING-BOAT AT ABBOTSFORD.

the Laune all day with no success, though the river was teeming with fish. I was coming from Killorglin to call for him on his way home. Jumping off the jaunting car I joined him. He was much disappointed at not having a single salmon to show me, for he was a good fisherman. Instead of reeling up his line he came along the bank towards me after having made a cast, with his rod over his shoulder, allowing his fly to trail over the pool. Suddenly he was jerked back by a salmon rising and taking firm hold of his fly. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing him on the grass. He repeated this course of action, succeeded in killing one more fish, and raising another. This was an instance of successfully bringing a fly over the fish in an unorthodox manner, after every other known device had failed.

Every river has its own peculiarity both as to flies, size, mode of fishing, lay of fish, and clearness of water, and the man who is the quickest to see these points meets, as I have said, with the greatest success. In the river Tweed, Scotland, the movement of the fly is very slow, the fly is permitted to sink deep, and the point of the rod kept as near the water as possible. On the Laune the fly must be worked quickly on the top of the water, the point of the rod being kept well up in the air.

Anglers often boast that they can throw thirty or thirty-five yards of line. That is not the question. At what distance can a man throw a line and make the fly fish, which it will only do at a certain angle? All the long casting of line is useless till this result is attained. Men show off their casting at competitive matches, and have made most marvellous records, but how long could they continue to sustain such a strain? Could they do this under adverse circumstances of position or wind? The practical test is shown, after an angler has been fishing an hour or so with a heavy rod, by the amount of water he can really cover, and make his fly fish. This is a fair estimate of his abilities. There are but few who can throw overhead thirty yards of line, though considerably more water can be reached by using the underhand or Spey cast. A novice will find the mastering of a short cast far more profitable than trying to delude himself into the belief that because he has many yards off his reel he must of necessity be making use of it.

In Ireland it is sometimes the custom to fish with two flies on the casting line. This is a dangerous habit in salmon fishing and if practiced on any but lake water frequently loses fish, one or other of the



flies during the playing of the fish getting caught in rocks or roots. Yet it is not without its advantages. It enables the angler to fish the water closer, and presents a variety of choice to the prey. I have twice killed two fish at once. The first time was on the Laune in Killarney, when a fourteen-pounder took my tail fly, and a large five-pound sea-trout took the dropper. Strange as it may appear, they gave me very little trouble to capture, as one must have worked against the other. When I landed them, the lesser fish of the two—the trout—was drowned and quite dead. The other occasion was in Norway.

It often happens that a salmon is caught foul in the back or some other part of his body. This is generally caused by the fish on rising to the fly missing and rolling over it. Fishing once on the Laune in the "Paulnahallah Pool," a salmon rose,—the next moment his furious rush told me he was well hooked. Far quicker than I can relate, seventy yards of line were off my reel, and I was running for bare life after him down the river. Out of the pool he went, and before I could get a turn out of him he dashed at the next rapid, which was rough water for about half a mile. An hour passed; a mile and a half of the river lay between

me and my starting point, when for the first time I saw my salmon, which up to that moment I felt certain was the "biggest fish" that had ever been hooked on the river. The murder was out,—he was hooked by the tail, which gave him complete mastery for a time.

An amusing incident occurred that day in connection with my keeper. I had handed him my rod in order to take a rest and he was quietly fishing, trying to induce a good salmon I had moved to rise to a change of fly. An adjacent browsing cow had in the meantime fed up behind him, when, in an instant, the fly as it was cast back, caught in the animal's neck, and then ensued the strange and ridiculous sight of a man "playing" a cow. Here, there, all over the field, went the cow, the line running out, and French doing his best to keep up, fearing that he would lose the line or break the rod, either of which dilemmas he would not have cared to confront. Fearing that French might be all day "killing" his cow, I went to his rescue, caught hold of the line and broke it off, leaving the fly in the animal's flesh. I trust that if that beast afterwards went to the market to be converted into steaks, my hook did not choke some hasty diner.

The fishing in Scotland is in some re-



THE TWEED AT KELSO BRIDGE



THE POOL NEAR NORHAM CASTLE.

spects better than in Ireland. The fisheries are more exclusive, the preservation stricter, and the estates, in proportion to the size of the country, more extensive. The deer forests also, which occupy the largest portion of the north, exclude, with the exception of a few privileged individuals, all seekers of the salmon, and even the humble trout fisher is kept at bay. The Tay, the Don, and the Tweed are the most famous of Scottish salmon rivers, in the front rank of which the Tweed holds her own, and upon its pools I have spent hours of excitement and pleasure such as are known only to those who have experienced the uncertainties of angling.

Can anything in an angler's experience be more romantic than killing a salmon under the shadows of Melrose Abbey, or hooking a fish at the foot of the old ruined walls of Teviot castle? The Tweed is one of the most prolific streams in the United Kingdom. The net fisheries at its mouth are extremely valuable, and there is not a yard of the river where salmon lie that does not command a high rent from rod fishers. The most famous casts and the best adapted for fly-fishing are owned by the Duke of Roxburghe, and though he lets a considerable portion, those which lie inside the demesne of

Floors remain in his own hands. This section of the river lies between Kelso bridge and Makerston.

It would be hard to find a more beautiful and historic stretch of water than that flowing past old Teviot towers, overlooked by the present magnificent castle of Floors. The ancient abbey, close to Kelso bridge, and Teviot fortress frowning from its strong position, recall both the calm and the turbulence of feudal times.

It is difficult to name all the famous casts on this portion of the river, but the Garden Wall, the Put, and the Coach Wind take the palm in the lower water, whilst the Shot Pool and Black Stone are good representatives of the upper. The central portion of the water was generally reserved for his grace's fishing and the entertainment of his more special friends. In low water, and in a few of the pools certain casts can be fished by wading, for which large wading boots are used, but in general, the river is fished from small flat-bottomed square-stern boats, peculiarly adapted both for the purpose of fishing and for being hauled by a long tow-line up the rapids.

The Shot Pool is the crack pool. Near it is the small house where the rods, tackling, etc., are kept, and from this point





THE "COACH WIND" AT FLOORS.

the fisherman starts for his day's sport on the upper water. The left bank of the Shot Pool is very high, and wooded. On it are placed seats from whence the ladies of the family and visitors can view the piscator, and form opinions as to his skill. The pool itself is fully three hundred yards long, and when the river is stocked with fish, affords sufficient water to satisfy the most greedy angler. Captain Charles Balfour and I had the privilege of a day's fishing at Floors castle and under the escort of Tom Noble, an old retainer. We fished with one rod, taking turns of about twenty minutes each. We landed twelve salmon weighing from twelve to twenty-seven pounds each. It was in the late autumn when days were closing early, and we did not begin to fish before 10:30 A.M. There is one spot in this pool which is a certain rise. If a sportsman finds his boat opposite a hanging oak tree, his fly should be fishing in front of the flat stone and he is certain when the fly floats within a yard or two of the latter to feel the desired tug at his line. Among the host of friends constantly entertained by the duke at Floors, there are always some who are not proficient anglers. August Lumley, a most popular and charming man of society, was per-

mitted, during a visit at Floors, to try his hand. When he had made his cast the fly floated almost anywhere but in the right direction. At length a salmon more foolish than his fellows, took firm hold, and as the fly was fast, Lumley, of course, could not lift the line, so he turned round to fisherman Tom Noble, saying: "The line won't come up." The old Scotchman, with an inimitable dry irony replied, "Eh, mon, it is just a fish that has caught ye."

To the Marquis of Bowmont (Duke of Roxburghe, since deceased) and his late father I am indebted for many a fine day's sport on river, field and moor, and I doubt whether two better all-round sportsmen or more hospitable hosts ever lived. The present duchess, who is the daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, is an adept with the rod and line.

My very first experience in the Tweed occurred more years ago than I would like to chronicle. I was staying at Newton Don, and a friend who had leased part of the Tweed from Sir Waldey Griffiths put the water at my disposal. Throwing my legs over a fast pony, I soon covered the distance between home and the salmon cast, where I found a boat and a fisherman awaiting me. Karse,

a fisherman well known for his skill as a boatman and knowledge of his craft, was to be my guide. The portion of water in which I had to capture my salmon was called the Sprouston dub—by a “dub” is meant the deep, comparatively still water above a mill-dam, of which there are several on the Tweed, and all are good spots for fish to lie. It is necessary also to have a breeze to ruffle the surface of these pools. This particular morning there was none, so we had to row down to the end of the pool where the water was swifter and went over the hang of the rapid. The fish at this spot actually rise on the very edge, or hang of the fall, and should one be hooked and tightly held, he invariably goes down the rapid, and the chances are, is lost to you and your heirs forever. This was my case: a good fish “took me,” and in spite of the warnings of Karse, to “give him his head, and slack the line,” so as to allow him to come up into the pool again, I held on tightly, but in another minute was convinced of my folly, as with a plunge he went down the stream. A few yards of line ran out, when my rod straightened, my fish was gone, and on reeling up my line I found I had lost my “Jack Scott” fly with the fish.

During the afternoon a slight breeze sprang up, and we moved towards the

head of the dub, fishing as we went; when a big whirl in the water betokened the rise of a grand fish; but we had passed it. Karse immediately allowed the boat to fall down the stream so as to come quickly over the spot again. Returning thus to where he had first risen, and allowing my fly to sink well in the water, the fish rose again and this time gave ocular demonstration of his being well hooked. Karse now warned me to be very wary as he felt sure we had a foe-man worthy of our steel. For a short time the fish, as most heavy ones do, swam lazily about deep down in the pool, shaking violently at the line and making it sing in the water. Suddenly he altered his tactics and went up stream like lightning; we were afraid he might cut the line on the rocks, but he took a rush across the stream and put us out of danger. He jumped from the water after going sixty or seventy yards, when down went the top of the rod, for to hold a tight line at such a time, in nine cases out of ten, means the loss of your fish, the strain being so great that the least check is apt to cause some portion of the tackle to give way. After these gambols the fish began to tire, and in a short time my companion was enabled to slip his net under the salmon. He weighed thirty-one pounds, in those days an unprece-



THE SALMON POOL AT KELSO BRIDGE.



dented weight, for Karse told me that though he had fished for thirty years on the Tweed and killed hundreds of salmon, he had never himself caught one so heavy. When I returned home, my bag consisted of five fish, but I bore the chief prize slung across my back.

Since that time new laws and stricter preservation have increased both the number and weight of the salmon in the Tweed. Thirty-five and thirty-six pound fish are now by no means uncommon, and my friend, the late Duke of Roxburghe, killed one of forty-five pounds in the Floors waters.

Of all the rivers in Scotland none can compare to the Tweed. Its banks and valleys are celebrated in song and story. Its ruined castles are invested with the romance of many bloody encounters and border forays. Its country-seats and demesnes are hardly equalled. The produce of its waters furnishes an epicurean feast, and to a fisherman this river is an endless dream.

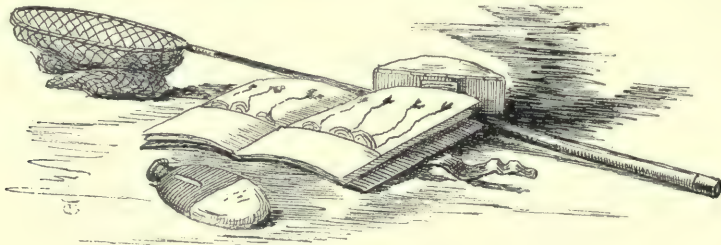
The present Floors castle is a renovated structure, the center part, which was formerly square, having been added to, whilst new wings of great size stretch out on either side. As you drive up to the entrance hall, the quadrangle is most imposing in its effect, and the stately timber that surrounds the back part of the castle adds grandeur to the scene. Floors is built on an eminence above the river, and from its windows may be seen to the left the town of Kelso, old Teviot castle in front, the right being lost in vistas of the most magnificent woods. In the distance lie the purple moors of the Grampian hills. The grounds surrounding the house are not cut up into gardens or flower beds, but are all in magnificent

grass slopes, extending some 100 or 150 yards into the park and are kept with such care that the whole place appears one sheen of green velvet, studded here and there with beautiful pines and flowering shrubs, among which, and most cared for, is the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, planted there a few years ago by her Majesty, Queen Victoria, while on a visit.

The fishery laws are very strict in Scotland and the time for nets is restricted as is also that for rod fishing. The spawning beds, or "reds," are now well watched; formerly hundreds of fish were killed in the time nature sets aside for them to propagate. The male fish is called a "kipper," the female a "kelt." As the time approaches for their spawnings the male fish develops an enormous hook from his under jaw. This is for helping the female to dig a bed out of the gravel wherein to deposit her ova. It also serves to protect his spouse. During this period the male fish is very savage and drives away intruders from his special domain. The effect of preservation has been largely to increase the number of young fish, and the parents after going down to the sea return a much greater size.

During the autumn months the use of the "gaff" is strictly prohibited and a large landing net substituted so that in case unseasonable fish should be caught they may be returned into the river. At that time of the year these fish are easily known, as instead of having the beautiful silvery appearance they present usually, they turn a dirty, blotchy, red color and are unfit for use.

A female fish is supposed to carry a thousand eggs for every pound of her weight, so a ten-pound fish would deposit 10,000 eggs.





BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

IN the summer of 1887 I had the good fortune to be taken over the great sewage farms which lie at a distance of about six miles from Berlin. I was accompanied by the bacteriologist, Dr. Koch, who, in the course of conversation, let fall the remark that, in his opinion, Berlin was proof against an epidemic, owing to the manner in which her sewage was carried away and rendered innocuous. These words, coming from such a man, were so striking that, on reaching home, I put on paper, in the form of notes, the result of my day's experience, curious as to how far this prophecy of the learned doctor would be borne out.

The great cholera epidemic came and paralyzed the commerce of most of the seaport towns of Europe, devastated Russia pitilessly, and left the great city of Hamburg more impoverished than when the troops of Napoleon evacuated it.

Berlin, looked upon the progress of the plague with equanimity, although she is on the highway between Hamburg and Russia, and daily exposed to an attack, because she lies upon a river connected, by means of canal, not only with the waters of Hamburg and Russia, but of an infected port on the Baltic, Stettin. Her hospitals accepted, as a matter of course, the isolated cases of cholera that occurred in her neighborhood, but there was, at no time, anything approaching to an epidemic within her walls. Travellers passing, as I did, during the height of the cholera scare were not annoyed in any way; in fact, the life of the city was perfectly normal, and thus the words of Dr. Koch have been justified.

Berlin has solved the question: how to make cities healthy. She has called to her

assistance men of scientific attainments and administrative experience. The political vagrants that barnacle themselves upon every department of our municipal administration, from the health department to the primary schools, are a class unknown in Berlin; and the idea that a citizen must be paid for acting as a municipal official, has not yet taken root there.

The experiment made by Berlin in utilizing her sewage by making it enrich the sandy soil of the neighborhood has proved so successful, is so simple, so inexpensive, and so well suited to the needs of New York, that a few words of description may not prove uninteresting. And if we bear in mind that within a few miles of our City Hall are thousands of acres of sand, only waiting for proper manuring before blossoming into high fertility, it will be readily appreciated that any method that will not only accomplish this result and purify our city, but lighten the burden of our taxes at the same time, deserves study.

The present system of cleansing Berlin has been tested by nearly twenty years of thorough experience. It was introduced in the face of governmental opposition and the more bitter antagonism of those living in the neighborhood of fields likely to be inundated with city sewage. During these years, the affairs of the department have been managed by gentlemen of the highest respectability, with the strictest economy, and with a view to gathering the most valuable scientific data from this novel experiment.

I will try to explain, briefly, the process.

Berlin, for scavenging purposes, is divided into districts, each of which is under a competent head, who is responsible for



the working of the system within his limits. A huge cesspool in each collects all the sewage in that particular district, and this sewage, by means of powerful engines, is uninterruptedly pumped off, far out of the city, on to land specially prepared for this purpose. Difficulties, in matters of detail, have been met and overcome, and by a careful system of observation it has been learned how to meet sudden overflows, to adapt the number of pumps to the work required, and to arrange for reserve power, in case of emergencies.

Let us take a look at one of the great sewage farms, Blankenburg, for instance, half-a-dozen miles north of Berlin.

This farm I visited through the courtesy of the chairman of the municipal committee on sewage, Herr Stadtrath Marggraff, a gentleman who receives no salary for filling a position which demands the most active employment of nearly his whole time. I need only add that, in Berlin, his name was mentioned to me, in the best quarters, as being synonymous with efficiency and public spirit.

After a short railway ride, we dismounted at the station Blankenburg, immediately adjoining this great sewage farm of about 2700 acres. The road along which we walked was deep with sand. On either side of us, however, were fields, rich with a most luxurious growth—fields which, but for the irrigation to which they are subjected, would be as fruitless as the road on which we walked.

I noted magnificent artichokes, tomatoes, lilies of the valley, violets, apples, pears, gooseberries, roses, beets, in short, every variety of flower, fruit and vegetable, growing upon soil which, ten years ago, would hardly hold the coarsest shrubs.

The various sewage farms surrounding Berlin, have under irrigation so far about 13,000 acres. The city is, however, acquiring more land for this purpose, as funds become available, and for some years to come we may expect an annual addition to the irrigated system.

There were, in the official year 1885, some 10,000 acres under irrigation, for a variety of purposes, including experimental agricultural purposes, nurseries and flower-raising. The staple crops, however, were summer and winter rape, mus-

tard, hemp, winter and summer wheat, winter and summer rye, oats, Indian corn, barley, buckwheat, peas, beans, clover, grasses, potatoes, beets, cabbage, chicory and turnips. Cereals alone took up nearly 4000 acres.

In its original condition, that is to say, before the city of Berlin adopted the present method of cleansing itself, this land was worth \$182 per acre. As soon, however, as sewage is applied to it, the value rises to over \$400 per acre.

In order to realize what a great work Berlin has accomplished, not merely for the cleanliness and health of the city, but also for the benefit of the surrounding country, and the reduction of taxes, we must bear in mind that her position is in the center of a vast sandy plain, diversified by morass and swamp. The dreariest stretches of sandy Long Island are picturesque, if not luxuriant, in comparison with the country about the German capital. Yet on this soil are now being raised crops that would astonish an Iowa state fair. I was told that, on some fields that we passed, seven crops of grass had been cut in one year, off of one piece of land, two acres having yielded alone twenty-five tons. And this grass is of a most excellent quality, as is attested by all the farmers of the neighborhood, who seek to get it for their cows.

One field contained eighty-one acres of mangelwurzel alone, and we had an opportunity of proving effectively that the stuff raised was of the best quality.

At intervals we would pass men loading their carts from adjacent fields, and found, in talking with them, that they had rented irrigated fields from the city and were doing a thriving business.

Learned lights of the German scientific world had gravely told their hearers that for one year, two years, possibly three years, the system might work; but that the time must speedily be when the soil would contain so much sewage matter as to not only make vegetable growth impossible, but to poison the air and water of the whole surrounding country. The bulk of Berlin believed firmly that the adoption of the present system of disposing of sewage was one calculated to simply remove the poisonous matter from within the city to a belt encircling the city. The danger thereby, it was thought, would be

in nowise diminished, for they looked upon the system as one calculated to surround them with a cordon of poisonous outposts, whose pestilential powers could act against them with every breeze.

The managers of the sewage farms have found that they have no difficulty at all in adapting their crops to the strength of the soil at their command. In other words, they can exhaust as fast as the city can restore.

Another great source of alarm was lest the drainage from the irrigated fields should poison the waters of the neighborhood. So serious was this feeling among all classes, that a law was passed, making it punishable, by a fine, for anyone to drink from the waterways near any of the sewage farms. Mr. George von Bunsen, who has taken great interest in the encouragement of this work, told me a characteristic anecdote in this connection.

The head of the sewage farms, when this law was in operation, was Dr. Falk, who had made exhaustive experiments with the water from these fields, and was thoroughly convinced of its purity.

One day, Mr. von Bunsen, with a committee of the German parliament, were making an inspection of the fields with the doctor, and took the occasion to ask how it was possible to prevent the peasants of the neighborhood from breaking the law by taking a drink now and then from the ditches. The committee were all convinced that the water was deadly; the sign-posts all warned people to have nothing to do with it, and yet it did look clean and might prove a great temptation.

Said Dr. Falk: "I am at the head of this institution in two capacities. As magistrate, it is my duty to punish, by a fine of three marks (seventy-five cents), anyone convicted of drinking of this water. As physician, however, I give you my word that you may drink it without the least danger to your health—in fact, it is purer than what you have on your tables in Berlin."

The parliamentary deputation were incredulous. They at first treated the doctor's statement as meant for a joke; but, finding that nothing was further from his thoughts, one after the other took a drink from the ditch near which they were standing, and thus forever disposed of an absurd piece of superstition.

Dr. Koch, the authority on bacilli and disease-germs, told us, on the spot, that before disease-germs could propagate themselves in Berlin, they were hurried off on to this soil, which is completely destructive to bacilli. The six hours that intervene between bacilli entering the drains of a Berlin house and reaching the ditches of the sewage fields, are not enough to give the disease a start.

Nevertheless, such was my prejudice that, when an attendant offered me a glass full of the sewage water that passed at my feet, I think I should have declined, could I have done so with any fair pretext.

The water offered me in this case had entered the sewers of Berlin only six hours before. The only cleaning it had received was in percolating from the irrigated field into the ditch that surrounded it. So effective, however, is this, that my drink was not only as clear as pure spring-water, but the taste was as though it had been distilled—a taste familiar on shipboard. And not only was this water free from odor, but the air, on and about the irrigated fields, was not tainted to a point that could be called offensive. At the moment of flooding a field, the odor would be as strong as on any field freshly manured in the usual manner.

The sewage is so largely cleansed by the mere passage through six miles of pipe, that, after it has been a short time upon a field, the odor is hardly noticeable. The complaints from neighboring farmers, which at first threatened to wreck the enterprise, have quite ceased.

The effect upon the stranger who, after driving for miles through sand, comes suddenly upon a garden fertile beyond anything known to the most favored soil, is startling. He cannot realize that what he sees is genuine and, of course, suspects some baneful property to attach to these plants. The Berlin marketers, at first, would not touch them, because their customers declined them in horror. Today, so great is the demand for "sewage vegetables" that the market people are clamoring to have a special section reserved for this growth alone, alleging that, in that way, they can get higher prices for these particular vegetables. The revolution in public sentiment, on this subject, has been complete, and today no industry in the empire is more secure than that of



renting sewage-irrigated fields from the city of Berlin, and raising thereon, truck for the market.

Does the method of disposing of sewage pay? This is the question that will interest the tax-payer. We can answer emphatically, yes—it pays in the most handsome manner—at least it pays the Berlin citizen well, and there is no reason why we should not derive equal benefit from it.\*

When I first knew Berlin, before and during the war of 1870-71, the sewage went into the open gutters, and was swept along by gangs of men, with a resulting smell of the most offensive kind. So flat is the city, that the water did not flow off itself. This system, primitive and disgusting as it was, had, it was thought, the merit of cheapness.

Quite the contrary.

The city spent more upon its street-sweepers of that day than upon the finished machinery now at work. The sewage of 1870 went into the sluggish streams of the neighborhood, to poison the fish and benefit no one—just as with us in New York. Today, the Berliners earn a pretty penny by turning farmers and saving their manure.

If the present system of sewage costs Berlin no more than in 1870, they would be immensely the gainers in these points.

- 1.—They have no smells in their streets.
- 2.—They are not poisoning their waterways.
- 3.—They are insured against infectious disease.

All this achieved with no additional outlay to the tax-payer; but, on the contrary, at a profit of two per cent. upon the capital invested. This is the financial result of Berlin's sewage operations.

Perhaps a few figures will illustrate how this comes about—figures too simple to puzzle the most unstatistical.

For the twelve months between March 1885, and April 1886, the cost of cultivating 9194 acres, was \$134,778, while the income from the same was about \$271,000, being a profit of over \$136,000, or about \$32.50 for each acre. This profit is calcu-

lated without reference to the general and official expenses, and interest on capital. Counting, however, all possible charges, the profit still amounts to an average of \$18.50 to the acre.

The director of this great system of sewage farms receives \$2000 a year, not too high a salary, we must admit, when we reflect upon the scientific attainments such a man must possess, his administrative ability and business experience.

Last year's expenses for salaries and expenses, covering all the sewage farms, amounted, on an average, to only \$2.65 per acre. The expenses under the head of taxes and charges were \$11,795, less than ninety cents an acre.

Maintaining the various farm buildings costs one and twenty-four hundredths of their estimated value, including their insurance. The value of all house furniture, agricultural machinery, and implements, represented about \$16,000, or \$1.28 to the acre.

The cost of keeping all roads and ditches in order was about forty cents to the acre.

Adding in all the miscellaneous expenses, the grand total for the year, under the head of general expenses, reaches only \$78,364.67, or \$5.90 an acre for each of the 11,769 acres that were "be-sewaged" that year.

Stock-raising is a most valuable part of the Berlin farms, as well as receiving horses that require rest and pasture. The value of their grass may be appreciated, when we learn that ninety-two fields sown with grass, representing 524 acres, produced together 231,308.50 centners.\* Some of these fields were sown six times in the year.

A large source of revenue may be expected from renting irrigated fields for truck purposes, also orchards. The Berlin farms have now over 100,000 fruit trees where, twenty years ago, nothing of the kind would grow, and each year sees an increase. If, by simple irrigation of this kind, we can convert a sandy desert into grass meadow that will yield seven crops in one season, as at Blankenburg, it is fair to think that any corporation

\* The report of 1886-87, just issued (Jan. 1888), states that the profit upon each of their cultivated hectares was fifty-eight marks (\$14.5), equivalent to about \$6.00 per acre.

All the land acquired by Berlin for irrigating purposes (16,457 acres) was purchased in the same manner that it would have been had it been needed for railway purposes. This area, all within ten miles of Berlin, cost the municipality about \$4,092,177. Note also that this land when irrigated, is let to truck gardeners at (about \$20 to the acre).

\* One centner = 123.472 pounds.

that undertakes such an enterprise in earnest will not lose money.\*

Last year it was found that upon a farm of 1356 acres, irrigated by sewage, the whole cost of preparing, sowing, cultivating, harvesting and irrigating seventeen different crops amounted to only seventeen dollars an acre.†

We all know that more danger to the public health arises from the sewers than from any other cause, and that, therefore, scavenging, as a profession, must be a dangerous one. But the system under which Berlin purifies herself is happily freed from the ill effects attending all others.

The several estates, making up the total area of the sewage farms, were supporting last year 33,749 souls. Out of this number there were 237 cases of illness, the causes of which are interesting to note.

The figures, in themselves, are uninteresting, their value being purely negative. It cannot be demonstrated by them that residence upon a sewage farm is more healthy than elsewhere. But, on the other hand, it will be seen that, so far as health is concerned, one is no worse off upon a sewage farm than in any other community. This fact alone is well worth bearing in mind, for it took twenty years in Berlin to overcome the prejudice entertained against this sewage system by people who predicted that it would result in breeding pestilence all around the city.

To apply the lesson of Berlin to our requirements, it would be necessary :

First—To acquire enough land between Whitestone and Coney island to enable the city to lay out fields, suitable for irrigation, and enough of them to meet the anticipated increase in the population.

Secondly—The sewage of New York island, instead of being turned into the surrounding waters, would then be collected at a dozen points, on the east side of the town, between the Harlem and the Battery.

Thirdly—From these points of reception it would be pumped off, night and day, by means of powerful engines, through suitable pipes, out on to the city farms. None of these farms need be more than ten miles from its particular pumping station. One pipe-line, for instance, might lead from the foot of Fulton street out in the Flatbush direction. Another, from the foot of Tenth street, could work the Jamaica neighborhood. Several pipe-lines could cross the East river at Blackwell's island, and enrich the Flushing neighborhood, which now pays such heavy taxes for manure.

A scheme of this kind, faithfully carried out, would make of Kings and Queens counties a very paradise of fruits, flowers and vegetables. The dreary sand wastes of today would give place to well-kept gardens, managed by happy tenants of the city, who would be glad to take, on long lease, land irrigated in this manner. Real estate would immediately rise to a solid value, in places where, today, it is worth nothing, save on the hazy possibility of its one day being a resort of summer boarders. Brooklyn and Williamsburg, it is reasonable to think, would heartily coöperate in the undertaking, for their interest in the matter is, if possible, more pronounced than that of their sister across the bridge.

We can all appreciate the value of a system that cleans our streets, makes sandy soil grow luxuriant vegetables, and raises the value of real estate. What we shall get, better than all these, however, is such a thorough scavenging system as shall make us hear of yellow fever and cholera, on board incoming ships, without alarm.

We shall be able to feel that any contagious disease, entering our gates, meets, at the threshold, an enemy to its progress so watchful and aggressive that its further spread is, humanly speaking, impossible.

\* For the fiscal year 1886-87, the irrigating works of Berlin carried off the refuse of 17,645 houses. This would indicate, according to the last census (1885), which gives one house to sixty-five inhabitants, that the present facilities could provide for a population of 1,146,925, a fraction over a million.

† In calculating the relative cost of irrigating from Berlin and New York, the difference in wages is, of course, an important factor. The last report of the Berlin Sewage Commission (1886-87) gives the following as the wages paid there : Engine drivers, \$1 to \$1.25 a day, sometimes as high as \$1.50 ; irrigation inspectors, fifty to sixty-two and one-half cents for a day's work of twelve hours ; day laborers, men, forty-three to fifty-seven cents ; day laborers, women, fifteen to twenty cents ; children, seven and one-half to twelve and one-half cents. At harvest-time the wages are raised thirty-three and one-third per cent. There was paid out in wages, to last year's workmen, upon the 4166 hectares under cultivation, around Berlin, \$27,357.5, about \$2.67 to the acre.





THE COSMOPOLITAN asks me to say a few words in each number upon the most important event of the month. For once, at least, I confess that I am greatly embarrassed. What event, during this first half of June, has most attracted the attention of Paris? It would take a clever man to answer this question. With us, one event crowds upon another, and no single one holds captive for any length of time the frivolous and vagabond mind of the Parisian. Alfred de Musset, alluding to the death of Malibran, a fortnight after she had passed away, declined to say anything in public, adding, with a touch of sadness that, in Paris, two weeks "make of a recent death an old story." I fear that my comments, reaching you after the telegraph has robbed the news of its freshness, may seem to you "warmed over," as we say in France. Nevertheless, I risk a word, counting upon the indulgence of the American public.

In the department of letters and the drama, the only one with which I am concerned, two events have produced a marked sensation in Paris. The first is the publication of a new volume of Victor Hugo: "Toute la Lyre;" the second is the departure of the Comédie Française for London.

It will perhaps astonish you to learn that Victor Hugo, who died some years ago, should thus continue to give a new work to the public every summer; and your surprise would be natural enough. But you will be still more astonished when you learn that this volume is not to be the last; that from the closet into which Victor Hugo threw his manuscripts pell-mell will come for years yet volumes of verse or of prose. These are odds and ends, but the odds and ends of a giant.

You know how pianists, in order to keep their fingers in condition, practice every day upon their instrument, going over and over their scales and exercises, like the enthusiastic fencer who thrusts at a wall to keep his wrist supple. Well, this was the case with Victor Hugo. Every morning in his Isle of Guernsey, before or after breakfast, he took a walk along the shore of the resounding sea, and, to keep his hand in, he improvised, as he went, hundreds of lines: these were his scales.

Some of these verses he thought well of, and inserted them at once in the collection published during his lifetime. Others were not so satisfactory; he did not consign them to the flames, for he was reluctant to destroy any work of his hand; he simply threw them into his closet, whence his heirs recover them today.

Think how much he must have written during the long years of his exile, when, solitary and without occupation, writing was his only resource. So when we think there is no more, there is still some left. A satirical journal has greatly amused us in Paris by its enumeration of the catastrophes which, one after the other, befall our poor Europe: a war with Germany, a socialistic revolution; and at the end of each couplet recurs the refrain:

"And a new volume of Victor Hugo appeared."

Finally the trump of the last judgment sounds in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the dead rise from their graves, God summons mankind to separate the good from the evil,

"And a new volume of Victor Hugo appeared."

They make fun of him, for the Parisians love to make sport (blaguer) of their glories. I use the word "blaguer" without knowing whether it has an English equivalent, for it has the true flavor of the boulevard. Yes, we laugh, yet we admire. There are several hundred lines in this volume which are beyond praise. But they tell us nothing new of the genius of Victor Hugo. It is excellent Victor Hugo, but it is Victor Hugo, and we already know him so well! How many thousand lines of his pen we have read and learned by heart! And there is a word in vogue just now in Paris that expresses the sensation of shock produced by a book which breaks the monotony of habit; we say it gives us "a new shiver." The poetry of Victor Hugo gives us only old shivers. As for me, I am old, I belong to the patriarchs; yet, in reading these new verses which bring the old ones to mind, I, too, have shivered.

I am going with the Comédie Française to London, as I went with it a year ago to Vienna, as I have followed it into the provinces, and as I went as its herald, years ago, to the capital which it is now about to revisit.

You who are accustomed to see your theatrical companies fold their tents, to wander over the American continent, can hardly realize that this departure of the Comédie Française is for us an event in the artistic world. You can hardly believe that my heart should beat with fear and hope at the thought of the reception which we shall receive on the banks of the Thames. For us, the Comédie Française is the home of Molière, the heart of our dramatic art. The day when this great institution perishes, and, alas! it is destined to perish, the French theater will cease to be. Standards will have disappeared, and we shall only have wandering troupes, playing lucky hits on such stages as they may find. Happily, we have not yet come to this.

I will tell you next month what the English think of our comedians, for I have exhausted the space you have assigned.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

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#### LE FAIT DU MOIS. \*

LE Cosmopolitan me demande de lui parler dans chacun de ses numéros du fait le plus important du mois. J'avoue que pour la première fois au moins je suis très embarrassé. Quel est l'événement qui durant cette première moitié du mois de juin a le plus fixé l'attention des Parisiens? bien habile qui saurait le dire. Chez nous un fait pousse l'autre et le même ne garde pas longtemps captif nos esprits vagues et frivoles. Alfred de Musset, parlant de la mort de la Malibran quinze jours après qu'elle était morte, s'en excusait près du public, et disait avec une nuance de tristesse qu'à Paris quelques jours,

"font d'une mort récente une vieille nouvelle."

Je crains bien que mes réflexions, ne venant qu'après que la nouvelle aura été là-bas défranchie par le télégraphe ne vous semble être ce que nous appelons en France: *du rechauffé*. Je me risque néanmoins et compte sur la bienveillance du grand public américain.

Dans l'ordre des lettres et du théâtre, le seul dont j'aie à m'occuper ici, deux faits ont produit à Paris une grande sensation. Le premier est la publication d'un nouveau volume de Victor Hugo—Toute la Lyre; le second est le départ de la Comédie Française pour Londres.

Vous serez peut-être étonnés là-bas que Victor Hugo, mort déjà depuis quelques années, donne ainsi tous les étés un nouvel ouvrage au public. Il y a là en effet de quoi être surpris. Mais vous le serez bien davantage si vous apprenez que ce n'est pas fini; que de l'armoire où Victor Hugo jetait pêle-mêle ses manuscrits, sortaient encore, durant des années, des volumes de vers ou de prose: ce sont des rognures, mais les rognures d'un géant.

Vous savez sans doute que les pianistes, pour s'entretenir les doigts, se livrent tous les jours à de longs exercices sur leurs instruments, entassant gammes sur gammes, comme un friand de l'escrime, qui tire au mur pour se conserver la main souple. Eh bien! Victor Hugo faisait de même. Tous les matins, en son île de Guernsey, avant ou après déjeuner, il allait se promener sur le bord de la mer retentissante, et, pour se faire la main, il improvisait en se promenant des centaines de vers: c'étaient ses gammes.

De ces vers quelques-uns lui avaient semblé mieux venus que les autres, et il les avait tout de suite insérés dans les recueils qu'il publiait de son vivant. D'autres lui plaisaient moins; il ne les condamnait pas au feu; car il lui répugnait à rien détruire de ses œuvres. Il les entassait dans une armoire, d'où ses héritiers les tiraient aujourd'hui.

Vous pensez ce qu'il a pu en composer pendant ses longues années d'exil, où il vivait solitaire, et où il n'avait d'autre occupation que d'écrire. Quand il n'y en a plus, il y en a encore. Une légende qu'a publiée un petit journal satyrique a fort amusé les Parisiens. Elle énumère toutes les catastrophes qui tombent l'une après l'autre sur notre pauvre Europe: une guerre avec l'Allemagne, une révolution socialiste, et, à la fin de chaque couplet revient le refrain obligé:

"Et il paraît un nouveau volume de Victor Hugo!"

Enfin, la trompette du jugement dernier retentit dans la vallée de Josaphat; les morts se lèvent tous de leurs tombes, Dieu les appelle pour discerner les bons d'avec les mauvais.

"Et il paraît un nouveau volume de Victor Hugo!"

Et de rire! Car les Parisiens aiment à blaguer leurs gloires. Je me sers de ce mot *blaguer* sans savoir s'il a un équivalent dans la langue anglaise—mais le mot est si boulevardier!

Oui, ils blaguent, et néanmoins ils admirent! Il y a dans ce volume quelques centaines de vers qui sont admirables. Le malheur, c'est qu'ils ne nous révèlent rien d'inconnu sur le génie de Victor Hugo! C'est de l'excellent Victor Hugo, mais c'est du Victor Hugo; et nous connaissons déjà tant Victor Hugo! Nous avons lu et nous savons par cœur tant de milliers de vers échappés de sa plume! Mais à Paris en ce



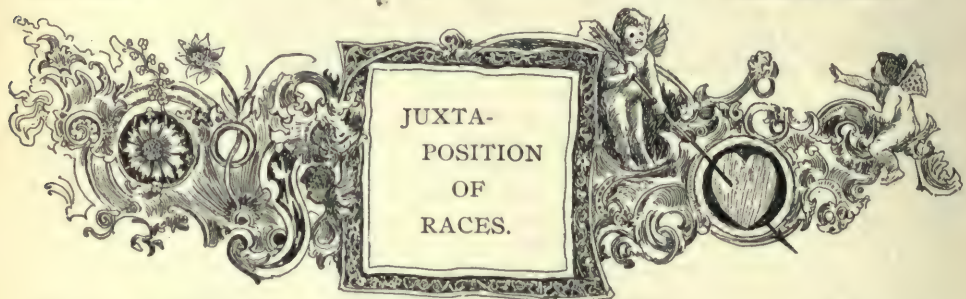
moment, il y a un mot à la mode pour exprimer cette secousse que l'on éprouve à écouter une œuvre qui vous tire de vos habitudes; on dit qu'elle apporte "un frisson nouveau." La poésie de Victor Hugo ne nous apporte plus que de vieux frissons. Mais je suis vieux moi-même; j'ai passé dans les Patriarches, et j'ai frissonné tout de même, en lisant ces nouveaux vers qui me rappelaient les anciens.

Je m'en vais accompagner la Comédie Française à Londres, comme je l'ai accompagnée à Vienne il y a un an, comme je l'ai suivie en province, comme j'ai été même, il y a bien des années, son héraut quand elle a fait une excursion dans la ville où elle retourne aujourd'hui.

Vous qui êtes habitués à voir vos troupes ployer leurs tentes et partir pour se promener à travers l'Amérique, vous ne comprenez sans doute pas que le déplacement de la Comédie Française soit pour nous, un événement artistique. Vous ne comprenez pas que le cœur me batte d'espoir et de crainte à l'idée de l'accueil qui va lui être fait sur les bords de la Tamise. C'est que pour nous, voyez-vous, la Comédie Française, c'est la maison de Molière, c'est le centre de la vie théâtrale. Le jour où cette grande institution tombera, et elle est destinée à périr, hélas! il n'y aura plus de théâtre en France! Il n'y aura plus que des troupes de racroc jouant des pièces de hasard sur des scènes de rencontre. Nous n'en sommes pas encore là, heureusement!

Je vous dirai le mois prochain ce que les Anglais ont pensé de nos comédiens. La place ici m'est chichement mesurée.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



PAUL BOURGET'S much-talked-of novel "Cosmopolis" does not strike me as being a remarkable performance. It has, however, an intelligent purpose (which is far more perceptible in the original than in the English translation), viz.: to demonstrate how we are all defined, limited and, as it were, predestined by our nationality, which, in the hands of this writer, becomes a sort of tragic necessity, as Fate was in the Greek drama. The sturdy steadfastness and self-restraint of the Anglo-Saxon may be made to furnish a capital foil to the fiery instability and passionate rashness of the Slav and the juvenile lightheartedness and irascibility of the Italian. It was an interesting problem the author set himself in this conspicuous juxtaposition of races, but he obviously lacked the requisite knowledge for its successful solution. Thus, for instance, Maitland, the American painter, is only in the most superficial sense American. There is no definite flavor either of Boston, Chicago or New York about him; and in marrying an octoroon girl, on account of her money, he certainly displays no American characteristic. For, I fancy, in spite of Mr. Paul Bourget's declaration to the contrary, that the race prejudice with us is stronger than the love of gold. As for Count Gorka, the Polish nobleman, he would probably appear to a Pole as devoid of the more convincing traits of nationality as Maitland does to an American. That he seems rather good to me may be due to my lack of intimate acquaintance with Poles. I know that the Poles of literature, in a general way, resemble Count Gorka. But then I am also aware that the Americans of literature—that is to say, of European literature—are so little like those we meet in good society in New York and Boston, that an inference regarding the real Pole may prove equally erroneous.

The purpose to present the negro character in the glaring antithesis between the brother and sister, Florent Chapron and Lydia Maitland, is certainly a failure. The former (though but one-eighth colored) is intended to incorporate the faithfulness and devoted self-sacrifice of which the African is capable, and the latter his furious jealousy and his savage cunning and vindictiveness. All the touches of nature which individualize and bring the personality home to the reader are here conspicuous by their absence. We feel that the author has never known persons of mixed blood, or, if he has known them, he has made but an indifferent study of them. Lydia Maitland savors distinctly of melodrama and would have done admirably for the conventional villain of Wilkie Collins or Cherbuliez. Florent Chapron, too, suffers (in spite of the heroism with which the author generously endows him) from a lack

of red corpuscles in his blood ; and the shadowy and somewhat incredible goodness which he manifests in his devotion to Maitland is to me exasperating, because of a certain reasoned and a priori quality which fails to carry conviction.

But here the gallery of lay figures ends. The Venetian, Countess Steno, is extremely good. We feel the living prototype behind her. Who, knowing the society of modern Rome, has failed to marvel at these magnificent grandes dames, who sail through those palatial drawing-rooms with such stately grace, and (though you may incidentally learn that they are grandmothers) carry on passionate intrigues and change their lovers as they would their gloves? The great business capacity of the Countess Steno is a capital touch ; and altogether she is studied from so many points of view that the impression which she leaves behind is vivid and fairly complete. Her daughter, the pathos of whose life is much insisted upon, is also well realized, as is the old French nobleman, Montfanon, with his fervent piety, beautiful simplicity and old-time chivalry. Dorsenne, the rising novelist, contains some interesting bits of thinly disguised autobiography, but is otherwise rather unattractive, and Countess Alba's love for him is a strain on the reader's credulity.

The interest in "Cosmopolis" lies, to me, chiefly in the problem, which is an excellent one, rather than in its solution. The question which arises in my mind, as I close the book, is whether it is preferable to do a fine thing indifferently well, or to do an indifferent thing finely. Mr. Paul Bourget has done the former.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.



IN notes so brief as these it is difficult to find any method of sketching what is being done in literature. One can only glance at tendencies as illustrated in a few recent books.

Thus, nothing can be more important than the topic of Mr. F. W. H. Myers's "Science and the Future Life" (Macmillan). Is man to give up the hope of most, the fear of some, and abandon the idea of an existence after death? The social and moral consequences are vast and disconcerting. From a certainty we are reduced either to *un grand peut-être*, or, as Mr. Myers says, to Humanity with a large H : the single straw on which the horse of the apologue failed to support life. What can restore a hope no longer vouched for by faith? Mr. Myers says : Fact, scientific certainty. In his opinion, an enormous mass of abnormal facts, commonly neglected by science, point to the certainty that man is not a mere perishable machine. Dreams, trances, apparitions, hypnotic conditions, have still to be tested, isolated, experimented upon, and this is the work of a society which owes much, almost everything, to Mr. Myers and the late Mr. Gurney. Well, I have ever been of opinion that man is a mystery and that all "ghosts" are not illusions : so I wish a serious hearing for Mr. Myers's book, without accepting his perhaps rather sanguine conclusions.

The interest in style and form is illustrated by Mr. James's "The Real Thing." It is a collection of very literary stories about literary people ; style is much insisted upon, as a thing caviare to the general. The general likes it, when it can get it good, as in Mr. Stevenson, with whom *l'abonné ne se gêne pas*. But I would respectfully hint an opinion that Mr. James's own form shows too much preoccupation with form, a carefulness too obvious and not always justified of its fruits. One's attention is withdrawn from the matter to the manner, from the character to the expression. One sees the workman at work ; one should see only the finished masterpiece. The most interesting tale, "Nona Vincent," cannot be called probable, and is hampered



by this not always lucky research and meticulousness. The best writers avoid "the error," the worst error, of "writing too well."

Ibsen is a topic always with us; Mr. Anstey's "Punch's Pocket Ibsen" (Heinemann) is an amusing reduction of the master to absurdity. As plays, to be read (whatever they may be on the stage), Ibsen's do not need much of Mr. Anstey's assistance. His "reverent following of the Master" in "Pill Doctor Herdal" is particularly cheerful.

In "Kaspar Hauser" (Macmillan), the Duchess of Cleveland defends her late father, Lord Stanhope, the protector of Kaspar, from charges idiotically absurd. Lord Stanhope was well-meaning, but not judicious. He is accused of having aided in the assassination of Kaspar, who is regarded as the true heir of the house of Baden. Lord Stanhope might as plausibly be accused of a share in the Gunpowder plot, or the Gowrie conspiracy; the duchess makes the spiteful folly of the romance as clear as day, but the truth about Kaspar Hauser remains in the darkness which hides the features of the Man in the Iron Mask.

To the very minute minority which reads poetry, let me recommend the dainty pieces of verse in Madame Darmesteter's "Retrospect" (Fisher Unwin). This lady's sonnets can be read with pleasure, the rarest thing in a sonnet, too often a tiny space of infinite ennui; and Madame Darmesteter's lyrics are naturally tunable. They are not "grand, epic, homicidal," but they are charming. ANDREW LANG.



NOTWITHSTANDING the opinion expressed by certain carpers that "high art in taverns" (as they phrase it) traverses the canons of good taste, I venture the assertion that one of the most promising of the many recent promising artistic developments in this country is that which has enlisted in hotel decoration the services of artists of the first class.

Concerning the so-called decoration that everywhere, until very recently, has been inflicted upon the "palatial" hotels in this strong-stomached young country of ours, heaven forbid that even by implication I should suggest a kindly thought. With the uncontrollable freedom of an exceptionally ill-bred American Eagle, it soars over everything defiantly—crushing all respectable life out of innocent interiors with its vile glitter of burnished brass and of polished bilious-looking marbles, and fairly filling the outraged air with its discordant polychromatic howls. But precisely because of the very general prevalence of this polished and painted licentiousness—which is due, however, less to an innate depravity than to the still uncurbed barbaric impulses of our national youth—there is cause for devout thankfulness in the fact that a reaction has set in; that in the very places which heretofore have been the hot-beds of decorative vice, in the hotels themselves, a stand has been made against accepting, as in the past, such mangled remains of indecoration as may chance to emerge from the conflict between architects with tastes mechanical and upholsterers with no tastes at all.

The serious side of this up-reaching after better things is very serious. Undeniably, the garishness of American hotels is to a great extent responsible for the garishness that is found in certain sorts of American homes. It is a case of mistaken cause working to wrong effect. In this country, to an extent unknown in any other country, the moneyed top of one generation is recruited directly from the moneyless bottom of the generation immediately preceding it; and so suddenly, for the most part, are made these changes from poverty to wealth that the newly rich have no

chance to learn good manners—let alone to learn good art—as they go flying upward in the social scale. Lacking any authoritative standard, it is only natural that people of this sort should look upon the high-priced hotel as representing in every way the taste of the high-class society to which they aspire; and that, logically, they should imitate in their private dwellings the hotel scheme of violent and antagonistic colors, with its dashes of lurid glitterings, under the pleased impression that they are doing absolutely the correct thing.

To such as these—who go wrong not through evil intention but through lack of right guidance—a bit of good decoration in a hotel may be a veritable apostolic revelation of beautiful truth; a missionary utterance that may search convincingly, and happily change their hearts; while even if artistic grace is not thus granted them (and it may not be, for miracles cannot be counted upon in these degenerate days) their imitative faculties, at least, will have opportunity to follow a good example in the strait path—instead of frisking off to decorative perdition in a wilderness of bad taste. And above all, what makes such an utterance under such conditions valuable is the fact that only in a hotel will it surely reach the class that it most earnestly concerns: for the sort of American who believes that the unhallowed vagaries of ordinary hotel decoration properly may be translated into home life, and who acts upon his dreadful belief, is the sort to whom art galleries and the chastening influences therefrom outflowing are all unknown.

So far from being out of place, therefore, this “high art in taverns,” vivid and helpful with its missionary purpose, most eminently is in place; being a cheering sign that we are approaching the happy period when—having definitely ploughed under our barbaric youth, with its unrestrained longing for such screaming color-schemes as fitly go with Steamboat-Gothic and Pullman Renaissance—our art millennium shall come to stay.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

#### TWENTY BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- FICTION.—UN SCRUPLE: ROMAN, by Paul Bourget. Amblard & Meyer Bros. 40 cents.
- MANY INVENTIONS, by Rudyard Kipling. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- PRINCE HERMANN, REGENT, by Jules Lemaitre. Translated by Belle M. Sherman. Cassell Pub. Co. Paper, 50 cts.
- TWO OF THEM, by J. M. Barrie. Lovell, Coryell & Co. Paper, 50 cents.
- STROLLING PLAYERS: A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS, by Charlotte M. Yonge and Christabel R. Coleridge. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.
- A WASTED CRIME, by D. Christie Murray. Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.
- AN ADVENTURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY, by Alice French (Octave Thanet). C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB, by Sara Jeannette Duncan. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- MARIONETTES, by Julien Gordon. Cassell Pub. Co. Paper, 50 cents.
- HEATHER AND SNOW, by George MacDonald. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
- THE LAST SENTENCE, by Maxwell Gray. Tait Sons & Co. \$1.50.
- HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, by James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME DE KRUDENER, by Clarence Ford. Macmillan & Co. \$4.50.
- RECOLLECTIONS OF MIDDLE LIFE, by Francisque Sarcey. C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- HISTORY OF THE JEWS, VOL. II., by H. Graetz. Translated by J. K. Gutheim. Jewish Publication Society of America.
- SCIENCE.—HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM AND THE NEW WITCHCRAFT, by Ernest Hart. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
- EVOLUTION AND ETHICS: THE ROMANES LECTURES, by T. H. Huxley. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
- ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS.—QUESTIONS AT ISSUE, by Edmond Gosse. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.
- THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER, by Melville Philips, and others. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- TRAVEL.—WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET, by E. F. Knight. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.





A CURRENT of electricity in a wire affects the whole space about it to an indefinite distance, so that all magnets and all conductors of electricity tend to change their positions. When a magnetic needle is brought near to an electric current, it is seen to turn so as to set itself at right angles to the wire. The direction the north pole will move depends upon the direction of the current in the wire. If the current be reversed so often that the needle does not have time to move to one side or the other, it will continue to point to the north, but it may be felt to tremble. Such an effect is due to the action of the current upon the ether, and in electrical science is called induction. The disturbance in the ether is transmitted by it at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, the same as light. A succession of reversals of an electric current sets up a series of waves in the ether, which will be short or long as the reversals are more or less frequent. If the current were changed once a second, the waves would be 186,000 miles long. If the reversals were produced 186,000 times a second, the waves would be only a mile long, and so on. Such waves are called electro-magnetic waves, and they may be produced in other ways than the above. For instance, a common permanent magnet, such as is used as a toy, has a magnetic field extending to an immeasurable distance about it. Every time it is moved in any manner, it disturbs the ether through the whole of space. If it be vibrated or rotated any number of times a second, it will produce a succession of waves similar to the ones described, and these waves thus produced and transmitted will reproduce, in other matter upon which they fall, electro-magnetic phenomena, and make the matter vibrate at similar rates.

Now, light is known to consist of ether waves, and such as can affect the eye are about the fifty-thousandth of an inch long. Electro-magnetic waves can now be artificially produced that are only a foot long. With improved methods these will be made still shorter, until they are of the proper length when, there is every reason to think, they will be seen. Physicists have concluded that all light waves are due to electro-magnetic action among the atoms and molecules of matter. Meanwhile it has been found that such waves as we now can easily produce are capable of doing much of the work done hitherto with ordinary currents.

A. E. DOLBEAR.

\* \* \*

ASTRONOMERS are greatly interested in the immense photographic telescope just completed by Clark for the Harvard college observatory. It is the gift of Miss C. W. Bruce of New York, who at the suggestion of Professor Pickering furnished the \$50,000 which the instrument has cost. The object-glass is constructed substantially like an ordinary portrait lens, but is two feet in diameter, with a focal length of eleven feet: in appearance therefore it compares with an ordinary telescope of the same diameter very much as a mortar with a Krupp gun. In photographic efficiency, as measured by the quickness with which it can secure the impression of a faint star or nebula, it is about four times as powerful as the thirteen-inch lenses of the telescopes which are now engaged in charting the heavens, and the compound lens enables it to cover an area nearly five times as large: i. e., in five minutes it will photograph stars as faint as the older instruments could reach in twenty, and will take in five times as large a portion of the sky. By longer exposures fainter and fainter stars can be reached beyond any limit now assignable.

It is intended to mount the instrument first at Cambridge in order to go over that part of the heavens near the north pole, and then to transfer it to Arequipa, Peru, (latitude  $16^{\circ}$  south,) and there to photograph the rest of the heavens. At this place the atmospheric conditions are far superior to those at any other station hitherto occupied by astronomers, as shown by the remarkable results obtained during the past two years by Prof. W. H. Pickering (a younger brother of the Harvard director), with the fourteen-inch telescope now mounted there.

For spectroscopic work the new instrument is also provided with an enormous prism or wedge of glass, to be placed in front of the object-glass. With this, photographs of the spectra of even faint stars can be obtained; so that the ultimate result of the campaign will be to give us not only a perfect map of the place and brightness of every star in the heavens, but also a record of what may be called its "personal character," as revealed in its spectrum. What would we not give now for such a record of the heavens of Ptolemy!

C. A. YOUNG.



THE elevated electric railway of the World's Columbian Exposition, put in operation May 1, 1893—besides affording its daily thousands of passengers admirable bird's-eye views of the Plaisance, with its motley population, the 260 feet high Ferris wheel, and other marvels of the greatest of world's fairs—presents a valuable object lesson in the problem of rapid transit within urban and suburban limits, combining—as it does in a preëminent degree—the advantages of speed, safety, comfort, cleanliness, noiselessness and absolute non-interference with surface traffic. For ten cents the visitor is treated to a six-mile meandering flight about and among the more notable objects of the exposition. The speed of travel (about twelve miles per hour, including stoppages) could be easily doubled or even tripled, were it not found that the public prefer the slower rate as giving a better opportunity to inspect the impressive panorama.

By an ingenious arrangement, which

welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest,

actual tests demonstrate that a train may be, quite pleasantly and without discomfort, vacated by one and occupied by a succeeding group of half a thousand souls in four seconds. In practice, the time allotted for stoppage—ten seconds—has proved ample. The interval between train departures is five minutes, which allows a full headway between consecutive trains of about 2500 feet. As almost every train, during its fifteen hours of daily service, is loaded to its full seating capacity, some estimate may be formed of the multitude which avails itself of this opportunity to combine with a half hour's needed rest a veritable voyage in mid-air.

But, apart from its value to promiscuous sightseers, this particular plant possesses special interest to the student, the capitalist and the engineer, embodying, as it does, the most improved equipments for electrical propulsion and the application of this subtle force to heavier work than has heretofore been attempted. The installation comprises, for example, a complete system of controllers, whereby the electro-motive mechanism may be, at any moment, put either into series, or multiple or multiple-series form, to meet the exigencies of the occasion. The motors (four to a train) are all located in the forward car (under its floor) and aggregate, for each train, 500 horsepower, which can be considerably raised in emergencies. They are, in fact, powerful enough to haul a train seating 500 passengers, at a speed far exceeding that obtained



in ordinary steam elevated railway service. No overhead, or other conspicuous conductor, is either employed or needed.

The electrical generator (dynamo) employed is the most powerful in the world, its rating capacity being 2000 horse-power (about 1500 kilowatts). The combined engine and dynamo is the largest piece of machinery on the grounds, the revolving parts alone weighing 200 tons, nearly twice the weight of the huge Krupp gun. The cast-steel circular exterior of the dynamo, (which performs double duty as casing and as field-core) is sixteen feet in diameter, and, with its twelve massive interior projections (pole-pieces), weighs over eighty tons. The armature, (built up of 20,000 laminae of pure wrought iron, wound with 10,000 pounds of insulated copper wire), itself weighs not less than thirty-eight tons, and is keyed to a shaft two feet in diameter, which weighs fifty-five tons and carries a fly-wheel whose weight is eighty tons and whose ordinary peripheral velocity is a mile a minute or eighty-eight feet per second. The armature is driven by a 2000 horse-power steam-engine of the cross-compound Corliss type, to whose fly-wheel the armature is directly attached.

The foremost vehicle of each train, constituting the motor-car and also carrying its full complement of passengers, seems to be a special object of interest and is always the first to be filled. Each car, after nightfall, is, of course, brilliantly illuminated by incandescent electric lamps, and the twelve trains of light, following in quick, sinuous succession—six on the outgoing, and the same number flashing past them on the return trip—seem to the imaginative gazer a playful company of giant serpents.

GEORGE H. KNIGHT.



IN only one other branch of science have there been greater advances since 1850 than in meteorology. Especially is this so as regards the motions of the atmosphere which bring about our rain and snow-storms, the cyclones, terrific tornadoes and remarkable cloud-bursts. While the progress has been extraordinary and the advances of the utmost importance, the spread of knowledge upon this subject among the people has hardly begun. This fact is forcibly illustrated by the number of charlatans parading as rain-doctors in the rich but arid regions of the west, where, if newspaper reports are to be relied upon, they have occasionally succeeded in perfecting contracts with the entire population of a county. Less than two years ago the government sent out its own rain experimenters and one of the great magazines published a duet entitled, "Can we make rain," one of the writers being the government's chief rain-producer and the other an astronomer of world-wide repute. In this discussion the cause of general rains was referred to an agency recognized and declared as inefficient by recent meteorology. The general principles involved in great rain-storms are well understood by modern meteorologists and cannot fail to interest and be of use to every reader of *The Cosmopolitan*.

When moisture-laden atmosphere, from any reason, ascends sufficiently, the pressure to which it is subjected is diminished, it expands and is thereby cooled and its moisture condensed. When this condensation takes place with sufficient rapidity it rains or snows, otherwise only clouds are produced. *Clouds* may be produced in other ways, but not *rain*. The ascent of the air which produces rain is generally brought about in one of two ways: first, if the prevailing winds blow over high mountains, they will, in the passage be deprived of their moisture. Thus are produced the heaviest annual rain-falls of the earth. Second, when the atmosphere over any portion of the earth's surface becomes warmer or lighter than over the surround-

ing areas, it ascends just as the air does in a hot chimney, and in the same manner, too, it draws in the adjacent air and the whole is carried aloft to be expanded, cooled, and deprived of its moisture, with great liberation of heat, which heat keeps the draught in operation.

In this way are produced all the general rains of the eastern United States. The air over nearly all the region east of the Mississippi is often involved in the same storm. In such storms, flowing from all sides toward the central flue, the air is swerved to the right by the earth's rotation and the whole becomes involved in one great whirling mass, the central portion ascending as it circles around the flue. These large revolving storms are the cyclones of the meteorologist. Their width is many hundred times their height. When the height of a storm is great as compared to its width and the velocity of the circling winds very great, it becomes a tornado—these the papers commonly call cyclones, but improperly so. The ordinary thunderstorm is much less severe than a tornado and much less extended than a cyclone. From these well-established facts of modern meteorology it is readily understood how inefficient are any means yet employed to imitate nature's storms. In a very moist atmosphere it might be possible to produce draught enough for a little rain. In the arid regions of the west the moisture is not present to continue the draught even if begun, and no one who thoroughly understands the causes of rain-fall would be willing to attempt it. The idea that cannonading, or any other sounds, can produce rain is absurd in the highest degree. The unfortunate farmer throws away money when he gives it to a rain-doctor.

S. E. TILLMAN, COLONEL U.S.A.

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#### RICHTHOFEN AND HIS SCHOOL.

**B**ARON F. VON RICHTHOFEN has for many years been acknowledged as one of the ablest thinkers in geological science. His memoir on the Comstock lode, although written as a private report to a mining company, has been substantially reprinted several times, and while some of the views maintained in that paper and in a memoir on the natural classification of volcanic rocks (also published in this country) are no longer generally accepted, they are never cited without respect. His great work on China contains his theory on the "loess" beds, stupendous accumulations of dust, affording a soil of inexhaustible fertility. His guide for scientific explorers is also one of the most suggestive and trustworthy of manuals. Of late years he has occupied the chair of geography in Berlin. In this position he has united geology and geography in a very happy manner; or, rather, he has reunited these branches which Leibnitz regarded as substantially identical.

Under his teaching there has grown up a school of investigators, trained in the way they should go; and of these, fourteen, scattered from Chili to Greenland, have contributed papers to a festival volume commemorating von Richthofen's sixtieth birthday. It is a most noteworthy tribute to his efficiency as a teacher, because it contains important contributions to science. The book shows that von Richthofen has not imparted mere barren learning to his pupils, but also the ability to add to knowledge. A long review would be needful to do justice to these papers, while only a few brief notes can be communicated here.

Dr. Fritz Frech contributes a paper on the structural geology of the region of the Brenner. His most important thesis is that unsymmetrical (or monoclinal) folds are due to inequalities in the resistance of the rock masses affected by horizontal pressure from one side. He also finds that folds pass over into faults or groups of faults, an observation which, though not novel, should always be emphasized when clearly demonstrated. Certain cases which simulate valleys of subsidence he interprets as part and parcel of the mountain building disturbance. It is probable that extended studies will at least greatly reduce the number of valleys which can be satisfactorily explained only on the hypothesis that blocks of country have been let down, leaving walls of circumvallation (Senkungsthäler).

Dr. E. von Drygalski describes and discusses a typical fiord in Greenland. His conclusion is that the excavation is due to ice, but that the ground was prepared for



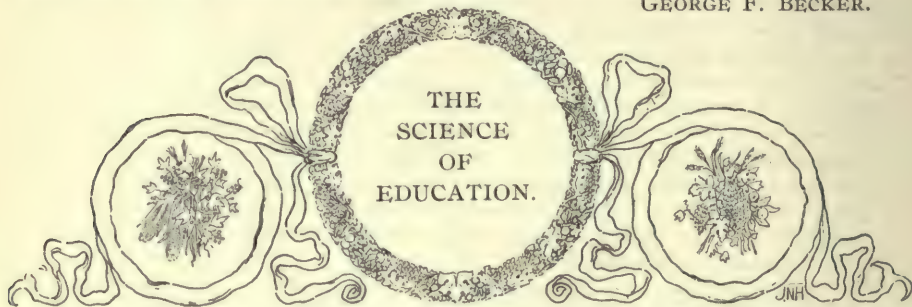
the frozen plow by decomposition acting from fissures in the rock ; so that the main work of the glacier consisted in removing a mass of rubbish, earth mingled with rock fragments. This is substantially the same conclusion as has been reached within a few years with reference to the origin of the Yosemite valley.

Dr. Robert Sieger has worked out an extremely ingenious theory of the history of Lake Constance, the complicated terracing being accounted for by the former presence of a group of glaciers in part on somewhat different levels.

Dr. H. Steffen contributes a paper on the Chilian Andes, and Dr. A. Philippson an important discussion of coastal formations, a subject now receiving attention in this country, but which has been too long neglected.

May Baron von Richthofen long continue to train such scholars !

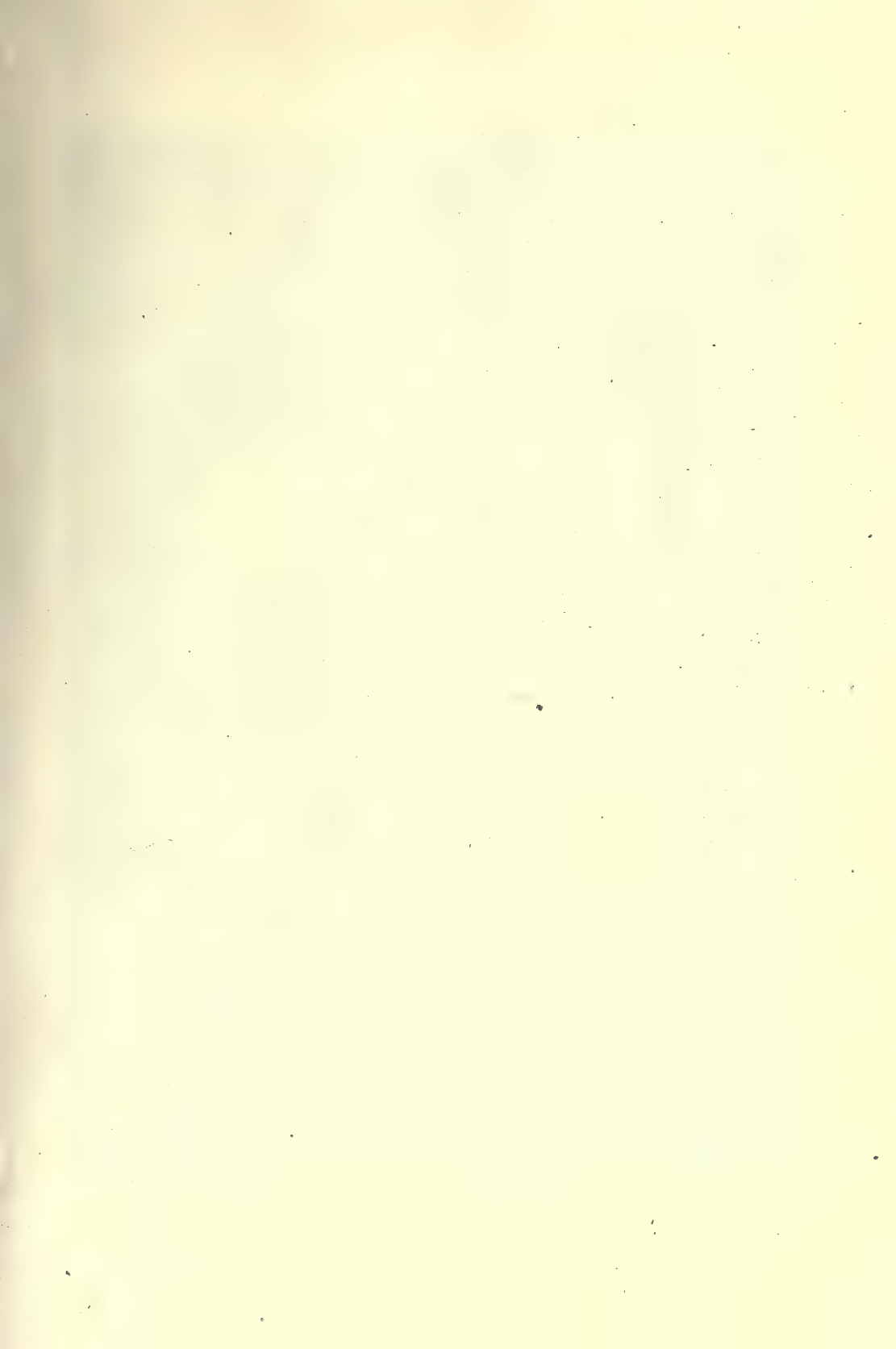
GEORGE F. BECKER.



THE extraordinary progress made during the last decade in electrical engineering, in the building of machinery and ships, in the development of photography, and in the processes of graphic printing have so filled the attention of the public that methods of education appear to the average man to have remained at a stand-still. But the same spirit of inquiry and research, the same appetite for discovery, and the same keen competition which have characterized the so-called "scientific pursuits" have been equally rife and productive of results in the department of education. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that a greater advance in the methods of training the mind, and of training the body, has been attained during the last twelve years than was made in the previous twenty-five. The college or the school which remains at a stand-still in these days of progress may count its years of usefulness as nearly past.

The child of six is now taught to read as well in ten months as formerly in from two to three years. The old stereotyped forms of "readers," — falsely named in many instances, because, instead of aiding the child to learn, they formed habits and inculcated erroneous impressions which only served to defeat their object—have been replaced by intelligent selections from the best writers of English, which in the hands of a good teacher are stimulating to the most sluggish mind. In the teaching of arithmetic and algebra, of history and science, and even of Latin and Greek, tremendous strides have been made ; and in the best schools a new era of instruction has dawned, since the ear, as well as the eye, has come to be cultivated, by the giving of daily exercises in dictation—the greatest motor of modern education in the teaching of younger children. The old "question and answer" plan of learning by rote dull statistics and jaw breaking names has been replaced, in the teaching of geography, by a succession of object lessons, where the vivid interest of the child is awakened and kept under the scientific instruction of a trained teacher, and where the pupil—making his map in sand or clay by the use of his own hands—speedily comes to understand the course of rivers, and the location of cities, by the same natural process by which he learns to locate objects of interest in and about the town in which he lives. And in the department of physical training the word "progress" itself is almost a misnomer, for an *entirely new science* based on physiological principles has sprung up where before were only gross ignorance and suicidal theories,

JOHN S. WHITE,







THE GRAND LAMA OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL.

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## THE GRAND LAMA OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL.



BURIAT TYPE.

THE latter part of our stay in the city of Irkutsk (Eer-kootsk') was devoted mainly to preparations for the journey that we were about to make through the little-known territory of the Trans-Baikal (By-kal'). We anticipated that this would be a very hard experience. The region that we purposed to explore was wilder and lonelier than any part of Siberia we had seen except the Altai (Al-tie'): the convict mines, which we wished to inspect, were scattered over a rough, mountainous country thousands of square miles in extent, lying between the head-waters of the Amur (Am-moor') and the frontier of Mongolia; most of these mines were off the regular post roads, and were not laid down on the maps; we anticipated great difficulty in obtaining permission to visit them, and still greater difficulty in actually reaching them; and finally, we were about to plunge into this wilderness of the Trans-Baikal at the beginning of a semi-arctic winter, when storms and bitter cold would be added to the hardships with which we were already familiar. Owing to the fact that the territory of the Trans-Baikal had shortly before been detached from the governor-generalship of Eastern Siberia and annexed to the governor-generalship of the Amur, we could not get in Irkutsk any assurance that permission to visit the mines would be granted us. In reply to my questions upon this subject Count Ignatief (Ignat'-yef) and Acting-Governor Petroff merely said, "The Trans-Baikal is out of our jurisdiction; for permission to visit the mines you will have to apply to Governor-General Korff or to Governor Barabash."

As both of the officials last named were at that time in Khabarofka, on the lower Amur,

nearly 1500 miles beyond the mines and 2000 miles from Irkutsk, the prospect of getting their permission did not seem to be very bright. We determined, however, to go ahead without permission, trusting to be saved, by luck and our own wits, from any serious trouble. Instead of proceeding directly to the mines, we decided to make a détour to the southward from Verkhni Udinsk (Verkh'-nee Oo'-dinsk), for the purpose of visiting Kiakhta (Kee-akh'-ta), the Mongolian frontier-town of Maimachin (Mymatch'-in), and the great Buddhist lamasery of Goose Lake. We were tired of prisons and the exile system; we had had misery enough for a while; and it seemed to me that we should be in better condition to bear the strain of the mines if we could turn our thoughts temporarily into other channels and travel a little, as boys say, "for fun." I was anxious, moreover, to see something of that corrupted form of the Buddhistic religion called Lamaism, which prevails so extensively in the Trans-Baikal, and which is there localized and embodied in the peculiar monastic temples known to the Russians as "datsans," or lamaseries. The lamasery of Goose Lake had been described to us in Irkutsk as one of the most interesting and important of these temples, for the reason that it was the residence of the Khambá Lamá, or Grand Lama of Eastern Siberia. It was distant only thirty versts from the village of Selenginsk, through which we must necessarily pass on our way to Kiakhta: we could visit it without much trouble, and we decided, therefore, to make it our first objective point.

There are two routes by which it is possible to go from Irkutsk into the Trans-Baikal. The first and most direct of them follows the river Angara for about forty miles to its source in Lake Baikal, and then crosses that lake to the village of Boyarskaya. The second and longer route leads to Boyarskaya by a pictur-



esque "cornice road," carried with much engineering skill entirely around the southern end of the lake, high above the water, on the slopes and cliffs of the circumjacent mountains. The "round-the-lake" route, on account of the beauty of its scenery, would probably have been our choice had it been open to us; but recent floods had swept away a number of bridges near the south-western extremity of the lake, and thus for the time had put a stop to all through travel. There remained nothing for us to do, therefore, but to cross the lake by steamer.

In view of the near approach of winter, we decided to leave our heavy tarantas in Irkutsk for sale, and to travel, until snow should fall, in the ordinary wheel vehicles of the country, transferring our baggage from one conveyance to another at every post station. This course of procedure is known in Siberia as traveling "*na perekladneekh*," or "on transfers," and a more wretched, exasperating, body-bruising, and heart-breaking system of transportation does not anywhere exist. If we could have anticipated one-tenth part of the misery that we were to endure as a result of traveling "on transfers" in the Trans-Baikal, we should never have made the fatal mistake of leaving our roomy and comparatively comfortable tarantas in Irkutsk.

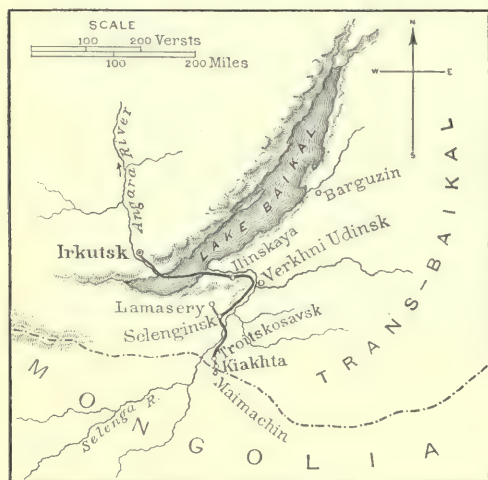
Thursday afternoon, September 24, we ordered horses, stowed away our baggage in the small, springless vehicle that was sent to us from the post station, seated ourselves insecurely on the uneven surface made by furs, satchels, bread-bags, tea-boxes, felt boots, and the photographic apparatus, bade good-bye to Lieutenant Scheutze, Mr. Bukofski, and Zhan, who had assembled in the court-yard to see us off, and finally, with a measured jangling of two or three discordant bells from

the wooden arch over the thill-horse's back, rode out of the city and up the right bank of the Angara, on our way to Lake Baikal, the lamasery of Gusinnoi Ozero (Goo-seen'-noi O'-zer-a), Kiakhta, and the convict mines.

The weather was warm and sunshiny; there was a faint, soft autumnal haze in the air; and the foliage of the deciduous trees, although touched with color by the frost, had not yet fallen. Flowers still lingered here and there in sheltered places, and occasionally a yellow butterfly zigzagged lazily across the road ahead of us. The farmer's grain had everywhere been harvested, the last hay had been stacked, and in the court-yards of many of the village houses we noticed quantities of tobacco or hemp plant spread out in the sunshine to dry.

About half way between Irkutsk and the first post station we met a man driving a team of four horses harnessed to a vehicle that looked like a menagerie-wagon, or a closed wild-beast cage. I asked our driver what it was, and he replied that he presumed it was the Siberian tiger that was to be brought to Irkutsk for exhibition from some place on the Amur. A living tiger captured in Siberia seemed to us a novelty worthy of attention; and directing our driver to stop and wait for us, we ran back and asked the tiger's keeper if he would not open the cage and let us see the animal. He good-humoredly consented, and as we pressed eagerly up to the side of the wagon he took down the wide, thin boards that masked the iron grating. We heard a hoarse, angry snarl, and then before we had time to step back a huge, tawny beast striped with black threw himself against the frail bars with such tremendous violence and ferocity that the wagon fairly rocked on its wheels, and we thought for a single breathless instant that he was coming through like a three-hundred-pound missile from a catapult. The grating of half-inch iron, however, was stronger and more firmly secured than it seemed to be; and although it was bent a little by the shock, it did not give way. The keeper seized a long, heavy iron bar and belabored the tiger with it through the grating until he finally lay down in one corner of the cage, snarling sullenly and fiercely like an enraged cat. I could not learn from the keeper the weight nor the dimensions of this tiger, but he seemed to me to be a splendid beast, quite as large as any specimen I had ever seen. He had been captured by some Russian peasants in the valley of the Amur—one of the very few places on the globe where the tropical tiger meets the arctic reindeer.

The distance from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal is only forty miles; and as the road along the Angara was smooth and in good condition, we made rapid progress. The farther we went



FROM IRKUTSK TO SELENGINSK.

to the eastward, the higher and more picturesque became the banks of the river. On the last station they assumed an almost mountainous character, and along one side of the deep gorge formed by them the narrow, sinuous road was carried at a height of fifty or sixty feet above the water in an artificial cutting, bordered for miles at a time by a substantial guard-rail.

At it grew dark a cold, dense fog began to drift down the gorge from the

a brook, it is born a mile wide with a current like a mill-race. Although its water, even in the hottest midsummer weather, is icy cold, it is the very last river in Siberia to freeze. It chills the adventurous bather to the bone in August, and then in the coldest weather of De-

VILLAGE OF LISTVINICHNAYA.



LAKE BAIKAL AND STEAMER-LANDING AT LISTVINICHNAYA.

lake; now hiding everything from sight except a short stretch of road hung apparently in misty mid-air, and then opening in great ragged rents, or gaps, through which loomed the dim but exaggerated outlines of the dark, craggy heights on the opposite shore. The surface of Lake Baikal is more than 400 feet higher than the city of Irkutsk, and the river Angara, through which the lake discharges into the Arctic Ocean, falls that 400 feet in a distance of 40 miles, making a current that is everywhere extremely swift, and that runs in some places at the rate of 12 or 15 miles an hour. Steamers ply back and forth between the city and the lake, but they are six or eight hours in struggling up stream, while they come down in about two. At the outlet, where the current is swiftest, the river never entirely freezes over, and it does not close opposite Irkutsk until some time in January, although the thermometer frequently goes to forty degrees below zero in December. The Angara is in all respects a peculiar and original river. Instead of coming into existence as

cember steams as if it were boiling. Finally, it overflows its banks, not in the spring, when other rivers overflow theirs, but in early winter, when all other streams are locked in ice.

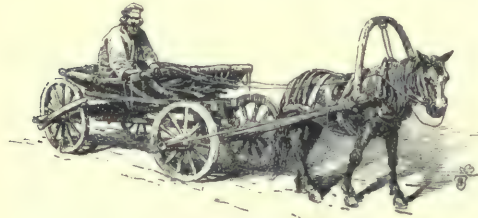
We reached the coast of

Lake Baikal, at the village of Listvinichnaya (Leest'-vin-itch-na-ya), about 9 o'clock Thursday evening. A raw, chilly wind, laden with moisture, was blowing off the water, and the cell-like room to which we were shown in the small log hotel opposite the steamer-landing was so cold that as soon as possible we went to bed in our caps, boots, and heavy sheepskin overcoats. The words "went to bed" are, of course, to be understood figuratively. As a matter of fact, we simply lay down on the floor. We did not see a civilized bed in the Trans-Baikal, and I slept in all my clothing more than three-fourths of the time from the 1st of October to the 20th of March.

The steamer did not sail Friday until noon, and we therefore had ample time to study and sketch the lake port of Listvinichnaya. It was a small village of perhaps a hundred insignificant log houses, scattered thinly along a single street, which extended for a mile or two up and down the lake between a range of high wooded hills and the water. The only harbor



that the place could boast was a small semi-inclosure made by a low breakwater, within which a side-wheel steamer called the *Platon* was lying quietly at anchor. The blue water of the lake was hardly more than rippled by a gentle north-easterly breeze, and far away beyond it could be seen a long line of snow-



AN EAST-SIBERIAN TELEGA.

covered mountains in the Trans-Baikal. I was a little surprised to find the lake so narrow. Although it has a length of nearly 400 miles, its width at Listvinichnaya is only 20 miles, and its average width not much more than 30. The opposite coast can therefore be seen from the steamer-landing with great distinctness; and as it is very high and mountainous, it can be traced by the eye for a distance of 60 or 70 miles.

Mr. Frost spent the greater part of Friday morning in making sketches of the village and the lake, while I returned to the hotel, after a short walk along the shore, and devoted myself to letter-writing. About half-past ten Frost came in and reported that the steamer *Buriat* (Boor-yat'), with the mails from Irkutsk, was in sight, that the *Platon* had made fast to the wharf, and that it was time to go on board. We walked down to the landing, engaged the only first-class stateroom on the steamer, had our baggage transferred to it, and then waited an hour and a half for the mails from the *Buriat*. They came on board at last; and the *Platon*, backing slowly out of the encircling arm of the breakwater, started up the lake.

Our fellow-passengers did not number more than twenty or thirty, and most of them seemed to be traveling third-class on deck. The only persons who interested me were three or four Chinese traders, in their characteristic national dress, who spoke funny "pigeon Russian," and who were on their way to Kiakhtha with about a thousand pounds of medicinal deer-horns. The horns of the "maral," or Siberian stag (*Cervus elaphas*), when "in the velvet" are believed by the Chinese to have peculiar medicinal properties, and are very highly prized. Traders go in search of them to the remotest recesses of the Altai, and frequently offer as much as two hundred rubles for a single pair of large ant-

lers. We met an enterprising Russian peasant near the Katunski Alps, in the wildest part of the Altai, who had succeeded in catching and domesticating about a dozen stags, and who derived from the sale of their horns to the Chinese a never-failing income of more than twelve hundred rubles a year. Good antlers "in the velvet" will sell readily for four dollars a pound in any part of Siberia, and by the time the dried and pulverized horn reaches the consumer in the interior of the Flowery Kingdom it must be worth at least its weight in silver. The antlers belonging to the Chinese traders on our steamer were wrapped and tied up in cloths with the greatest possible care, and were valued, I presume, at not less than five or six thousand dollars.

The eastern coast of the lake, as we steamed slowly northward, became lower, less mountainous, and less picturesque, and before dark the high, snow-covered peaks that we had seen from Listvinichnaya vanished in the distance behind us. We arrived off Boyarskaya about 6 o'clock in the evening, but to our great disappointment were unable to land. A strong breeze was blowing down the lake, it was very dark, and the sea was so high that the captain could not get alongside the unsheltered wharf. He made three unsuccessful attempts, and then ran out into the lake and anchored. We spent a very uncomfortable night on narrow benches in our prison cell of a stateroom, while the small steamer rolled and plunged on the heavy sea, and we were more than glad when morning finally dawned and the *Platon* ran up to her wharf. But we did not know what the Trans-Baikal had in store for us. In less than forty-eight hours we should have been glad to get back on board that same steamer, and should have regarded our prison-cell stateroom as the lap of luxury.

We went ashore, of course, without breakfast; the weather was damp and chilly, with a piercing north-easterly wind; the wretched village of Boyarskaya contained no hotel; the post station was cold, dirty, and full of travelers lying asleep on benches or on the mud-incrusted plank floor; there were no horses to carry us away from the place; and the outlook was discouraging generally. We were in a blue chill from hunger and cold before we could even find shelter. We succeeded at last in hiring "free" horses from a young peasant on the wharf; and after drinking tea and eating a little bread in his log cabin, we piled our baggage up in the shallow box of a small, springless telega, climbed up on top of it, and set out for Selenginsk.

On a bad, rough road an East-Siberian telega of the type shown in the illustration on this page will simply jolt a man's soul out in



less than twenty-four hours. Before we had traveled sixty miles in the Trans-Baikal I was so exhausted that I could hardly sit upright; my head and spine ached so violently, and had become so sensitive to shock, that every jolt was as painful as a blow from a club; I had tried to save my head by supporting my body on my bent arms until my arms no longer had any strength; and when we reached the post station of Ilinskaya, at half-past ten o'clock Saturday night, I felt worse than at any time since crossing the Urals. After drinking tea and eating a little bread, which was all that we

changing of about thirty horses, caused a general hubbub which lasted another hour. Every time the door was opened there was a rush of cold air into the overheated room, and we alternated between a state of fever and a state of chill. About half-past one o'clock in the morning the post finally got away, with much shouting and jangling of bells, the lights were put out, and the station again quieted down. We had hardly closed our eyes when the door was thrown wide open, and somebody stalked in shouting lustily in the dark for the station-master. This party of travelers proved to be a



SELENGA RIVER AND VALLEY.

could get, we immediately went to bed, Frost lying on the floor near the oven, while I took a wooden bench beside the window. After a long struggle with parasitic vermin, I finally sank into a doze. I was almost immediately awakened by the arrival of an under-officer traveling on a Government *padorozhnaya*. Candles were lighted; the officer paced back and forth in our room, talking loudly with the station-master about the condition of the roads; and sleep, of course, was out of the question. In half an hour he went on with fresh horses, the lights were again put out, and we composed ourselves for slumber. In twenty minutes the post arrived from Irkutsk. The transferring of twelve telega-loads of mail-bags from one set of vehicles to another, and the

man, his wife, and a small baby with the croup. The woman improvised a bed for the infant on two chairs, and then she and her husband proceeded to drink tea. The hissing of the samovar, the rattling of dishes, the loud conversation, and the croupy coughing of the child, kept us awake until about 4 o'clock, when this party also went on and the lights were once more extinguished. All the bed-bugs in the house had by this time ascertained my situation, and in order to escape them I went and lay down on the floor beside Frost. In the brief interval of quiet that followed I almost succeeded in getting to sleep, but at half-past four there was another rush of cold air from the door, and in came two corpulent merchants from the lower Amur on their way



to Irkutsk. They ordered the samovar, drank tea, smoked cigarettes, and discussed methods of gold mining until half-past five, when, as there were no horses, they began to consider the question of taking a nap. They had just

one lung, and I am going to get up and drink tea." It was then broad daylight. The white-bearded old man with the shot-gun invited us to take tea with him, and said he had seen us on the steamer. We talked about the newly



KHYNOOVEF MOONKOO AND HIS CHILDREN.

decided that they would lie down for a while when the jangling of horse-bells in the courtyard announced another arrival, and in came a white-bearded old man with a shot-gun. Where he was going I don't know; but when he ordered the samovar and began an animated conversation with the two merchants about grist-mills I said to Frost, with a groan, "It's no use. I have n't had a wink of sleep, I've been tormented by bed-bugs, I've taken cold from the incessant opening of that confounded door and have a sharp pain through

discovered Mongolian gold placer known as the "Chinese California," which was then attracting the attention of the Siberian public, and under the stimulating influence of social intercourse and hot tea I began to feel a little less miserable and dejected.

About half-past ten o'clock Sunday morning we finally obtained horses, put our baggage into another rough, shallow telega, and resumed our journey. The night had been cold, and a white frost lay on the grass just outside the village; but as the sun rose higher and



higher the air lost its chill, and at noon we were riding without our overcoats. About ten versts from Ilinskaya the road turned more to the southward and ran up the left bank of the Selenga River, through the picturesque valley shown in the illustration on page 647. The bold

bluff on the right was a solid mass of canary-colored birches, with here and there a dull-red poplar; the higher and more remote mountains on the left, although not softened by foliage, were

... bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,  
And tinted and shadowed by pencils of air;

while in the foreground, between the bluff and the mountains, lay the broad, tranquil river, like a Highland lake, reflecting in its clear depths the clumps of colored trees on its banks and the soft rounded outlines of its wooded islands. The valley of the Selenga between Ilinskaya and Verkhni Udinsk seemed to me to be warmer and more fertile than any part of the Trans-Baikal that we had yet seen. The air was filled all the afternoon with a sweet autumnal fragrance like that of ripe pippins; the hillsides were still sprinkled with flowers, among which I noticed asters, forget-me-nots, and the beautiful lemon-yellow alpine poppy; the low meadows adjoining the river were dotted with haystacks and were neatly fenced; and the log houses and barns of the Buriat farmers, scattered here and there throughout the valley, gave to the landscape a familiar and home-like aspect.

If we had felt well, and had had a comfortable vehicle, we should have enjoyed this part of our journey very much; but as the result of sleeplessness, insufficient food, and constant jolting, we had little capacity left for the enjoyment of anything. We passed the town of Verkhni Udinsk at a distance of two or three miles late Sunday afternoon, and reached Mukhinskoe, the next station on the Kiakhta road, about 7 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Frost seemed to be comparatively fresh and strong; but I was feeling very badly, with a pain through one lung, a violent headache, great prostration, and a pulse so weak as to be hardly perceptible at the wrist. I did not feel able to endure another jolt nor to ride another yard; and although we had made only thirty-three miles that day, we decided to stop for the night. Since landing in the Trans-Baikal we had had nothing to eat except bread, but at Mukhinskoe (Moo'-khin-skoi) the station-master's wife gave us a good supper of meat, potatoes, and eggs. This, together with a few hours of troubled sleep which the fleas and bed-bugs

permitted us to get near morning, so revived our strength that on Monday we rode seventy miles, and just before midnight reached the village of Selenginsk, near which was situated the lamasery of Goose Lake.

On the rough plank floor of the cold and dirty post-station house in Selenginsk we passed another wretched night. I was by this time in such a state of physical exhaustion that in spite of bed-bugs and of the noise made by the arrival and departure of travelers I lost consciousness in a sort of stupor for two or three hours. When I awoke, however, at day-break I found one eye closed and my face generally so disfigured by bed-bug bites that I was ashamed to call upon the authorities or even to show myself in the street. Cold applications finally reduced the inflammation, and about 10 o'clock I set out in search of the Buriat chief of police, Khy-noo'-yef Moon-koo', who had been recommended to us as a good Russian and Buriat interpreter, and a man well acquainted with the lamasery that we desired to visit. I found Khy-noo'yef at the office of the district ispravnik, where he was apparently getting his orders for the day from the ispravnik's secretary. He proved to be a tall, athletic, heavily built Buriat, about sixty years of age, with a round head, closely cut iron-gray hair, a thick bristly mustache, small, half-closed Mongol eyes, and a strong, swarthy, hard-featured, and rather brutal face. He was dressed in a long, loose Buriat gown of some coarse grayish material, girt about the waist with a sash, and turned back and faced at the wrists with silk. His head was partly covered with a queer Mongol felt hat, shaped like a deep pie-dish, and worn with a sort of devil-may-care tilt to one side. The portrait of him on page 648 is from a photograph, and would give a very good idea of the man if the face were a little harder, sterner, and more brutal.

I introduced myself to the ispravnik's secretary, exhibited my open letters, and stated my business.

"This is Khy-noo'yef Moonkoo," said the secretary, indicating the Buriat officer; "he can go to the lamasery with you if he likes."

As I looked more closely at the hard-featured, bullet-headed chief of police, it became apparent to me that he had been drinking; but he had, nevertheless, the full possession of his naturally bright faculties, and the severe judicial gravity of his demeanor as he coolly defrauded me out of six or eight rubles in making the necessary arrangements for horses





excited my sincere admiration. For his services as interpreter and for the use of three horses I paid him seventeen rubles, which was more than the amount of his monthly salary. The money, however, was well invested, since he furnished us that day with much more than seventeen rubles' worth of entertainment.

About an hour after my return to the post station, Khynooyef, in a peculiar, clumsy gig called a sideika (see-day'-i-ka), drove into the court-yard. He was transfigured and glorified almost beyond recognition. He had on a long, loose, ultramarine blue silk gown with circular watered figures in it, girt about the waist with a scarlet sash and a light blue silken scarf, and falling thence to his heels over coarse cow-hide boots. A dishpan-shaped hat of bright red felt was secured to his large round head by means of a colored string tied under

blankets, sheep-skin overcoats, the bread-bag, and my largest liquor flask, Frost and I took seats at the rear end of the vehicle with our legs stretched out on the bottom, and Khynooyef, who weighed at least two hundred pounds, sat on our feet. Not one of us was comfortable; but Frost and I had ceased to expect comfort in an East-Siberian vehicle, while Khynooyef had been so cheered and inebriated by the events of the morning, and was in such an *exalté* mental condition that mere physical discomfort had no influence upon him whatever. He talked incessantly; but noticing after a time that we were disposed to listen rather than to reply, and imagining that our silence must be due to the overawing effect of his power and glory, he said to me with friendly and reassuring condescension, "You need n't remember that I am the chief of police; you



THE LAMASERY.

his chin, and from this red hat dangled two long narrow streamers of sky-blue silk ribbon. He had taken six or eight more drinks, and was evidently in the best of spirits. The judicial gravity of his demeanor had given place to a grotesque, middle-age friskiness, and he looked like an intoxicated Tartar prize-fighter masquerading in the gala dress of some color-loving peasant girl. I had never seen such an extraordinary chief of police in my life, and could not help wondering what sort of reception would be given by his Serene Highness the Grand Lama to such an interpreter.

In a few moments the ragged young Buriat whom Khynooyef had engaged to take us to the lamasery made his appearance with three shaggy Buriat horses and a rickety old pавoska not half big enough to hold us. I asked Khynooyef if we should carry provisions with us, and he replied that we need not; that we should be fed at the lamasery. "But," he added, with a grin and a leer of assumed cunning, "if you have any insanity drops [soomashedshe kaple], don't fail to take them along; insanity drops are always useful."

When we had put into the pавoska our

can treat me and talk to me just as if I were a private individual."

I thanked him for this generous attempt to put us at our ease in his august presence, and he rattled on with all sorts of nonsense to show us how gracefully he could drop the mantle of a dread and mighty chief of police and condescend to men of low degree.

About five versts from the town we stopped for a moment to change positions, and Khynooyef suggested that this would be a good time to try the "insanity drops." I gave him my flask, and after he had poured a little of the raw vodka into the palm of his hand and thrown it to the four cardinal points of the compass as a libation to his gods, he drank two cupfuls, wiped his wet, bristly mustache on the tail of his ultramarine blue silk gown, and remarked with cool impudence, "Prostaya kabachnaya!" ["Common gin-mill stuff!"] I could n't remember the Russian equivalent for the English proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth, but I suggested to Khynooyef that it was n't necessary to poison himself with a second cupful after he had discovered that it was nothing but "common gin-mill stuff." I

noticed that poor as the stuff might be he did not waste any more of it on his north-south-east-and-west gods. The raw, fiery spirit had less effect upon him than I anticipated, but it noticeably increased the range of his self-assertion and self-manifestation. He nearly frightened the life out of our wretched driver by the fierceness with which he shouted "Yabo! Yabo!" ["Faster! faster!"] and when the poor driver could not make his horses go any faster, Khynooyef sprang upon him, apparently in a towering rage, seized him by the throat, shook him, choked him, and then leaving him half dead from fright turned to us with a bland, self-satisfied smile on his hard, weather-beaten old face, as if to say, "That's the way I do it! You see what terror I inspire!" He looked hard at every Buriat we passed, as if he suspected him of being a thief, shouted in a commanding, tyrannical voice at most of them, greeted the Chinese with a loud "How!" to show his familiarity with foreign languages and customs, and finally, meeting a picturesquely dressed and rather pretty Buriat woman riding into town astride on horseback, he made her dismount and tie her horse to a tree in order that he might kiss her. The woman seemed to be half embarrassed and half amused by this remarkable performance; but Khynooyef, removing his red dish-pan hat with its long blue streamers, kissed her with "ornamental earnestness" and with a grotesque imitation of stately courtesy, and then, allowing her to climb back into her saddle without the least assistance, he turned to us with a comical air of triumph and smiling self-conceit which seemed to say, "There, what do you think of that? That's the kind of man I am! *You* can't make a pretty woman get off her horse just to kiss you." He seemed to think that we were regarding all his actions and achievements with envious admiration, and as he became more and more elated with a consciousness of appearing to advantage, his calls for "insanity drops" became more and more frequent. I began to fear at last that before we should reach the lamasery he would render himself absolutely incapable of any service requiring judgment and tact, and that as soon as the Grand Lama should discover his condition he would order him to be ducked in the lake. But I little knew the Selenginsk chief of police.

The road that we followed from Selenginsk to the lamasery ran in a north-westerly direction up a barren, stony valley between two ranges of low brownish hills, and the scenery along it seemed to me to be monotonous and uninteresting. I did not notice anything worthy of attention until we reached the crest of a high divide about twenty versts from Selen-



A WEALTHY BURIAT AND HIS WIFE.

ginsk and looked down into the valley of Goose Lake. There, between us and a range of dark blue mountains in the north-west, lay a narrow sheet of tranquil water, bounded on the left by a grassy steppe, and extending to the right as far as a projecting shoulder of the ridge would allow us to trace it. The shores of this lake were low and bare, the grass of the valley had turned yellow from frost or drought, there were no trees to be seen except on the higher slopes of the distant mountains, and the whole region had an appearance of sterility and desolation that suggested one of the steppes of the upper Irtysh. On the other side of the lake, and near its western extremity, we could just make out from our distant point of view a large white building surrounded by a good-sized Buriat village of scattered log houses. It was the lamasery of Gusinnoi Ozera.

At sight of the sacred building, Khynooyef, who was partly intoxicated at 10 o'clock in the morning and who had been taking "insanity drops" at short intervals ever since, became perceptibly more sober and serious; and when, half an hour later, we forded a deep stream near the western end of the lake, he alighted from the pavoska and asked us to wait while he took a cold bath. In about five minutes he reappeared perfectly sober, and resuming the severe judicial gravity of demeanor that characterized him as a Russian official, he proceeded to warn us that it would be necessary to treat the Grand Lama with profound respect. He seemed to be afraid that we, as Christians and foreigners, would look upon Khambá Lamá as a mere idolatrous barbarian, and would fail to treat him with proper defer-





LAMAS AND THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ence and courtesy. I told him that we were accustomed to meet ecclesiastical authorities of the highest rank, and that we knew perfectly well how to behave towards them. Feeling reassured upon this point, Khynooyef proceeded to consider the probable attitude of the Grand Lama towards us and the statements that should be made to that high dignity concerning us.

"How are you magnified?" he asked me suddenly, after a short reflective pause. He might as well have asked me, "How are you electrified?" or, "How are you galvanized?" so far as the conveyance of any definite idea to my mind was concerned. I made no reply.

"What are you called in addition to your name?" he repeated, varying the form of his question. "What is your chin [rank]?"

"We have no chin in our country," said Mr. Frost; "we are simply private American citizens."

"Then you are not nobles?"

"No."

"You have no titles?"

"Not a title."

"You are not in the service of your Government?"

"No."

"Then for what purpose are you traveling in Siberia?"

"Merely for our own amusement."

"Then you must be rich?"

"No; we are not rich."

Khynooyef was disappointed. He could not get any glory out of introducing to the Grand Lama two insignificant foreigners who had neither rank, title, nor position, who were confessedly poor, and who were not even traveling in the service of their Government.

"Well," he said, after a few moments' consideration, "when the Grand Lama asks you who you are and what your business is in



Siberia, you may say to him whatever you like; but I shall translate that you are high chinovniks — deputies, if not ambassadors — sent out by the Government of the great American — what did you say it was, republic? — of the great American republic, to make a survey of Siberia and a report upon it; and that it is not impossible that your Government may conclude to buy the country from our Gossoodar."

"All right," I said, laughing. "I don't care how you translate what I say to the Grand Lama; only don't expect me to help you out if you get into trouble."

Khynooyef's face assumed again for a moment the expression of drunken cunning, self-conceit, and "friskiness" that it had worn earlier in the day, and it was evident that the mischievous-schoolboy half of the man looked forward with delight to the prospect of being able to play off two insignificant foreign travelers upon the Grand Lama for "high chinovniks" and "deputies, if not ambassadors, of the great American republic."

As we drove into the little village of brown log houses that surrounded the lamasery, Khynooyef became preternaturally grave, removed his blue-streamered red hat, and assumed an air of subdued, almost apprehensive, reverence. One might have supposed this behavior to be an expression of his profound respect for the sacred character of the place; but in reality it was nothing more than a necessary prelude to the little comedy that he purposed to play. He desired to show even the monks whom we passed in the street that he, the great Selinginsk chief of police, did not presume to smile, to speak, or to wear his hat in the majestic presence of the two Lord High Commissioners from the great American republic.

We drove directly to the house of the Grand Lama, in front of which we were met and received by four or five shaven-headed Buddhist acolytes in long brown gowns girt about the waist with dark sashes. Khynooyef, still bare-headed, sprung out of the pavoska, assisted me to alight with the most exaggerated manifestations of respect, and supported me up the steps as carefully and reverently as if an acci-

dental stumble on my part would be little short of a great national calamity. Every motion that he made seemed to say to the Buriat monks and acolytes, "This man with the bed-bug bitten face, rumpled shirt, and short-tailed jacket does n't look very imposing,

but he's a high chinovnik in disguise. You see how I have to behave towards him? It would be as much as my life is worth to put on my hat until he deigns to order it."

The house of the Grand Lama was a plain but rather large one-story log building, the main part of which was divided in halves by a central hall. We were shown into an icy-cold reception room, furnished with an India-shawl pattern carpet of Siberian manufacture, a low couch covered with blue rep-silk, and a few heavy Russian tables and chairs. On the walls hung roller pictures of various holy temples in Mongolia and Thibet, life-size portraits by native artists of eminent Buddhist lamas and saints, coarse colored lithographs of Alexander II. and Alexander III., and a small card photograph of the Emperor William of Germany.

Khynooyef presently came in and seated himself quietly on a chair near the door like a recently corrected schoolboy. There was not a trace nor a suggestion in his demeanor of the half-intoxicated, frisky, self-conceited Tartar prize-fighter who had made the Buriat woman get off her horse to kiss him. His eyes looked heavy and dull and showed the effects of the "insanity drops," but his manner and his self-control were perfect. He did not venture to address a word to us unless he was spoken to, and even then his voice was low and deferential. Once in a while, when none of the brown-gowned acolytes were in the room, his assumed mask of reverential seriousness would suddenly break up into a grin of cunning and drollery, and making a significant gesture with his hand to his mouth he would wink at me, as if to say, "I'm only pretending to be stupid. I wish I had some insanity drops."

All the acolytes and servants in the place spoke, when they spoke at all, in low whispers, as if there were a dead body in the house, or as if the Grand Lama were asleep and it would be a terrible thing if he should be accidentally awakened. The room into which we were at first shown was so damp and cellar-like that we were soon in a shiver. Noticing that we were cold, Khynooyef respectfully suggested that we go into the room on the other side of the hall, which had a southern exposure and had been warmed a little by the sun. This was a plainer, barer apartment, with unpainted woodwork and furniture; but it was much more cheerful and comfortable than the regular reception-room.

We waited for the Grand Lama at least half an hour. At the expiration of that time Khynooyef, who had been making a reconnais-





sance, came rushing back, saying, "Eed-yot!" ["He 's coming!"] In a moment the door opened, and as we rose hastily to our feet the Grand Lama entered. He wore a striking and gorgeous costume, consisting of a superb long gown of orange silk shot with gold thread, bordered with purple velvet, and turned back and faced at the wrists with ultramarine-blue satin so as to make wide cuffs. Over this beau-

count of ourselves, our plans, and our object in coming to the lamasery. Whether he believed it all or not I have no means of knowing; but from the subsequent course of events, and from statements made to me in Selenginsk after our return from Kiakhta, I am inclined to believe that Khynooyef's diplomacy — not to give it a harsher name — was crowned with success. The bright-witted interpreter certainly played



SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT AND SHRINE OF THE BURKHAN.

tiful yellow gown was thrown a splendid red silk scarf a yard wide and five yards long, hanging in soft folds from the left shoulder and gathered up about the waist. On his head he wore a high, pointed, brimless hat of orange felt, the extended sides of which fell down over his shoulders like the ends of a Russian "bashlyk" and were lined with heavy gold-thread embroidery. From a cord about his waist hung a large, flat, violet-velvet bag, which had a curiously wrought bronze stopper and which looked like a cloth bottle. Every part of the costume was made of the finest material, and the general effect of the yellow gown and hat, the dark-blue facings, the red scarf, and the violet bag was extremely brilliant and striking. The wearer of this rich ecclesiastical dress was a Buriat about sixty years of age, of middle height and erect figure, with a beardless, somewhat wrinkled, but strong and kindly face. He represented the northern Mongol rather than the Chinese type, and seemed to be a man of some education and knowledge of the world. He greeted us easily and without embarrassment, and when we had all taken seats he listened with an impassive countenance to the ingenious but highly colored story into which Khynooyef translated my modest ac-

his part to perfection, and he even had the cool assurance to make me say to the Grand Lama that Governor Petroff in Irkutsk had particularly recommended him (Khynooyef) to me as a valuable and trustworthy man, and that it was at the request of the Governor that he came with us to the lamasery. The modest, deprecatory way in which he twisted into this form my innocent statement that Governor Petroff had sent a telegram about us to the authorities in the Trans-Baikal should have entitled the wily chief of police of Selenginsk to a high place among the great histrionic artists.

After we had drunk tea, which was served from a samovar in Russian style, I asked Khambá Lamá whether we should be permitted to inspect the temple. He replied that as soon as he had heard — through Khynooyef, of course — that such distinguished guests had come to call upon him he had given orders for a short thanksgiving service in the temple in order that we might see it. He regretted that he could not participate in this service himself, on account of recent illness; but Khynooyef would go with us and see that we were provided with seats. We then saluted each other with profound bows, the Grand Lama withdrew to his

own apartment, and Khynooyef, Mr. Frost, and I set out for the temple.

An East-Siberian lamasery is always, strictly speaking, a monastic establishment. It is situated in some lonely place, as far away as possible from any village or settlement, and consists generally of a temple, or place of worship, and from 50 to 150 log houses for the accommodation of the lamas, students, and acolytes, and for the temporary shelter of pilgrims, who come to the lamasery in great numbers on certain festival occasions. At the time of our visit three-fourths of the houses in the Goose Lake lamasery seemed to be empty. The "datsan," or temple proper, stood in the middle of a large grassy inclosure formed by a high board fence. In plan it was nearly square, while in front elevation it resembled somewhat a three-story pyramid. It seemed to be made of brick covered with white stucco, and there was a great deal of minute ornamentation in red and black along the cornices and over the portico. A good idea of its general outline may be obtained from the small sketch on page 650, which was made from a photograph.

Upon entering this building from the portico on the first floor we found ourselves in a spacious but rather dimly lighted hall, the dimensions of which I estimated at 80 feet by 65. Large round columns draped with scarlet cloth supported the ceiling; the walls were almost entirely hidden by pictures of holy places, portraits of saints, and bright festooned draperies; while colored banners, streamers, and beautiful oriental lanterns hung everywhere in great profusion. The temple was so crowded with peculiar details that one could not reduce his observations to anything like order, nor remember half of the things that the eye noted; but the general effect of the whole was very striking, even to a person familiar with the interiors of Greek and Roman Catholic cathedrals. The impression made upon my mind by the decorations was that of great richness and beauty, both in color and in form. Across the end of the temple opposite the door ran a richly carved lattice-work screen, or partition, in front of which, equidistant one from another, were three large chairs or thrones. These thrones were covered with old gold silk, were piled high with yellow cushions, and were intended for the Grand Lama, the Sheretui (Sher-et-too'-ee), or chief lama of the datsan, and his assistant. The throne of the Grand Lama was vacant, but the other two were occupied when we entered the temple. In front of these thrones, in two parallel lines, face to face, sat seventeen lamas with crossed legs on long, high divans covered with cushions and yellow felt.

Opposite each one, in the aisle formed by the divans, stood a small red table on which lay two or three musical instruments. The lamas were all dressed alike in orange silk gowns, red silk scarfs, and yellow helmet-shaped hats faced with red. On each side of the door as we entered was an enormous drum,—almost as large as a hogshead,—and the two lamas nearest us were provided with iron trumpets at least eight feet long and ten inches in diameter at the larger end. Both drums and trumpets were supported on wooden frames. Chairs were placed for us in the central aisle between the two lines of lamas, and we took our seats.

The scene at the beginning of the service was far more strange and impressive than I had expected it to be. The partial gloom of the temple, the high yellow thrones of the presiding dignitaries, the richness and profusion of the decorations, the colossal drums, the gigantic trumpets, the somber crowd of students and acolytes in black gowns at one end of the room, and the two brilliant lines of orange and crimson lamas at the other, made up a picture the strange barbaric splendor of which surpassed anything of the kind that I had ever witnessed. For a moment after we took our seats there was perfect stillness. Then the Sheretui shook a little globular rattle, and in response to the signal there burst forth a tremendous musical uproar, made by the clashing of cymbals, the deep-toned boom of the immense drums, the jangling of bells, the moaning of conch shells, the tooting of horns, the liquid tinkle of triangles, and the hoarse bellowing of the great iron trumpets. It was not melody, it was not music; it was simply a tremendous instrumental uproar. It continued for about a minute, and then, as it suddenly ceased, the seventeen lamas began a peculiar, wild, rapid chant, in a deep, low monotone. The voices were exactly in accord, the time was perfect, and the end of every line or stanza was marked by the clashing of cymbals and the booming of the colossal drums. This chanting continued for three or four minutes, and then it was interrupted by another orchestral charivari which would have leveled the walls of Jericho without any supernatural intervention. I had never heard such an infernal tumult of sound. Chanting, interrupted at intervals by the helter-skelter playing of twenty or thirty different instruments, made up the "thanksgiving" temple service, which lasted about fifteen minutes. It was interesting, but it was quite long enough.

Mr. Frost and I then walked around the temple, accompanied by the Sheretui and Khynooyef. Behind the lattice-work screen there were three colossal idols in the conventional sitting posture of the Buddhists, and in





THE DANCE OF THE BURKHANS.

front of each of them were lighted tapers of butter, porcelain bowls of rice, wheat, and millet, artificial paper flowers, fragrant burning pastilles, and bronze bowls of consecrated water. Against the walls, all around this part of the temple, were book-cases with glass doors in which were thousands of the small figures known to the Christian world as "idols," and called by the Buriats "burkhans" [boor-khans']. I could not ascertain the reason for keeping so great a number of these figures in the lama-

sery, nor could I ascertain what purpose they served. They presented an almost infinite variety of types and faces; many of them were obviously symbolical, and all seemed to be representative in some way either of canonized mortals or of supernatural spirits, powers, or agencies. According to the information furnished me by Khynooyef, these "burkhans," or idols, occupy in the lamaistic system of religious belief the same place that images or pictures of saints fill in the Russian system.



From the appearance, however, of many of the idols in the lamasery collection, I concluded that a "burkhan" might represent an evil as well as a beneficent spiritual power. The word "burkhan" has long been used all over Mongolia in the general sense of a sacred or supernatural being.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Erman believes that "the Mongolian burkhan is identical with the Indian Buddha."<sup>2</sup> The "burkhans" in the lamasery of Goose Lake were crowded together on the shelves of the cases as closely as possible, and apparently no attempt had been made to arrange them in any kind of order. They varied in height from two inches to a foot, and were made generally of brass, bronze, or stone. In one corner of the "kumirnia" (koo-meern'-ya), or idol-room, stood a prayer-wheel, consisting of a large cylinder mounted on a vertical axis and supposed to be filled with written prayers or devotional formulas. I did not see it used, but in the Ononski lamasery, which we visited a few weeks later, we found an enormous prayer-wheel which had a building to itself and which was in constant use.

From the idol-room we went into the upper stories of the temple, where there were more "burkhans," as well as a large collection of curious Mongolian and Thibetan books. If we had not been told that the objects last named were books, we never should have recognized them. They were rectangular sheets of thin Chinese paper twelve or fourteen inches in length by about four in width, pressed together between two thin strips of wood or pasteboard, and bound round with flat silken cords or strips of bright colored cloth. They looked a little like large, well-filled bill-files tied with ribbons or crimson braid. The leaves were printed only on one side, and the characters were arranged in vertical columns. In a few of the volumes that I examined an attempt apparently had been made to illuminate, with red and yellow ink or paint, the initial characters and the beginnings of chapters, but the work had been coarsely and clumsily done.

From the principal temple of the lamasery we were taken to a chapel or smaller building in the same inclosure to see the great image of Maidera (My'-der-ra), one of the most highly venerated "burkhans" in the lamaistic pantheon. It proved to be a colossal human figure in a sitting posture, skillfully carved out of wood and richly overlaid with colors and

gold. I estimated its height at thirty-five feet. It stood in the center of a rather narrow but high domed chapel, hung round with banners, streamers, and lanterns, and really was a very imposing object. Tapers and incense were burning upon an altar covered with silken drapery which stood directly in front of the great idol, and upon the same altar were offerings in the shape of flowers made out of hardened butter or wax, and a large number of bronze or porcelain bowls filled with millet, rice, wheat, oil, honey, or consecrated water. Some of these bowls were open so that their contents could be seen, while others were covered with napkins of red, blue, or yellow silk. Here, as in the great temple, the partial gloom was lighted up by the brilliant coloring of the decorations and draperies, and by the splendid orange and crimson dresses of the attendant lamas.

From the chapel of Maidera we were conducted to a third building in another part of the same inclosure, where we found ourselves in the presence of the sacred white elephant. I had always associated the white elephant with Siam, and was not a little surprised to find a very good imitation of that animal in an East-Siberian lamasery. The elephant of Goose Lake had been skillfully carved by some Buriat or Mongol lama out of hard wood, and had then been painted white, equipped with suitable trappings, and mounted on four low wheels. The sculptured elephant was somewhat smaller than the living animal, and his tusks had been set at an angle that would have surprised a naturalist; but in view of the fact that the native artist probably never had seen an elephant, the resemblance of the copy to the original was fairly close. The white elephant is harnessed, as shown in the illustration on page 654, to a large four-wheel wagon, on which stands a beautiful and delicately carved shrine, made in imitation of a two-story temple. On the occasion of the great annual festival of the lamaists in July a small image of one of the high gods is put into this shrine, and then the elephant and the wagon are drawn in triumphal procession around the lamasery to the music of drums, trumpets, conch shells, cymbals, and gongs, and with an escort of perhaps three hundred brilliantly costumed lamas.

While we were examining the white elephant, Khynooyef came to me and said that Khambá Lamá, in view of the fact that we were the first foreigners who had ever visited the lamasery, had ordered an exhibition to be given for us of the sacred "dance of the burkhans." I strongly suspected that we were indebted for all these favors to Khynooyef's unrivaled skill as a translator of truth into

<sup>1</sup> See "Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China," by M. Huc, Vol. I., pp. 120, 121. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "Travels in Siberia," by Adolph Erman, Vol. II., p. 309. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1848.

Dr. Erman visited the lamasery of Goose Lake in 1828, and so far as I know he is the only foreigner who saw it previous to our visit.



fiction; but if we had been introduced to the Grand Lama as "deputies, if not ambassadors, from the great American republic," it was in no sense our fault, and there was no reason why we should not accept the courtesies offered us.

When we returned to the great temple we found that everything was in readiness for the dance. It was to take place out-of-doors on the grass in front of the datsan, where seats had already been prepared for the musicians and for the Sheretui and his assistant. The big drums and the eight-foot iron trumpets were brought out, the presiding lamas seated themselves cross-legged on piles of flat yellow cushions in their chairs, and we took the positions assigned to us. At the sounding of a small rattle twelve or fifteen of the strangest, wildest looking figures I had ever seen rushed out into the open space in front of the temple, and to the crashing, booming accompaniment of cymbals and big iron trumpets began a slow, rhythmical, leaping dance. Four or five of the dancers had on enormous black helmet masks representing grinning Mongolian demons, and from their heads radiated slender rods to which were affixed small colored flags. Two figures had human skulls or death's heads on their shoulders, one man's body had the head and antlers of a maral, or Siberian stag, and another was surmounted by the head and horns of a bull. Three or four dancers, who represented good spirits and defenders of the faith, and who were without masks, wore on their heads broad-brimmed hats with a heart-shaped superstructure of gold open-work, and were armed with naked daggers. It seemed to be their province to drive the black-masked demons and the skull-headed figures out of the field. The dresses worn by all the dancers were of extraordinary richness and beauty, and were so complicated and full of detail that at least a page of *THE CENTURY* would be needed for a complete and accurate description of a single one of them. The materials of the costumes were crimson, scarlet, blue, and orange silk, old gold brocade, violet velvet, satin of various colors, bright colored cords, tassels, and fringes, wheel-shaped silver brooches supporting festooned strings of white beads, and gold and silver ornaments in infinite variety, which shone and flashed in the sunlight as the figures pirouetted and leaped hither and thither, keeping time to the measured clashing of cymbals and booming of the great drums. The performance lasted about fifteen minutes, and the last figures to retire were the burkhans with the golden lattice-work hats and the naked daggers. It seemed to me evident that this sacred "dance of the burkhans" was a species of religious pantomime

or mystery play; but I could not get through Khynooyef any intelligible explanation of its significance.

When we returned to the house of the Grand Lama we found ready a very good and well-cooked dinner, with fruit cordial and madeira to cheer the "embassadors," and plenty of vodka to inebriate Khynooyef. After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who had never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man.

"You have been in many countries," he said to me through the interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West; what is your opinion with regard to the shape of the earth?"

"I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball."

"I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our old Thibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately; and if they can tell beforehand when the sun and the moon are to be darkened, they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?"

"I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; "but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it."

This statement seemed to give the Grand Lama a sort of mental shock.

"How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'? How do you know that you have been around it?"

"I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and traveled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set before my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find anywhere an end nor an edge; and at last, when I had traveled more than thirty thousand versts, I found myself again in my own country and returned to my home from a direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?"

"It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause of a moment. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?"

"My country is farther from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet; and if we could go directly through the earth, that would be the shortest way to reach it."

"Are your countrymen walking around there heads downward under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama with evident interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually impassive face.

"Yes," I replied; "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here."

The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, he had heard of British India and of England,—probably through Thibet,—and he had a vague idea of the extent and situation of the Pacific Ocean; but of the Atlantic and of the continent that lies between the two great oceans he knew nothing.

After a long talk, in the course of which we discussed the sphericity of the earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth

of that doctrine, and said, with a sigh, "It is not in accordance with the teachings of our books; but the Russians must be right."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Dr. Erman, the only foreigner who had seen the lamasery of Goose Lake previous to our visit, had an almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit and ours, but the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East-Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveler from the western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after exchanging photographs with the Grand Lama, thanking him for his courtesy and hospitality, and bidding him a regretful good-bye, we were lifted carefully into our old pavoska by the anxious, respectful, and bare-headed Khynooyef in the presence of a crowd of black-robed acolytes and students, and began our journey back to Selenginsk.

*George Kennan.*



## SIBERIA.

THE night-wind drives across the leaden skies,  
 And fans the brooding earth with icy wings;  
 Against the coast loud-booming billows flings,  
 And sighs through forest-deeps with moaning sighs.  
 Above the gorge, where snow, deep fallen, lies,  
 A softness lending e'en to savage things—  
 Above the gelid source of mountain springs,  
 A solitary eagle, circling, flies.  
 O pathless woods, O isolating sea,  
 O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,  
 O grievous distances, imagine ye,  
 Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold?  
 Free, in a dungeon,—as yon falcon free,—  
 It soars beyond your ken its loved ones to enfold!

*Florence Earle Coates.*



## THE RIVAL SOULS.

By the author of "De Valley an' de Shadder," "Two Runaways," etc.



I DO not like demonstrative men: I have suffered too much at their hands. One reason why John Wharton is a favorite of mine is his even disposition, rather inclined to stiffness than otherwise. I do not believe that his spirits, taking 60 as their normal state, have risen in twenty years to 70 or fallen to 50, although I have seen him drink two quarts of wine at a sitting and lose five thousand dollars on the stumble of a horse leading down the home-stretch. My surprise may therefore be imagined when, on entering his handsome bachelor apartments looking southward where the last blue hills run out to a point and bid farewell to the Ocmulgee as it spreads over the lowlands towards the ocean, I found him with his feet in the window, despondent.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said lightly. He looked at me curiously for a moment, then his glance went out the window to the hills again.

"I am glad you have come," he said presently with his usual abruptness. "I am going to test your friendship with a manuscript." He lifted a document from the window as he spoke and began to unroll it. "You see," he said, "the habit of rolling manuscript is an old one, for this is in the handwriting of my grandfather. To-day, while searching among some of his effects for a land plot I need, this thing turned up, and I foolishly went into it awhile ago, and once in could only get out by going through."

"Interesting?"

He straightened up in his chair and full of suppressed emotion looked at me, but seemed to change his mind, and simply handed the manuscript to me.

"Will you read it? If it tires you too much, I will relieve you." As I read he sat with his feet in the window, his eyes far off in thought, but every few moments the idea of some line would attract him and he would turn in inquiry towards me. The document, in his grandfather's handwriting, read as follows:

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A  
THEOSOPHIST.

I HAD been visiting a country place in the early spring and returned home after a week's absence to find upon my desk an accumulation

of mail. As was my custom, after such absences, I took the oldest of the local papers, which were always kept for me, and prepared to acquaint myself with the events that had recently taken place in the world, or, to use a familiar phrase, to "read up." The first item that caught my eye shocked me inexpressibly. It was embraced in headlines, and read as follows:

### THROUGH THE HEAD!

JOHN RAYMOND BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS!  
HE IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE, SITTING IN AN  
ARM-CHAIR,  
HIS HAND CLINCHING THE FATAL WEAPON.

Following this, to the extent of two columns, were the usual sickening details—action of the coroner's jury, testimony of friends, life sketch, and speculations as to the cause for the act. I say that I was inexpressibly shocked. Not only did the unexpectedness, the suddenness, of the intelligence overwhelm me, but the deceased was a warm friend and a constant visitor at my house, which he, a widower of many years' standing, seemed to find congenial. He was to the world simply a thorough, undemonstrative man of business, unusually successful, possessed of great wealth, gentle in his bearing to all, but apparently cold, and decidedly reserved. The coroner's jury, I noted, could find no cause for his act, and so took refuge in the familiar verdict, "temporary insanity." The deceased, evidently just previous to firing the fatal shot, had folded a note in his own handwriting addressed to the coroner, in which he simply stated his resolution to shoot himself, and briefly added that the cause was one in which the public had no interest.

After running through the papers, which, oppressed as I was by the fearful tragedy, I found of little interest, I turned to my letters, among which was one large packet addressed to me in a familiar business hand and carefully sealed. Upon breaking the seal I found a closely written manuscript and a letter.

### JOHN RAYMOND'S LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR: Your surprise at hearing the announcement of my death can scarcely be greater than upon opening this package. Just why I send it to you I hardly know, unless it is that it contains matter that may be of some future service when all the trouble that pre-

cedes the delivery shall have been forgotten, and I with it. Perhaps I hesitate to destroy something that has caused me so much thought that it seems a part of my better self, of which it is in truth the systematic history, the history of a being whose existence has never been suspected; perhaps I am restrained by the idea that in some way it may be of value to the world; at any rate, I have been unable to commit it to the flames, and I intrust it to you, imposing only two conditions—you are not to link me with the subject-matter in any way by name, if you use it, and you are carefully to read this long communication. The latter you probably find the more burdensome.

I do not remember the time when I was not a theosophist. Looking back over my life and the record I have kept, I am convinced that I was such long before I knew it. The peculiar belief was inherent with me; it was a consciousness; and to me the fact is one of the strongest arguments upon which my now firm and abiding faith in the re-incarnation of spirits is based.

I was without difficulty taught by religious parents the doctrine of eternal life and readily accepted it; but I believed more. When less than fifteen years of age I affirmed, with an earnestness that provoked smiles, that I had lived on this earth before. But when asked why I was thus convinced, my chaotic mind could frame only this answer: "Because I feel it." I much shocked my orthodox parents by declaring that I had no belief in an eternal surging hell-fire and eternal punishment. The idea was to me utterly impossible, and I abhorred it. This too grew from an intuition; it was the fragment of an habiliment not shaken off by my soul when I came from another into this being. There are many such habiliments clinging to minds about me, but they are not conscious of them. Superstition is almost universal, and is, after all, but the impression of a past life without consciousness.

It took me a long time to settle down to a creed well defined; a boy's mind is speculative often, but seldom conclusive. I had few books, and books on this subject were then almost inaccessible; but perhaps it was better thus. I am all the more satisfied that I did not imbibe any writer's ideas; that the truth existed in me from the first. After a while I began to weigh my consciousness with precision and deliberation, and to form conclusions. From the tendency of my mind, the peculiar bent of my fancies, and the repellent force of certain ideas that I sought to accept, I began to assume that I had at some time existed in an Eastern country, and when the suggestion reached me it was joyfully accepted as an explanation of the direction of my faith.

I had been a Buddhist in that former life, and a fairly good one, I infer; because nearly all that I have sought in this life has come to me, and because my natural gravitation has been towards good. I have won the love of my friends and have been more than commonly blessed in the struggle for wealth and public esteem. Men have wondered at the success: it was based on a knowledge that my natural gravitation was towards good. I have never placed faith in any man to whom I have not first been felt drawn, and I have never lost a dollar through any man's dishonesty. If my gravitation had been towards evil, and I realized it, I would have trusted only the men who seemed to repel me. I make these statements to illustrate my idea: if I had not been fairly good in the former life, I would have been disciplined more severely in this, just as men about you, good men too, are disciplined by misfortune, failure, disaster, and despair every day. I came into this life on a higher plane than I occupied before. God only knows if I have advanced since. I am sick at times with the thought that my next stage of living will be haunted with stronger memories of this, for the soul learns as it grows older, as does the brain. I have such dreams now, memories, vague, unformed, mere ineffaced impressions, if you will, but memories. My yearning for a better life, for heaven, I firmly believe are the unbroken tendrils of the soul clinging to its lost estate, stretched to shadowy filaments, but unbroken. Why should I be born with a yearning for something that I have never known, nor yet can imagine? No; the strengthened soul has its memories, as well as the strengthened brain; but the soul is instinctive, the brain, never.

Many young men speculate thus, but few reduce their speculations to writing. It was to record for review in my old age the soul action of an average man that I began the diary of my life which is inclosed. You will find long intervals between the entries, but the diary is not of the brain. The periods of the soul vary, and have nothing to do with time. In it I have painted a secret soul history, the record of an inner man, a being that no one knows, or ever has known, well; for, while we are fond of using our powers, speech and action utterly fail to portray the inner dweller who peers out through the eyes of a mortal. The face is a mask; the lips cannot betray him; the hand and pen and daily action all fail. If the words of this diary were read aloud in a circle of my friends they would be astounded; yet I have lived in daily communication with some for forty years. They have not known me, and I have not known them. They will never know me. Great God! will anybody ever know me?



Small wonder then that in this world we come and go as strangers. Small wonder if we meet as strangers in the next. What matter? You may ask the question, but it matters greatly. Sir, to me utter annihilation were a better doctrine than that our best efforts to learn a loved one in this life so well that in some coming cycle we might meet in consciousness and memory were in vain. Shall I remember? I have touched against some people here whom I have met before, but it was as the blind and dumb jostling one another in the corridor of an asylum. I go out with but one fear shrouding my faith — the soul's power of memory may not have been developed during my fifty-seven years of life, and I am about to shorten a conscious memory for the dumb instinct of a blind soul.

Sir, I leave with you my record. The time will come when you will read it with new lights before you. Abide by the injunctions placed upon you, and until we meet again,—as meet we shall, perhaps sooner than you dream, if not in this, yet in some further cycle, to look back with memories grown clear, the child's strengthened into man's,—farewell!

Your obedient servant,

JOHN RAYMOND.

When I laid aside the last sheet of this letter my hand trembled with suppressed excitement. The author had prophesied well in the beginning. My surprise at reading the announcement of his death was exceeded by that which attended the reading of his communication. "Mad," I exclaimed; "absolutely mad!" I glanced through the diary; its perusal would occupy hours, and so with its introduction I laid it aside for some more convenient season. But I could not dispose of it so easily. It rose to my mind between the lines of my letters as I opened them; it weighed upon me; it refused to be disposed of in such a manner. Once I thought of turning the whole matter over to the author's relatives, to vindicate the jury's verdict, but a moment's reflection convinced me that I should wait until I had been through the whole matter. Finally, the fascination of the subject was such that I pushed aside everything else impatiently, took the document from its resting-place, and prepared to enter upon my task. I noticed the first pages bore date of twenty-five years before, and the last was the day of the suicide. As he had said, there were many long intervals between the dates. Four years in one place were missing, and they corresponded with the years of the war. If he kept a record in these years it was probably lost or worn out in camp, for he had followed the fortunes of his State. When I had finished I was doubtful of his insanity, and I

am still doubtful. The persistence of his idea through so many years, his logic, the continuity of his thought, his method, and his business life, all denied the idea of insanity. He acted upon convictions, the soundness of which was not a test, and is not a subject for discussion here. I at once abandoned all idea of surrendering his secret; but after these years, disguising the facts somewhat, I have availed myself of his permission to use them. From the manuscript I have taken here and there a few chapters, and they outline his life. The introduction already noted enables me to begin with an entry made in his twenty-sixth year.

#### FROM JOHN RAYMOND'S DIARY.

I AM convinced that Anna and I have known each other before our first meeting here. We came together as old friends in a strange land. Marriage was as natural a sequence as the constant companionship of two such friends; and I have reasoned it out at last that love is but the happiness of meeting some one to whom clings a flavor, a half memory, of a former life—some one who is and has been a part of that life, all good parts of which are drawn to each other as the needle to a magnet. I know that Anna came to me thus, but I have only the unconscious memory that a babe has for its mother; I cannot fathom the mystery further. I am content that God has re-united us and bound us again with a sacred tie. She is to me a gift of God, a smile and a pledge.

That I love my wife, that the love which sprung from a former association grows and deepens with association, I know. Day after day I find new depths for it; day after day room for its breadth and growth opens up. Sometimes I fear for myself; I seem to have staked all my happiness upon this friend; the past, the present, the future are wrapped up in her; I have no need for anything else. Perhaps it is sinful, but I think at times that if I could be guaranteed forever this life as I live it now, the suns might rise and set through all eternity and never a prayer would ascend from me for a better condition. If it be sinful, I cannot help it; the happiness came to me as a free gift, and I am honest. And yet, if such glories may shine about an earthly stage so far removed from the soul's true goal, what must be the ecstasy of its final rest?

A faint cloud has entered upon my peaceful sky, and its shadow is upon me. I know that my wife is as pure-hearted as mortals may be, but this is a school for discipline, and sometimes I tremble for her. She came to me beautiful, and loving the beautiful. I have studied her



face as it bent above a gem; the cold stone mined by a slave, cut by a slave, and sold by a thief—a mere crystal from the hills—has a wonderful fascination for her. She flushes to see in her glass the scintillations in her hair; her eyes rival its brightness. Vanity! My heart beats fast; this is to be her discipline. From here and there, from the ball-room, from the friendly visitors, from the press, flattery is poured upon her. Even the eyes of silent men speak it; she sees, she hears, she is pleased. And the care she gives her dress, the perfect matching of her colors, the touch of her hand upon her hair as she lingers at the glass, the art in her smiles and glance, are so many daggers in my heart. Is she adding another cycle to her homeward journey? Is she exchanging the ecstasy of God's final blessings for the flash of baubles and the vain praise of fools, giving literally years for moments? How the thought burns and tears me! And extravagant—oh, how she does waste money! And I—am I journeying evenly with her? The thought that I am not, that I am yielding to no temptation, but giving justice to all, and living on in full consciousness of my condition, appalls instead of comforting. To-night I have walked the streets the many bitter hours which my wife whirled away in the ball-room, crushed, agonized, and dying under the suggestion that when the dawn of another cycle is upon us I shall have left behind the sweet companion of my living here, that there will be no congenial ties to link us if we meet again.

Last night another soul entered this life, and to me is given the care of it. What a thought! Whence it came, from what conditions, what is to be its discipline, who can tell me? None. I must wait and see. No use to study the round brown eyes; no use to press cheek to cheek; no use to lie with unclosed lids and plan for the future. As the germ of a life is there, so is the sum of an experience. But God sent him to me for a purpose. If he has come to suffer for sins left behind, mine the hand to chastise and discipline. With my will must his, if to evil inclined, collide, and mine must turn him upward again. We are instruments to do God's will, and I will do it so far as my wisdom guides me true. But if this poor soul has suffered, if he has laid down burdens and is to enjoy here the reward of his labors and expand under the sunshine of God's smile and grow fit for grander days and brighter hours, to learn sweeter melodies than he had known, and develop a capacity to grasp and dwell upon the true and beautiful—dear one, this arm shall be around him and life itself be yielded up but that his way be sweet with the homage of unthorned flowers.

Another cloud has darkened my skies. All is not well with the boy. He is now fifteen months old, and his tendency is becoming apparent. I greatly fear that I have on my hands the worst uncle my wife possessed, who died only a few days before the charge was given us. He was a turfman and a ready gambler, a drinker to excess, and though generally called a good fellow when alive was a man of the most depraved habits, whatever may have been his instincts. In his present form he is utterly intractable and gives his mother much trouble. He does not look like a baby when he gets into his moods, but seems to be older than I am. Sometimes he looks at me in such a peculiar way that I am half inclined to think that he vaguely remembers me and is developing an antipathy. Yet again the instincts of a baby overwhelm him, and he is loving and affectionate. But such a temper I am sure no mortal ever possessed, except that self-same uncle of my wife's. Yesterday he indulged in it, and I undertook to discipline him. The will of a child must be broken early or never at all, and the thought that this one might go out of life to even severer discipline nerved me for the contest. With a handful of peach switches I began the struggle which I know is to last for years. It tore my heart to hear his cries, and I could only keep to my task by whispering to him: "That is for your curse upon me, Uncle Tom! That is for the money you borrowed and bet away! That is for the time you came here drunk and broke the chandelier with the cat!" And so on. I cherish no animosity towards the dead, but I had to deceive myself to resist the cries of the youngster. The discipline was interrupted by my wife, who rushed in and tore the child from me. Great Heavens! She, my wife, my best beloved, denounced me hysterically as a brute and fiend, and—yes, struck me! My soul will carry the scar of that blow to the gates of heaven itself!

My anguish over the worldly tendency of my wife has deepened until it has swallowed up my happiness. I am now only a miserable man suffering from unexpiated sin committed in a bygone life. I might have expected it; my presence here was promise of it, but in the fullness of my joy the thought had escaped me. This, then, is to be my discipline; the golden fruit is to turn to ashes in my grasp, the honey into gall upon my lips. And, yet, there is comfort in the thought that I am beyond the punishment of most men; I can only be touched in the heart. When this is done I shall soar to brighter days and be happy again. Shall I? Again the haunting dread! My wife, the blest companion, is still joined to her idols, and she has developed a touch of her uncle



Tom's temper. Vanity and anger — to what depths will they sink her? And still that frightful extravagance! Shall I go forward leaving her to the lonely struggle? Again I walk the street, and my heart sends out prayer after prayer, not for myself,—I feel the rod, I know the cause, I obey,—but for her. "What if to-night," I say, "life for one or for both should end? Should we meet again soul to soul or journey on alone?" The doubt crushed me. I am not a Pharisee; but I have thought deeper, and know that if the morrow found us both with eyes forever closed we should not meet well at the next awakening. An idea seizes upon me. In the desperation of the hour I cry: "I will not forsake you; I will sin as you sin; I will tarry as you tarry. Better a thousand ages of trial than one of heaven without you." Full of this anguish, I look about me. The lights of a saloon twinkle out into the darkness, and there I go. I stand up before the bar, and with many curious eyes upon me take three drinks of liquor. They are my first and do their work well. I go home idiotically drunk and raise almost a riot in that sacred retreat. I dance in the hall, swear at the bell-boy, and finally fall asleep in my clothes, leaving a tearful wife watching over the moral wreck I have accomplished. The morrow's awakening is as from a nightmare. Remorse at first oppresses me, but under the stimulus of reasoning it soon wears off. I become a changed man, but no longer sin so publicly. The watch I place upon my wife is incessant, and for every worldly thought her action expresses I do something sinful. The boy grows in violence and disobedience, until one day his mother voluntarily hands him over to me, and I begin a course of discipline with him that finally produces good results. I make a better being of her uncle Tom than he has been in two life cycles, and perhaps more.

Another life is in my keeping, and one glance into the placid blue eyes satisfies me that a beloved sister has joined us in our journey onward. Hers had been a sad life. Pain and anguish wore it out at last, but not the patience and the angelical resignation through which she always smiled upon us from her little bed. One day she had closed her eyes, smiled sweetly, and whispering, "I am going now, mother; kiss me good-night," passed into the mystery. I took the babe in my arms, and knew that no rod was needed there. This was to be her holiday from suffering, and the world was to be brighter and better for her coming and would weep for sorrow when she passed on. Oh! happy times have we had, little Lil and I, as she lay against my heart, our souls touching in silent thankfulness; and the smile of her eyes was as balm upon my hot and troubled spirit.

Yet those same eyes awoke within me a new thought to sting. "Here is one who will precede us all," I said to myself, "leaving us far behind. She will not linger. Tom's redemption is, I think, assured, and it is likely that he will not be far off in the next cycle, and wife and I, we will keep close together; but this one, this blue-eyed soul, will have to stand for many a year expectant at the gates of Paradise before the family circle is complete again." Sadly I gave her back into the nurse's arms and went forth into the night. My wife had been querulous all the evening, and so when a beggar asked me for help I kicked him. I felt sorry for the boy; but then I was seeking an opportunity to sin and he happened along. The frightened look in his eyes pained me, and I tossed him a dollar. "He may be a relative, anyhow," I said to myself, hoping the gift had not undone the sin I had committed.

When I look back over the long years of my deliberate self-injury I feel that I have kept pretty close to my wife. The idea that I had thus followed her grew to be a grim pleasure at last. I felt a peculiar satisfaction in the self-sacrifice I had practiced, a moral pride in yielding up cycles of time from Paradise for the woman I loved, and in assuming cycles of trial and pain and weariness to keep with her. I resolutely kept down the thought that even if we met again it might be as strangers. I know that our souls have learned memory; they cannot forget. We shall meet again, and perhaps then we will press forward faster. Tom is a fine fellow, meeting his many life trials firmly, bearing his many disappointments manfully, and working out his salvation with a resolution beautiful to contemplate. And Lil is the angel she promised to become, the sunlight of our home, and the beloved of all who come within its circle. But in Anna, my best beloved, Heaven help me! I see no change. She will not listen to my counsel, but calls me a theorist and points out my own sins. She has often half playfully declared that if she recognized me in the next world it would be through my love for money, as she thought that was strong enough to live always. And once she said that I must have been a Parsee merchant I loved money so. How can I tell her the purpose of my sins? She would not believe me if I did. And she is so wasteful of wealth.

It has come at last. Yesterday I closed the eyes of my dear wife and left my last kiss upon the beautiful face smiling up from the coffin. What peace shone there, what faith, what resignation! Sin left no mark upon the brow, the



thought came to me in my anguish. To-day they buried her. Such a concourse of people was never before seen in a dwelling-house in this city, it is said. Rich and poor, old and young, white and black, all came and cried above her, and the flowers they left covered the coffin. A hundred have blessed her name to me and told of help and kindness from the dead: this one's sick child she had nursed; to this one she gave weekly assistance year after year; this one she taught; this one she rescued from a life of sin and gave her hope again; this one she saved from the poor-house. How many such! These blessings for her they poured on me until I was buried under bitter memories as she under the roses.

As I sit here in the closing twilight a great truth has opened before me. I have delayed my Paradise for a woman's company by whose side I could barely have kept in her triumphant advance had I given my best years and a pure and humble heart to the service of my fellow-men. What were her dissipations? The simple overflow of a joyous and human heart. What were her vanities? Childish delight in forms of beauty. What was her extravagance? Christian charity. What were her foibles and sometimes anger? Great Heaven, what are my own! I ask myself in anguish. And then with tearful eyes I go into her room and gaze upon the flowers that cover her vacant bed and strew the floor. Gone! Aye, she gone before; I lagging behind. There is not the mere space of a grave between us, but a vast stretch of life and time and endeavor. God help me!

(*The last entry.*) Twenty years have passed since I bade farewell to my beloved, and they have been years of discipline to me. I have secretly carried on the work she laid down. Secretly, for it costs a man too much to be known as generous. No appeal for help has been made to me in vain; no human being has suffered, in my knowledge, while I had the power to relieve. I can look every living man in the face and say with truth, "I have not wronged you in word, thought, or deed." To-day I go forth into another life to carry on the struggle. I care not to reason with myself over the means. If I lengthen the time of my next life by entering unbidden upon it, I shorten this; and I shall be with her, soul to soul. Three years after she died I sat one day in the house of a poor woman whom I had befriended, when a little girl came and leaned her cheek against my knee and looked into my eyes. I felt a strange power drawing me towards her. She lay like a doll in my arms when I lifted her, and with her cheek against mine my old happiness came back. As I sat there a great

mystery was unfolded about me and peace dawned over my soul. We had met again; the little soul but half remembered. Still, the unerring instinct was there, and would grow with knowledge, I knew. Henceforth my joy was in this household. I made it mine and planned to lavish wealth upon it, for had not my dear one earned an exemption from want, and was not I an instrument of Heaven? I intended to bless her pathway, and God knows she has blessed mine for all these twenty years. The babe grew to girlhood, then to womanhood, and then to wifehood. This last change filled me with anguish and sorrow, but I do not despair. The woman I loved lay at rest in the grave; the soul I loved had its mission: so I reasoned.

Last night the young wife came to me in my dreams. I saw her as distinctly as I see these lines, and the woman of my early manhood seemed blended in her form. The familiar eyes looked out upon me, oh! so tenderly, and she held out her arms. I cried aloud, and started forth, but reason held me back; she was a wife. Still she held out her arms and smiled upon me, and like a thought impinging upon a human brain came her words, "As a babe." White with agitation, but tremulous with joy, I sprang towards her. She vanished, and I found myself gasping in the darkness of my own room.

To-night my affairs are in order, and I go forth into the next cycle of my life. When men gather here to wonder at this strange taking off I shall sleep, a child upon its mother's breast, but soul to soul with my beloved. Almost my last business act was to make a will in her favor, my children having been already provided for, and all my vast wealth is hers—not in fee-simple, for I have thought it best to rely upon the survival of my business instinct, and so have made her its custodian until her first child comes of age, when all shall be his. I know that my beloved will not suffer if I come into my own again, and I do not wish to devote to money-making the years that I may give to her companionship.

[To this the writer had added, as if on second thought, these words, for my eye only:] Sir, you have my story. Do not take any advantage of me.

J. R.

This, as stated, was the last entry in the diary, of which I have given only enough to show the tendency of the man's belief and moral purpose. So fascinated was I with the matter that I could not rid myself of it, but sat and pondered long upon it. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to talk with some one, and was just about to go up the street when a messenger brought me a telegram from my wife's mother



in Augusta, which read as follows: "Your son is born. All is well."

I rushed to the depot and caught a train just starting for Augusta. All young fathers know how I passed the hours of that journey and with what feverish impatience I saw the lagging mile-posts file by; but the end came at last, and I held my wife, the mother of my child, in my arms. Her eyes burned with a dangerous excitement, and she smiled through the tears that soon filled them. "Have you heard?" she said eagerly.

"Heard what?"

"Oh! you have not." Her hand trembled with excitement as she drew from under her pillow a letter and passed it quickly to me. The familiar writing attracted my whole attention at once. It was from the author of the diary, short and affectionate, and informed her that the writer had willed all his property to her first child, and made her his trustee until the child came of age. She did not notice my sudden start nor the gasp that I gave.

"William," she said, "we must name him Raymond." I could not reply, and my hand shook as I turned down the coverlet and gazed into the placid little face there. As I am truthful, the infant looked up at me with his grave brown eyes, and his features suddenly twitched themselves into the most quizzical look that I ever saw on a human countenance. Then he broke forth with a lusty wail. My wife pushed me away.

"Now you have frightened him," she whispered, "glaring at him that way." Mastering my emotion, I said, forcing a poor smile:

"So, then, this is my rival. Well, I won't take any advantage of him."

But from the moment my son Raymond looked into my eyes there began in me a struggle. I did not love him then; I never did; I do not now. It was just as impossible for love to have existed between us as for the sun to shine at night. Foolish, heartless, as this may seem, it is true, and I admit it all the more willingly because I had nothing to do with it. The diary and its prompt vindication converted me instantly to the strange creed of the dead man. The more I read it, the more I pondered upon the matter, the firmer became my conviction that John Raymond had reappeared as my son and would some day win the soul of my wife from me. There were times when the thought filled me with rage and I could not contemplate the boy calmly. I could not rid myself of the remembrance that he had thrust himself into a happy family for the purpose of supplanting me in my wife's affections. He was never a companion of mine, and I rarely held him in my arms.

This antipathy was evidently mutual. Fre-

quently at the mere sight of me Raymond would fly into a passion, and my touch was like a torment to him. This state of affairs could not long escape the attention of my wife. She reasoned with me in vain. Nothing could heal the breach between the boy and me. Reason made him odious to me; instinct, perhaps a dim memory, drew him away from me. As may be believed, she grieved always over the unfortunate state of affairs; and perhaps it was natural that gradually she should side with the infant, for he was the weaker and her flesh and blood. After a while I awoke to the maddening conviction that not only the babe but my wife also was estranged from me, perhaps beyond redemption, and I saw with agony that the very end that I most dreaded was being accomplished. The soul of my rival was triumphing over mine. So far as love was concerned, I was already a defeated and lonely man, while the babe was ever pressed to his mother's heart. But I did not yield without a final struggle. In an evil moment, half crazed at her reproaches, I one day revealed the contents of Raymond's diary and laid bare my soul before her. She was touched and startled, and for some weeks I mistook tenderness for a re-awakened loss; but she fell again to brooding over the babe, and to her morbidness was now added the fearful revelation I had made. Whether she believed as I did, I do not know. She made a final effort to rid me of my distrust of the boy, and then one day she lay down and died.

All the little sunlight I possessed passed away with my wife; all the old love came back with crushing force. For her sake I made a great effort to take the boy to my heart and forget the injury I had suffered, but in vain. The thing was utterly impossible. On the contrary, a positive hatred of him awoke in me. To me he was not my child, nor hers, but John Raymond. And yet I never took any advantage of him, and he fell to the care of a relative who came to live with me.

Several years passed in this way, and I never withdrew my secret watch of the boy. At last he developed a most extraordinary affection for a little girl, the daughter of a near neighbor. I took her one day upon my knee and studied the depths of her beautiful eyes. She smiled and prattled to me artlessly, and I felt a strange thrill go through my heart. Tears came into my eyes when I pressed her closer to my bosom, but I was not suffered to keep her long; Raymond called her; she slid down from my lap and bounded away. But I did not give up. I made the care of the child my life's work. Mona, they called her. I lavished gifts of dress and jewelry and sweetmeats upon her. Her delighted parents never suspected



the reason. And so years rolled by, and men commented upon my wild devotion to the girl and coldness towards my own boy. But alas! he shared the gifts I bestowed upon her, and her delight was confided to him.

Why detail the sufferings I endured through all those years, my hopes and fears and disappointments? In the moment of my greatest joy, when the child, a woman almost, came to me, and putting her arms around my neck asked me to let her love me always, in that moment the final blow was descending. An hour later Raymond told me that he was going to marry her. My rage and stormings must have been fearful. I am told that they were, but they were also useless. Threats, disinheritance, reproaches, were all in vain. It was the moment of his triumph, and he had entered into the fortune which he provided for himself long ago. He married her, and I prepared for the end, for my last hope was gone. But during this year, the year of their happiness, a wild revenge has suggested itself to me. It shall be soul against soul, I say, an eye for an eye. As he has robbed me, so will I rob him. As he has made me a lonely man, so will I make him. And perhaps,—oh, sweet the thought!—perhaps in this new cycle I shall win her back again and hold her forever. The hour cometh. I have made my will, leaving my fortune to the first son of my son's wife, and the wail of a new-born infant in this house will be preceded by the crash of a pistol-shot. If I win, joy be mine; if I lose, I shall at least have escaped this torture. I reduce this brief of John Raymond's life and mine to writing, and place it in a drawer of my desk, inserting a clause in my will that the drawer shall be opened by my legatee only, and then on his twenty-first birthday. In this way I shall come into my fortune again, and be possessed of the information that will enable me to carry on the conflict. John Raymond made his great mistake when he armed me with his diary and gave me his secret.

ALLEN WHARTON.

John Wharton was walking the room when I reached the abrupt conclusion of the manuscript. There was a most terrific scowl upon his face, and his manner betrayed the most intense excitement. The mood was something so new for him that I resolutely repressed the smile which I felt coming. As he did not seem inclined to break the silence, I said carelessly:

"Well, what of it?" Then he turned on me.

"What of it!" he thundered. "What of it! Well, that *is* decidedly cool! Don't you see the conclusion? If my grandfather has told the truth, I am — why, confound me, I am my grandfather himself!" He gave a short, hysterical laugh. "And I am left to infer that my

mother, my grandmother — yes, and my wife, has eloped with my father, who was also my son, and that he was a penurious, scheming villain! Oh, you fired a center shot when you told me that I did not seem myself awhile since."

The situation was too fine to destroy. I humored him:

"But you beat Raymond at last, old fellow; you got his money." He stared at me a moment, and then a grim smile lighted up his face.

"By George, you are right! But ha! an idea strikes me. My father, this self-same Raymond, speaking now as John Wharton, left a large sum to a Hindoostanee mission —" He stopped in front of me, and his voice sank to a stage whisper: "I see it all. Raymond has carried her back to India; he expects to turn up in the mission and trust to his indestructible business capacity to get the best of that fund."

The matter was going too far.

"John Wharton," I said, quietly and sternly, "you are crazy."

"You are right, or very nearly so; I will be to-morrow. I have met no young woman to whom I have felt drawn. She is gone; I am without grandmother, mother, daughter, or wife —"

"This manuscript," I continued coldly, not noticing his excitement, "was written as a story by your grandfather. He sent it to a publisher, and it was returned. Don't you see the paragraph marks in different ink on the margins, the corrections, the queries—all in a different hand? Why, it is deuced bad copy, rolled and returned!"

This was a shower-bath to him. He took the manuscript from my hands, and I noticed the clouds were lifting from his face.

"You really think so? You know my father and mother were drowned together, and my grandfather is supposed to have killed himself —"

"That does n't make any difference. Your grandfather tried to write a romance. The editor thought he was seeking to air a creed just becoming known in America, and did not finish reading it. Had he done so he might have let the matter in as a satire. Trust me to know a returned manuscript when I see it."

Wharton put on his hat. His face had assumed its wonted calmness, and a smile was upon his lips.

When I left him he had regained his wonted spirits and could laugh at his recent alarm. I firmly believed my theory was the correct one, and as I walked the street I repeatedly assured myself of its reasonableness. And yet when well out of sight of Wharton and opposite the court-house I stopped, hesitated, laughed at my own weakness, crossed the street, and entered the ordinary's office. I had just possessed



myself of "Folio D," and found the will of mine burn with guilty shame. He came close to me, and asked quietly:  
 Allen Wharton there, when John Wharton entered the room. His face flushed, and I felt "Is the clause there?"

*Harry Stillwell Edwards.*



### THE LAST LETTER.

LONG years within its sepulcher  
 Of faintly scented cedar  
 Has lain this letter dear to her  
 Who was its constant reader;  
 The postmark on the envelope  
 Sufficed the date to give her,  
 And told the birth of patient hope  
 That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure-box,  
 Tears in her eyes' soft fringes,  
 She came with key, and turned the locks,  
 And on its brazen hinges  
 Swung back the quaintly figured lid  
 And raised a sandal cover,  
 Disclosing, under trinkets hid,  
 This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child,  
 Her hand awhile caressed it  
 Ere to the lips that sadly smiled  
 Time and again she pressed it;  
 Then drew the small inclosure out  
 And smoothed the wrinkled paper,  
 Lest any line should leave a doubt  
 Or any word escape her.

Still held the olden charm its place  
 Amid the tender phrases—  
 Time seemed unwilling to efface  
 The love-pervaded praises;  
 And though a thousand lovers might  
 Have matched them all for passion,  
 A poet were inspired to write  
 In their unstudied fashion.

From "Darling" slowly, word by word,  
 She read the tear-stained treasure:  
 The mists by which her eyes were blurred  
 Grew out of pain and pleasure;  
 But when she reached that cherished name,  
 And saw the last leave-taking,  
 The mist a storm of grief became,  
 Her very heart was breaking!

I put it back,—this old-time note,  
 Which seems like sorrow's leaven,—  
 For she who read, and he who wrote,  
 Please God, are now in heaven.  
 If lovers of to-day could win  
 Such love as won this letter,  
 The world about us would begin  
 To gladden and grow better.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*





NOTHING more curiously illustrates the common source of the Florentine and Sienese schools than the perpetual confusion arising in the attribution of the

works of the early masters of either and the uncertainty of the early writers as to the affiliation of one or another painter with Siena or Florence. As to Gaddo Gaddi there is, however, no room for doubt, for his personal relation with Giotto and Cimabue was so well known in early times that it is impossible to separate them from him. Vasari, with all his inaccuracies, gives us the greater part of the knowledge we possess of early Italian art, and it is impossible not to give weight to his testimony until we find it overthrown by something more authentic. This we get occasionally in the documents which have been brought to the knowledge of the world by that modern critical research into this history which has been excited by the growing sense of the importance of the beginnings of art for the better comprehension of its final results; but there still remain many things for which we have only Vasari's authority and as to which we are now never likely to have any more competent. And the tendency to dispute the statements of the historian, so natural under the circumstances, has been carried by both Milanese and Cavalcaselle to a point which becomes contentious. Thus when Milanese, in speaking of Gaddo Gaddi, undertakes to deny his authorship of the lunette over the door of Santa Maria del Fiore *because* it shows a combination of the style of the Byzantines with that of Cimabue, we are driven to say that his objection is an absolutely futile one, because this is the character by which Vasari declares Gaddo's works to be distinguished. Cavalcaselle is more reasonable, and admits the probability of the correctness of the attribution.

Gaddo lived under circumstances most favorable to the development of his genius, for he was an inhabitant of Florence, where art was familiar to all and was always greatly encouraged, and he was moreover the intimate friend of Cimabue—with whom he was wont to converse often of the difficulties and intricacies of art—and of Giotto and Andrea Taffi.

Vasari has it that Andrea Taffi was his master in the art of mosaic, and that Gaddo worked under him in the baptistery of San Giovanni at

Florence, executing the Prophets under the windows afterwards quite independently, and thereby getting for himself much fame. Milanese and Cavalcaselle think it improbable that Taffi should have been his master, as the two men were almost of the same age. Neither do they attribute the Prophets to Gaddo.

But here again the hypercritic betrays himself; for when we consider the state of art education in Italy at that time, and that what Taffi had to teach Gaddo was mainly the technical processes of mosaic work, the equality of age is no objection to the relation of master and pupil having existed between them. As to the Prophets, there is no evidence in favor of attributing them to any other man, so that we may leave them to Gaddo with as much confidence as any other work, always remembering that the influence of a new mind on an artist who was not a novice in art, in its general manifestations would inevitably produce a modification in the manner of working and conception,—or what is generally called a change of style,—and there is nothing in the mosaic work alluded to which makes it even improbable that Gaddo did it. That the style of the work differed from that of the subsequent work known to be his is no more a reason for contradicting the tradition, unless the style indicated another and a recognizable hand.

By 1308 Gaddo's reputation was such that he was summoned to Rome to finish some mosaics begun by Fra Jacobus Torriti; but these, as well as some others that he executed in the Church of St. Peter, are lost. All that remains of the work that he did during his visit is on the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore. Here remain still his four subjects from the history of the basilica, which Vasari praises as being finer in style and less Byzantine than any of his former works. These mosaics are:

*First.* The Virgin with angels appearing to St. Liberius, pope, and,

*Second.* Simultaneously to the patrician John, who is commanded to build a church where he will find snow the next day—it being then August.

*Third.* John telling his vision to the pope. He is kneeling before the pope, with three attendants kneeling behind him and a fourth holding the horses. A bishop kneels beside the pope.

*Fourth.* Pope Liberius drawing the plan of the basilica on the snow, surrounded by the



patrician, the people, and the clergy, while the Virgin and Child appear in the sky and surrounded by angels, the miraculous snow falling down from them to form the ground on which the plan is being drawn.

These mosaics resemble those of the baptistery of Florence and the frescos in the vault of the upper church at Assisi, as well as some of those in the lower church from the history of St. Francis, with which they harmonize in the accessories and architecture. They seem to be by the same hand, resembling these in composition, in the types of head and figure, and in their style, which is a transition from that of Cimabue to that of Giotto. There are the same coarse and monotonous outlines, heavy and conventional drapery, and clumsy extremities, and the same absence of intermediate tints in both the mosaics, where it is to be expected, and in the frescos, where it is not.<sup>1</sup> Cavalcaselle remarks that some of the heads are the same.

Vasari notes that Gaddo was a painter as well as a mosaicist, and it is probable that he was with his friend Giotto at Assisi. Vasari apparently knew nothing of these pictures at Assisi; but he mentions a panel at Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome, now lost, and says that he painted many such for Tuscany.

At Pisa, in the cathedral, is a mosaic of Gaddo's, damaged and repaired, with the Madonna rising to heaven and Christ waiting

to receive her, having ready for her a splendid throne. It is in the artist's latest style.

Vasari says that, having returned to Florence, Gaddo rested from his labors, and made some mosaics of egg-shell—marvels of diligence and patience. In the Uffizi gallery at Florence there is one of these, a half-length figure of our Lord, his right hand on his breast, his left holding a book open and with a Greek inscription. The background is gilt.

Gaddo died at the age of seventy-three, and was buried in Santa Croce by his son Taddeo, the only one of all his children who became a painter. Vicino da Pisa was a worthy pupil of Gaddo. He executed some mosaics in the cathedral of his town.

According to Vasari, Taddeo painted portraits of his father and of Taffi in the chapel of the Baroncelli at Santa Croce, Florence. Vasari points out two figures preceding the players in the fresco representing the Marriage of the Virgin, of which one resembles the portrait of Taffi given by Vasari with his biography; but the other figure bears no likeness to the woodcut of Gaddo in the same book. There is a figure in the other fresco, on the right side, with a long beard and flowing hair, which is much more like Vasari's portrait of Gaddo; but the old man standing near him could hardly be Taffi, though the figure is somewhat of the same type as the one in the first fresco.

<sup>1</sup> The principal variations which the mosaics at Santa Maria Maggiore show from the Byzantine are in the greater freedom of design and originality of conception, for the execution is much less masterly than in some works of the earlier school. But the general treatment is the same—strong outlines with masses of color, unbroken by subdivisions of detail, and with very little recognition of light and shade; characters all of the best school of decorative mosaic. The mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore have been much

maltreated, and in the *barocco* alterations of the church by the architect Fuga (1743) portions have been covered up and additions of subordinate figures have been made at some intermediate time. The invention shown is, as must be expected, far inferior to that of Giotto; but it is distinctly apart from the Byzantines. The colors used are the usual and limited range of the earlier school, of dull tints except the blue; and the general effect is quiet, with no indication of the perception of the capacities of color as shown by later schools.

### TADDEO GADDI (1300-1366).



MONG the many pupils whom Giotto collected around himself, his favorite, and the one who did his teaching the most credit, was his godchild, Taddeo Gaddi.

We do not know at what age Taddeo began to work independently—it was probably when Giotto left Florence for the south of Italy. In 1338 the chapel of the Baroncelli in Santa Croce was completed, but we do not know how soon Taddeo was called to paint its walls. This was his first independent work, so far as we know. The subjects he painted here are nine.

In the lunette to the right of the entrance is Joachim being driven from the temple. The

action is animated, but slightly exaggerated, as is often the case with this master.

In the four compartments underneath the lunette are:

1. The Meeting of Anna and Joachim.
2. The Birth of the Madonna.
3. The Madonna on the Steps of the Temple.
4. The Marriage of the Virgin.

On the other wall are:

1. The Annunciation.
2. The Meeting of Mary and Elisabeth.
3. The Angel announcing the Birth of Christ.
4. The Adoration. The Virgin, seated on the ground, is toying with the Infant; Joseph sits apart meditating.



In imitation niches are the figures of Joseph holding the flowering rod and of David holding the head of Goliath—both well preserved. The dome is divided into two compartments, in which, within circles, are the half-figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Strength, and Humility. These are among the best figures executed by any pupil of Giotto.

Besides these frescos in the Baroncelli Chapel, Taddeo painted many others in the refectory and the sacristy of the same Church of Santa Croce. On one partition (since destroyed) he executed portraits of Giotto, Dante, and himself, of which those heads now in the Bargello at Florence are possibly copies.

The frescos he painted in the Cloister of Santo Spirito, mentioned by Vasari, and a panel with predella which he executed for the high altar of S. Stefano del Ponte Vecchio, have disappeared. A panel painted for Or San Michele, now in the Belle Arti, is one of the finest of his surviving works.

He was called to Pisa, where he decorated with frescos the Church of San Francesco, and Vasari notes especially the expression and vivacity of the figures. In the dome he introduced a portrait of himself, inscribed with his name and the date 1342, but this part of the decoration has perished. Until quite lately all these frescos were whitewashed.

Vasari makes Gaddi the architect of the Ponte Vecchio (built by Fra Giovanni da Campo), of the Ponte Santa Trinità, of the Loggia of Or San Michele, and of the upper part of Giotto's tower. Milanese and Cavalcaselle deny all these statements, the former on the ground that no man was allowed to practice an art unless he were enrolled in the guild of that art,—and as we have no evidence that Taddeo was registered as an architect, they take it as proved that he was not,—except he were specially elected by public decree to carry on a work for the Commune, as we find by documentary evidence to have been the case with Giotto.

Here again it is as well, so far as the Campanile is concerned, to take Vasari as the better guide, the subject being one which, by its publicity, would be more likely to be held firmly by tradition in the popular mind. The mere want of documentary evidence in this case is of minor significance, as Taddeo's master had carried on the work, and the continuance of it by the pupil would be so natural a proceeding that it would hardly call for the special measure of formality which was required for Giotto himself; and the superintendence of the execution of the master's plans by the pupil might easily be accepted as the carrying out of a contract by a deputy.

We should expect strong evidence to establish the fact that another than Taddeo was appointed to the work, and the lack of documentary evidence tells in favor of him until it is shown by such evidence that there was another architect put in his place, a substitution which could hardly have been made without some record remaining of it. The intrinsic probabilities in favor of Vasari's statement are so great that I feel it to be hardly disputable. A work of so great importance could hardly have been given to an unknown man or to an architect who would allow his name to be suppressed. Of all the improbabilities the most improbable is that the architect should not be known.

Taddeo, being in Florence, painted in the Mercanzia an allegory of Truth tearing out the tongue of Falsehood. This has perished. He was then called to Arezzo, where, assisted by Giovanni da Milano, he painted many frescos, among which Vasari chiefly admires a crucifixion in which a great variety of expression is introduced. Most of his work in Arezzo has disappeared; a St. John the Baptist, much injured, in the bishop's palace, is still to be seen.

Returning to Florence he painted many pictures, which were sent all over the country, and by which he gained so much as to lay the foundations of the fortune of his family and cause it to be ennobled. As coadjutor of Simone Memmi he was intrusted with half of the decoration of the chapter of Santa Maria Novella,<sup>1</sup> and they seem to have worked in perfect harmony; which is not so strange a matter perhaps as it may appear to our modern ideas of artist life, for it seems that then it was rather the ambition of an artist to be known as a good workman and orthodox in his painting than to rank above his fellows. The ideal of greatness was more like that of modern craftsmen than that of our schools of art. Of the walls of the chapter one was given to Taddeo, with the ceiling. The latter he divided into four compartments, in which he painted the Resurrection, Christ saving Peter from drowning, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. On the western wall are St. Thomas Aquinas, and the fourteen sciences, each with an appropriate figure underneath. Prophets and saints are seated on each side of St. Thomas, and the four cardinal and the three theological virtues are represented above.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Cappella degli Spagnuoli, formerly the chapter-house, was begun in 1320.—EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup> Cavalcaselle considers that these frescos were possibly designed and inspired by Taddeo but executed by a pupil; but the probability is that the greater part of the work done by artists in those days after they had attained the degree of master was, in the actual painting, done by the pupils. This was the invariable practice in the religious schools.



In this same church Taddeo painted a St. Jerome, and under it his son Agnolo built a sepulcher covered with a marble slab bearing the arms of the family, and in this Taddeo was buried. Vasari states that Taddeo Gaddi died of a terrible fever in 1350, but there are documents extant which prove him to have bought land in 1352 and again in 1365. In 1360 he is one of the council assembled to deliberate on the façade of Santa Maria del Fiore, but in 1366 his wife's name appears as "she who was the wife of Taddeo Gaddi," so that we must conclude that he died in 1365-66. He made Jacopo di Casentino guardian of his two sons, Agnolo and Giovanni, and made them pupils of Giovanni da Milano. Vasari says that Taddeo followed the method of his master Giotto but did not improve on it in any respect, except that

his color was more vivid and fresh. As it is even to-day difficult to distinguish between the works of Giotto and his immediate followers of Giotto, of whom Taddeo was the chief, must have adhered to his system very closely. In fact, so much of the manner was prescription that the opportunities of escaping into an individual style were very limited, and the subjection of the art to the uses of the Church was anything but favorable to the development of artistic individuality. The pictures were wanted as stimulants to devotion, and the primary requisite was that the sacred story should be told with pathos and with a force which would penetrate the common and unartistic mind. The artistic development came by process of nature and normal growth because the Church could not control it.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

"MUSIC."

FLORENCE, March 1, 1888.—"Music," by Taddeo Gaddi,—or rather attributed to him, since it could not be definitely ascertained to be by his hand,—is found in the Cappella degli Spagnuoli of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. It is one of a series of figures contained in the large fresco of the allegorical representation of the Wisdom of the Church, which adorns the left wall of the chapel as seen from the entrance. The architecture is perfectly simple: the roof is groined, supported by two intersecting pointed arches. The spaces between the ribs and the four walls beneath them are covered with frescos, the series in its movement of thought beginning on the altar wall, ascending to the space above it, and then circulating round the chapel; the subject depicted within each of the four remaining compartments of the roof symbolizing the more extended composition that expands on the wall below it. Of these the four on the roof and the whole left-hand wall are ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi, the remaining ones to Simone Memmi. The whole forms a most imposing monument of early art. The fresco on the left-hand wall, as well as that on the right, measures 36 feet long, and nearly as many feet high. The figures are life size or perhaps larger. Elevated above on a lofty throne sits St. Thomas Aquinas in state, displaying an open book, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Wherefore I prayed and understanding was given me; I called upon God and the spirit of Wisdom came to me; I preferred her before scepters and thrones." Three figures, said to be the heretics Arius, Sabellius, and Averroës, sit at his feet. He is attended on the right and left by saints of the Old and the New Testament. The four Cardinal and the three Theological Virtues float gracefully above him—beautiful female figures, each known by her appropriate emblem. Seated below in decorative stalls are the seven Profane and the seven Theological Sciences in the form

of beautiful maidens, each with her most distinguished votary attendant at her feet. The seven Profane Sciences begin at the right hand as you face the fresco, the seven Theological at the left, and the two thus meet in the center below St. Thomas. Briefly enumerating them, I will begin with the Profane Sciences:

- I. Grammar; below her, Priscian.
- II. Rhetoric or Eloquence; below her, Cicero.
- III. Logic; below her, Aristotle.
- IV. Music; below her, Tubal Cain.
- V. Astronomy; below her, Zoroaster.
- VI. Geometry; below her, Euclid.
- VII. Arithmetic; below her, Pythagoras.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCIENCES.

- I. Civil Law; below her, the Emperor Justinian.
- II. Canon Law; below her, Pope Clement V. (said to be).
- III. Practical Theology; below her, Peter Lombard.
- IV. Speculative Theology; below her, Dionysius the Areopagite.
- V. Dogmatic Theology; below her, Boethius.
- VI. Mystic Theology; below her, St. John Damascenus.
- VII. Polemic or Scholastic Theology; below her, St. Augustine.

The "Music" is the fourth in the series of Profane Sciences. The ornamental stall in which she is seated is similar in design to all the others. The backgrounds to all these figures have been scraped off, leaving a soapy light color. The figures are generally light and delicate in color. The drapery of the "Music" is a delicate green; the organ brownish and carefully drawn; the reddish flesh tints are refined and harmonious. The hand upon the keys is mentioned by Ruskin as one of the loveliest things he ever saw done in painting. The maiden is singing as she plays, and the gentle inclination of her body gives a feeling of movement quite natural and in harmony with the subject. Underneath her is seated Tubal Cain with a hammer in each hand: he is striking an anvil, and his head is turned slightly and bent forward in the attitude of listening to the combination of sounds produced.

T. Cole.



"MUSIC."

(REPUTED TO BE BY TADDEO GADDI. IN THE SPANISH CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)





## CHRISTIAN IRELAND.



A SUPPLICANT WEARING THE ANTIQUE HOODED CLOAK OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.



STUDY worthy of the devotion of a lifetime would be a comparison of the myths and religions, the races and customs, the antiquities and arts of islands like Japan, Borneo, Ceylon, and Ireland on the one hand with the like among the men of the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, Hindu-Kush, and Himalayas on the other. As the flora and fauna of such outlying tracts have been compared with great profit to science, the ocean of atmosphere having preserved certain things, traits, and races just as the ocean of water, so it is plain that the time has come to compare the human development.

Japan has many historical points similar to Ireland besides the obvious geographical likeness. Both lie off the great double continent of Asia and Europe defended by the ocean from ordinary attacks. Both appear to have supported in the far past the rudest human races, who perhaps were forcibly dispossessed by Mongoloid tribes of hunters. Both seem to have had early invasions from the north and south, Ireland from Spain and North Britain, Japan from the Philippines and Corea. As we get down to historical times the southern invasions are best remembered in each island. Irish families of ancient renown still point to Spain and Greece for the origin of their stock, while the Japanese look southward rather than to Corea for their beginnings. The parallel is so close that it even includes a possible Aryan leaven in the Japanese mixture, corresponding to the Keltic Aryans who occupied and held Ireland again and again during the pagan epoch.

Christianity made itself felt in Ireland about the same time that Buddhism reached Japan. Both religions had a light task; both came by the easiest, most natural track—across the narrow northern straits. Japan had no single Buddhist evangelist to compare with St. Patrick; but here we must remember the difference between the practical and aggressive character of Europeans and the essentially contemplative and ideal minds of Orientals. Many details which cannot be noted here will be found singularly to agree if one should compare Buddhism in Japan with Christianity in Ireland, a similarity extending to monasteries and their effect on education and the fine arts, the abuse of religious privileges and the good wrought by religion. In a short article many other things appear more important to note.

In Ireland as in Japan the larger waves of conquest which have run across Asia and Europe, sometimes extending the whole width of those continents, sometimes only local in their course, have altered the population less profoundly than those of the mainland. The greater number were exhausted before reaching Ireland, dying out in Great Britain as the Saxon wave before the defense of the Welsh. The Roman conquests never passed the channel between Britain and Ireland. The Norman occupation of England was a century old before the Norman-Welsh gained a foothold in Ireland and summoned their king to confirm them in their possessions. Since their advent have been built such beautiful edifices as the

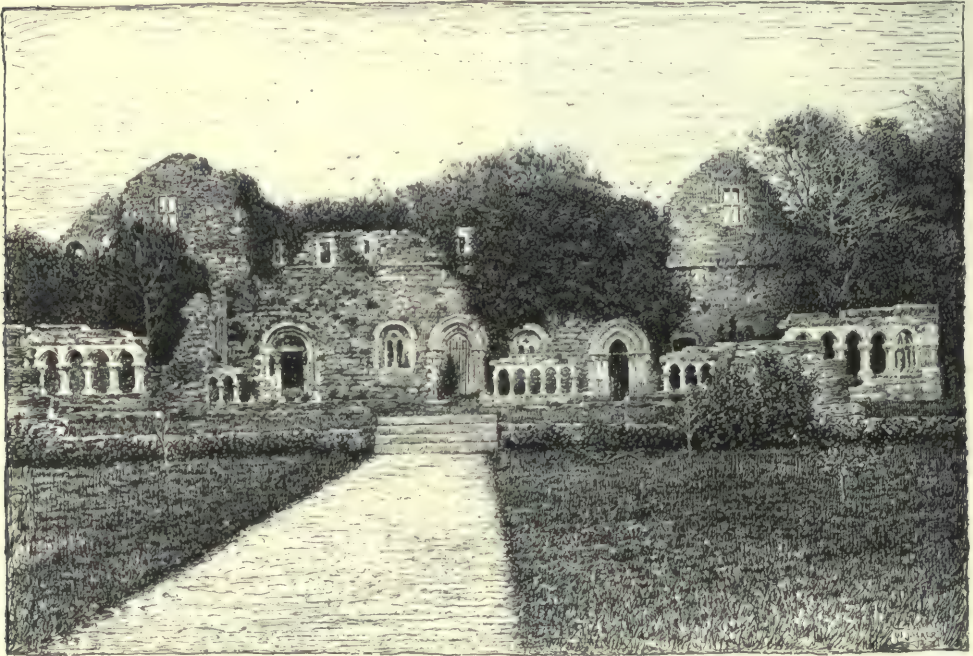


woodcuts here present—Cong Abbey, now in ruins; Muckross Abbey, of whose cloisters a gigantic yew occupies the entire space; the two towers, Keltic and Norman, which remain at Swords; and St. Douglough's Church, which is for the most part Norman. Consequently, although in some instances meager old forms of belief, old legends, old customs, old styles of architecture and weapons have there survived the encroachments of change, when the storm does come in such an island it is not so fierce as on the mainland. Somewhere a handful shelter themselves for the time and emerge with legends, words, and habits of thought that have disappeared from the rest of the world.

Religions are not exempt from this law.

or the other. Of course religion is not the only factor, but its importance is so overwhelming that until it is regarded dispassionately and from the historical point of view the others may be safely neglected. Neither side in the controversy is fair to the other; neither can afford to admit the truth; for some of the finest and most sacred hopes and aspirations are involved on both sides, and admission of fault entails in both cases a criticism of much that is best and most beautiful in modern civilization.

Druidism was of stronger vitality in Gaul and Great Britain than in Ireland. The Keltic peoples who brought Druidism with them in embryo and, when they became to a fair degree civilized and well-to-do, evolved it into



CONG ABBEY, COUNTY MAYO, BURIAL PLACE OF THE LAST KING OF IRELAND. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

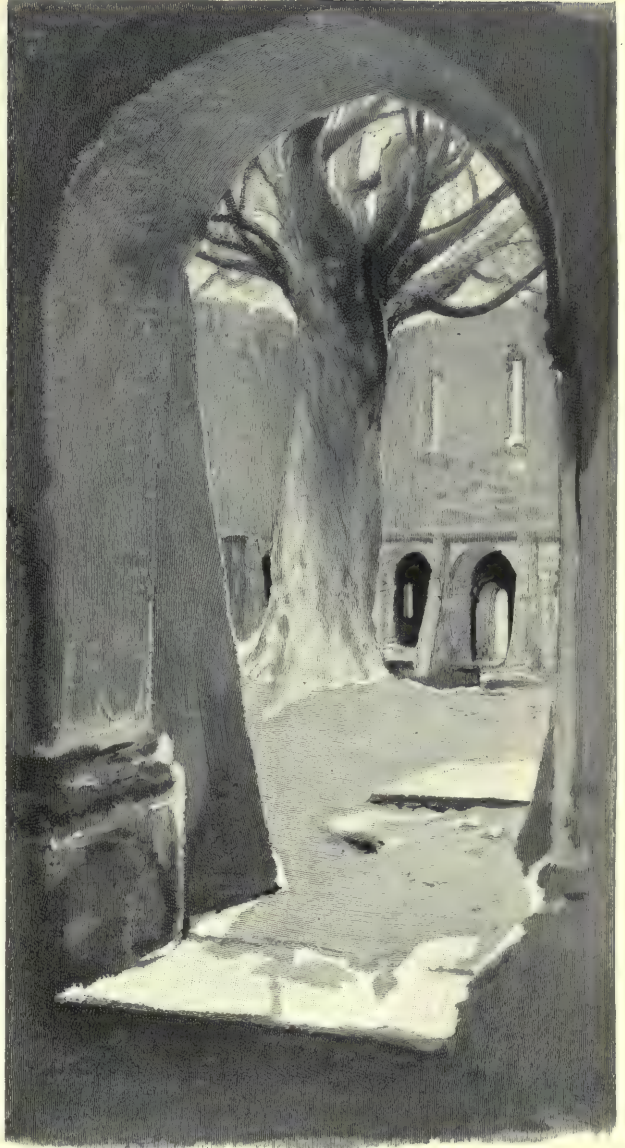
To understand the Irish problem of to-day it is necessary to study the religious waves which have affected Ireland. For at the root of the trouble between the majority and the minority of voters in Ireland, the majority demanding home rule, and the minority, say fifteen per cent. of the population, denouncing it,—between Ireland as a whole and the dominant majority of Great Britain,—lies the religious question like the toad of the fairy tale under the ailing tree. The problem is far from simple; indeed, most writers betray despair of explaining it at all, and according to the prejudices of the writer many have recourse to arguments that will not bear an instant's examination, such as inherent defects in the people of one island

an elaborate and bloody ceremonial, into a religion of philosophy for the wise, of secrecy and fear for the unlearned, did not crush the aboriginal tribes of Europe equally in all places. The unlikelihood will be recognized that large armies were needed to overrun the British islands. Especially Ireland, a barren, woody, wet land, inhabited by a Mongoloid race of hunters and fishermen, offered small temptations, and could be easily occupied by tribes not only more warlike but better provided for a pastoral and agricultural life. Hence the weakness of Druidism in Ireland compared with Britain, where we may confidently suppose the earliest inhabitants to have made more resistance and forced the Kelts into a stronger



tribal and religious development. Yet the existence of Druidism in Ireland is certain. Too many curious legends, too many names of places and men, attest it. But it found no resistance in Ireland worthy of the name, and may, in a certain sense, be said to have stagnated there. The Shamanistic superstitions of the original inhabitants lived on and exist yet obscurely in the people, notwithstanding the advent of at least three forms of Christianity, in addition to, we may fairly say subversive of, the Celtic Pantheism of the Druids.

Before Druidism disappeared, before the Roman armies left Britain, it is certain that Christianity had already reached Ireland. Even the Druid or the bard,—and indeed the same man was apt to be both,—who considered himself a pagan, must have been affected by the principles underlying the simple, pure form of Christianity that went through civilized Europe on the commercial routes during the first centuries and penetrated the barbarian nations as well as the Romans of the West and the East. Even then Druidism was undermined, but held its own because of rank and caste. In the underfolk, composed of conquered tribes of a Mongoloid stock, Celtic early settlers subjected by later swarms, tribes and septs overthrown in the constant wars and partly enslaved, together with other slaves robbed or bought from Britain, Gaul, Scandinavia, and Spain, the superstitions cultivated must have been too crude to make any opposition to Christianity. Then it was a religion for the oppressed, and seemed to bring heaven to earth when compared with Druidism as that religion showed itself to the lowly. We hardly need the obscure hints that exist concerning early Christians in Gaul and the British Islands, because a religion like this, confined at first to merchants and unimportant folk, must have reached the West by way of the Greek colonies, of which Marseilles was the type. Christianity must have existed in timid protest against Druidism, making converts among the people, and leaving that haughty philosophy, the natural ally and comrade of the clan system, to the great persons. Even at Rome, says the Rev. Mr. Tozer



CLOISTERS OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

in a recent work, the church was at first Eastern in character, being mainly composed of Greeks or Greek-speaking Jews. "Up to the middle of the third century all the literature of the church was in Greek." The Church of Rome, as we know it, did not exist at all. Only when it became divested of its Oriental character and took on a form suited to the Western peoples did the Catholic Church find the strength to become a propaganda. By ceasing to be orthodox, by becoming in fact a Western sect, it was able to accomplish the wonderful things which stand to its account in history.

It is an old error to count St. Patrick among





SQUARE NORMAN AND ROUND TOWER, SWORDS ABBEY.

the emissaries, missionaries, or nuncios from the see of St. Peter. His conversion of Ireland was an independent act, which may be compared with similar independent conversions of the Bulgarians and other nations to the orthodox or Eastern Church by St. Cyril and St. Methodius four hundred years later. The terms of his confession of faith and his letter to a Welsh brigand who carried off his converts into slavery, two authentic documents, forbid any other view. Rome was indeed in the field to convert Ireland, but failed because the situation was not understood. A few years before the arrival of St. Patrick (A. D. 430) the then pope, Celestinus I., sent Bishop Paladius. Though there is no record of harm done to him by the pagans, but, on the contrary, he was permitted to build churches and leave pastors, yet his reception was so chilling that he left. He never reached Rome, death overtaking him in Pictland, what is now Scotland, North Britain having received that appellation since his day when overrun and conquered by a Keltic return wave out of Scotia or Ireland. Listen to the Annals of the Four Masters :

*The Age of Christ, 430.* The second year of Laogaire. It is in this year that the first Celestinus, the pope, sent Bishop Paladius to Erin to spread the faith among the Erinians, and he took land in the Laigin district, twelve men with him. Nathi, son of Garro, refused to admit him; but, however, he baptized a few persons in Ireland, and three wooden churches were erected by him, namely: Cell-Fhini, Teach-na-Romain, and Domnach-Arta. To Cell-Fhini he left his books and a shrine, with the relics of Paul and Peter, and many martyrs besides. He left these four in these churches: Augustinus, Benedictus, Sylvester, and Solonius. Paladius, on his returning back to Rome, as he did not receive respect in Ireland, contracted a disease in the country of the Cruithnigh (the Picts of the present Scotland) and died thereof.

It has been suggested that Patrick never existed, and that his legend was founded on these meager achievements of Paladius; but the hypothesis has too many documentary, historical, and legendary evidences against it. There was every reason for the want of success of a bishop coming from Rome where orthodox

had been discarded for a more enterprising and ambitious form of Christianity. Paladius must have found the upper classes free-thinkers, addicted to Druidical and other heathen vices, to human sacrifices and the black art, to polygamy certainly, and more than probably to occasional acts of cannibalism, such as drinking human blood and tearing the human heart with the teeth. Such things have often co-existed with a high grade of civilization. That Paladius was permitted to build churches shows two important things—one, that the upper classes were contemptuous of the new religion, the other, that Christians were present in Ireland. But they must have been humble folk and of the orthodox Eastern sect. The record of Paladius and his mission reported by the Four Masters has internal evidence of genuineness in its trait of moderation. The churches are wooden. We know that architecture in Ireland was late in affecting stone as a material; but if this record had been forged after the twelfth century, national vanity would surely have made out the material to be stone.

The success of St. Patrick where Rome had



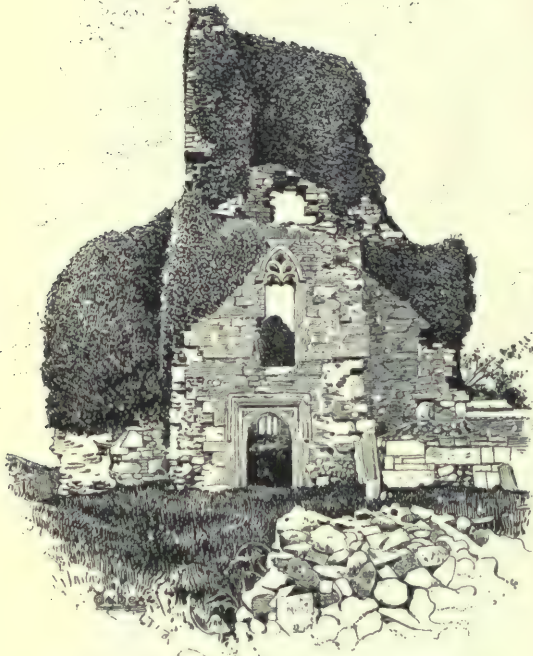
ST. DOULOUGH'S CHURCH (MOSTLY NORMAN).

failed could hardly have been palatable. The hatred and contempt felt by the Italian ecclesiastics come out in St. Jerome's reference to Celestius the Pelagian as an eater of Irish porridge, *Scoticis pultibus prægravatus* ("gorged with his Irish mush") and by other remarks in the polemics of the day. Two years later another missionary, not accredited from Rome,—

an Irish-Scot by residence if not a Scot by birth, a student in Gaul, and a man who distinctly denied that he was learned,—arrived in Ireland and did that which Paladius could not do; so that to-day the Irish Catholics in all parts of the world turn out in procession once a year to honor his memory.

How came it that Patricius succeeded where





ABBEY DORNEY. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Paladius failed? Primarily because he had nothing to do with Rome or Italy. This preserved him from the active jealousy of the upper classes, the kings, chiefs, and Druids, who had good reason to perceive that Rome, having retired her armies from Britain, was now trying to extend her sway by religion. It also conciliated the Christians scattered along the borders of the island, who must have resented the pretensions of the Roman bishops with as much vigor as did the orthodox of the East. But there was another reason for Patrick's success. He addressed himself to the temporal and intellectual leaders, the chiefs, Druids, and "Filés," or poets, because he was a man of genius and saw that only in that way could a community existing on the clan system be converted. Probably he spoke Gaelic from his cradle; very likely he spoke Latin also, for he was born at a station of Roman troops on the west coast of Britain and took a Latin name in place of Succat. From Succat and from Potitus, the name of his father, it is difficult to argue the nationality of his family. We know that Gaulish legions were stationed in Britain and that Syrians and Greeks were also domiciled there, the name "Roman" covering a medley of nations in the fourth century. St. Patrick did only what the

bishops of Rome had done in order to succeed—adapted his methods to the nature of the people and the polity that ruled. But he brought ideas that belonged to Alexandria or Byzantium rather than to Rome, and that were soon to rouse hatred and suspicion in that center of Western Christianity. The purer, more subtle, and imaginative religion of the East was in conflict with the crude worldliness of Rome, and it so happened that the remoteness of Ireland kept off for some centuries after St. Patrick a form of Christianity perhaps at bottom better suited to the Irish character than the orthodox. The southern Irish did not accept the Roman Easter until A. D. 633. It was not till A. D. 716 that northern Ireland and the great training school for missionary monks on the island of Iona gave in, while Wales held out until A. D. 768.

The most vivid and complete view of the native ecclesiastics prior to the English settlements in Ireland is that left by a shrewd Norman-Welsh prelate who accompanied the conquerors—the famous Giraldus de Barry Cambrensis. He pitched at once upon a grand distinction between the Irish custom of electing high prelates and that in Europe, namely, that they

were chosen from the monasteries among men who had become famous for austerity. This was an Eastern trait remaining in Ireland in the twelfth century. Giraldus scores the monks for ignorance of their duty, yet says:

It is wonderful, however, that, as the prelates have always been thus slothful in their duties and negligent of the welfare of their people, so many of them have been reputed holy men while on earth and are so devoutly revered and worshiped as saints.<sup>1</sup>

He tried to discover the reason for the absence of martyrs among the Irish saints, a fact which very naturally surprised him, but all he got was this sharp thrust from Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel:

It is true that, although our nation may seem barbarous, uncivilized, and cruel, they have always shown great honor and reverence to their ecclesiastics and never on any occasion raised their hands against God's saints. But there is now come into our land a people who know how to make martyrs and have frequently done it. Henceforth Ireland will have its martyrs as well as other countries.

We have seen why Ireland had no early martyrs, first, because an extremely pure and simple Christianity leavened the people; and

<sup>1</sup> T. Forester's translation.

secondly, because with St. Patrick came a form essentially Oriental, which suited the upper classes and found no organization to resist it. Election of prelates from the monasteries arose in the same way, as well as the sin that seemed so frightful to Cambrensis, that of marrying a deceased brother's wife according to the teaching of the Old Testament. The Irish cross, which is so picturesque and distinguished a form, owes its existence without doubt to the Eastern origin of Irish Christianity, though an ultimate analysis must separate the cross proper into the Christian emblem and the wheel into the pagan. We may regard this cross as a pious effort to conciliate the pagans and Greek Christians. It has a certain superficial resemblance to the Greek cross, which would help in the harmless deception. A fine example of a comparatively late variety is shown in the sketch.

A pagan tradition of a strongly marked character connected with fire-worship lingered in the protection of the Church until an English king reigned who had not religion enough in him to be even a pagan—Henry VIII. This was the famous fire of St. Brigit, which was not allowed to go out, but was kept alight by nineteen nuns who watched alternately. The twentieth night St. Brigit herself kept the fire going with her own spirit hands. The number twenty represents the division of the old heathen year. There are many other indications of the survival of pagan and of Oriental Christian ideas in Ireland, some too coarse to mention, others not sufficiently important for this article.

But a word or two more concerning Patrick.

The three forbidden bloods  
Patrick preached therein;  
Yoke-oxen and slaying of milch-cows,  
Also, by him, the burning of the first-born.

The verses, taken from an old Gaelic poem, attribute to St. Patrick the defense of a farmer against the wild clansman and hunter. It represents him as the patron of the herdsman also, thus softening the manners of the people at large; finally it shows that he struck at the horrible perversion of Druidism, that which must have kept it alive while it had health, but made its extinction sudden when once assailed. We know of too many similar practices among the Phœnicians, early Jews, Mexicans, and other peoples to be surprised any longer at a ritual in Northern Europe which has been de-

nied existence in vain. When we recall how recent are the latest instances of burning human beings at the stake on the plea of religion, and when we survey the record of the various peoples and religions in this respect, it will be difficult to make of the Druids those harmless philosophers merely which many able writers seek to prove them.

Giraldus Cambrensis did not say in the



CROSS AT ROSSTREVOR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

twelfth century that Patrick was sent by Rome, and perhaps that fixes approximately the date after which it was thought necessary to give him the Italian stamp of approval. The Four Masters, who reflect many of the pious fictions invented up to the sixteenth century, were undoubtedly in good faith when they accredited him as well as unsuccessful Paladius to the same pope. Their entry concerning his death is full of round numbers. Thus his age is 122 years, his apostolate 60; he ordained 700 bishops and 300 priests. The record of St.



Patrick breathes the acknowledgments of a nation for that genius and those self-abnegating labors which substituted for a hidden religion of cruelty and terror a faith of love and peace open to all men, engaging the upper classes in a course which might hold their subjects and dependents by affection instead of by

in Ireland. As Gaul had Greek letters when Cæsar conquered it, so that alphabet came early to Ireland. Easter was Oriental, not Roman; the tonsure of priests was Eastern in shape, not Latin; the liturgy came from Alexandria, the headquarters of the Oriental Christians; Wednesday fasts and infant communion were Greek, not Roman. Village bishops existed in Ireland long after they were discontinued in Italy, and down to the twelfth century priests had wives and concubines. A bishopric might pass from father to son, and did so pass on many occasions, as various annals show. Nor could it well have been otherwise. Giraldus would have been less scandalized at the Irish priesthood had he known how natural was the survival of old forms of Christianity in such a place, had he known the history of his own Church of Britain. Papal letters and papal nuncios inveighed against habits that seemed to the popes who sent them dead in their sinfulness. The religious structure conforms to the political. When Rome became secondary to Byzantium things were conducted according to Byzantine ideas, and when the Western Empire rose again its church proceeded to forget or to ignore what had been done by earlier popes. Politics gradually made the popes temporal sovereigns, and the discipline of the Church had to be increased in severity. Celibacy made the priesthood an army of unmarried men, without the entanglements of home, devoted solely to the interests of the pope. Far off in the ocean, on an island to themselves, yet numerous enough to have an intellectual life of some vitality, is it surprising that the Irish priesthood had little sympathy with the political designs of the papacy until the Reformation changed the whole situation? Ireland was of old in bad odor with the popes. Henry II. could have had full powers to do what he would with her, no matter who the pope was. The Isle of the Saints reeked with heresy. Prelates dared to consecrate each other without the correct twelfth-century forms as Rome made them. Doubtless they dared to assert an earlier origin than any Italian bishopric, and, what was unpardonable, to prove it. Ireland had to be brought into the fold.

To this ancient and well-grounded coldness of the Irish priesthood towards Rome we may fairly ascribe the small interest they took in excommunications launched by the papal see. On his second visit to Ireland, in 1210, King John was an excommunicated monarch, whose churches in England and Wales had been closed. Yet he found no difficulty in securing Irish allies against the barons in rebellion. It was not forty years after the so-called conquest by Strongbow. Norman destruction of shrines brought out little condemnation. Giraldus bears testimony to the



STAIR LEADING TO ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.

fear. We may believe that St. Ibar told Patrick "that the Irish never acknowledged the supremacy of a foreigner," but Patrick must have convinced him very speedily that he was as good an Irishman as any.

We can now understand better, perhaps, the obstinacy of the Irish priesthood in their attitude towards Rome before and after the entrance of true feudalism under Henry II. of England. Consider that the old histories ascribed an Oriental, frequently a Greek, origin to mythical heroes and leaders of bands of settlers



PROTESTANT CHURCH OF ARMAGH, ON THE SITE OF A CHURCH FOUNDED BY ST. PATRICK.

high morality of the Irish priesthood at the end of the twelfth century, but accuses the prelates of ignorance of their duty as officers of the Church, owing to their education as monks, and charges the lower priesthood with drunkenness. It is a singular witness to the permanence of traits in the island for six hundred years that the virtue noted by Giraldus in the priesthood, morality, should be still their grand virtue to-day, and that the vice, indulgence in drink, should be still the vice that causes the most trouble to the organization. It may be said in palliation that some stimulant is almost a necessity in so damp a climate as that of the British Islands.

The Norman barons had many traits which pleased the native Irish. Their valor and calculated magnificence took the Celtic imagination captive: we know that heads of great families soon became more Irish than the natives, and they boldly withstood the encroachments of foreign priests. At Kilkenny—a picturesque bit of which may be seen in Mr. J. W. Alexander's sketch—one of the Le Poers braved the excommunication of Bishop de Ledrede, a prelate who wished to make capital out of a charge of witchcraft brought by the elder children of a very rich woman, Dame le Kyteler, against their mother. The latter

favoured a younger child. Le Poer denounced the bishop as a coarse London friar, and when the latter forced his way into the court of justice over which Le Poer presided he bade him stand at the bar. "Begone with your decretals to your church, and preach them there!" exclaimed Le Poer, when the bishop tried to read the decretals issued by the papacy against heretics. Before the parliament at Dublin he said: "If any interloper from England should wander hither with bulls or privileges alleged to have been obtained in the Roman court, we are not bound to obey until they have been certified to us under our king's seal." Le Poer knew the feeling of Irish as well as Normans against the interference of ecclesiastics who took their orders from Rome. He saved Dame le Kyteler from the stake, but the ferocious bishop succeeded in torturing accusations from members of her household, and burned some of them alive. This was in 1324. When Philippe le Bel seized the property of the Templars and tortured and burned the knights, Edward II. of England did the same at his demand. In Ireland, however, the persecution was languid, and there were no burnings. The same king procured an excommunication from Rome against the Nationalists of his day who fought with



ROCK OF CASHEL, MUNSTER.





CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Robert Bruce of Scotland against the Anglo-Norman forces of the Pale. The Irish were Christian after their own way, and neither expected nor received consideration from Rome. In 1395 Richard II. found it impossible to conquer the Irish, and undertook to conciliate the four great chiefs of the period, O'Neil, O'Connor, MacMurragh, and O'Brien. He accomplished at once by kindness what his well-appointed forces could not do. There was a connection by marriage between Edward the Confessor and an Irish king of Munster. "Laying aside the hostile banners of England, quartered with leopards and fleurs-de-lis, he substituted flags bearing a golden cross on an azure ground surrounded by five silver birds, said to have been the arms of his patron saint, Edward the Confessor." What interests us in this connection, however, is the fact that in the indentures given

by Richard to his pacified Irish vassals a clause was inserted stipulating that in case of penalties for non-performance said fines should go to the papacy. Papal agents were then in Ireland under Richard's protection. Thus the Roman Church was still struggling for a foothold in Ireland in the fourteenth century. Its legates received compliments and reverence instead of money and political sway.

But if up to the Reformation the Irish were lukewarm Romanists it might be supposed that the suppression of the monasteries would have caused great disorder and hatred of England. There appears to be little reason for such an idea. Politics dragged the religious question into the battle of factions later, and each slaughter envenomed the hatred of the sects. With peculiar fatuousness the ruling powers fancied it cheaper to crush than to conciliate. If

they foresaw that the easy-going Catholics of Ireland who took the pope by no means too seriously would inevitably become ardent Romanists under Protestant attacks, they imagined it possible to destroy them before they could do any harm. The result has been three centuries of barbarous treatment and the alienation of the Irish consequent thereon. It is in this period that the Irish have become tools of the politicians of the Vatican. In one small sketch Mr. Alexander has taken Cashel, the greatest ruin of the Catholic period; in another Armagh, with its Protestant church taking the place of an earlier Catholic structure; a larger cut shows Cormac's Chapel, a part of the ruins on Cashel rock which belongs to the age before the Normans. These are typical spots round which the wars of faction envenomed by religion have raged. For three centuries Ireland was held by a settled garrison of Protestants whose titles to property always bore the suspicion of force and fraud, by a very large floating garrison of soldiers, and by various laws enacted to prevent Catholics from holding places of responsibility and trust. The shameful period gave at last to Ireland her quota of martyrs. The foolish struggle hurt British commerce and injured British statecraft, weakened her power in Europe, and gave opening for a thousand schemes and crimes. Very naturally it has stamped the diplomacy of Englishmen with the mark of failure. It has caused the British Government to curry favor with the Vatican in order to bring pressure on the Irish nation through the papal hierarchy, and thus enable it to force on the Irish the system of government it prefers. To such ignominious methods those politicians have to descend who adhere to the old brutal forms of government by violence.

In the game of diplomacy which the papacy will play, notwithstanding the objections of the Italian nation, little Ireland has always suffered the fate of those who have small offerings to make. A pawn on the chess-board, she is sacrificed at any moment in order to win a bigger piece. To-day that Great Britain is largely democratic and the papacy confined to the precincts of the Vatican, the same old game is going on; Ireland is being "sold out." The old lines show themselves with a difference. On the one side is the people, with their faithful shepherds, the priests; on the other, the papacy, with the prelates obedient

to a foreign court. The difference wrought by three centuries of Protestant folly is in favor of the papacy. Not only are the prelates under fair control, but the memory of past wrongs lingers in the people just where it can be reached by unscrupulous agitators. In England and in Protestant Ireland politicians can always appeal to bigotry and defeat measures for the nation which any colony could have for the asking. This is the disheartening part of the situation. Now, as before, the Irish nation lies between the millstones of papal and Protestant tyranny, and at the slightest effort to make a healthy movement one or the other gives it a grind.

The politicians of Great Britain and the interested upper classes of both islands are not in themselves heroic figures; they do not fire the Keltic imagination; they are identified with all that is opposed to progress in a national sense. With aspirations to count for something in the world, and with no prospect of so doing under the present system, their discontent is at least natural. People who are touched by Irish aspirations in neither their pockets nor their pride may even find such impulses admirable. A weak people stagnates. A strong race reacts against circumstances improper to its development, and will not be kept down. To the coarse arguments of bayonets it replies with agitation in favorable times, and at unlucky moments, when the mad-heads cannot be controlled, with explosives, the bullet, and the knife.

What has Christianity done for Ireland? Softened the manners of the people, placed woman on a higher moral sphere though narrowing the field of her activity, and rooted out many dreadful and disgusting habits and rites of paganism. It brought letters and learning, so that for three centuries Ireland was the resort of students and the asylum of learned men. It introduced the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. What have Catholicism and Protestantism together done for Ireland? Confounded all plans for a sensible settlement of difficulties, confused all minds with side issues, introduced the fear of outside interference, roused panics, and caused perpetual irritation. As a return to Christianity is not to be expected on the part of either Catholics or Protestants, the only alternative is the elimination of the clergyman from Irish politics. Only in that way can Catholics and Protestants work together in Ireland without stirring up the musty squabbles of the past.

*Charles de Kay.*







## THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—V.



THE stage-road climbs eastward out of a certain river-valley there is a bit of wild, broken country at the meeting of two roads which gives the keynote to that biblical suggestion in the scenery of the far West that often impresses the traveler with an historic familiarity. The lower road follows the river, leading to neighboring ranches on its shore; the upper, and less traveled, skirts the base of the hills and leads — anywhere one chooses to fancy: to the fastnesses, it might be, of the five kings of the Amorites.

It is a sad, strange, yet inviting region, suggestive of primitive occupation; and indeed, for many years, it may be said to have been the inheritance of the children of Reuben and Gad. It is "a place for cattle." Whether it was their weary choice to remain here, like their prototypes of Israel, content and unambitious for the fulfillment of the promise, and whether there were subsequent wars with the heathen, we were not curious to discover; it is a place one passes by but remembers afterwards. No doubt the first occupants had their struggles, of one sort or another, before they came into possession, with their wives and little ones and their "very great multitude of cattle," and built them sheepfolds and fenced cities.

We had been reading to the children one evening the story of the conquest of Canaan and had got as far as the battle of Beth-horon, when, in one of those sudden flashes of association by which memory aids the mental vision, we saw that bit of broken country, that lonely road pursuing its way into the hills: the place and the story were one. So looked the pass that goeth up to Beth-horon; so, between sunset and moonrise, looked the valley of Ajalon. Those dark hills to the eastward were the outgoings of the mountain of Ephraim,

where Joshua was buried, and Eleazar, in the hill that pertained to Phineas his son.

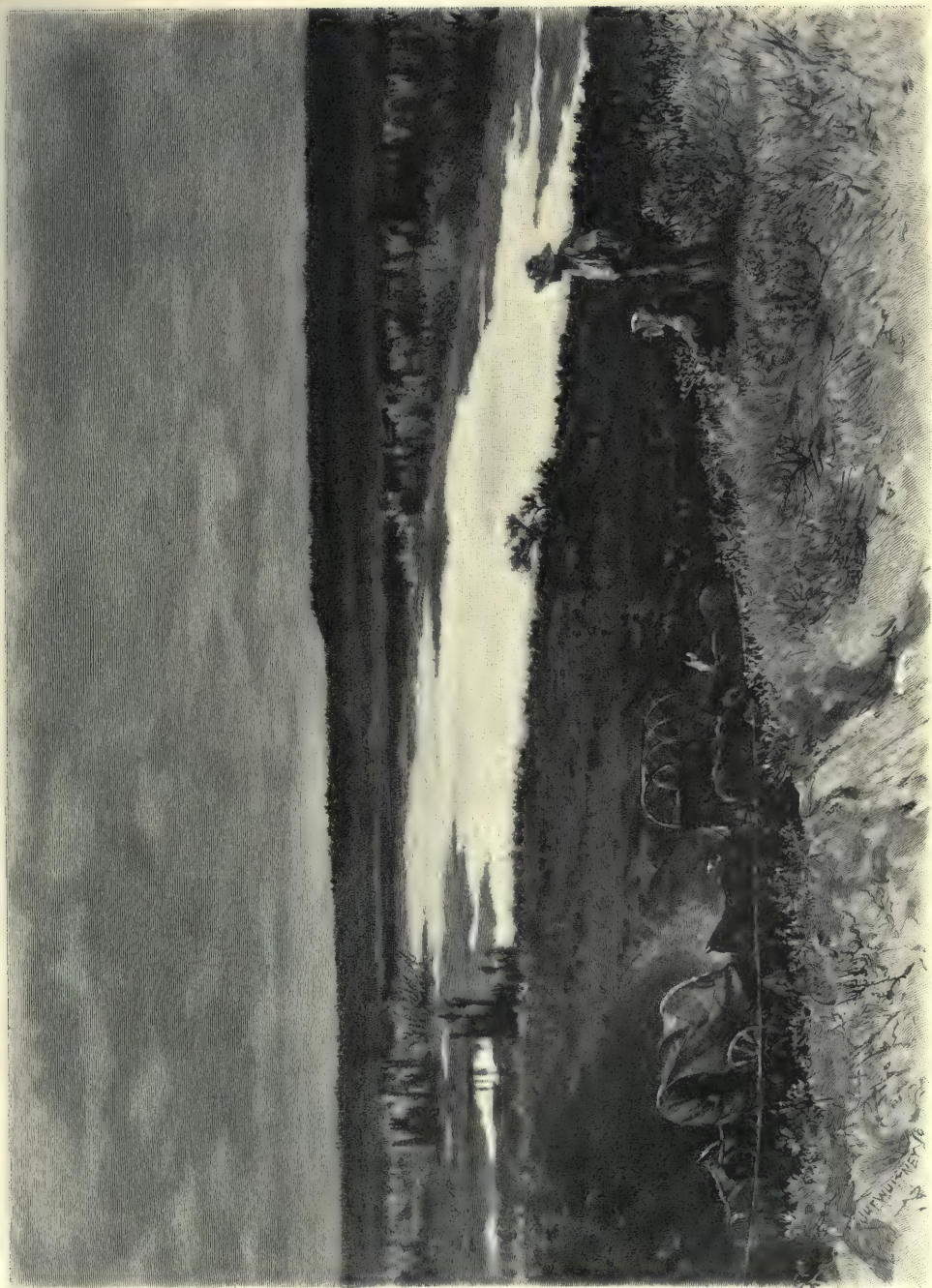
The presence and company of an unknown landscape wherein one has set up no landmarks, a landscape that has no history set forth in guide-books, that has no haunting place in one's reading, restores us to the attitude of a child towards its first surroundings. Children are too wise to ask questions and so disturb the dream with which they people the places it suits the convenience of their elders they should dwell in. Much is lost by insisting upon contemporary evidence, especially in a land poor in tradition but rich in suggestion, of a vague, large, melancholy sort.

If we ask who is this dark-faced rider hurrying bands of shock-haired ponies down from the hills, we are told it is Packer Nelson, or his brother John, from the horse-ranch up the river. When we go deeper than the fact and enter into the hopes and hardships and scant rewards of a patient, much-enduring people, we are scarcely the happier, but we may be better satisfied with ourselves; for it is a cheap sort of indulgence, dressing real people up in rags of fancy and trite symbolism.

We know that the cowboy is as genuine, and probably as historic, an outgrowth of the western border of the Platte as was the wily Gibeonite of the eastern borders of the Jordan. We accept him; we know he is as interesting in reality as an Amorite or a Hivite chieftain. But we would like to keep our play-names for this solemn, Old World landscape. This hither shore of the river, rich in grass, broken by hills into shelter from the winds, is our land of Gilead; those hills to the eastward, with their strange copper-colored lights at sunset, are the lonely hills of sepulture; the Promised Land lies just beyond the river's twilight gleam, where the mesa steps down by treads ten miles long to the dim, color-washed line of the plain.

\* \* \*





DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.





# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

## THE EDICT OF FREEDOM.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.



IN his preliminary proclamation of September 22 President Lincoln had announced his intention to urge once more upon Congress his policy of compensated abolishment. Accordingly his annual message of December 1, 1862, was in great part devoted to a discussion of this question. "Without slavery," he premised, "the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery it could not continue." His argument presented anew, with broad prophetic forecast, the folly of disunion, the brilliant destiny of the Republic as a single nation, the safety of building with wise statesmanship upon its coming population and wealth. He stated that by the law of increase shown in the census tables the country might expect to number over two hundred millions of people in less than a century.

And we will reach this too [he continued] if we do not ourselves relinquish the chance, by the folly and evils of disunion, or by long and exhausting war springing from the only great element of national discord among us. While it cannot be foreseen exactly how much one huge example of secession, breeding lesser ones indefinitely, would retard population, civilization, and prosperity, no one can doubt that the extent of it would be very great and injurious. The proposed emancipation would shorten the war, perpetuate peace, insure this increase of population, and proportionately the wealth of the country. With these we should pay all the emancipation would cost, together with our other debt, easier than we should pay our other debt without it.

He therefore recommended that Congress should propose to the legislatures of the several States a constitutional amendment, consisting of three articles, namely: one providing compensation in bonds for every State which should abolish slavery before the year 1900; another securing freedom to all slaves who during the rebellion had enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of war—also providing compensation to loyal owners; the third authorizing Congress to provide for colonization.

The plan [continued the message] consisting of these articles is recommended, not but that a restoration of the national authority would be accepted without its adoption. Nor will the war, nor proceedings under the proclamation of September 22,

1862, be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan. Its timely adoption, I doubt not, would bring restoration, and thereby stay both. And, notwithstanding this plan, the recommendation that Congress provide by law for compensating any State which may adopt emancipation before this plan shall have been acted upon is hereby earnestly renewed. Such would be only an advance part of the plan, and the same arguments apply to both. This plan is recommended as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union. . . . The plan is proposed as permanent constitutional law. It cannot become such without the concurrence of, first, two-thirds of Congress, and, afterwards, three-fourths of the States. The requisite three-fourths of the States will necessarily include seven of the slave States. Their concurrence, if obtained, will give assurance of their severally adopting emancipation at no very distant day upon the new constitutional terms. This assurance would end the struggle now and save the Union forever. . . . We can succeed only by concert. It is not, "Can any of us imagine better?" but, "Can we all do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this Administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance, or insignificance, can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power, and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.<sup>2</sup>

No immediate action followed this patriotic appeal. No indications of reviving unionism were manifested in the distinctively rebel States. No popular expression of a willingness to abandon slavery and accept compensation came from the loyal border-slave States, ex-

<sup>2</sup> Annual Message, December 1, 1862.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.



In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes" Approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint Resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to, and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection, of any and all States which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual <sup>abolishment</sup> ~~abolition~~ of slavery within such State or States - that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to <sup>be</sup> maintain, the constitutional relation between the general government, and each, and all the States, wherein that relation

is now suspended, or disturbed; and that, for this object, the war, as it has been, will be prosecuted. And, as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons, held as slaves within any State or States, wherein the Constitution or authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to, and maintained, shall then, thenceforward, and forever, be free.

*Emancipation Proclamation  
as first sketched and  
shown to the Cabinet on  
July 1862.*

INDORSEMENT ON THE DOCUMENT GIVEN ABOVE.

cept, perhaps, in a qualified way from Missouri, where the emancipation sentiment was steadily progressing, though with somewhat convulsive action owing to the quarrel which divided the unionists of that State. Thus the month of December wore away and the day approached when it became necessary for the President to execute the announcement of emancipation made in his preliminary proclamation of September 22. That he was ready at the appointed time is shown by an entry in the diary of Secretary Welles:

At the meeting to-day [December 30, 1862], the President read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation, invited criticism, and finally directed that copies should be furnished to each. It is a good and well prepared paper, but I suggested that a part of the sentence marked in pencil be omitted. Chase advised that fractional parts of States ought not to be exempted. In this I think he is right, and so stated. Practically there would be difficulty in freeing parts of States and not freeing others—a clashing between central and local authorities.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

It will be remembered that when the President proposed emancipation on the 22d of July and again when he announced emancipation on the 22d of September he informed his Cabinet that he had decided the main matter for himself and that he asked their advice only upon subordinate points. In now taking up the subject for the third and final review there was neither doubt nor hesitation in regard to the central policy and act about to be consummated. But there were several important minor questions upon which, as before, he wished the advice of his Cabinet, and it was to present these in concise form for discussion that he wrote his draft and furnished each of them a copy on the 30th of December, as Mr. Welles relates. This draft, omitting its mere routine phraseology and quotations from the former proclamation, continued as follows:

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my intention so to do, publicly proclaimed for one hundred days as aforesaid, order and designate as the States and parts of States in which the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the follow-



By the President of the  
United States of America  
his Proclamation

I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States, and each of the states, and the people thereof, in which states that relation is, or may be suspended, or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommence the adoption of a practical measure tending pecuniary and to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave-states, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states, <sup>with</sup> may then have voluntarily accepted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate, or gradual abolishment of slavery, within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent upon this <sup>with their consent</sup> continent, or elsewhere, will be continued.

the  
country

That on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the executive government <sup>including the military and naval authority thereof</sup> of the United States, will, ~~during the co-~~  
~~tinuous in office of the present administration,~~ re-  
and maintain the freedom of  
cognize, such persons, ~~as heretofore~~, and will  
do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any  
of them, in any efforts they may make for their  
actual freedom.

That the executive will, on the first day of January, aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state, or the people thereof shall, on that day be, in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the



qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to make an additional Article of War" approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

Article —. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an Act entitled "An Act to suppress Insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on [or] being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion nor in any way given aid and comfort therein; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, or pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act, and sections above recited.

And the executive will, <sup>in due time at the next session of Congress,</sup> recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation between the United States, and their respective states, and people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof, I have  
S. J. hereunto set my hand, and caused  
the seal of the United States to be  
affixed.

Done at the City of Washington,  
this twenty second day of September,  
in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight  
hundred and sixt two, and sixt two,  
and of the Independence of the United  
States, the eighti seventh.  
Abraham Lincoln.

By the President  
William H. Seward,  
Secretary of State

INDORSEMENT.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 4, 1864. MY DEAR MRS. BARNES: I have the pleasure of sending you, with the President's permission, the original draft of his September proclamation. The body of it is in his own handwriting, the pencilled additions in the hand of the Secretary of State, and the final beginning and ending in the hand of the chief clerk. Yours very sincerely, F. W. SEWARD.  
MRS. EMILY W. BARNES, ALBANY, N. Y.



By the President of the United States of America:  
*A Proclamation.*

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to-wit:

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, <sup>publicly</sup> proclaim for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate

as the States and parts of States wherein the people therein of respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to-wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Arceneux, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the Cities of Norfolk & Portsmouth; and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.



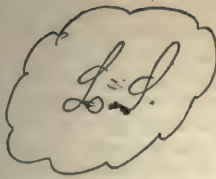
And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases where allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first-day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the



# Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

Abraham Lincoln

By the President;  
William H. Seward  
Secretary of State

ing, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the Parishes of

Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order, and declare, that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward forever shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons, and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom. And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder, tumult, and violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages.

And I further declare, and make known, that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison and defend forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.<sup>1</sup>

It will be seen that this draft presented for discussion, in addition to mere verbal criticism, the question of defining the fractional portions of Virginia and Louisiana under Federal control and the yet more important policy, now for the first time announced by the President, of his intention to incorporate a portion of the newly liberated slaves into the armies of the Union.

Mr. Welles's diary for Wednesday, December 31, 1862, thus continues:

We had an early and special Cabinet meeting—convened at 10 A. M. The subject was the proclamation of to-morrow to emancipate the slaves in the rebel States. Seward proposed two amendments. One included mine, and one enjoining upon, instead of appealing to, those emancipated to forbear from tumult. Blair had, like Seward and myself,

proposed the omission of a part of a sentence and made other suggestions which I thought improvements. Chase made some good criticisms and proposed a felicitous closing sentence. The President took the suggestions, written in order, and said he would complete the document.<sup>1</sup>

From the manuscript letters and memoranda we glean more fully the modifications of the amendments proposed by the several members of the Cabinet. The changes suggested in Mr. Seward's note were all verbal, and were three in number. *First*: Following the declaration that "the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons," he proposed to omit the further words which had been used in the September proclamation, "and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom." Mr. Welles had suggested the same change. *Secondly*: The next sentence, which read, "And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc., Mr. Seward proposed should read, "And I hereby command and require the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc. *Thirdly*: The phrase, "and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages," he proposed should read, "and I do recommend to them in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for just and reasonable wages."<sup>1</sup>

The criticisms submitted by Mr. Chase were quite long and full, and since they suggested the most distinctive divergence from the President's plan, namely, that of making no exceptions of fractional portions of States, except the forty-eight counties of West Virginia, his letter needs to be quoted in full:

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.



In accordance with your verbal direction of yesterday I most respectfully submit the following observations in respect to the draft of a proclamation designating the States and parts of States within which the proclamation of September 22, 1862, is to take effect according to the terms thereof.

I. It seems to me wisest to make no exceptions of parts of States from the operation of the proclamation other than the forty-eight counties of West Virginia. My reasons are these:

1. Such exceptions will impair, in the public estimation, the moral effect of the proclamation, and invite censure which it would be well, if possible, to avoid.

2. Such exceptions must necessarily be confined to some few parishes and counties in Louisiana and Virginia, and can have no practically useful effect. Through the operation of various acts of Congress the slaves of disloyal masters in those parts are already enfranchised, and the slaves of loyal masters are practically so. Some of the latter have already commenced paying wages to their laborers, formerly slaves; and it is to be feared that if, by exceptions, slavery is practically reestablished in favor of some masters, while abolished by law and by the necessary effect of military occupation as to others, very serious inconveniences may arise.

3. No intimation of exceptions of this kind is given in the September proclamation, nor does it appear that any intimations otherwise given have been taken into account by those who have participated in recent elections, or that any exceptions of their particular localities are desired by them.

II. I think it would be expedient to omit from the proposed proclamation the declaration that the Executive Government of the United States will do no act to repress the enfranchised in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. This clause in the September proclamation has been widely quoted as an incitement to servile insurrection. In lieu of it, and for the purpose of shaming these misrepresentations, I think it would be well to insert some such clause as this: "not encouraging or countenancing, however, any disorderly or licentious conduct." If this alteration is made, the appeal to the enslaved may, properly enough, be omitted. It does not appear to be necessary, and may furnish a topic to the evil-disposed for censure and ridicule.

III. I think it absolutely certain that the rebellion can in no way be so certainly, speedily, and economically suppressed as by the organized military force of the loyal population of the insurgent regions, of whatever complexion. In no way can irregular violence and servile insurrection be so surely prevented as by the regular organization and regular military employment of those who might otherwise probably resort to such courses. Such organization is now in successful progress, and the concurrent testimony of all connected with the colored regiments in Louisiana and South Carolina is that they are brave, orderly, and efficient. General Butler declares that without his colored regiments he could not have attempted his recent important movements in the Lafourche region; and General Saxton bears equally excited testimony to the good credit and efficiency of the colored troops recently sent on an expedition along the coast of Georgia. Considering these facts, it seems to me that it would be best to omit from the proclamation all reference to

military employment of the enfranchised population, leaving it to the natural course of things already well begun; or to state distinctly that, in order to secure the suppression of the rebellion without servile insurrection or licentious marauding, such numbers of the population declared free as may be found convenient will be employed in the military and naval service of the United States.

Finally, I respectfully suggest, on an occasion of such interest, there can be no imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before men and before God; and that some such close as follows will be proper:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."<sup>1</sup>

It is not remembered whether Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, was present at the Cabinet meeting, but he appears to have left no written memorandum of his suggestions, if he offered any. Stanton was preëminently a man of action, and the probability is that he agreed to the President's draft without amendment. The Cabinet also lacked one member of being complete. Mr. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, had lately been transferred to the vacant bench of the United States District Court of Indiana, and his successor, Mr. Usher, was not appointed until about a week after the date of which we write.

The unpublished memorandum of Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, proposed a condensation of several of the paragraphs in the President's draft as follows:

I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And, in order that they may render all the aid they are willing to give to this object and to the support of the Government, authority will be given to receive them into the service whenever they can be usefully employed, and they may be armed to garrison forts, to defend positions and stations, and to man vessels. And I appeal to them to show themselves worthy of freedom by fidelity and diligence in the employments which may be given to them, by the observance of order, and by abstaining from all violence not required by duty or for self-defense. It is due to them to say that the conduct of large numbers of these people since the war began justifies confidence in their fidelity and humanity generally.<sup>1</sup>

The unpublished memorandum of Attorney-General Bates is also quite full, and combats the recommendation of Secretary Chase concerning fractions of States.

I respectfully suggest [he wrote] that: 1. The President issue the proclamation "by virtue of the power in him vested as Commander-in-Chief of



the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion," etc., "and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion."—Date, January, 1863. 2. It is done in accordance with the first proclamation of September 22, 1862. 3. It distinguishes between States and parts of States, and designates those States and parts of States "in which the people thereof, respectively, are this day (January 1, 1863) in rebellion against the United States."

These three propositions being true, I think they ought to be followed out, without excess or diminution, by action, not by the declaration of a principle nor the establishment of a law for the future guidance of others. It is a war measure by the President,—a matter of fact,—not a law by the legislature. And as to what is proposed to be done in the future the least said the better. Better leave yourself free to act in the emergencies as they arise, with as few embarrassing committals as possible. Whether a particular State or part of a State is or is not in actual rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863, is a simple matter of fact which the President in the first proclamation has promised to declare in the record. Of course it must be truly declared. It is no longer open to be determined as a matter of policy or prudence independently of the fact. And this applies with particular force to Virginia. The eastern shore of Virginia and the region round about Norfolk are now (December 31, 1862) more free from actual rebellion than are several of the forty-eight counties spoken of as West Virginia. If the latter be exempt from the proclamation, so also ought the former. And so in all the States that are considered in parts. The last paragraph of the draft I consider wholly useless, and probably injurious—being a needless pledge of future action, which may be quite as well done without as with the pledge.

In rewriting the proclamation for signature Mr. Lincoln in substance followed the suggestions made by the several members of the Cabinet as to mere verbal improvements; but in regard to the two important changes which had been proposed he adhered rigidly to his own draft. He could not consent to the view urged by Secretary Chase, that to omit the exemption of fractional parts of States would have no practical bearing. In his view this would touch the whole underlying theory and legal validity of his act and change its essential character. The second proposition favored by several members of the Cabinet, to omit any declaration of intention to enlist the freedmen in military service, while it was not so vital, yet partook of the same general effect as tending to weaken and discredit his main central act of authority.

Mr. Lincoln took the various manuscript notes and memoranda which his Cabinet advisers brought him on the 31st of December,

and during that afternoon and the following morning with his own hand carefully rewrote the entire body of the draft of the proclamation. The blanks left to designate fractional parts of States he filled according to latest official advices of military limits;<sup>1</sup> and in the closing paragraph suggested by Chase he added, after the words "warranted by the Constitution," his own important qualifying correction, "upon military necessity."

It is a custom in the Executive Mansion to hold on New Year's Day an official and public reception, beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, which keeps the President at his post in the Blue Room until 2 in the afternoon. The hour for this reception came before Mr. Lincoln had entirely finished revising the engrossed copy of the proclamation, and he was compelled to hurry away from his office to friendly handshaking and festal greeting with the rapidly arriving official and diplomatic guests. The rigid laws of etiquette held him to this duty for the space of three hours. Had actual necessity required it he could of course have left such mere social occupation at any moment; but the President saw no occasion for precipitancy. On the other hand, he probably deemed it wise that the completion of this momentous executive act should be attended by every circumstance of deliberation. Vast as were its consequences, the act itself was only the simplest and briefest formality. It could in no wise be made sensational or dramatic. Those characteristics attached, if at all, only to the long past decisions and announcements of July 22 and September 22 of the previous year. Those dates had witnessed the mental conflict and the moral victory. No ceremony was attempted or made of this final official signing. The afternoon was well advanced when Mr. Lincoln went back from his New Year's greetings, with his right hand so fatigued that it was an effort to hold the pen. There was no special convocation of the Cabinet or of prominent officials. Those who were in the house came to the executive office merely from the personal impulse of curiosity joined to momentary convenience. His signature was attached to one of the greatest and most beneficent military decrees of history in the presence of less than a dozen persons; after which it was carried to the Department of State to be attested by the great seal and deposited among the official archives.

Since several eminent lawyers have publicly questioned the legal validity of Mr. Lincoln's

<sup>1</sup> The fractional parts of States excepted in the proclamation were as follows: In Louisiana, the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans,

including the city of New Orleans; in Virginia, the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth.



Edict of Freedom,—as his final Emancipation Proclamation may be properly styled,—it is worth while to gather, if possible, Mr. Lincoln's own conception and explanation of the constitutional and legal bearings of his act. There is little difficulty in arriving at this. His language, embodied in a number of letters and documents, contains such a distinct and logical exposition of the whole process of his thought and action, from the somewhat extreme conservatism of his first inaugural to his great edict of January 1, 1863, and the subsequent policy of its practical enforcement, that we need but arrange them in their obvious sequence.

The proper beginning is to be found in his letter of April 4, 1864, to A. G. Hodges, Esq., of Frankfort, Kentucky. In this he says:

I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensa-

ble necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter.

The question of legal and constitutional validity he discusses briefly, but conclusively, in his letter of August 26, 1863, to James C. Conkling, of Springfield, Illinois. In this, addressing himself to his critics, he says:

You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that, by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies the world over destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it; and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy.

Admitting the general principle of international law, of the right of a belligerent to appropriate or destroy enemies' property, there came next the question of how his military decree of enfranchisement was practically to be applied.

This point, though not fully discussed, is sufficiently indicated in several extracts. In the draft of a letter to Charles D. Robinson he wrote, August 17, 1864:

The way these measures were to help the cause was not by magic or miracles, but by inducing the colored people to come bodily over from the rebel side to ours.<sup>1</sup>

And in his letter to James C. Conkling of August 26, 1863, he says:

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

The actual tangible military result which he declares was his constitutional and legal warrant for his edict of military emancipation is set forth in the following extracts. Whether we judge it by the narrow technical rules of applied jurisprudence, or by the broader principles of the legal philosophy of Christian nations, it forms equally his complete vindication. In the draft of a letter to Isaac M. Schermerhorn he wrote, September 12, 1864:

Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.



or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horse-power and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it.<sup>1</sup>

And in the one already quoted, to Robinson, August 17, 1864:

Drive back to the support of the rebellion the physical force which the colored people now give and promise us, and neither the present nor any coming Administration can save the Union. Take from us and give to the enemy the hundred and thirty, forty, or fifty thousand colored persons now serving as soldiers, seamen, and laborers and we cannot longer maintain the contest.

So also in an interview with John T. Mills he said:

But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion. Freedom has given 200,000 men, raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy. . . . Let my enemies prove to the contrary that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.

We might stop here and assume that President Lincoln's argument is complete. But he was by nature so singularly frank and conscientious, and by mental constitution so unavoidably logical, that he could not, if he had desired, do things or even seem to do them by indirection or subterfuge. This, the most weighty of his responsibilities and the most difficult of his trials, he could not permit to rest upon doubt or misconstruction. In addition to what we have already quoted he has left us a naked and final restatement of the main question, with the unequivocal answer of his motive and conviction. It has been shown above how Mr. Chase, in the discussions of the final phraseology of the January proclamation, urged him to omit his former exemptions of certain fractional parts of insurrectionary States. Despite the President's adverse decision, Mr. Chase continued from time to time to urge this measure during the year 1863. To these requests the President finally replied as follows on the 2d of September:

Knowing your great anxiety that the Emancipation Proclamation shall now be applied to certain parts of Virginia and Louisiana which were exempted from it last January, I state briefly what appear to me to be difficulties in the way of such a step. The original proclamation has no constitutional or legal justification, except as a military measure. The exemptions were made because the military necessity did not apply to the exempted localities. Nor does that ne-

cessity apply to them now any more than it did then. If I take the step must I not do so without the argument of military necessity, and so without any argument except the one that I think the measure politically expedient and morally right? Would I not thus give up all footing upon Constitution or law? Would I not thus be in the boundless field of absolutism? Could this pass unnoticed or unresisted? Could it fail to be perceived, that without any further stretch I might do the same in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and even change any law in any State?<sup>1</sup>

In these extracts we have the President's outline explanation of the legal validity of the proclamation. Like all his reasoning, it is simple and strong, resting its authority on the powers of war and its justification upon military necessity. As to the minor subtleties of interpretation or comment which it might provoke from lawyers or judges after the war should be ended, we may infer that he had his opinions, but that they did not enter into his motives of action. On subsequent occasions, while continuing to declare his belief that the proclamation was valid in law, he nevertheless frankly admitted that what the courts might ultimately decide was beyond his knowledge as well as beyond his control.

For the moment he was dealing with two mighty forces of national destiny, civil war and public opinion; forces which paid little heed to theories of public, constitutional, or international law where they contravened their will and power. In fact it was the impotence of legislative machinery, and the insufficiency of legal dicta to govern or terminate the conflicts of public opinion on this identical question of slavery, which brought on civil strife. In the South slavery had taken up arms to assert its nationality and perpetuity; in the North freedom had risen first in mere defensive resistance, then the varying fortunes of war had rendered the combat implacable and mortal. It was not from the moldering volumes of ancient precedents, but from the issues of the present wager of battle, that future judges of courts would draw their doctrines to interpret to posterity whether the Edict of Freedom was void or valid.

When in the preceding July the crisis of the McClellan campaign had come upon the President he had written his well-considered resolve: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me." Grand as was the historical act of signing his decree of liberation, it was but an incident in the grander contest he was commissioned and resolved to maintain. That was an issue, not alone of the bondage of a race, but of the life of a nation, a principle of government, a question of primary human right.

Was this act, this step, this incident in the

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.



contest, wise or unwise? Would it bring success or failure? Would it fill the army, weaken the enemy, inspirit the country, unite public opinion? These, we may assume, and not a lawyer's criticisms of phrase or text, dictum or precedent, were the queries which filled his mind when he wrote his name at the bottom of the famous document. If the rebellion should triumph, establishing a government founded on slavery as its corner-stone, manifestly his proclamation would be but waste paper, though every court in Christendom outside the Confederate States should assert its official authority. If, on the other hand, the Union arms were victorious, every step of that victory would become clothed with the mantle of law. But if, in addition, it should turn out that the Union arms had been rendered victorious through the help of the negro soldiers, called to the field by the promise of freedom contained in the proclamation, then the decree and its promise might rest secure in the certainty of legal execution and fulfillment. To restore the Union by the help of black soldiers under pledge of liberty, and then, for the Union, under whatever legal doctrine or construction, to attempt to reënslave them, would be a wrong at which morality would revolt. "You cannot," said Mr. Lincoln in one of his early speeches, "repeal human nature."

The problem of statesmanship therefore was not one of theory, but of practice. Fame is due Mr. Lincoln, not alone because he decreed emancipation, but because events so shaped themselves under his guidance as to render the conception practical and the decree successful. Among the agencies he employed none proved more admirable or more powerful than this two-edged sword of the final proclamation, blending sentiment with force, leaguely liberty with Union, filling the voting armies at home and the fighting armies in the field. In the light of history we can see that by this edict Mr. Lincoln gave slavery its vital thrust, its mortal wound. It was the word of decision, the judgment without appeal, the sentence of doom.

But for the execution of the sentence, for the accomplishment of this result, he had yet many weary months to hope and to wait. Of its slow and tantalizing fruition, of the gradual dawning of that full day of promise, we cannot get a better description than that in his own words in his annual message to Congress nearly a year after the proclamation was signed:

When Congress assembled a year ago the war had already lasted nearly twenty months, and there had been many conflicts on both land and sea, with varying results. The rebellion had been pressed back into reduced limits; yet the tone of public feeling and opinion, at home and abroad,

was not satisfactory. With other signs, the popular elections, then just past, indicated uneasiness among ourselves; while amid much that was cold and menacing the kindest words coming from Europe were uttered in accents of pity that we were too blind to surrender a hopeless cause. Our commerce was suffering greatly by a few armed vessels built upon and furnished from foreign shores, and we were threatened with such additions from the same quarter as would sweep our trade from the sea and raise our blockade. We had failed to elicit from European governments anything hopeful upon this subject. The preliminary emancipation proclamation, issued in September, was running its assigned period to the beginning of the new year. A month later the final proclamation came, including the announcement that colored men of suitable condition would be received into the war service. The policy of emancipation and of employing black soldiers gave to the future a new aspect, about which hope and fear and doubt contended in uncertain conflict. According to our political system, as a matter of civil administration the General Government had no lawful power to effect emancipation in any State, and for a long time it had been hoped that the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it as a military measure. It was all the while deemed possible that the necessity for it might come, and that if it should the crisis of the contest would then be presented. It came, and, as was anticipated, it was followed by dark and doubtful days. Eleven months having now passed we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed still further back, and by the complete opening of the Mississippi the country dominated by the rebellion is divided into distinct parts, with no practical communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each, owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the rebellion, now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of those States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation, Maryland and Missouri, neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new Territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks; thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection or tendency to violence or cruelty has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks. These measures have been much discussed in foreign countries, and contemporary with such discussion the tone of public sentiment there is much improved. At home the same measures have been fully discussed, supported, criticised, and denounced, and the annual elections following are highly encouraging to those whose official duty it is to bear the country through this great trial. Thus we have the new reckoning. The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Annual Message, Dec. 8, 1863.



## THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.



**D**URING the past six years the attention of mariners has been called to the value of oil for stilling waves by the publicity given to the experiments made by Mr. John Shields in Great Britain and by the published reports in the monthly "Pilot Charts" issued by Commander J. R. Bartlett, United States Navy, Chief of the United States Hydrographic Office, Navy Department.

Lack of faith in its efficiency has been the chief obstacle to its universal adoption. Many accounts of the use of oil, together with descriptions of appliances for facilitating its distribution on the stormy seas, have been published in different countries, and every effort to disseminate information will deserve the lasting gratitude of all mariners. Ocular demonstration seems to be necessary to convince unbelievers that the simple use of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas is always advantageous, and often absolutely necessary for those in peril on the sea.

I purpose to consider the subject under two general heads, viz., "What is known of the use of oil to still the waves" and "What remains to be ascertained and done to make the use of oil universal."

In the first place this use of oil is clearly susceptible of scientific proof, and a brief notice of the nature of waves will assist in making it evident.

Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, United States Navy, in a paper before the Franklin Institute states:

Dr. Benjamin Franklin made many experiments and left his views on record regarding the great utility of oil for this purpose, and gave a scientific explanation of the manner in which the oil acted. The molecules of water move with freedom and the friction of air in motion produces undulations. These increase in size proportionately to the depth of water, the distance they can proceed to leeward, the strength of the wind and the time it acts. The limit of height is about forty feet. A heavy swell is often the precursor of a storm. It may be perfectly calm when this swell reaches a vessel; it is simply a long, high undulation, started by the storm and traversing the ocean in advance of it. Off the coast of California tremendous swells are experienced, made by westerly winds across the immense stretch of the Pacific Ocean. These swells are as high as most storm waves, but can be safely ridden in an open boat. If a sudden gale spring up, like the "northers" in the Gulf of Mexico, these harmless swells become raging seas.

The friction of the wind, rapidly moving upon the exposed slope of the swell, produces little irregularities on the surface. These wavelets are then driven up the rear slope of the swell to its summit, while the forward slope has more and more protection from the wind and becomes steeper and steeper by its inertia. A sand dune within the trade-wind regions is a storm wave in permanent form—a long windward slope and an abrupt leeward face.

As the wind continues to blow, the crest of the storm wave constantly sharpens, and finally the crest is thrown over down in front with a force proportionate to its height and speed. When this storm wave meets a ship, she cannot rise up its abrupt front, but checks the progress of the base of the wave, the crest of which is thrown up and falls on the ship with tremendous violence, filling her deck and sweeping away men, boats, and everything movable. The storm wave is perhaps no higher than the heavy swell and chiefly differs in shape.

Oil changes the storm wave into the heavy swell. Its specific gravity causes it to float on the surface; it spreads rapidly and forms a film like an extremely thin rubber blanket over the water. Its viscosity and lubricant nature are such that the friction of the wind is insufficient to tear the film and send individual wavelets to the crest, and while the force of the wind may increase the speed of the wave in mass, it is as a heavy swell and not in shape of a storm wave. The effect is purely a mechanical change in the shape of the wave, and there is no evidence of any chemical action by the oil on the water.

This explanation is generally accepted as the true theory and needs no argument to support it.

### WHAT IS KNOWN OF THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.

THE use of oil in calming troubled waters was evidently known to the ancients, as Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny refer to it. The divers in the Mediterranean still use it as described by Pliny—"taking oil in their mouths and ejecting a little at a time to quiet the surface and permit rays of light to reach them." Fishermen who spear fish pour oil on the water to calm it and enable them clearly to see the fish. Scotch and Norwegian fishermen have known this use of oil for centuries, and in crossing a bar or in landing through surf they press the livens of the fish until the oil exudes and then throw them ahead of their boats. Lisbon fishermen carry oil to use in crossing the bar of the Tagus in rough weather.

Whalers have used oil and blubber in severe storms for the last two centuries; they usually hang large pieces of blubber on each quarter when running before a heavy sea, to prevent



water coming on board. Besides these, recent experience has given definite knowledge concerning the quantity and kind of oil, methods of distribution, and circumstances when most efficacious.

The captains of vessels have been induced to report their experience with the use of oil to the United States Hydrographic Office, and out of 225 of these reports the kind of oil used is mentioned in 155 cases, viz.: Linseed oil, 48; fish oil, 31; lard oil, 12; pine oil, 10; crude petroleum, 9; colza oil, 8; sperm oil, 6; varnish, 5; linseed oil with petroleum, 5; paraffine, 3; fish oil with petroleum, 3; neat's-foot oil, 2; olive oil, 2; cocoanut oil, 1; tea oil, 1; and refined petroleum, 9.

In all these cases the oil proved to be efficient except the refined petroleum, which is reported to have been efficacious twice but of no benefit whatever in seven other cases. The thick and heavy oils are the best, and mineral oils are not so efficient. In cold weather, when soft oils are liable to thicken, it is advisable to mix with mineral oils.

The quantity of oil necessary is about two quarts per hour, according to the reports received. Vice-Admiral Cloué of the French navy states that the amount of oil used is mentioned in 30 reports out of 200 which he has examined: 17 vessels expended 1.61 quarts per hour when running before the storm, 11 used 2.37 quarts when lying to, and 2 life-boats used 2.42 quarts per hour. This is an average of two quarts of oil per hour.

The thickness of this film of oil may be readily calculated. A vessel running before the wind at 10 knots' speed has used two quarts of oil per hour, and the oil covered a surface 30 feet wide and 10 sea miles long. The volume of two quarts of oil is about 122 cubic inches, which, divided by the number of square inches to be oiled,—10 miles long and 30 feet wide, or 25,920,000 square inches,—gives .0000047 of an inch as the thickness of the film of oil. This figure is inconceivable, but represents the actual dimension of the blanket of oil on the sea.

The manner in which oil has been successfully used to still the waves varies. Canvas bags filled with oakum saturated with oil and having small holes punctured with sail-needles were used on 101 occasions, when these bags were simply towed by the vessels. In twenty-five cases the oil was allowed to drip from water-closet pipes, the bowls of which were filled with oakum. In three vessels the oil was simply poured down through the deck scuppers. In three vessels it was dropped overboard slowly, while running before the wind. Cans of paint oil, uncorked and inverted, were used on two occasions, and on five attempts to land in boats through surf, uncorked bottles full of oil were

thrown into the breakers with some benefit. The reports of the successful use of oil are much more numerous, but these enumerated are the only ones published which distinctly describe the means used to apply the oil.

The captain of the steamer *Wandrahm* reports that on a voyage from New York to Antwerp, 18th to 22d January, 1885, between 45° N. 53° W. and 47° N. 30° W., he encountered a gale veering from S. E. to S. and W., which culminated in a hurricane from N. W. for fourteen hours. During the last thirty-six hours a frightful sea was raised, which began to break over the stern, although the vessel was making eleven knots before the wind. At intervals of four hours it was observed that the water aft became remarkably smooth as if covered by some oily substance. On looking over the side some oily water was seen discharged by the bilge-pumps, which were working in the hold, where five hundred barrels of lubricating oil were stowed. There was then no doubt that this cargo was slightly leaking. The effect on the breaking seas was wonderful, and this accidental demonstration convinced all of the efficacy of oil to still the waves. The bilge-pumps were kept at work, and the frightful sea became a harmless swell where the oil was applied.

In about five hundred reports examined oil has been applied by dripping from bags, cans, pipes, and chutes in all parts of the ship, but in the majority of cases the best results were obtained by having the oil-distributor forward.

Among the recent reports to the Hydrographic Office oil has been successfully used to still the waves by 82 steamers, 21 ships, 28 barks, 6 barkentines, 11 brigs, and 20 schooners; and while all of these used it with great benefit, the captains of 28 state that without the use of the oil their vessels would have been lost.

There are many authentic reports of the use of oil by boats to facilitate the rescue of the passengers and crews of wrecks, in some of which it would have been impossible for the boats to get near the wreck without the use of oil.

Captain Amlot of the steamer *Barrowmore* reports that on the 24th January, 1885, in 51° N. and 21° W., he went to rescue the crew of the sinking ship *Kirkwood*. The sea was very heavy, but around the wreck it was quite smooth. He then saw that the crew of the *Kirkwood* had broken out the cargo of canned salmon and were pouring the oil on the sea from the cans. The oiled sea enabled his boat to go to the wreck and take off the crew of twenty-six men.

The captain of the ship *Martha Cobb*, loaded with petroleum, fell in with a sinking vessel during a heavy gale in the North Atlantic in December, 1886. The signal made stated the



vessel was sinking and that all her boats had been stove. The *Martha Cobb* had lost her large boats, her bulwarks washed out, and decks swept in the same storm; the only boat left was a small sixteen-foot dingey, which could not possibly live in the sea that was then running. The captain says he was puzzled and lay by for some hours hoping that the gale would moderate; but as there was no appearance of better weather and night coming on, he decided to make an attempt to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel. The *Martha Cobb* had a cargo of petroleum, some of which leaked, and the captain had noticed that the sea in the wake of the ship was much smoother when the pumps were worked.

He signaled to the other vessel to haul by the wind while he luffed to get to windward, and at the same time started the pumps; but the ship drifted faster than the oil, and while the oil made the sea comparatively smooth to windward, it did not cover the sea to leeward. He then ran down across the other vessel's stern, hauled up close under her lee, and started the pumps again; at the same time also he emptied a five-gallon can of fish oil down the scuppers. The effect was magical. In twenty minutes the sea between and around the vessels was broken down. The long heavy swell remained, but the combers and breaking seas were all gone. The little dingey with three men had no difficulty in pulling to windward, and the crew were saved. The boat was deeply loaded and did not ship any water, although the sea was breaking fiercely outside of the "charmed" space in which the vessels lay on oiled seas.

In June, 1885, the British ship *Slivemore* took fire and had to be abandoned when eight hundred miles north-east of the Seychelle Islands, Indian Ocean. The people took to the boats and made for Seychelle Islands. The third day after leaving the vessel a cyclone came up, and no one believed that the boats would live through it. Before they left the ship the boats had been supplied with oil for just such an emergency. Each boat got out a drag made of spars and oars lashed together, for what is known as a sea-anchor. Oakum saturated with paraffine was stuffed in long stockings hung over the bows of the boats. Before the oil was used the boats had been several times nearly filled with water and the occupants had to bail for their lives; but when oil was applied no further trouble was experienced. An oil-slick formed around the boats, which rode in perfect safety on tremendous swells which took the place of the previously breaking seas. Little if any water came over the sides of the boats, and the occupants could lie down and sleep. The boats eventually reached the islands, but every soul would have perished

except for the forethought of Captain Conby, the captain of the *Slivemore*.

Mr. John Shields of England has demonstrated the value of the application of oil to quiet the waves at harbor entrances, by a long series of careful experiments at his own expense. Indeed he, more than any one else, is entitled to the credit of bringing into prominence this most valuable aid to navigation.

Many years ago Mr. Shields had noticed the effect of a few drops of oil spilled on a pond, after which he experimented on a brook in the bottom of which he laid pipes containing oil, in order to study the effect when calm and when troubled. He then experimented at Peterhead, and by simply throwing uncorked bottles of oil overboard from a tug he produced an oily swell at the harbor entrance, where the seas had been rolling in with tremendous violence, making it impossible for vessels to enter. This success encouraged him to devise a permanent apparatus to oil the seas at the dangerous parts of the harbor entrance. A model of his apparatus was exhibited at the great International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883, for which he received a medal. This apparatus consists of pipes with valves laid on the bottom and connected with a shore station containing oil-tanks and force-pump. The apparatus used at Aberdeen consists of a lead pipe 460 feet long laid on the bottom across the harbor mouth just inside of the bar. At one end, and at intervals of seventy feet, there are conical brass valves resting on flat iron sole-plates to be retained in vertical position twelve inches above the pipe, in order to prevent the mud from choking the valves. The other end of the pipe connects with an iron pipe leading from the station on shore where the tanks and pumps are placed.

The London Board of Trade had this apparatus tested during one of the most violent storms experienced in that stormy vicinity on December 3, 4, and 5, 1882. At 10 A. M., December 4, the sea both inside and outside of the harbor was a seething mass of broken water, and the waves made a clear break over the southern breakwater. The lighthouse at the end of this breakwater is eighty feet high, and it was almost covered by the spray.

The pumps were started, and after a few strokes smooth spots were seen, which soon formed a large mass of oiled surface, with smooth swell, while all around the sea broke furiously. The pumps were worked for three hours, and they expended 175 gallons of oil of different kinds: 70 gallons of seal oil, 40 of mineral oil, and 65 of colza.

The tide carried the oiled mass around the breakwater and out to sea, so that the mid-channel was smooth only when the pumps



were working. The next day the wind changed and blew into the harbor; this gave a more favorable set to the currents and better effect by having the oiled surface coincident with the course of the ship-channel. The official report to the London Board of Trade by its agent highly indorsed all that Mr. Shields claimed for his apparatus.

At Peterhead in January, 1883, the pipe was twelve hundred feet long across the harbor entrance, and there was some trouble in keeping the pipe anchored on the bottom. During a violent gale when the signal was made, "Too dangerous to enter," the oil was started, and its effect was wonderful: an oiled lane with smooth rollers stretched along the surface and permitted a tug with a vessel in tow to enter, and several vessels went out, which they would not have been able to do without the use of oil.

At Folkestone, England, Mr. Shields's apparatus consisted of three casks of oil with hand-pumps, connected with two lead pipes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter extending along the bottom to a distance of 2950 feet; vertical sections of pipe fitted with valves and mud-caps were soldered at intervals of 100 feet along the main pipes. During a heavy gale the oil was forced by the pumps, each worked by one man, and in a very short time a broad glossy strip of water formed in the channel in which the life-boat, though tossed by the rollers, which no longer broke, rode in safety without taking in a drop of water. Outside of this strip the seas broke heavily. One hundred and nineteen gallons of oil were used in this experiment, most of which remained in the pipe for future use, and only a few gallons served to oil the sea.

Mr. Gordon, an associate of Mr. Shields, has invented a shell, filled with oil, to be fired from a mortar and arranged by a fuse to explode on striking the water and free its contents to oil the sea. This was also successfully used at Folkestone.

The British Government refused to conduct a series of experiments to test the inventions of Messrs. Shields and Gordon. In the House of Lords, Lord Sudeley observed that a great quantity of oil would have to be used, considerable expense incurred in laying pipes outside the proposed harbor of refuge and keeping them in repair, and that the various currents might often carry away the oil film before it could be utilized.

There are a number of reports from harbor masters and ship captains who have advantageously used oil to permit safe landing by boats through the surf on the beach, but the effect of the oil is not so decided as when used in deep water.

In order to illustrate the circumstances under

which oil has been used advantageously, a few reports of captains of vessels will be of interest.

### *Oil Used by Steamers Running Before Gales.*

CAPTAIN HENDERSON of the steamer *Napier*, from Baltimore to Cork, encountered a hurricane 26th January, 1885, in  $37^{\circ}$  N.  $50^{\circ}$  W. The wind was from the north-west, with a tremendous sea. One sea, larger than the others, pooped the ship, carried away companion, etc., and flooded the deck fore and aft. He intended to "heave the ship to" (lie head to the wind), but happening to think of the effect of oil, he took two canvas bags, punched holes in them with sail-needles, and put two gallons of oil in each. He then towed the bags in the water by lanyards from the fore-rigging. In this position they were swept on board by the sea. He then hung the bags twelve feet on each side of the stem just awash, in which position they served admirably. The oil kept the sea smooth to a width of twenty feet on each side, while it spread out like a fan astern. Huge breaking seas approached from astern to within sixty or seventy feet of the vessel, when, meeting the oil, they subsided, and the vessel felt only a heavy swell. He ran this way for three days and nights and not a drop of water came on board. He used lamp oil, and when that supply ran short used paint oil with equally good effect. He expended about three quarts an hour.

He left Baltimore in company with seven other steamers, two of which foundered and the others were three or more days longer in arriving, as they "hove to," while the oil allowed him to run in safety. He says that he believes the use of the oil saved his vessel from foundering, for in such a tremendous sea it is a question whether in bringing her up by the wind, or subsequently, had he succeeded, she would not have been boarded by the sea and sunk.

Captain E. E. Thomas of the steamer *Chillingham* reports that in March, 1883, when going from Philadelphia to Queenstown, he encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. For forty-eight hours he ran before the gale, shipped very heavy seas, and had the decks continually full of water fore and aft. He filled two bags with oil and hung them from the rings of the anchors on each side. The effect was noticed in a few moments: no seas broke in the wake of the ship, while outside of her wake they were breaking in every direction. Before the oil was used none of the crew dared go aft to heave the log, for fear of being washed overboard. After using the oil no heavy seas were shipped. He put about a quart of colza oil in each bag every four hours.



Mr. Kenneth Doyle, master of the Furness Line steamer *Stockholm City*, reports:

On 28th November, 1885, I left Boston for London, deep with general cargo, and cattle and sheep on the upper deck. At 8:30 P. M., December 4, we were caught in a heavy storm from W. N. W., barometer 29.20. The first hour of the storm no canvas could stand it. In latitude 44° 38' N., and longitude 48° 28' W., ship running under bare poles, the sea was then so high and dangerous I resolved to try the use of oil, having had it brought to my notice by information on the United States monthly pilot charts. I got two gunny-bags and a good wad of oakum wrung out in paint oil and hung over each quarter, just dipping in the water; also one over the scuppers in the midships. At 10 P. M. I got the lower topsail set, and continued to run until noon next day. By the racing of the engines my engineer reported to me that he could not run much longer, as the packing of the gland of the high-pressure engine was all worn out. I then got two more [bags] farther forward, with a hand in each water-closet forward, dropping oil through. By this means she kept steady on her course, engines stopped and sailing six knots, while the engineer did his work comfortably. I landed the whole of my cattle alive at Deptford, and never broke any of the cattle-pens.

As the immediate result of Captain Doyle's experience the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company issued instructions for all "cattle-boats" from New York and other ports to carry oil and oil-bags for use in violent storms.

There are thirty-two similar reports of the use of oil by steamers running before the wind, and in every case the effect was highly beneficial, while many were undoubtedly saved from foundering by its use.

#### *Oil Used by Steamers Hove To.*

In violent storms it often happens that steamers cannot make any headway against the wind and seas, and it becomes necessary to lie to and steam slowly, just sufficient to keep steerage-way. A high sea will cause a steamer to pitch deeply, and while her stern is out of water the propeller will race violently, and if continued break down the strongest engines. The breaking seas come on board with tremendous violence unless the speed is reduced to allow the ship to ride gently up over the seas she encounters, and storm-sails are used to assist with this object.

The following reports show the advantage of using oil in this case:

Captain Tregarthen, steamer *Marmanheuse*, reports that off Hatteras on 2d March, 1886, he encountered a hurricane from north-west. A tremendous sea was running and seas came on board and did great damage. The vessel was lying to but very unsteady, and would not steer

though steaming slowly. He could not keep her head to the sea. He then had the bowls of the water-closets filled with oakum, over which paint oil was poured to drip through. He also filled a bag with oakum saturated with oil and towed it by a line from the weather cat-head, so that the bag drifted ten to twenty feet to windward of the ship. The oil acted at once. The vessel rode easily, he had no more difficulty in keeping her head to the sea, and no water came on board, as the sea was without combers for thirty yards to windward of the ship when the oil had spread. He could have lowered a boat with safety. He says:

I feel no hesitancy in stating that with proper use of oil I will be willing to encounter the hardest gale that ever blew, and intend on the first occasion to stop the engines, place several bags to windward, and let the vessel drift, feeling sure that she will be as safe and comfortable as possible.

Captain McKnight of the Atlas Company's steamer *Claribel* reports using oil when hove to in a gale in the Gulf Stream, 29th April, 1886. The ship had been laboring much during the night when hove to, and large quantities of water came on board. He poured three and a half gallons of mineral sperm oil (the only kind he had) into a bag stuffed with oakum, which he stabbed in eight places with a small pen-knife, and then threw it overboard with a line attached. "The effect was magical; in a minute a film of oil appeared to spread out, and as the steamer forged ahead the belt of oil extended along the weather side in the waist, where much water had been coming on board. Very little water was shipped after the oil was used; but if he had had fish oil the effect would have been better, though the mineral oil was beneficial.

Captain Bakkar of the steamer *W. A. Scholten* (since lost in collision) reports:

March 6, 1887, had a very heavy gale from N. N. E. to N. N. W. blowing in squalls of hurricane force. Could not keep the vessel to the wind: a tremendous sea running caused the steamer to fall off and bring the sea abeam. Having lost sails, etc., was compelled to heave to. At midnight, while lying to, shipped a very large sea which carried away starboard life-boat and nearly washed the officers and helmsman off the bridge. Stationed hands at the forward and after water-closets, filled the bowls with oakum, and poured on oil. Had the engineer to use oil copiously, which oil was pumped overboard from the bilges. Was hove to for 20 hours and used linseed oil continuously for 22 hours, expending in all about 22 gallons. No seas broke on board after commencing to use oil.

There are twenty-two similar reports, and the efficacy of the use of oil when lying to has been thoroughly demonstrated.



*Oil Used when Steaming Head to Sea.*

THE majority of those who have used oil claim that it can be of no use in this case, because if applied the steamer will steam ahead out of the oiled surface and derive no benefit from its use. In over four hundred reports I can only find two which claim success, while there are many which report failure.

Mr. T. A. Creagan, master mariner, of Glasgow, wrote on 1st March, 1882, as follows:

Some months ago I encountered a very heavy gale when crossing the Bay of Biscay, during which several steamers were lost. My ship was steaming head to sea, and making very little progress; and the sea, which was from the south-west, was breaking on board ahead the bridge, occasionally with great violence. I had two canvas bags made of conical shape, having the pointed ends punctured with small holes. A quart of common lamp oil was put in each bag, the mouths of which were then tightly tied up to prevent the oil escaping. The bags were then hung one over each bow with sufficient line to let them tow without jumping. After the oil commenced to flow through the punctured holes freely scarcely a sea came on board; each wave as it reached the oil ceased to curl, and, undulated, passed the ship without a break.

Captain McLean of the English steamer *Concordia* (date not given) reports:

On the passage from Glasgow to Halifax had very heavy weather from the westward, attended with very high, confused seas, which swept the decks and did considerable damage. Placed two oil-bags, filled with linseed oil, over the bows. The effect was very satisfactory; but as the ship was running into the sea, the bags were thrown back on deck, which greatly affected the result. Again, the linseed oil thickened rapidly (the weather was quite cold) and would not spread as rapidly as desired. But under these disadvantages the effect was very remarkable, as no sea of any consequence boarded the ship while the oil was being used. Had the ship been going slow, the oil would have had more effect; but she was running at a speed of ten knots.

*Steamer Hove To and Riding to Patent Drag.*

On 10th October, 1886, Captain Krogsgard of the steamer *Lucy P. Miller* encountered the tropical cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico. The steamer must have been quite close to the center of the cyclone. The log states:

At 2 A. M. slowed to half speed and hauled up head to sea. At 4 A. M. stopped engines, hove to, and put out patent drag. Vessel dry and easy. The sea was one mass of foam and spray, and the vessel with the shifting of her cargo was thrown on her beam-ends. Immediately rigged out five corn-sacks (filled with oakum saturated with oil) from weather bow to amidships, the sacks having holes cut in them for the oil to drip through. This gave the greatest relief imaginable, the ship ceasing to

take on seas and riding easier. At 10:30 A. M. concluded to run to south-east but found drag torn to pieces and rudder-head twisted off. Made and put out new drag (a lot of spars lashed together) and bored hole through stern to rudder-stock, through and to which secured two iron windlass brakes to serve as a tiller, and then lay to again.

The captain says his vessel would have foundered but for the oil.

There are several other reports in which oil was used by having a bag of oil attached to the drag, which necessarily caused the ship to have the full benefit of the oiled surface.

*Oil Used by Steamers Entering Harbor.*

THERE are a number of reports of the use of oil by steamers entering port, one of which will serve for all.

Captain Beecher of the steamer *East Anglian* arrived off the entrance to the Tyne when an easterly gale was at its worst, on the 11th of December, 1882. Great danger attended any vessel crossing the bar. He resolved to try the effect of oil, and stationed a man on each bow, each man having a two-gallon bottle of oil. The oil was slowly poured on the broken water, which became comparatively smooth, and the vessel passed into the harbor with little difficulty. Lard oil was used.

The use of oil by sailing vessels has been as successful as by steamers, and there are an equal number of authentic official reports of its use under different circumstances—running before the sea, lying to, and sailing with the wind abeam. The experience is similar to that of the steamers, and only one report, of its use when sailing with the wind abeam, need be quoted.

Captain Smith of the British bark *Wallace* reports:

21st September, 1886, while standing to the southward in the Gulf Stream had a gale from W. N. W., wind and sea abeam. Vessel making nine knots good. As the sea increased, the combers, striking the vessel on the weather side, would shoot high in the air, and then coming on board filled the decks with water. The captain had never tried the use of oil and did not believe in its efficacy, but wishing to take advantage of the favoring gale and at the same time not to endanger the vessel, he determined to try the experiment. A canvas bag filled with oil (in the proportion of one quart of paint oil to two quarts of paraffine) was placed in the bowl of the weather closet forward, through which the oil dripped from the pipe into the sea. By the time the oil reached the main channels, where most of the water had come on board, it had spread and formed an oil-slick thirty feet to windward. The result was as satisfactory as it was unexpected. The breaking combers on reaching the "slick" were reduced to harmless swells, over which the vessel rose without, as before, taking volumes of water on board. The gale continued for twenty-four hours,

during which by a continuous use of oil (expending three quarts every four hours) the *Wallace* was enabled to keep her course, and at no time was the speed reduced below eight knots. And though the sea continued high, the oil prevented the combers from breaking on board.

A number of regular lines of vessels have oil on board for this use. Mr. J. H. Barker, an oil merchant of New York, has a definite contract with the National Line of steamers to supply oil for this purpose. Ten vessels, including all the cattle-steamers, have been provided with the necessary appliances to use oil on occasion. The company's requisition calls for fish oil, but the recent experiments proved that it thickened too rapidly when in contact with water at the general low winter temperature.

To obviate this tendency Mr. Barker has mixed a mineral oil of low test with fish oil of comparatively high test. The mixture is an oil which coagulates at a much lower temperature than ordinary fish oil and is claimed to be equally efficient. Mineral oil has stood the test as a lubricant for railroads in cold weather, and when mixed with a proper proportion of fish oil will be very useful for sea purposes. During the mild and warm months fish oil only is used. The method adopted by this line is by means of punctured canvas bags filled with oakum.

FROM a careful examination of these reports the following facts must be conceded to have been established beyond dispute, and we therefore know:

1. That oil is efficacious in lessening the dangerous effect of heavy seas.
2. That it converts breaking seas into harmless swells.
3. That vegetable or animal oils are the best for this purpose.
4. That mineral oil is not suitable, especially if refined, though it may be used to advantage if no other is available.
5. That in cold weather it is advisable to mix mineral oil with soft animal or vegetable oils liable to thicken.
6. That the expenditure of two quarts of oil per hour has sufficed to prevent damage to ships and boats which without the oil would have probably foundered.
7. That the oil spreads rapidly in a thin film over the sea immediately after it is applied.
8. That a lavish expenditure of oil is not any more effective than the necessary quantity, which is about two quarts per hour for vessels and boats.
9. That the most effective manner of applying the oil is to facilitate its spreading to windward.

10. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil from the forward part of vessels.

11. That oil-bags and pipes dripping oil from oakum have been efficient.

12. That it is always advantageous for steamers and sailing vessels when running before the wind or lying to.

13. That it permits boats to be lowered in heavy seas which would otherwise swamp them.

14. That wrecks have been boarded and lives saved by using oil to still the waves to allow the transit of deeply laden open boats from wreck to rescuing vessel.

15. That permanent plants, like that devised by Mr. Shields, have proved to be efficient at harbor entrances wherein vessels have entered, when without the oil they could not have done so.

16. That at harbor entrances the currents are liable to carry away the film of oil from the exact channel intended to be covered, before it is utilized by vessels.

17. That the best results are obtained in deep water. Oil may be applied with advantage on the surf, but its effect is much less than in deep water.

18. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil at many different points of the surface to be quieted. This is done by dripping slowly from a moving vessel, or by permanent plants all along the channels of harbor entrances.

#### WHAT REMAINS TO BE ASCERTAINED AND DONE TO MAKE THE USE OF OIL UNIVERSAL.

THE kind and quantity of oil necessary to change breaking seas into comparatively harmless swells being known, there still remains much to be learned in regard to the circumstances when, where, and how to apply it most efficiently.

Since excessive use of oil does not give any advantage, economical oil-distributors should be used, even though the manner of using pipes and oil-bags, as described in the reports of captains of vessels, is efficient and not very wasteful.

The expense of any new appliance is the first question; and even when the efficacy of the use of oil was admitted, we see that the English House of Lords refused to go to the expense of conducting experiments with the view to adopting it for making harbors of refuge.

For a distributor on board ship it would be difficult to devise apparatus which would not be more expensive in first cost than the amount saved by the little excess of oil wasted by using oil-bags or the water-closet pipes, as described in the reports of captains.

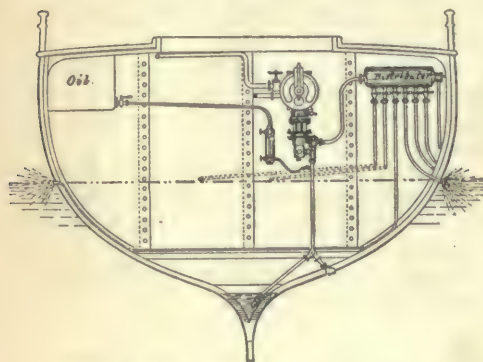


The success obtained by the use of these improvised oil-distributers may, however, have a tendency to cause many to neglect preparatory measures, and in emergency it may be impracticable to use even such simple make-shifts, for want of oil, materials, or time to fit them for this purpose.

Special appliances must be supplied for this definite purpose; such outfits should come under the same head as axes, hose, and extinguishers supplied for use only in case of fire. Every vessel should have oil apparatus and oil for use only to still the waves.

A number of oil-distributers have been invented which claim to satisfy all the conditions of efficiency, economy, and special adaptation for stilling the dangerous seas.

The sketch illustrates a French system invented by M. Gaston Menier. This consists of



GASTON MENIER'S OIL-DISTRIBUTING APPARATUS.

a pump which sends a constant stream of water through a series of pipes, which discharge outboard at the water-line. The sketch shows six pipes, three to discharge at the water-line on each side.

These six pipes connect with a distributor which has a pipe to the pump, and a pipe leads from the pump to the bilge-well, or a water-tank in the bottom of the vessel, and has a branch to a tank of oil. This branch pipe has a valve and a glass gauge to regulate the expenditure of the oil.

When the pump works water is drawn up from the bilge-well or water-tank, and oil is also drawn from the oil-tank. The oil goes with the water to the distributor and outlets of the six pipes at the water-line. The water serves as a vehicle to convey the oil to be applied on the seas.

The oil-tanks, pipes, and distributor are the only items chargeable to the expense of this apparatus, as it is contemplated to use the bilge-pumps, and every ship must have a bilge-pump.

This apparatus fulfills all the conditions of

an economical, efficient, and special plant for applying the oil at the exact place where and time when it is needed.

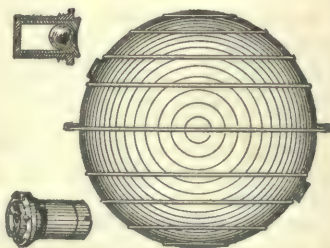
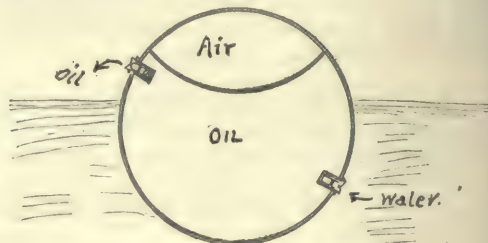
The economy in expenditure of oil will more than pay for the first cost, and as it is specially designed for applying oil, it will be always available for that purpose.

There is no account of its use or adoption in any vessel, and its efficiency lacks the demonstration of actual experience; but its simplicity commends it, and doubtless this system or some modification of it will come into extensive use.

Many of the reports of captains of vessels suggest permanent pipes for oil-distributers, and this plan will probably be received with favor for steamers and large vessels. It is evidently not suitable for small craft, open boats, etc.

A tank of oil in water-closets with pipe and drip-faucet to drop into the bowl and out of the pipe below the surface may be used advantageously, but there may be some difficulty in regulating an economical expenditure of oil by this simple means.

Captain Townsend of the United States Signal Office has invented a simple and efficient oil-distributer.



TOWNSEND'S OIL-DISTRIBUTER.

This consists of a hollow metal globe ten inches in diameter, with a capacity of about one and a half gallons of oil. It has an air chamber separated by a partition, to keep it afloat in a certain position, and there are two valves. When filled with oil the upper valve is adjusted to allow oil to flow out at any desired rate, while the lower valve admits water.

When placed in the sea it floats with the upper valve a little above the surface, and

water will enter to displace the oil from the graduated upper valve. The specific gravity of oil will keep it in the upper part of the distributor, and the motion of the globe on the breaking waves or swell will insure the ejection of the oil through the graduated valve in any quantity.

This is inexpensive, light, portable, and may be used from any part of the ship by tow-line overboard. It may be placed in the bowl of a water-closet and serve as an oil-tank with graduated valve. As it is buoyant it may be anchored at harbor entrances or in the vicinity of wrecks to permit the landing or transferring of the shipwrecked. This principle may be used in any shape of the distributor, for projectiles or buoys. It would be better than Gordon's shell, which explodes and discharges its entire contents of oil at one spot, whereas a Townsend oil-projectile could be fired from a gun and float on the surface where oil is needed, with a continuous flow of oil for a period of time.

These two forms of oil-distributors, or slight modifications of them, will answer all the conditions of simplicity, economy, efficiency, and special adaptation to oil the sea when and where desired.

To enter into a thorough consideration of all circumstances when the use of oil will be advantageous and how to apply it, it will be convenient to consider its use—

1. For ships, steamers, and large vessels.
2. For fishing-boats, life-boats, pilot-boats, etc.
3. For harbor entrances and channels.

#### I. FOR SHIPS, STEAMERS, AND LARGE VESSELS.

OIL is known to be efficacious when used by all kinds of vessels either running before the wind or lying to. But it remains to be seen if oil can be advantageously used under other circumstances.

There is conflicting evidence in the reports of the use of oil by steamers steaming head to the wind. Captain Sparks of the steamship *Assyrian Monarch* reports that he has tried oil when steaming head to the sea, but does not think it of any use, even when going very slowly. The two reports quoted cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence. In the report of Captain McLean of the steamer *Concordia* the advantage could not have been very great, because the oil-bags were thrown back on board when steaming at a speed of ten knots.

In order to have any benefit the seas would have to be oiled in advance of the steamer, and no distributor devised would oil the seas ahead of the ship, except, perhaps, oil-shells or projectiles fired from guns on board. Any such

bombardment of the ocean is, however, manifestly absurd.

The fast steamers, especially the transatlantic liners, plow through the seas without waiting to ride the waves; and as the breaking storm-wave is not any higher than the oiled swell, one of these steamers would find about as much resistance from oiled swell as from the breaking seas, and therefore it would not be of any advantage, even if it were practicable, to apply oil on waves ahead of a steamer steaming against the sea.

When steaming with the wind free in a heavy breaking sea, a steamer may be exposed to great danger by taking seas on board over the weather side, and this may be prevented if oil is applied off the windward side of the vessel.

None of the methods described in the reports would be efficient for this purpose. Oil-bags towed alongside will be thrown back on board, as happened with the *Concordia*.

In 1869 the Harvey towing-torpedo created no little stir among the naval powers, all of which experimented more or less to produce an efficient towing-torpedo. The uncertainty of its action as a weapon became apparent, and its use has been discarded.

This experience, however, incidentally threw a great deal of light on the subject of towing-torpedoes, and the lessons taught may be utilized for towing oil-distributors.

The principle of the Townsend distributor may be applied to a towing-torpedo, from which the explosive charge and the diving appliances should be removed.

Such a towing oil-distributor with bridle, rudder, and double tow-lines would tow in a course parallel with a ship and from twenty to fifty feet to windward from outriggers or yard-arms. This application needs the test of practical experience, but I believe it to be desirable when steaming from eight to fifteen knots across breaking seas coming from four points forward to six points abaft the beam.

For sailing-vessels the oil apparatus will be the same as for steamers, and the circumstances when it may be used with advantage include when running, lying to, sailing with the wind abeam, and riding to a sea-anchor.

Its use when beating to windward has not been established to be efficacious. The spread of the oil on the water is one of its most remarkable characteristics, and perhaps experiments may solve some method like that of a towing Townsend oil-distributor, by which oil may be applied to windward of a vessel beating against breaking seas. The emergency requiring such a course will be rare, and needs no further consideration.

All vessels should carry from thirty to one



hundred gallons of animal or vegetable oil, depending upon the voyage. In cold weather about twenty gallons of mineral oil or a mixture of mineral and soft oils should also be carried.

## 2. FOR FISHING-BOATS, LIFE-BOATS, PILOT-BOATS, ETC.

THESE small craft could not be conveniently fitted with the system of pipes invented by M. Menier, but Townsend's distributor, or modifications of it, will answer every purpose in deep water.

In the surf on the beach or on a bar there are different conditions, and the effect of the oil is not so great as in deep water. The undulations roll in to the beach or the bar, often during a calm: they are harmless swells on the deep water to seaward, but when near the beach or the bar the swells increase in size and break with all the force of the storm wave.

The breaking seas in this case are not caused by the friction of the wind, but by the resistance of the shelving beach to the propagation of the undulating force of the wave.

This resistance causes an alteration in the shape of the undulation resulting in an increase of the wave in a vertical plane, because the horizontal progress is checked. This resistance increases as the wave approaches the beach: the forward slope of the wave becomes steeper and steeper until vertical. The undertow assists in carrying back the base of the forward slope, which is then inclined backwards and under the rear slope of the wave. The crest is then left unsupported, it falls over in breakers, and the undulation collapses on the beach. Oil on the surface cannot protect that portion in contact with the shelving bed of the sea; but if there is any wind the point where the swells break or become storm waves may be brought much nearer the shore, and in consequence permit boats to navigate much nearer. The use of oil will, however, be of some benefit in any case.

For fishing-boats all the circumstances of its advantageous use by sailing-vessels apply, and the oil will enable them to keep at sea longer and permit fishing, when without oil they would be obliged to go to port. Riding to a sea-anchor having a Townsend distributor attached will be a very desirable method.

For life-boats the use of oil is highly valuable. Oil will render approach to wrecks much easier and contribute to saving the lives of those on board. A number of oil-projectiles on the Townsend principle could be fired from the mortar of the life-saving station to dot the surface between the wreck and the shore at intervals. Each of these buoyant oil-projectiles will

be the center of a sheet of oiled sea, and a number of them will form a safe lane between the wreck to near the few breakers close to the beach.

These oil-projectiles can be recovered after the storm subsides, though they will drift with the currents of the locality.

Dirigible torpedoes, or the Lay torpedo deprived of its fangs by substituting the Townsend oil-distributor for the magazine, might be utilized to make an oiled lane between the wreck and the shore—a good use for these torpedoes when the millennium comes.

For pilot-boats oil-distributors are valuable when boarding vessels in breaking seas. In this case the pilot-boat should stand to windward, apply oil, launch the small boat with the pilot and apply oil from the small boat in pulling to the ship. After the pilot is on board, the pilot-boat should run to leeward and pick up her small boat.

In cases where the pilots pull or sail off to a vessel outside in small boats which are brought back by the vessel, the special conditions of local features and the direction of the wind will determine how the oil should be used. The vessel taking the pilot should heave to, apply oil, and receive the pilot-boat in a comparatively smooth sea.

## 3. FOR HARBOR ENTRANCES AND CHANNELS.

THE value of oil at harbor entrances has been clearly established by Mr. John Shields, and his apparatus has proved to be efficacious; but it is objectionable on account of its expense for both the plant and the expenditure of oil.

The problem is to oil the surface merely at the time and place needed, for which I have devised a plan which will be economical, efficient, and always available.

This plan is to apply the principle of the Townsend oil-distributor to the can buoys which mark the harbor entrances or channels.

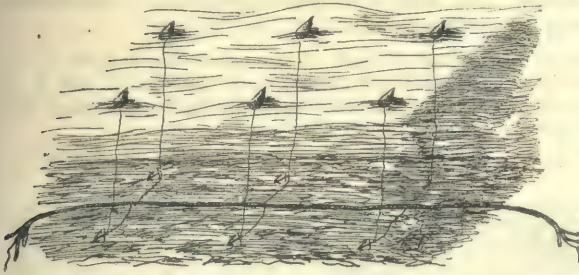
A cylindrical metal case is secured within a can buoy placed vertically and connected with a valve in the bottom to admit water. The top of the cylinder in the buoy is a little above the line of flotation of the buoy. The upper valve, from which the oil flows, has a pipe connecting with an orifice in the side of the buoy at the line of flotation.

The size of the oil-cylinder in the buoy will depend upon the size of the buoy in which it is placed. The quantity of oil will be such as to last for some time, as oil is only to be used when needed for a passing vessel.

The valves of the oil-cylinder are fitted with electric shutters connected with a submarine cable leading either to a lightship or ashore to a lighthouse. A number of these "oil-buoys"

marking the channel can be so fitted, and when a vessel desires to enter across the channel during a storm, the keeper of the lighthouse or the lightship merely presses the button which will cause the valves to open. Water will flow into the oil-cylinders in the buoys while oil is forced out, thereby oiling the channel just when needed. Oil will flow out as long as the electric circuit is kept closed, and as soon as the keeper allows the circuit to open, the valves will shut.

There are no difficulties connected with this arrangement. Torpedoes have electric connections, and the electrical features of this plan differ from those of an observation submarine mine merely in the substitution of an electric shutter for an electric fuse.



SKETCH OF ELECTRIC CONNECTIONS TO CHANNEL BUOYS FITTED AS OIL-DISTRIBUTERS AT HARBOR ENTRANCE.

The advantages of this distributor are that it will economically oil the sea at harbor entrances and in channels exactly when and where needed; that it can be applied to existing aids to navigation with but little expense; and that, in view of the proposed electric lighting of the buoys, it will be even less expensive, because the same cable can be used for the light and the oil-distributor, though with separate conductors. No labor, such as the pumping in Mr. Shields's system, will be necessary: the keeper in lighthouse or lightship can press the button while attending to his regular duties.

When empty, the buoys can be refilled with oil through a special filling-hole after the water is pumped out by the lighthouse tender. The appearance of the sea will indicate when the oil has all been ejected, and in the course of time experience will demonstrate the quantity of oil actually necessary for efficient use to still the waves.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

In view of our present knowledge of the efficacy of the use of oil to still the waves the following recommendations should be urged to all concerned, viz.:

1. That all vessels and boats be supplied with animal or vegetable oil (or a mixture of these with mineral oil for cold weather), which

shall be kept constantly available for use on the seas upon occasion.

2. That special oil-distributors of the following description be supplied, to be used exclusively for applying oil on seas upon occasion:

a. A number of oil-distributors on the Townsend principle for vessels and boats.

b. Permanent oil-apparatus with either pipes similar to the Menier system, or oil-tanks with valve and pipes connected with water-closet pipes in vessels.

c. Or at least specially constructed canvas oil-bags filled with oakum, punched, and conveniently at hand, hanging by the side of tanks of oil, so as to be always ready to be filled with oil and used on breaking seas upon occasion.

Lanyards should be attached to the bags. Oil-bags and oil to be used exclusively for this purpose.

3. That the state prescribe penalties in cases of marine casualties where evidence may establish that the disaster might have been avoided by the judicious use of oil; and that the regulations requiring passenger steamers to carry life-preservers, life-rafts, etc. be amended by including oil and oil-apparatus for use on seas.

4. That marine insurance companies encourage the use of oil on seas by allowing a discount on the rate of insurance, or other equivalent measures, in favor of vessels supplied with oil and oil-apparatus.

5. That life-saving stations be supplied with oil and oil-distributors, especially projectiles on the Townsend principle with gums or mortars, by which to make a safe lane of oiled sea between wrecks and the shore.

6. That dangerous harbor entrances and channels be marked by can buoys fitted as oil-distributors with electrical appliance which will enable the economical application of oil on breaking seas at the time when and the place where needed.

#### CONCLUSION.

THE efficacy of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas, and the means and circumstances for applying it, have been considered in regard to all the requirements of commerce; but the most important thing to be done is to make mariners use it.

Lack of faith in its power has been the chief obstacle, notwithstanding the fact that one trial convinces the most skeptical. Unimpeachable testimony as to the efficiency of the use of oil must be extensively circulated to convert those who do not believe in it.

The marine insurance companies are directly the most interested parties, for it is evident that the use of oil lessens their risks.



They should be willing either to defray all the expense of providing oil and oil-distributers or to reduce the rate of insurance to vessels which have them.

The boards of trade and chambers of commerce are interested as representatives of those who own the vessels and their cargoes. They certainly ought to be willing to take such simple measures to save their own property from destruction.

The state should lend its aid and prescribe penalties for those who may be responsible for the neglect of the use of oil in cases where such use would have prevented disaster. The duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. There is no question of this duty in precautions against epidemics, and it is equally clear in this case. No vessel should be allowed to leave port without oil

and oil-distributers for use to still the waves upon occasion.

There is no doubt of the efficiency of oil for this purpose, and that government which neglects to provide for the safety of its subjects in such a case as this fails to meet its obligations.

Those who go to sea as passengers have a blind confidence that all precautions are taken for their safe transit, and they should use their influence to have such a simple measure adopted.

The effect of oil is indeed magical, and its value has only recently been brought to light prominently, but it is in keeping with the scientific progress of the age. This progress of science, properly so called, reminds us of the Divine power of the Perfect Man, whom the wind and seas obeyed at the command, "Peace, be still!"

NOTE.—In preparing this article the author has availed himself of pamphlets and articles by the following: Commander J. R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; Lieutenants G. L. Dyer, E. B. Underwood, and A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Cloué, French Navy; Mr. John Shields; "Le Yacht, le Journal de la Marine"; "The Manufacturer and Builder."

W. H. Beehler.



## DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

I' BE'N down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,  
Where Congress meets and passes on the pensions ort to be  
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence the war  
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all — and yit how proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes turned in and tuck and made  
Me stay with him while I was there; and longer 'at I staid  
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes to kind o' git away,  
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see, I 'd got the idy — and I guess most folks agrees —  
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes what they please:  
A man worth *stacks* o' money, and a Congressman and all,  
And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'an Masonic Hall.

Now mind, I 'm not a-faultin' Fluke — he made his money square.  
We both was Forty-niners, and both busted gittin' there;  
I weakened and onwindlessed, and he stuck and staid and made  
His millions: don't know what I 'm worth untel my pension 's paid.

But I was goin' to tell you — er a ruther goin' to try  
 To tell you how he 's livin' now: gas burnin', mighty nigh  
 In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,  
 Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They 's people there from all the world — jes ever' kind 'at lives,  
 Injuns and all! and Senators, and Ripresentatives;  
 And girls, you know, jes dressed in gauze and roses, I declare,  
 And even old men shamblin' round and waltzin' with 'em there!

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other room  
 Jes chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and perfume;  
 And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes, made  
 Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.

And Fluke he coaxed and begged and plead with me to take a hand  
 And sashay in amongst 'em — crutch and all, you understand;  
 But when I said how tired I was, and made fer open air,  
 He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.

"My God!" says he, Fluke says to me, "I 'm tireded 'n you:  
 Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.  
 Set back a leetle funder in the shadder; that 'll do:  
 I 'm tireded 'n you, old man; I 'm tireded 'n you!

"You see that-air old dome," says he, "humped up ag'inst the sky;  
 It 's grand, first time you see it, but it *changes*, by and by,  
 And then it stays jes thataway — jes anchored high and dry  
 Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.

"Night 's purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be  
 When my first wife was livin'. You remember her?" says he.  
 I nodded like, and Fluke went on, "I wonder now ef *she*  
 Knows where I am — and what I am — and what I ust to be?

"*That band in there!* — I ust to think 'at music could n't wear  
 A feller out the way it does; but that *ain't* music there —  
 That 's jes a' *imitation*, and like ever'thing, I swear,  
 I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

"It 's all jes *artificial*, this 'ere high-priced life of ours.  
 The theory, it 's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours.  
 They 's no *home* left, ner *ties* o' home about it. By the powers,  
 The whole thing 's artificialer 'n artificial flowers!

"And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know  
 The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes to go  
 And set down by the kitchen stove — Lord! that 'u'd *rest* me so, —  
 Jes set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.

"Jes set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in,  
 'Peared like, to say the whole thing over to hissef ag'in;  
 Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer  
 Somepin er nother in the grass — I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I 'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still  
 A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pension bill,  
 I 've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich,  
 They 's nothin' much patheticker 'an jes a-bein' rich!

James Whitcomb Riley.



## YORK CATHEDRAL.



THE likeness between the cathedrals of Lincoln and York is merely of a general kind and disappears when their features are examined; but added to the fact of their near neighborhood it suffices to bind them closely together in one's thought. Each is a vast three-towered but spireless church. Each stands in a town that was famous in the earliest times, and still seems large and living although outrivalled by those black hives of modern commerce which now fill the north of England. Each is the crowning feature in a hilly city and is distinctively a city church, only sparsely provided with green surroundings. When we think of the cathedral at Lincoln or at York we think almost solely of an architectural effect; and this can be said of no other except St. Paul's in London.

### I.

THE history of York as a cathedral town begins much further back than that of Lincoln. The Normans first set up an episcopal chair in the place which centuries before had been *Lindum Colonia* of the Romans; but in the year 314 Eboracum of the Romans sent a British bishop to take part in the councils of southern Christendom, and where there was a bishop there must have been, in some shape, a cathedral church. In the fifth century walls and worshipers were swept away by English immigration. But the first preacher who spoke of Christ to the pagan English of York bore an even higher title than bishop. With him—with the great apostle Paulinus in the early years of the seventh century—began that archiepiscopal line which still holds sway in the northern shires. It is true that the new chair was almost immediately overturned by the heathen, that Paulinus fled to far-off Rochester and never returned, and that for a century there was not again a fully accredited archbishop and sometimes not even a bishop at York. Yet the right of the town to its high ecclesiastical rank was never quite forgotten through all those stormy hundred years, and from the eighth century to the nineteenth the "Primate of England" has sat at York while the "Primate of all England" has sat at Canterbury. The terms are perplexing, and their

origin sounds not a little childish in our modern ears.

When Pope Gregory sent Paulinus after Augustine to England, he meant that there should be an archbishop in the south and another in the north, and that each should have twelve dioceses under his rule. But no such orderly arrangement, no such equal division of authority, was ever effected. Rome gave the ecclesiastical impulse in England, but insular customs, wishes, and occurrences guided its development. The earliest bishoprics were laid out in the only practicable way—in accordance with tribal boundaries; and as these boundaries were lost to sight an existing chair was suppressed or shifted, or a new one was set up as local necessity or secular power decreed. And meanwhile there was bitter quarreling between the two archiepiscopal lines—the southern fighting for supremacy, and the northern for equal rights. In the synod of 1072 the Archbishop of York was declared by Rome to be his rival's subordinate, but about fifty years later Rome spoke again to pronounce them equals, and the unbrotherly struggle continued, waxing and waning but never ceasing, until in 1354 the pope discovered a recipe of conciliation. Canterbury's archbishop was to be called "Primate of all England," but York's was, nevertheless, to be called "Primate of England"; each was to carry his cross of office erect in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of all England, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas, a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds. "Thus," as caustic Fuller wrote, "when two children cry for the same apple, the indulgent father divides it between them, yet so that he gives the better part to the child which is his darling."

To-day the Archbishop of York is simply the ruler of the few northern sees of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury the ruler of the many central and southern sees. Neither owes filial duty or can claim paternal rights, but Canterbury is a good deal the bigger brother of the two.<sup>1</sup>

The most interesting part of the matter to a stranger's mind is that the verbal juggling of the Roman fathers should still be piously echoed although it is so many generations since any

<sup>1</sup> The province of the Archbishop of York now embraces the sees of York, Carlisle, Durham, Chester, Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Sodor

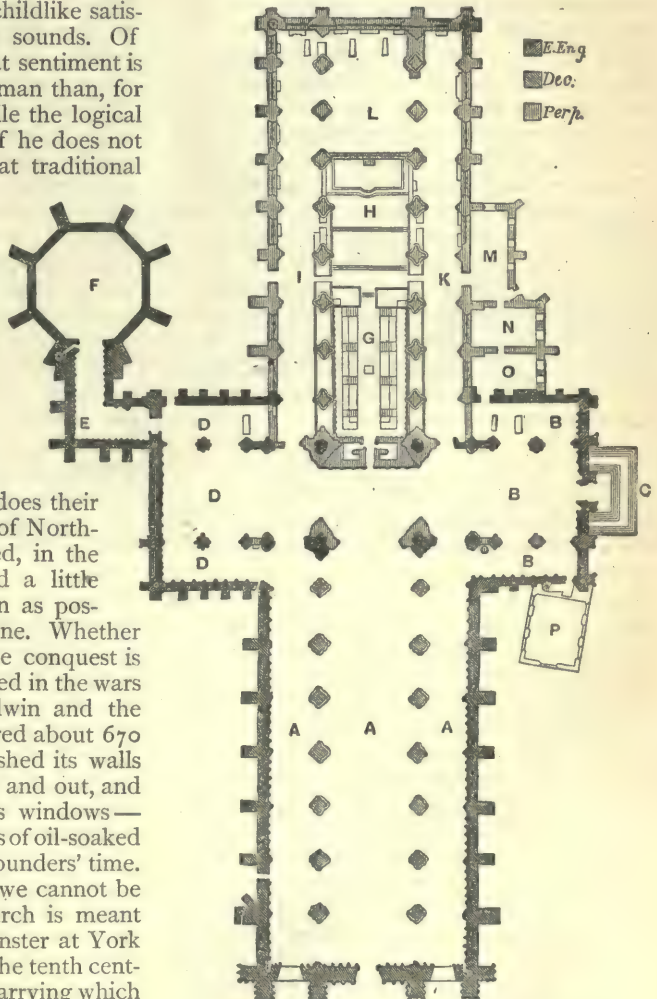
and Man. The bishops of Scotland were nominally subordinate to him until an Archbishop of St. Andrews was created, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

English primate was a darling child of Rome. No fact more clearly illustrates that singular characteristic of the English people which has been called the wish, but is in truth the power, to eat yet have its cake. It is a people progressive in intellect, conservative at heart, which can keep the form of things while altering their essence, can desire and secure the new yet clothe the change with nominal reverence for the old. We cannot fancy any strife to-day between the two primates of England, any jealousy or envy, and neither a leaning towards Rome in their hearts nor a love of shams and fictions. Yet we cannot fancy them for a moment content to be deprived of those illogical titles, which, when we come down to facts, are but badges of Rome's quondam rule, relics of ancient quarrelings, tokens of a childlike satisfaction in the pomp of empty sounds. Of course such anomalies prove that sentiment is stronger in the average Englishman than, for example, in the Frenchman, while the logical imagination is much weaker. If he does not insist, like the Frenchman, that traditional symbols be abandoned when the things they symbolize are given up, it is both because he loves ancient words and forms for their mere antiquity and because he feels no need to identify them with ideas, beliefs, or facts.

## II.

As the archbishops of York trace back to Paulinus, so too does their cathedral. When King Edwin of Northumbria was about to be baptized, in the year 625, he hastily constructed a little wooden church, which, as soon as possible, he replaced by one of stone. Whether or no this church stood until the conquest is uncertain. It was greatly damaged in the wars which caused the death of Edwin and the flight of Paulinus, and was repaired about 670 by Bishop Wilfrid, who whitewashed its walls till they were "like snow" inside and out, and for the first time put glass in its windows—boards pierced with holes or sheets of oil-soaked linen having filled them in its founders' time. Of these facts we are sure; but we cannot be sure whether the cathedral church is meant when it is said that a certain minster at York was burned and reconstructed in the tenth century. At all events, however, the harrying which revolted York received at the Conqueror's

hand reduced its cathedral to ruin; and the first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilt it from the foundations up. Archbishop Roger, who ruled in the time of Henry II. from 1154 to 1181, again reconstructed crypt and choir in a newer Norman fashion.<sup>1</sup> In the Early-English period the transept was renewed and the lower portions of the central tower, and in the Decorated period the nave and the west-front with the lower stories of its towers. At the beginning of the Perpendicular period a presbytery and retro-choir were thrown out eastward of the Norman choir; and then this choir was pulled down and rebuilt in a later Perpendicular style, the central tower was wholly renewed and finished, and the upper



PLAN OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

<sup>1</sup> Or it is possible that Thomas merely repaired and altered the pre-Norman choir when he built his new nave and transept, and that Roger first really reconstructed it.

A, Nave and Aisles; B, South Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; C, South Transept Entrance; D, North Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; E, Vestibule to Chapter-house; F, Chapter-house; G, Choir; H, Presbytery and High Altar; I, K, Aisles of Choir and Presbytery; L, Retro-Choir; M, Record-room; N, Vestry; O, Treasury; P, Record-room.



stages of the western ones were added. Thus, although no great catastrophe again overtook the church after the Conqueror burned it, gradual renewal did as thorough a work as flame—once for all its parts and twice for some of them. If nothing remains to-day of the old English cathedral—the “Saxon” cathedral—except a few fragments of its crypt built into the Norman walls, nothing above the crypt remains of either the Norman church of Thomas or the later Norman choir of Roger. Everything we see above ground is of later date than the advent of the pointed arch; and the main effect of the building, moreover, is determined not by its earlier but by its later existing portions—not by the Lancet-pointed transept, but by the Decorated nave and the Perpendicular east limb, stretching away in a vast, light, elaborate, and unusually harmonious perspective. And even the crypt has been sadly mutilated. Its importance in the Norman scheme still shows; for it extends as far to the eastward as the Norman choir extended and branches out into transept arms, and the fragments of its vaulting indicate a height which must have raised the choir floor some eight feet above the level that it holds to-day. But when the choir was rebuilt this vaulting was removed, that the church floor might be made level throughout, and the deserted spaces below were filled with a solid mass of earth, which only of recent years has been excavated. Merely a small area beneath the high altar was reserved and reconstructed for purposes of prayer.

### III.

YORK's west-front, like Lincoln's, looks out on a small paved square, but there is no other resemblance between them. In place of the illogical, unbeautiful, but imposing individuality of the Lincoln front, we have at York a logical and beautiful but somewhat unimpressive version of the French type of façade. Three rich portals admit into nave and aisles; the towers form integral parts of the front and a gable rises between them; much rich decoration is intelligently applied to accent constructional facts, and the main window is an example of flowing tracery which could not be improved upon did we hunt France through from end to end. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet if we look a little closely it has patent faults. Its features are well chosen and arranged, but are not well proportioned among themselves nor in quite true relationship to the interior of the church. The windows are too large for the size of the portals; the

chief one is much too large for the nave it lights—a fact which appears more plainly when we stand inside the church; and a keener sense for the value of subordinate lines would have increased the apparent height of the towers by putting two or three ranges of small lights in place of each great transomed opening. Moreover, the scale of the whole work is so small that it lacks the dignity, the impressiveness, the superb power and “lift,” which we find in its Gallic prototypes. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet it proves once more that Englishmen never quite succeeded where Frenchmen were most sure to triumph. Perhaps it was because the highest kind of architectural power was lacking; perhaps it was because the problem was really insolvable—because the long, low English type of church could not in the nature of things be fitted with a front dignified enough for the size of the building yet true to its proportions. But, whatever the explanation, there is not a large façade in England which thoroughly satisfies both eye and mind. Schemes of insular invention, as at Salisbury and Lincoln, are grandiose but illogical and awkward. The splendid paraphrase of French features at Peterborough is still more grandiose and very much more beautiful, but again illogical, mendacious. And the would-be faithful rendering of a French ideal which we find at York seems almost petty and pretty by reason of its smallness, and is not devoid of conspicuous faults. I think there is not a large façade in England which an architect of to-day would study as a model.

### IV.

AGAIN, it seems thoroughly characteristic of England that although at York the façade is more distinctly emphasized than elsewhere as the place of entrance to the church, it is nevertheless not thus commonly used. When one seeks the minster<sup>1</sup> from the center of the town the approach is through the picturesque long ancient street called the Stonegate, which debouches on a wide stretch of pavement opposite the south side, and leads naturally to the great doorway in the transept end. But the fact is not unfortunate; for, entering thus, we see first the earliest portions of the fabric, and, moreover, this diagonal view into nave and choir is finer than a straight view along their enormous length.

We see first the earliest portions of the church and, immediately before us as we cross the threshold, its most individual and famous feat-

<sup>1</sup> “Minster” is derived, of course, from the same source as “monastery,” and in strictness means a church owned and served by monks. But it gradually

came to be used for other churches of large size, and for ages York Cathedral has been more commonly called York Minster, although its chapter was a secular one.



ure—that splendid group of equal lancets which is called the “Five Sisters,” rising in arrow-like outlines to a tremendous height and filled with the soft radiance of ancient glass. Its glass is the great and peculiar glory of York, but none of the scores of gorgeous windows in

ster as they found it with regard to size. Each new construction meant enlargement, and when we compare a plan of the building of to-day with one of Thomas of Bayeux’s church we find that breadth has greatly increased while length has actually doubled. When the pres-



THE WEST-FRONT.

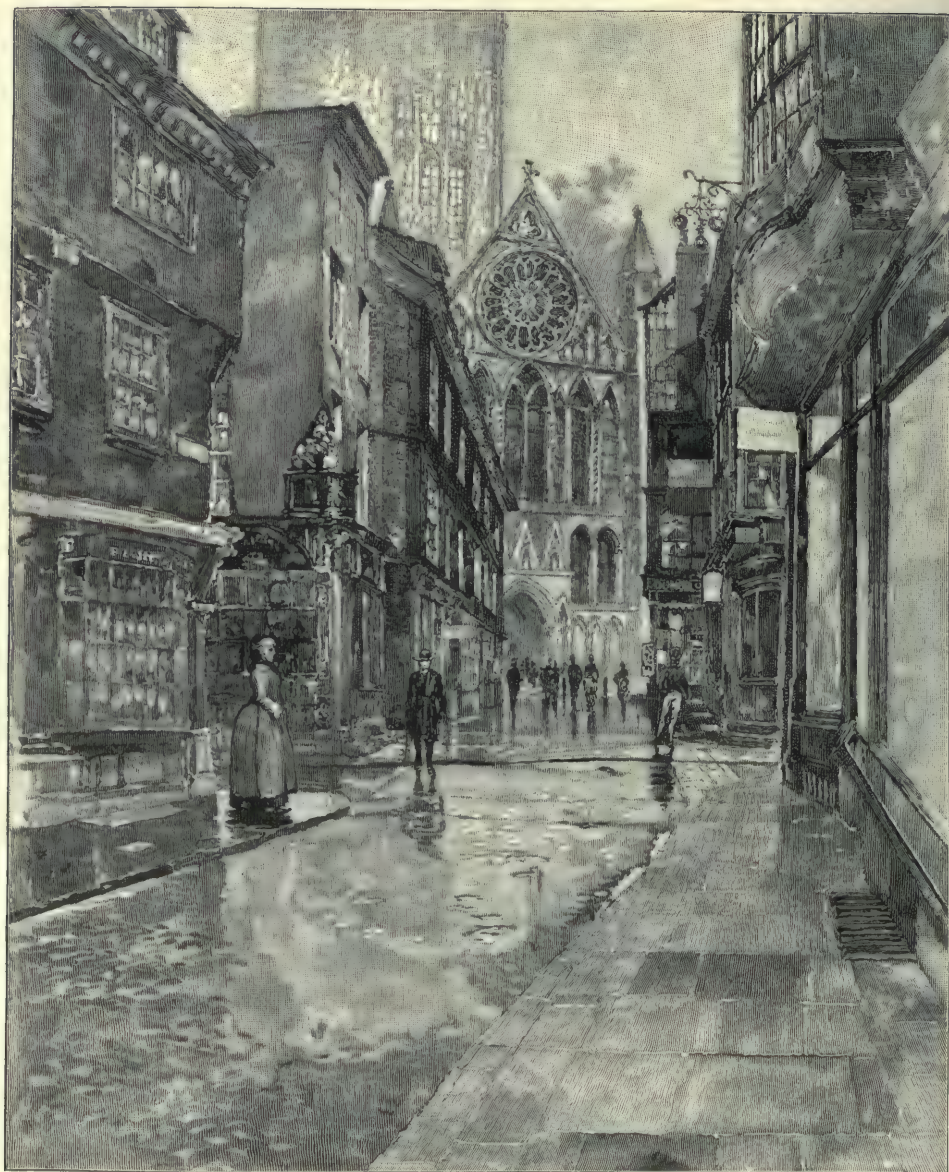
which many colors contrast and sparkle are more beautiful than these, where a pale-green tone, like glacier ice, is but delicately diapered with inconspicuous patterns of a darker hue. The transepts were built just before 1250, and the glass in these lancets cannot be of much later date. Above them is another group of five, but graduated in height beneath the vaulting. Opposite, in the end of the south limb, is the door through which we entered with rich blank arcades on each hand; two groups of two lights each above; three windows, the central of two lights, above these again; and a great rose in the gable.

In the arches which stretch between the main alley of the transept and its aisles to right and left an odd irregularity in span appears.

It is not to be supposed that the many rebuilding which went on at York left the min-

ent transept was built the Norman nave and choir were standing; and although their central alleys were as wide as those afterwards constructed, their aisles were extremely narrow. Therefore a narrow arch led from these aisles into each transept aisle, and the corresponding arch in the transept arcade was built of corresponding size, although the succeeding three, which completed this arcade, were given a much wider span. But when the nave came to be rebuilt with widened aisles each of these opened against the pier of the narrow arch in the transept: instead of standing parallel with the outer wall of the nave, this pier now stood midway of its aisle. It could not be moved and the arch it bore enlarged without some alteration of the arch beside it; but this alteration was promptly effected in the simplest way. The narrow arch and the one beside it were taken down and each was put





THE TRANSEPT AND CENTRAL TOWER FROM THE STONEGATE.

in the other's place. The same thing was done when, later on, the new choir was built; and all four smaller arches were then walled up, the better to support the new and massive tower. Thus to-day when we stand beneath the tower we see between the transept and each of its four aisles first a wide arch, then a narrow one walled up, and then again two wide ones, while in the triforium and clerestory above the original arrangement is preserved—first a narrow compartment and then three wider ones. (See the illustration on page 725.) Parallelism, unity, are of course injured by such a state

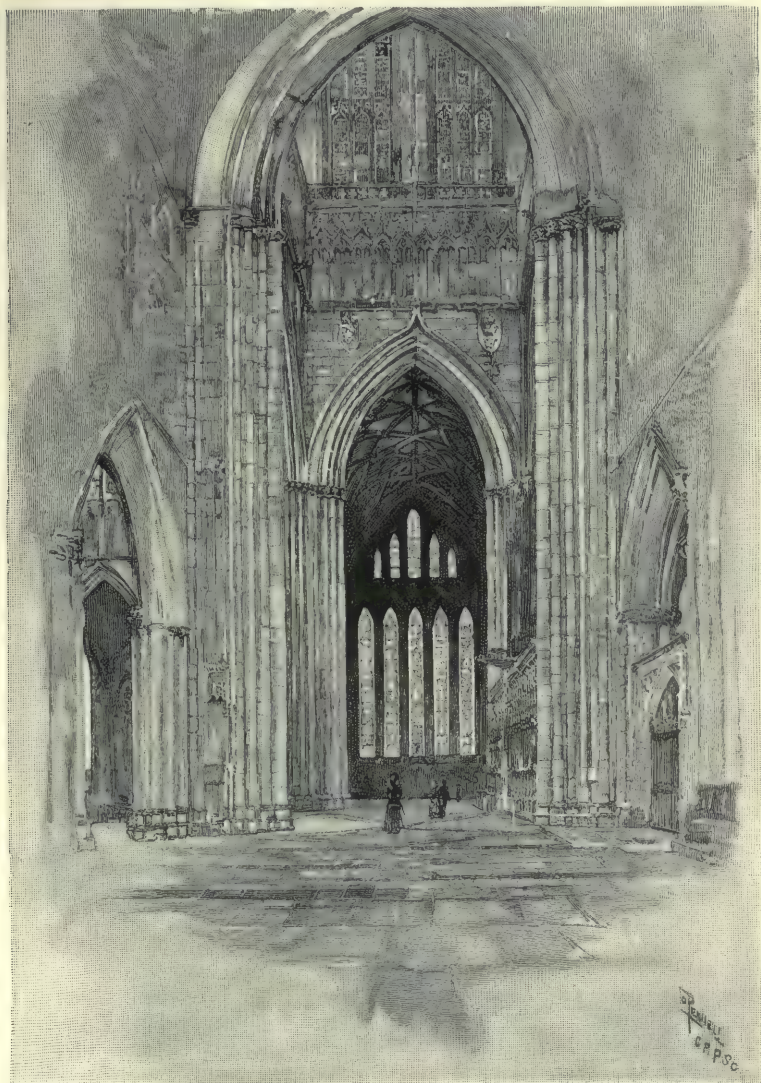
of things. But greatly though the medieval architect loved these qualities, he could sacrifice them when occasion bade; and we are forced to say that his treatment of the problem at York was the right one. It was more important that the arrangement should be right on the floor, where convenience as well as beauty was in question, than that the transept design should be preserved intact. And would it have been worth while to rebuild this part of the transept up to the roof in the interests of unity, as such rebuilding would have meant vast expense and inconvenience, would have



secured symmetry at a sacrifice of the beauty of the upper stories, and would have killed that evidence of the "reason why" which now is so attractive in its naïve frankness?

In spite of the walling-up of the four narrow arches the vast weight of the Perpendicular tower had disastrous results. All the four great

of these eight arches could not have been successfully done. But in almost every church of size, as well as here at York, we see that skill by no means kept pace with ambition — that either accurate knowledge or a sensitive artistic conscience often must have lacked. The history of modern architecture, with all the sins



THE "FIVE SISTERS" FROM THE SOUTH TRANSEPT ENTRANCE.

piers, we are told, "sank bodily into the ground to a depth of about eight inches"; and this means, of course, that they no longer stood quite straight, and that neighboring walls and arches were dislocated too. Repairs have done something to conceal the damage, but it is still almost alarmingly apparent.

There must have been clever engineers in medieval times, or such a work as the shifting

and feeblenesses that it has to chronicle, shows us no such brilliant crimes against common sense, no such willful, daring attempts to achieve the impossible, no such disregard by one generation of the constructional intentions of another, as meet us on every page when we scan the records of medieval times. No disaster is more often noted in England than the falling of a central tower. When it fell it was either





THE NAVE.

because it had not been properly supported in the first place or because it had been finished or rebuilt on a substructure originally meant to bear a much lesser load. When it did not fall there are very often such signs of trouble as show at York, or such propping beams and arches as have met us at Salisbury and Canterbury and will meet us again at Winchester and Wells. And do we not know the extraordinary rashness of Peterborough's builders, who, upon scarcely any foundation, made their columns of thick cores of rubbish encircled by the thinnest skin of cemented stones? No facts could bear clearer witness to a want of knowledge or a want of conscience—if, indeed, these two qualities can be dis severed

when building is concerned. Yet how flatly their witness is denied in the once universally accepted dogmas of the Ruskin creed! Architectural conscience died, this creed declares, with the death of Gothic art. It would be truer to say that it was reborn with the birth of Renaissance ideals. We may grant the loftier aim, the more splendid genius, to Gothic-building generations; but if conscience means, in architecture, that nothing shall be attempted which cannot be carried out, and carried out to last,—that whatever is done shall be perfectly well done,—then its possession must be denied them. We may prefer the one temper of mind, the one outcome, or the other; but it is ignorance or special pleading to confuse

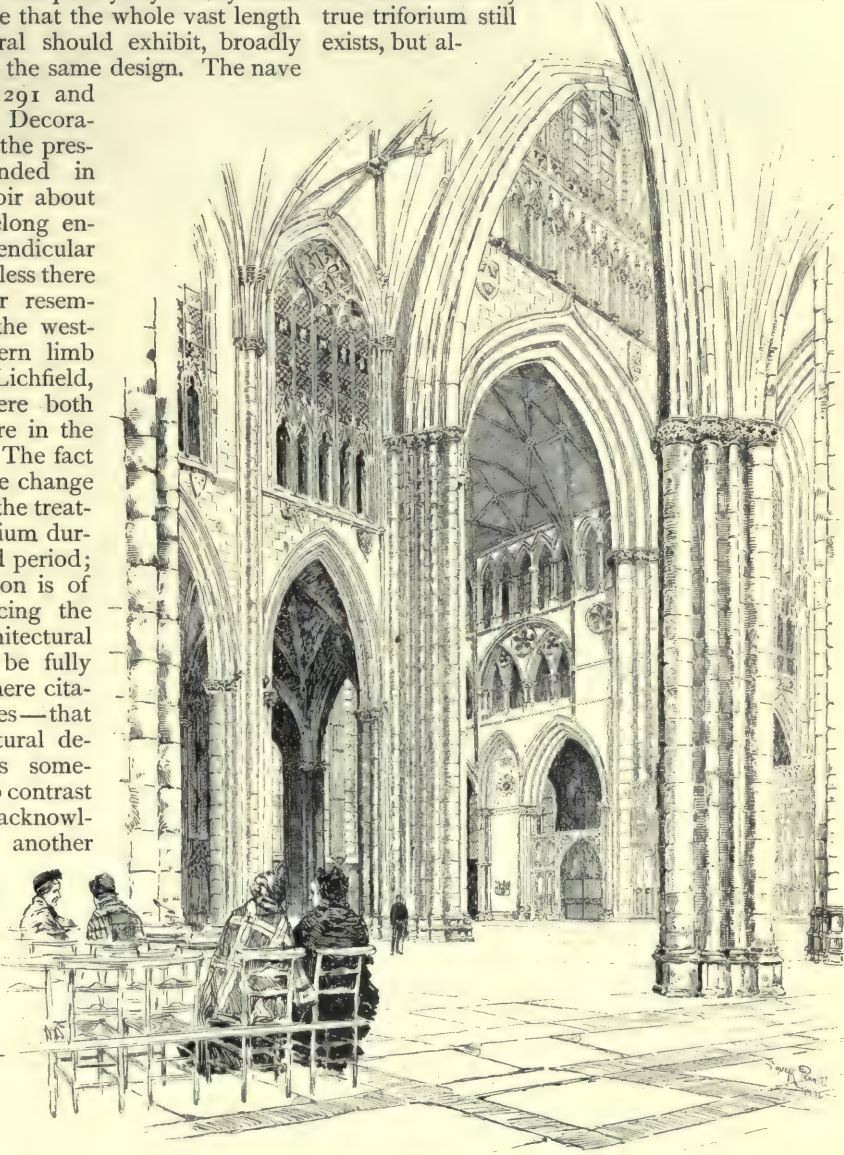
them in drawing up our verdict, and to say that where we see the greatest beauty there perforce must be the greatest virtue.

## v.

REMEMBERING the widely separated dates of nave and choir and presbytery it may seem doubly remarkable that the whole vast length of York Cathedral should exhibit, broadly speaking, one and the same design. The nave was begun in 1291 and finished in the Decorated period, while the presbytery was founded in 1361 and the choir about 1380 and both belong entirely to the Perpendicular period. Nevertheless there is a much closer resemblance between the western and the eastern limb than there is at Lichfield, for example, where both nave and choir are in the Decorated style. The fact is explained by the change which came over the treatment of the triforium during the Decorated period; and the explanation is of interest as enforcing the truth that architectural character cannot be fully determined by a mere citation of typical names—that to study architectural development means something more than to contrast a work in one acknowledged style with another that exhibits a different style. There was never a decade when changes were not wrought, and sometimes a most important constructional change did not coincide with that alteration in style which in later periods chiefly meant new decorative devices and new patterns in the windows.

In Norman and in Early-English years the triforium was a lofty independent story equaling or surpassing the clerestory in importance. Such was still the case in the earlier part of the

Decorated period, as when Lichfield's nave was built. But before the close of this period the triforium shrunk into a feature of distinctly minor importance. In the nave of York (as our illustration shows) the height from floor to roof is not divided, as before, into three great horizontal divisions, but into two—the pier-arcade and the clerestory. A true triforium still exists, but al-



THE TRANSEPT FROM THE NAVE.

though conspicuous it is no longer constructionally independent—it is merely a reserved portion of the clerestory design. Above the heavy transoms which divide the windows the lights are glazed and look upon the outer air, while below them they are open as an arcade





THE MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

upon a dark, narrow passage. In the choir of Lichfield, which is also a late-Decorated design, the triforium is much less slightly marked — a mere open balustraded walk running across the base of the clerestory windows; and once the innovation was made, the tendency was more and more to suppress the triforium in favor of the other stories. So when we find in the Perpendicular east limb of York the same arrangement that the nave displays, we feel that a rather uncommon desire for unity must have swayed its builders; and, indeed, a recorded resolution of the archbishop and chapter, dated 1361, which declares that "every church should have its different parts consistently decorated," does not speak the general temper of medieval builders.<sup>1</sup>

The nave is plainly treated and somewhat thin and cold of aspect; but it is taller than any nave we have seen and a little broader too, and these facts give it unwonted dignity and grandeur. We rejoice in the absence of the almost tunnel-like narrowness which we have so often found, and rejoice, too, in that height of ninety feet, which, were we on continental soil, would seem all too low.

The least satisfactory part of the nave is the

western end. In the center is a door with a traceried head and a gable which rises quite to the sill of the great window, while the top of this window touches the apex of the vault. A cornice-string, which continues the window-sill to right and left, divides the wall into two parts, and above and below it the whole surface is covered by a rich paneling of small traceried and canopied niches, once filled with many figures. There is no vital relationship between door and window: they are merely superimposed and hardly seem to belong to a single architectural conception. The strong horizontal line made by the cornice-string and accented by a difference in the design of the paneling above and below it as greatly detracts from unity as from verticality of effect. The window is much too large for the door, and its gracefully arched head does not harmonize with the obtuser arch formed above it by the end of the vaulted ceiling where it abuts against the wall.

It is a pity indeed that so exquisite a window should thus have the air of not belonging in its place. It is by far the finest in all England, and there is none finer in the world. Built between 1317 and 1340 it marks the apogee of the Decorated style, when geometrical had

<sup>1</sup> As a rule, in early churches the passage back of the triforium arcade was as wide as the aisles, was roofed at the level of the clerestory string-course, and lighted by large windows in the external wall, so that an exterior view presents three ranges of windows almost equal in importance. And, as a rule, when the triforium came to be of less importance inside, it was backed by a dark passage over which the roof sloped away without windows, and an exterior view thus shows but two ranges of openings. But we cannot so depend upon rules as to be sure, from an exterior, what the interior design will be — a fact which proves that the development of medieval art, at least in England, was less "logical,"

more dependent upon personal or local preferences, than we often suppose it was. In the very early Lancet-Pointed choir at Ripon, for example, there are but two ranges of windows and the tall triforium opens on a dark passage; the same is the case in the Lancet-Pointed nave and the Decorated presbytery at Lincoln, and in the Decorated nave at Lichfield; while in the late-Decorated choir at Ely there are three ranges of magnificent traceried windows and the triforium passage is as open and light as in the earliest Norman churches. In the Decorated as in the Perpendicular work at York there are dark passages and two external stories only.

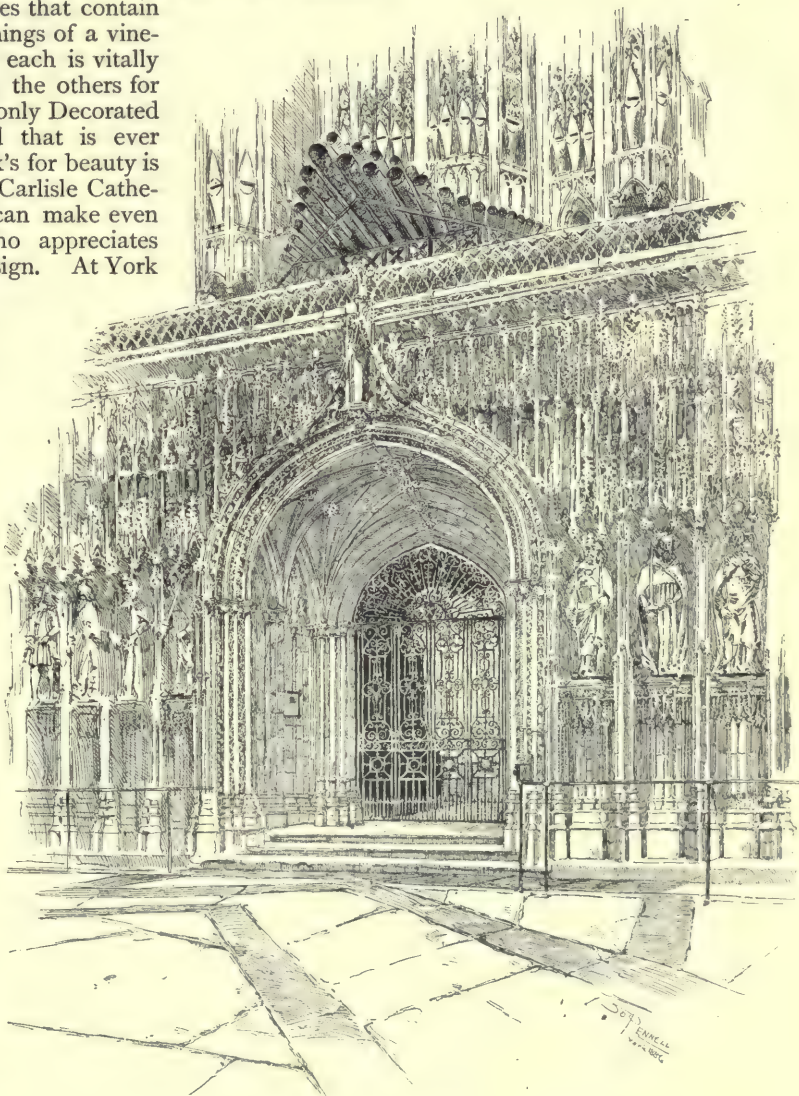


been developed into flowing traceries and had not yet stiffened into any approach to Perpendicular types. There is a suggestion in it of the flamboyant forms of France; but it is not really flamboyant—it is a most characteristic and flawless example of the later flowing style. Eight tall narrow lights are finished as eight little equal trefoiled arches; above these the delicate rising lines develop into four groups of two arches each, and again above into two groups of four arches each, while flowing lines then diverge to form a heart-shaped figure in the center of the window-head, supporting another of smaller size and supported on each hand by an egg-shaped figure. All the lines which form these figures and fill them with lace-like traceries are as beautifully adapted to the spaces that contain them as are the veinings of a vine-leaf to its lobe, and each is vitally dependent upon all the others for its own effect. The only Decorated window in England that is ever compared with York's for beauty is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral; and no one can make even this comparison who appreciates the essentials of design. At York the entire window is a unit in conception and effect, despite its multitude of parts; but at Carlisle the main mullions are so disposed that we seem to see, under the great arch of the head, two narrow windows placed side by side with a still narrower one between them. It is a beautiful window, but not so beautiful as the one at York, and by many degrees less excellent as a logical piece of design. Correctly speaking, the York window is a modern work, for it was entirely rebuilt some years ago; but the original was carefully copied stone by stone and its an-

cient glass reset. The windows in the aisles and clerestory of the nave show an admirable but constantly repeated geometrical design.

## VI.

IN the four huge piers which support the central tower the original Norman piers were kept as cores and covered with masonry to correspond with the new work in nave and choir. The powerful connecting arches are singularly graceful in shape, and between their tops and the great windows of the lantern runs a rich arcade. The vaulting of the lantern, 180 feet above the floor, is also very elaborate—a net-work of delicate lines like interwoven tendrils.



THE CHOIR-SCREEN.



The screen which shuts off the main alley of the choir is the most splendid that remains in England. It dates from the year 1500 and still preserves most of its sculptured figures, chief among them a series representing the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. Lower and less massive screens shut off the choir-aisles; and the east-limb thus protected is used for the service. The nave has been fitted up for occasional preaching, but most of the time is left desolate to memories of a banished faith and echoes of the sightseer's whispering voice. Within the screens the real majesty of the minster first bursts upon the sense. The design, which looks cold and somewhat uninteresting in the nave, looks superb and splendid here where rich work in paneling, tracery, and sculptured ornament abounds; and it is improved by the closer station of the piers and narrower form of the arches which they bear. This is much the longest east-limb in England, absorbing very nearly half the length of the church and measuring 223½ feet, while Lincoln's, which comes next in size, measures 158. Many elaborate tombs remain in the presbytery and the retro-choir.

Between choir and presbytery the long succession of three superimposed stories is broken on each hand by the great arch, springing to the roof, which admits to the minor or eastern transept. Such a transept exists, as we have seen, in two or three other English churches, but its arrangement at York is unique. It is not an addition to the east-limb, but a transept built wholly within it—of one bay only to north and south, not projecting farther than the line of the aisle-walls, and thus not showing on a ground-plan. Yet it is almost as effective as though it were longer, for its tall arches give great dignity as well as variety to the vast perspective, and its ends are filled each by a single window rising from near the floor quite to the ceiling—fitting companions for the giant at the east end of the church.

With the exception of the corresponding window in Gloucester Cathedral this east window at York is the largest single opening in the world—seventy-three feet in height by thirty-three in breadth. By contrast with its far-off rival at the west end of the nave it well explains the difference between Perpendicular and Decorated Gothic, while the aisle window (likewise shown in the illustration on the opposite page) explains the transition from the one to the other. It may seem at first sight as though "perpendicular" was the wrong word to give to the newer style, since strong repeated lines cut windows and walls into horizontal sections. But this device gives rise to many superimposed successions of short perpendicular lines; and in the window-heads

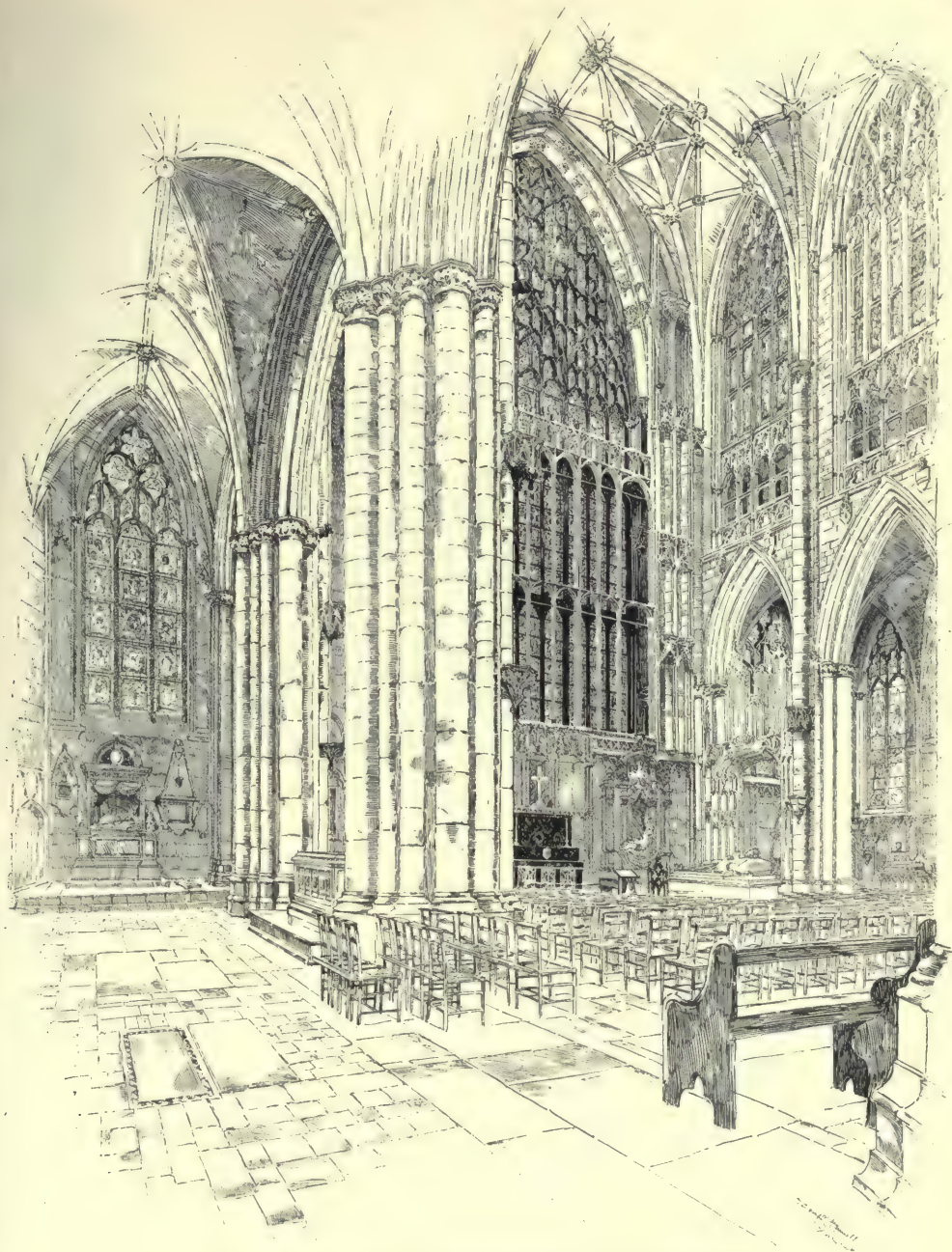
these so entirely control the design that the few curved and flowing lines which accompany them play a very minor part in its effect. In fact the term "Perpendicular" has been adopted to express not so much a greater effort after verticality in a general sense as a preference for ranges of short straight, upright lines, and is to be set against the term "flowing," which describes the last phase of the Decorated style.

The retro-choir at York was the Lady-Chapel, and the Virgin's altar stood immediately below the great east window. Retro-choir, presbytery, choir, and nave are covered and always have been covered with wooden ceilings in imitation of stone vaults, but their aisles, together with all portions of the great transept, are vaulted with stone. In 1829 the choir was set in flames by a maniac who had concealed himself overnight behind a tomb, and the roof was entirely destroyed, as well as the organ and carven stalls. In 1840 another fire, of accidental origin, consumed the roof of the nave and greatly injured the lantern; but everything was restored as nearly as possible—given the skill of that not very skillful time—to its original condition.

The chapter-house stands near the north arm of the greater transept and is entered through a fine vestibule. In date and style it corresponds with the main portions of the nave and is earlier than the west-front, belonging to the geometrical period of Decorated Gothic. Seven of its faces are filled with large windows of simple yet admirable design, beneath them running a row of seats covered with tall elaborate canopies. In the eighth face is the double arch of the doorway, then a pediment filled with paneling, and then blank traceries on the wall which match the seven windows. There is no central column, but the roof, borne in the eight angles on lovely clustered shafts, makes a clear sweep from wall to wall sixty-seven feet above the floor. With the exception of one church in Prague and one in Portugal and the lantern of Ely Cathedral, we have here the only Gothic dome in the world. But our admiration for both the English examples is lessened, alas! by the knowledge that their roofs—so strong yet light, so nervous yet delicate in effect—are of wood instead of stone.

This is perhaps the most famous chapter-house in England, and on its walls we read a painted Latin legend to the effect that as the rose stands among flowers, so this chapter-house stands among the chapter-houses of the world. Very likely many visitors think that the boast reads none too boastfully. Yet I fancy there will be some to agree with me in preferring certain earlier chapter-houses—especially the one at Lincoln. These beautiful windows





THE EAST-END FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE RETRO-CHOIR.

at York seem to absorb almost too much space, to make the effect almost too fragile and airy; and even the magnificence of an octagon sixty-three feet in diameter, with a clear floor and a flying roof, is less individual, less interesting, less beautiful, than one where rises "like a foamy sheaf of fountains" a central clustered column with its branching stream of ribs. The tendency of Gothic art was ever to accomplish

things with less and less revelation of the way in which they were accomplished — to build to loftier and loftier heights with lighter and lighter walls, and more and more to concentrate the points of support. In the chapter-house at York we see the final outcome as regards this class of structures, but an outcome less entirely pleasing to mind or eye than one in which constructional devices are more

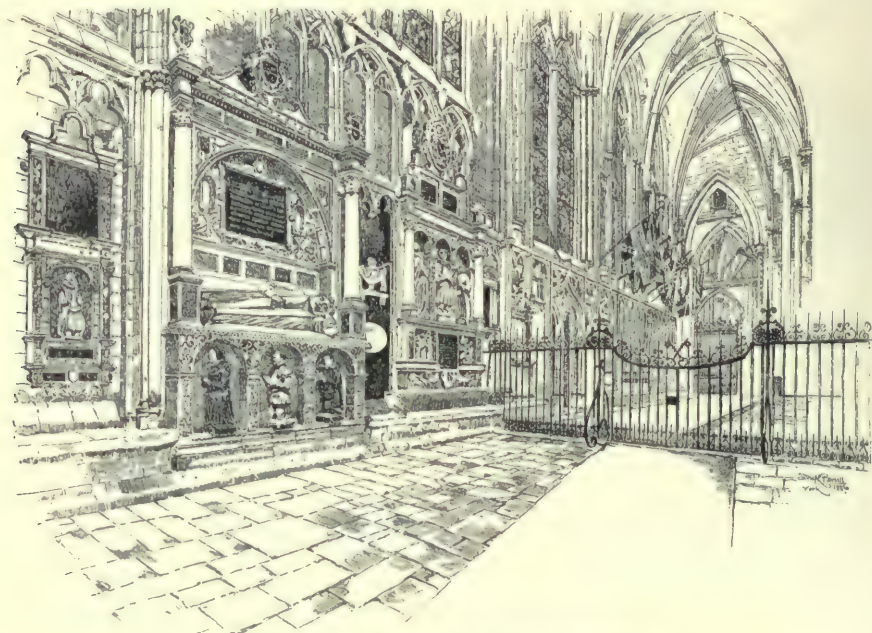


frankly shown. Yet it has one great advantage over all its rivals. Nowhere else do we find so beautiful or well-arranged a vestibule, bringing us out into the light, lovely room through a rich but dim and solemn passage-way, the effect of which is vastly increased by the sharp turn it takes.

# VII.

PERHAPS nothing in all England makes so strong an impression on the tourist as the interior of York. But it would be difficult to

"tone" to many continental churches even when no actual coloring exists, and a glare of white light or hideous cacophony of modern hues fills the enormous windows. Columns and walls and floors are as barren at York as elsewhere, and although many tombs remain, without its glass it would seem even colder and emptier than most of its sisters. But its glass, thrice fortunately, has been almost wholly preserved. Nowhere else in the island can we learn half so well as here what part translucent color was meant to play in a Gothic church.



TOMBS IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE PRESBYTERY.

overestimate the degree to which its singular effectiveness depends upon its riches of ancient glass. Architecturally considered there are other interiors more individual, more beautiful, even more imposing, and many others more interesting to the student's eye. But the great and general fault of English churches is that they have been entirely reduced to architectural bone and sinew — that they lack decorative warmth and glow, life and color, and the charm which lies in those myriad accessory things piously preserved elsewhere by the lingering faith of Rome. All the varied tools and trappings, altars, shrines, and symbolic trophies of the rich Catholic ritual have been banished; much of the furniture is gone; all the walls are bare of paint; scores of tombs and chantries have been shattered to bits, and thousands of sculptured ornaments and figures have fallen beneath the ax. A painful cleanliness has replaced those time-stains which give

Not all the windows show the old glass, nor is it always in the position it originally held; but the exceptions are few, and the most conspicuous results of modern manufacture fill the smaller lancets above the "Five Sisters" and those in the opposite end of the great transept. In one or two of the nave windows parts of the glass are even earlier than that in the "Five Sisters," dating from about 1200, and having been preserved, of course, from the earlier building; and elsewhere we can follow the development of the art through a period of four full centuries. The west window, glazed about 1350, is a gorgeous mosaic of ruddy and purple hues, shining, in the intricate stone pattern which shows black against the light, like a million amethysts and rubies set in ebony lace. The colossal multicolored eastern window and the two of similar fashion in the minor transept are vast and fair enough for the walls of the New Jerusalem, and so too the





THE MINSTER FROM THE STREET.

exquisite sea-green "Sisters"; while wherever we look in the delicately constructed eastern limb it seems not as though walls had been pierced for windows, but as though radiant translucent screens — fragile, yet vital and well equal to their task — had been used to build a church and were merely bound together with a net-work of solid stone. For the moment we feel that nothing in the world is so beautiful as glass and that no glass in the world could be more beautiful than this.

If, however, we know French glass of the best periods, we remember it, when the passage of first emotions leaves us cool enough to think, as being still more wonderful. In these pages it would be as impossible to discuss all the differences between French and English glass as to trace the variations that marked styles and centuries in England, or to describe the patterns before us, which, although blending at a distance into a Persian vagueness of design, are varied and admirable pictures when we see them somewhat closer. Only this may be said: blue is the most brilliant of all colors in a translucent state, the one which gives stained glass a quality most different from that of opaque pigments; blue is more prominently used in the best French glass than any other

color, while in England it rarely dominates in a window, and is often almost altogether suppressed in favor of green and red and yellow and brownish hues. The general tone in English glass is often rather soft and thick — a little oleaginous, so to say, or treacle-like; less clear, crisp, sparkling, gemlike than ideally perfect glass should be. To my mind the very best English windows are apt to be those of the latest Gothic period, when the background of architectural motives is softly grayish in tone and throws out with exquisite effect the brilliant little figures which were then preferred to the large figures of earlier times. But it is not glass of this description which most fully shows the royal splendor that is within the compass of the art.

Yet though we may say that there is still finer glass in the world than all but the very best of that in York Cathedral, as a whole York's glass is quite fine enough to reveal the true power of medieval glaziers and the potency of their handiwork as an aid to architectural effect. Indeed, the lesson it teaches is that Gothic stained glass was much more than an adornment to architecture. Historically and aesthetically it was in so strict a sense an architectural factor that we cannot



really appreciate a Gothic church if we think of it as a mere skeleton of stone. During a long period glass itself was the cause and reason of architectural development. As the achievements and ambitions of the glazier grew, the architect modified his scheme to suit the new possibilities of beauty thus supplied him. Not because windows were bigger was more splendid glass produced; it is truer to say that because glass was growing more and more splendid were windows increased in size. Thus when the revolution was complete great deep-toned windows held so prominent a place in the architect's primary conception that to judge this conception apart from them is to judge not merely a naked but a mutilated thing. Of course as much is not true of Norman buildings. Here arches, piers, and walls are all-important; windows play a very restricted rôle: the paint which has flaked off from their stones is a greater loss than the glass which has perished from their openings. But as Gothic art developed, the openings soared and widened till to say *windows* meant almost to say *walls*; and when we see these walls in thin white glass instead of rich with the intense color which means vigor and solidity as well as loveliness, it is like seeing a "skeletonized" leaf instead of a leaf filled with its fresh green tissues. A Perpendicular church was actually meant to look as I have said it does look when its glass is present—like a vast translucent colored tabernacle merely ribbed and braced with a sterner substance. To remove its glass thus means a great deal more than to destroy decorative charm. It means to ruin even the architectural idea.

Nowhere at York are the windows more deeply splendid, more radiantly fair, than in the vestibule of the chapter-house and the wonderful room itself. If only their influence might be felt apart from the teasing drone of the verger's explanatory repetitions! Curry favor with him by patient listening at first and he may consent to leave you to beauty and silence while he takes his flock back into the church. But after a moment he will be with you once more, the flock a new one but the drone the same, and the self-satisfied gesture which accents the words, "*Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum.*"

#### VIII.

THE story of the Archbishops of Canterbury means the story of their nation; but through the centuries when they were at their greatest their titular town lay quietly outside the scenes in which they figured. Not so with York. The focus of life in the north of England, its name comes constantly to the historian's lips, and

countless famous Englishmen there did famous deeds.

If we credit legends we may believe that the city was already in existence when King David reigned in Israel, but its clear history as Eboracum begins with the Romans—with Agricola who subdued or founded it, with Severus the emperor who died there and Geta his son, Constantius Chlorus, and Constantine the Great. Then, after a century of darkness, comes the shadowy figure of Arthur the Briton keeping his Christmas at Eboracum, and after another century of conflict, Edwin the Englishman and his baptism by Paulinus. Four hundred and fifty years later comes William the Norman, the sword in one hand, the torch in the other; then Henry II., receiving homage from Malcolm of Scotland; King John, visiting the city sixteen times; Henry III., signing his alliance with one Scottish king and marrying his daughter to another; Edward I., holding a parliament; Edward II., fleeing from Bannockburn; Edward III., in 1327, marching against the Bruce, and the next year marrying Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral; Queen Philippa, in 1346, marching to that victory of Neville's Cross which the monks of Durham were to watch from their tower-top; and Richard II. in 1389. In 1461 Henry VI. went out from York to the battle of Towton, and his conqueror entered it to return again as Edward IV. for his coronation in 1464. When Edward died his brother Richard was at York, and though he went at once to London he came back to pompous ceremonials while his nephews were being murdered in the Tower. And Flodden Field sent its representative in 1513—the slain body of James IV. of Scotland. York was distinguished in the Reformation as the center of the rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and saw the execution of its ringleader, Robert Aske, and also the execution of Northumberland, who led the Catholic revolt in the time of Elizabeth. In 1640 Charles I. summoned a council of peers at York, hither removed his court in 1642, and here welcomed his wife when she brought him supplies from France. In 1644 the city was invested by Fairfax, with Cromwell serving as a lieutenant in his army. Prince Rupert's arrival raised the siege, but after the battle of Marston Moor the city surrendered to the Parliament forces.<sup>1</sup> Thus the two bloodiest battles ever fought by Englishmen against Englishmen were fought within sight of York—Towton and Marston Moor; and up to the time of the Restoration no city save London knew more of the course

<sup>1</sup> Members of the Fairfax family were put in charge of York by the Parliamentary party, and to them the minster owes its preservation from the ruin which was worked elsewhere.



of national life. It has been the birthplace, too, of spirits conspicuous for good or evil—not, indeed, as once was claimed, of Constantine the Great, but of Alcuin, the mighty scholar and friend of Charlemagne; of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, “hero and martyr of England, . . . the valiant and devout who died by the sword at the bidding of Norman judges”; of Guy Fawkes; of Flaxman the sculptor, Etty the painter, and the astronomical Earl of Rosse; of George Hudson, king of the railway, and of a host of minor sapient Dryasdusts.

with Thomas of Bayeux, the rebuilder of the cathedral church. The third who followed him was Thurstan, conspicuous in the struggle of York against Canterbury and of the monastic against the secular clergy; conspicuous too as a leader in the wars against the Scot—mounting the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, St. Wilfred of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham on a cart and leading them to the great victory called the “Battle of the Standard.” He died in 1140, having given up miter and sword to become a monk at Cluny,



THE SKY-LINE OF YORK MINSTER FROM THE NORTH.

Then on the roll of York's archbishops what a famous company!—Paulinus; St. Chad, the great founder of Lichfield (who was not archbishop, yet for a while bishop at York); St. John of Beverley, rivaled in sanctity on this northern soil by St. Cuthbert of Durham only; Egbert, to whom the history of Bede was dedicated; Ealdred, the friend of Edward the Confessor and then of the rebel Tostig, and the primate who placed the crown on Harold's head, in the same year on William's, and two years later on Matilda's, and then died of a broken heart because of the ruin that the Conquest worked in Yorkshire—an expressive figure with which to close the line of the pre-Norman primates of the north.

The Norman line begins, as I have said,

and was followed by William Fitzherbert, a descendant of the Conqueror, who was canonized as St. William of York. Just why this honor was accorded it is hard to understand. Truly, William saved hundreds of lives by a miracle when a bridge fell into the Ouse; but miracles were plenty in those days, and perhaps the wish of the mighty diocese of York and the “money and entreaties” of his friend Antony Bek, Prince Bishop of Durham, had more to do with his saintship than had personal merit. The cathedral of York was dedicated to St. Peter; but to share a patron with the Church at large and to have no private collection of bones for purposes of pomp and revenue—this in no degree contented a great twelfth-century “house.” So William Fitzherbert was canonized; his body





THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, "FIVE SISTERS," AND CENTRAL TOWER.

was fittingly enshrined, was translated to the new presbytery in later years, and, let us hope, faithfully did its part towards paying for its resting-place.

After the saint-to-be came Roger, whom Becket called all manner of names because he took the part of King Henry, and whom Becket's friends accused of complicity in his murder. Roger was certainly no saint, though doubtless no assassin; for he was the "York" whom the well-known anecdote describes as plumping himself down in "Canterbury's" lap when the southern primate had taken the seat at the papal legate's right hand in council at Westminster, and being thereupon beaten and trampled and hounded away to the cry, "Betrayed of St. Thomas, his blood is upon thy hands!" Yet he was a great scholar and a great builder, constructing, among many other things,

the new choir of his cathedral. Roger was followed by Geoffrey Plantagenet, reputed the son of King Henry and Fair Rosamond. Then came De Grey, the friend of King John in his struggle with the people; and then — with lesser men between them — Greenfield in the reign of Edward I., Melton in the reign of Edward II., when York was for a time the real capital of England, and from 1352 to 1373 Thoresby, who built the presbytery of his church and accepted with thanks the title of "Primate of England." In 1398 Scroope, who is the *York* of Shakspeare's Henry IV., was consecrated. In 1464 there came to the chair a Neville who played a prominent part in the Wars of the Roses, but is better remembered for a feast he gave, when 330 tuns of beer and 104 tuns of wine were drunk and everything in the world was eaten down to "four porpoises and eight

seals." And in 1514 came the most famous primate of all — Wolsey the cardinal, who at first held Durham's see with York's, and then, giving up Durham's, held Winchester's with York's, and after his disgrace came back to live near York and to die at Leicester.

## IX.

In its ancient walls and gates and bridges, its many churches of many dates, its Norman castle and fifteenth-century guildhall, the exquisite ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the long low streets of gabled, timbered houses, and

length is not supported by adequate height in the outer roof or in the towers, while the fact that this length is equally divided between nave and choir increases the monotony of the skyline. It is, of course, an immensely impressive sky-line; but to my eye it is the least beautiful that England shows in any of her great churches if Winchester and Peterborough be excepted.

Coming nearer we still find that Lincoln need not fear the contrast. The west doorways are very grand and very lovely, but elsewhere there is much less decoration than at Lincoln, and the simpler plan gives no such



THE EAST-END AT NIGHT.

the splendid archiepiscopal palaces and lordly homes that dot the neighboring country, York clearly shows the tread of time from Roman days to ours, and the handiwork of all the races and generations that have made it famous. But there is no room here for a survey so extensive. Only a line or two can be given to the external aspect of its greatest structure.

From a distance York Cathedral has by no means the beauty of Lincoln. It stands well, but not so well as Lincoln, and its excessive

picturesque perspectives or rich effects of light and shade. Nor are the towers satisfactory in proportion or design. They are very big, yet sadly stumpy, and the total lack of finish to the central one is as distressing as the exaggerated battlements around the western pair. But the south transept-front is magnificent: one of the finest impressions we get in England is when we perceive it first through the long low vista of the Stonegate. And we find a very splendid group when we stand on the green to



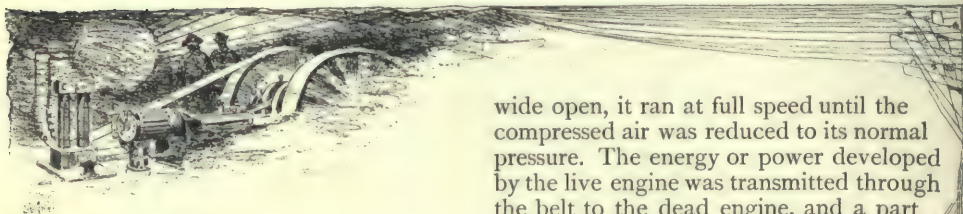
the north of the church — formerly the archbishop's garden, but now open and turfed around the relics of the shattered palace — and see the chapter-house, the "Five Sisters," and the central tower. Whatever may be thought of its interior, no chapter-house is so beautiful as this outside, with its well-designed buttresses and lofty roof and the great elbow of its vestibule. Nor could it be better supported than by the simple aspiring lines of the transept windows and the massive bulk of the tower behind them. Seen from the east the

chapter-house forms part of another admirable composition, where it stands in contrast to the long reach of the two-storied choir broken by the vast height of the window in the minor transept. The east-front of the church is typically English and good of its kind, though not to be compared with those produced in earlier days when windows were smaller but more numerous. The immense fields of glass that later Gothic builders used are of course less happy in effect outside a church than inside.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*



### SOMETHING ELECTRICITY IS DOING.



SEVERAL years ago, at one of the exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, there was a display of small steam engines, many of which were supplied with steam and were in motion. One exhibitor, who had a portable boiler with engine attached, did not use the steam supplied to the others, and his exhibit would have been "dead," or idle, had he not put a belt from a neighboring engine to his own. Most of the spectators did not notice this device, and imagined the engine was really at work on its own account. At the hour for closing the hall, when all the steam was shut off and the various engines came to rest, the belt to the "dead" engine was thrown off, and, to the amazement of those present, the idle engine instantly started off and ran at full speed for several minutes before it slowed down and stopped.

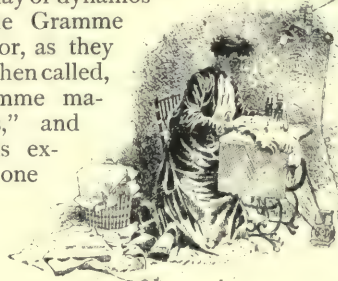
The dead engine at work was an example of what is called the "conversion or transmission of energy." The engine was connected with an air-tight boiler, and when set in motion by means of the belt it acted as a compressor and filled the boiler with air under pressure. When released, it became itself a prime mover or motor under the pressure of the air stored in the boiler. The throttle being

wide open, it ran at full speed until the compressed air was reduced to its normal pressure. The energy or power developed by the live engine was transmitted through the belt to the dead engine, and a part of this energy was for the time stored in the air within the boiler. When the supply of energy was cut off, the stored energy in the boiler reappeared as me-



chanical power on the previously dead engine.

It is a curious fact that at the International Exhibition at Vienna, in 1873, a parallel phenomenon was observed. There was at the Vienna Exhibition a display of dynamos of the Gramme type, or, as they were then called, "Gramme machines," and in this exhibit one



of the machines had been connected with an engine and was at work, while a second machine, that stood near it, was at rest. Desiring to show both machines in motion, H. Hippolyte Fontaine, who was in charge of the Gramme display, conceived the idea of joining the two by some suitable conductor. As far as can be learned two dynamos had never been joined, and it was not known what would be the result. By using a long cable, borrowed from a neighboring exhibitor, he coupled the dynamos, and to his surprise the second or dead dynamo started off at full speed. Now it happened that the cable was a long one, and M. Fontaine's device practically demonstrated the conversion of energy and its transmission to a distance. The two dynamos stood side by side, yet, if the conductor had been stretched out in a straight line, they would have been two kilometers apart, and thus the energy transmitted from the engine to the first dynamo practically reappeared as mechanical power two kilometers distant.

Civilization and the safety of governments depend to-day on "motive power." Without cheap and abundant power it is doubtful if the people could be fed and clothed. We practically live on the steam engine and the economic use of its power; and the power we obtain from other prime movers, the turbine, the windmill, the gas engine, the dynamo, and the horse, is of the highest commercial and industrial importance. Of our prime movers or sources of power, the horse, while giving a high efficiency for the food he consumes, is the least valuable, because his power is comparatively small and is only useful for a few hours out of every twenty-four. Windmills, as they are now made in this country, give good results, but at best they are unreliable and of small power. The gas engine and its relative, the hot-air engine, give moderate powers and find a useful field of work in all our large cities. The turbine is efficient and cheap, and is very largely used wherever there is water-power. The steam engine is, so far, the best motor we have, because, while it is theoretically wasteful, it can be operated anywhere on land or sea. This problem of conversion and transmission of energy, therefore, is mainly based on the turbine and the steam engine. They convert the energy stored up by nature and make it available as useful motive power.

Every year it becomes more and more important that we shall be able to convey the power developed by these two prime movers to the work we wish performed. Hitherto we have carried the work to the motor. We can no longer do this at a profit, and the power must be conveyed to the work. The price of land in cities compels us to erect very tall buildings

and to use power on every floor. The subdivision of labor and the specialization of manufactures make it more and more important that motive power be divided into very small fractions. We want single horse-powers and even one-tenth or one-eighth horse-powers with variable speeds, and under as complete control as gas or water. Moreover, there is a tendency to return to the old idea of small shops, with one or two artisans in each, for the production of those more or less artistic articles that demand both skill and power. Domestic life, particularly in cities, calls for motive power to run elevators, lift water, and to move sewing-machines and laundry machinery. A city apartment house can no longer be operated without power of some kind. This rapidly growing demand for small powers is evident in the great number of small steam, gas, and water motors now on the market. They are simply the result of the demand. Social science and humanity are deeply concerned in this matter, and, while they may not know it as yet, they should earnestly consider the subject if the evils of the factory system and tenement house labor are to be abated. The truest charity should consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the crowding and misery of our manufacturing centers by changing our system of transmitting energy as well as by trying to improve the factories and tenements. Instead of helping people in the factory, may it not be wiser to carry the motive power round which they are huddled to some other place with happier and more healthful surroundings?

These things are perhaps elementary, yet they are essential to a right understanding of the new method of converting energy now placed before our commercial and industrial communities. Two methods of distributing energy are already in use. One plan is to multiply small motors, to use one engine for one machine or for one very small group of machines. By this plan the stored energy of coal is transmitted through the streets (or gas-pipes) to each little motor. This method, while in general use, is too expensive. The more we multiply steam engines the higher the cost of the power. Twenty five-horse-power engines are proportionally far more costly to build and operate than one one-hundred-horse-power engine. The second method of distribution is by belts and shafting, which includes gearing. This system is necessarily limited in range. Power cannot be distributed by belts (as by cable) for more than two or three miles, and for moving machinery not over a few hundred feet, or more than the height of an ordinary factory. Shafting is limited to perhaps half a block. With both belts and shafts there must be heavy and massive construction to secure



the alignment of the shafting and to prevent waste of power through unnecessary motions, jarring, or shaking of the building or machinery. Both are also wasteful by reason of friction. Power can also be transmitted by means of water or air in pipes, but both hydraulic and pneumatic distribution are expensive and wasteful.

It is now thought that Fontaine's experiment at Vienna offers the key to the ultimate solution of this question. Previous to 1873 there had been, all through the earlier years of this century, many attempts to use electricity as a source of power. It had been known that electricity could be used to induce magnetism, and that magnetism could be converted into useful power. From the researches in this field had come many forms of electro-magnetic motors. By a rapid evolution from the crude to the perfect these motors advanced until they promised to be of real value, but they were hampered by one almost fatal defect—expense. As converters of energy they were dependent on a battery as a source of supply, and it was simply "not good business" to burn zinc at seven cents a pound when, with the steam engine, we could burn coal at one-fourth of a cent a pound. With the invention of the Gramme machine and the many forms of dynamos that immediately followed it the question assumed a wholly new phase.

The dynamo, stripped of its technical details, is a machine for transforming energy. It converts mechanical power into that phase or manifestation of energy which we call electricity. Mechanical power is cheap and the dynamo made electricity cheap. The moment electricity was reduced in cost the electric motor assumed a commercial value. It ceased to be a mere laboratory apparatus and became a practical machine for converting electrical energy back into mechanical power. It is not easy to comprehend the immense importance of this latest evolution of machines and all that it means when we say that we have now joined the steam engine, the dynamo, and the motor in one. It is as great an improvement as the invention of the steam engine itself. It is not necessary here to enter into the study of the electric motor as a machine. The point to consider is the position of the electric motor as a transformer of energy and its place in the arts, business, transportation, and manufactures.

Electric motors are now a regular trade product and can be bought, in a variety of styles and shapes, ready made, precisely as we may buy a steam engine or a turbine. They are made in a number of sizes, ranging from one-tenth of a horse-power upward. A motor of one-eighth horse-power weighs only fifteen pounds, and

measures  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5 \times 3$  inches. It can be placed in any position, right side up, upside down, or affixed sidewise to a wall, and will deliver power from its pulley in any required direction. Larger motors occupy more space in proportion, but any motor, whatever its size, can be placed in any position where it rests firmly on its base. An electric motor will operate in any ordinary temperature and in any climate, provided it is kept dry. It is practically cold; that is, it gives out no injurious heat while at work. Even when running at very high speed it is safer, so far as mechanical injury is concerned, than any other form of machine or motor. Of its two chief points, the magnets and the armature, only the latter is subject to wear and tear, and this wear is confined to the bearings. The energy passing through the magnets appears, so far as our senses show us, to have no effect on the material of the magnets, and they remain practically unchanged through years of service. When not at work the motor is at complete rest, and all cost of maintenance ceases, except the interest and the slight cost of keeping such enduring metals as copper and iron from injury by rust or fire. Added to these advantages is the fact that the electric motor receives its supply of energy through a wire.

It is difficult at first to comprehend how much is meant by these simple statements. First we may observe the structure of buildings where power is used. In such buildings the walls and floors must be strong and stiff to resist the jarring and weight of heavy engines and to keep the shafting in line so that all points of bearing and strains shall be firm and not wasteful of power by unnecessary friction. With the electric motor, particularly if the power is subdivided among a number of small motors, lighter and cheaper buildings can be used. In place of one large engine in the basement, with belts and shafting to the upper floors, the engine may be in another building, perhaps a mile away, and the dynamo may transmit its energy through wires branching to every floor or to a hundred motors on one floor. With the electric motor it will be possible to erect, as we must, very tall buildings and have "power to let" on every floor. This will not only cheapen the cost of buildings, but enhance the value of real estate by making it possible to put many power-using tenants under one roof.

When the present system of manufactures began in the early part of this century the great mills and factories clustered round the water-powers. Holyoke, Lawrence, and Manchester grew up beside their turbines, and it was the waterfall that settled the value of real estate in our manufacturing towns. With the improvements in the steam engine and the locomotive there came a change to the commer-



cially more convenient cities. The manufactures left the small towns by the rivers and gathered in the cities, and to-day we find Philadelphia and New York are the great manufacturing centers. The factory must stand near its turbine or engine, whether that is the cheapest, the safest, and best place or not. It is safe to say that the electric motor will produce as great a change as ever was seen before, because it is now possible to erect the motive-power plant in one place and the manufacturing plant in an entirely separate one. Many interesting industrial and even social questions at once arise. The position of the engine may be low or wet, near a canal or a noisy railroad yard, in an unhealthy or a morally "infected district," alike injurious to the goods manufactured and to the workpeople who make them. Cheaper, drier, safer, and pleasanter sites may be only a few hundred feet away, and yet by our present system the factory hands, men, women, and little children, must huddle together in a physical or moral swamp in order to be near the motive power on which their work and wages depend. It is the same with the turbine. It must stand at the foot of its waterfall, and the factory must be built on massive and costly foundations immediately above it. Perhaps not a thousand yards away cheap, dry land is idle, simply because we have no mechanical means of transmitting power to such a distance. A wire may be laid anywhere, underground, over valleys and streets, and through walls, and the turbine may be left alone in its well and the engine remain by its coal-yard. The electric motor makes it possible to remove the factory far from its motive power at a material gain to all concerned.

This is not by any means a profitless speculation concerning the far future. It is simply a question of comparative values. The problem now being considered in all our industries is the cost of the conversion of energy. The cost of motive power at the engine or turbine is well known. Can that power be conveyed to other places at a profit? Will cheaper construction, cheaper, better, and more healthful land, and greater safety and convenience, pay for the necessary loss of power in conversion by means of motors? There are three conversions with the electric motor, and each entails a loss of power and thus of money. From reliable data it appears that there is a loss of about nine per cent. between the prime mover and the dynamo. That is, the dynamo receiving 100 horse-power from its prime mover delivers to the conductor only 91 horse-power; the conductor, a mile long, also entails a loss and delivers to the motor only 81 horse-power; the motor, one mile from the engine, entails a further loss, so that finally only 71 horse-power is delivered

to the machinery. The great commercial and industrial problem before us is to settle how far this loss of power in conversion may be offset by cheaper buildings, cheaper land, and lower rents. There is every reason to think that in many places, notably in Boston and New York, the question has been settled in favor of the motor. It must also be observed that with our present system of mechanical conversion by belts and shafts there is a loss in transmission, and the question is, which is cheaper, the single loss of friction by mechanical transmission, or the three losses by the motor? There can be no doubt that for all distances beyond a very few hundred feet the motor is the cheaper. This, at least, seems to be settled: the motor is cheapest the moment the factors of construction, land values, sanitary safety, and security from flood and fire are taken as real parts of the problem. The cable road indeed conveys power for a mile or more by means of its traveling-belt, yet it is enormously wasteful. The larger part of the power must be consumed in moving the cable, and every turn at street corners involves a loss of power. With a wire there is, so far as can be detected, no loss whatever by bending the wire at a right angle. To all this we must add in favor of the motor complete escape from the heat, noise, dust and ashes, and danger from fire that must always accompany the steam-power plant. By far the larger part of the fire losses in manufactures of all kinds springs from fires started by the boilers. With the motor the factory may be removed to a safe distance from all danger. The boiler-house may burn, but the mill need no longer go with it.

To the student of social science the electric motor is full of suggestions for the future. If power can be subdivided and conveyed to a distance, why may not our present factory system of labor be ultimately completely changed? People are huddled together under one roof because belts and shafts are so pitifully short. If power may traverse a wire, why not take the power to the people's homes, or to smaller and more healthful shops in pleasanter places? To-day we find sewing-women crowded into a hot, stuffy room, close to the noise, smell, dust, and terrible heat of some little steam engine at one end of the room. The place must be on a low floor because of the weight of the engine and the cost of carrying coal upstairs. Let us see how the work may be done with motors. We may take the elevator in a wholesale clothing warehouse on Bleeker street and pass through the salesrooms to the top floor. The building is lofty and of light construction, and yet we find, in the bright and pleasant attic above the house-tops a hundred girls, each using power. They are seated at long tables,



each one having a sewing-machine, and secured to the under side of the table is a small electric motor, one to each machine. The operator has only to touch a foot-pedal and the motor starts, giving about one-tenth of a horse-power, at very high speed. If the speed is too fast it can be regulated at will by the pressure of the foot on the treadle. There is no heat, no dust or ill-smelling oil, and only a slight humming sound, the sewing-machine itself making more noise than the motor. The room is sweet, clean, and light, and it is in every respect a healthful workroom. If we look out of the window we see two insulated wires passing under the sash down to the electric-light wires on the poles below. There are people who cry out against the overhead wires, and would pull them all down. Some day they will be buried underground. Meanwhile, is it not an immense gain for these working-girls to be placed in a quiet, sunny room, far from the maddening engine? In another shop on Broadway we may see a different arrangement. A two-horse-power motor takes its current from an electric-light wire in the street, and redistributes its power to shafting placed under the work-tables. Each operator with a touch of the foot throws her machine into gear, and takes her share of the two-horse-power.

In like manner it is possible to go to many places in all our cities and find motors of all sizes doing useful work in converting the energy flowing in the street wires into power for driving printing-presses, circular saws, elevators, pumps, ventilating-fans, and machinery of every kind. It is not so much a question as to what the motor will do as of the convenience of reaching an electric-light wire in the street. It is safe to say that to-day there is not a single building being put up for small manufacturing plants where "Power to let" is to be painted on the door that is not considering the question between engines and motors. One large building now going up in New York, and intended to be let out with power in small shops on every floor, has no provision whatever for shafts or belts. The engine and dynamos will be placed in the basement and wires laid in the walls to small motors placed on every floor. Moreover, there being an excess of steam power, the wires will also be laid to other buildings within a radius of half a mile in every direction. The saving in construction and insurance, and the gain in cleanliness, quiet, safety, and healthfulness in that neighborhood, will be difficult to measure in dollars and cents.

In mountainous districts, where it is difficult to transport steam engines and where water-power is often cheap and abundant, the electric motor appears to open a remarkable future

to our mining interests. The introduction of motors at Big Bend on the Feather River, Butte County, California, may hint at this future by showing what has already been done. At this place turbines drive dynamos, supplying a current that travels through a circuit of eighteen miles, and at fourteen points along the line motors are used to drive pumps and hoisting machinery, and by branch wires the power can be used a mile on either side of the main circuit. This is only one instance of what is being done and may be done for the transmission of energy in our mining districts.

One of the most curious things in the behavior of electricity is the fact that a current will flow from one conductor to another if they merely touch each other, and even if the point of contact is continually changing. Thus we may have a "rolling contact," as when a wheel rolls along a wire. This simple fact is the foundation of the entire system of electric railroads. The first experimental use of motors to move a car proved that it is possible to convey energy through a wire to a motor traveling on a track, and so conclusive were these first experiments that throughout the world attention was at once called to the subject of electric railroads. Several of the earlier plants are still in use, though they are, in point of mechanical construction, far inferior to those now being laid in this country. Once brought to a reasonably practical position, the electric railroad is accepted to-day almost instantly. A year ago there was opened the first long and difficult electric road, at Richmond, Virginia. To-day there are at least fifty roads in operation—perhaps the most remarkably rapid commercial application of a new system ever seen. Twenty-five years ago the people were not educated to such instant acceptance of a wholly new system of transmission of energy. Whether such roads will be cheaper than horse-power remains to be seen. The opinion seems to be, up to this time, that the motor, if not now, will ultimately be the cheaper. If for no other reason than the happy escape from horse-power, the electric car should be welcomed, and is welcomed, by the public as well as the stockholders. The housing of a thousand horses in one building in our cities is unsanitary in the extreme, and if for no other reason than the removal of such a mass of animal life from our city limits the electric car should be insisted upon as the better motor. Compassion alone would demand that any motor that will release us from the daily contact with the car-horse and his miseries should be welcomed.

Another feature of the electric motor is its adaptation to the accumulator, or secondary battery. This battery is now the subject of most earnest study. It practically stores en-

ergy and releases it through the motor to move a car or to drive machinery. It would seem as if the battery, like the motor, was destined to produce great changes in our system of power transmission, and already it is at work in our streets moving cars in silence and at good speed. How far it is to supersede the present plan of transmitting the power to the car by means of a wire placed under the track or hung over the car on poles remains to be seen. At present the larger part of the electric roads use a wire in some position near the track.

Within the past ten years there has been a remarkable increase in the number of electric-lighting stations, until they are now to be found in every town of any considerable size in the country. Every electric-light circuit may be also a source of power. Motors adapted to both the arc light and the incandescent light systems can be connected with one or other of these light circuits and draw power instead of light from its wires. Centers of distribution for power are therefore already widely established, and it is now perfectly easy and convenient to obtain power along the line of these light circuits.

Regarded as a machine the electric motor is remarkably efficient, considering the very few years, hardly months, in which it has been manufactured on a commercial scale. Of the half-dozen principal companies manufacturing motors all are of very recent origin, and all report a demand for motors in excess of the facilities for making them. At the same time the motor and its manufacture are practically in their infancy. Even within a few months most interesting and promising improvements are announced that will both increase their power and cheapen the cost of the power they supply.

The electric motor has but one source of danger, and that is the current supplied by the wire. This is no more than the danger from steam-pipes and boilers. Knowing the conditions and limits of safety with steam we use steam everywhere. In like manner, when we learn what are the factors of safety with electricity we shall use it with the same freedom as we use steam. The condition of safety with the motor is perfect insulation, and this is provided for in all motors, so that practically the new motor is as safe as any of the prime movers from which we derive energy for useful work.

*Charles Barnard.*

## LOVE'S UNREST.

THOU lovest me. I am a woman, so  
I loved thee whom I liked before I  
loved;  
For love creates itself, and therefore love  
Is God. . . . Come, lover mine, and sit you  
down;

There at my feet I 'll teach you how to love.

Take first my hand, as one who plucks a  
flower

To love it, not to crush it in his hold —  
Oh, fie! Think you a tender flower could  
bear

So fierce a pressure, stupid that you are?  
Poor flower! See, now, thou hast a rosier hue  
Given to its petals. Nay, thou shalt not have  
It more. . . . Where was I? How can I pro-  
ceed

If thou hast not my hand? There, take it then,  
But yet, forget not it is but a flower.

Now look at me. . . . Nay, turn thine eyes  
away —

I — do not like their gaze — I — I forgot  
To say 't is better thou shouldst often look  
Another way, that thou mayst scan thyself  
To understand if truly thou dost love!

And to this end I 'll question thee. Dost  
think

Of me at morn and eve, and ever with  
The self-same love, and love and naught but  
love?

Nay, turn away thine eyes! . . . And dost  
thou know

That love for me will ever be as now,  
When I am old and wrinkled, weak per-  
chance?

Say naught. If ever thou dost love no more,  
My love will die as it had never been;  
For my love hangs on thine as bee on flower,  
Who, when the honey-cup is void, hums off  
To gather more — or die — as it may be.

Look back at me, O lover mine! and say,  
"I love thee," o'er and o'er. My heart is  
full

Of saddened thoughts that I myself have  
wooded.

The bee not thus would turn his honeyed  
wine

To bitter, — nor will I! I do believe  
Thou truly lovest me, as — I love thee.

*L. M. S.*



# STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

THE HISTORY OF ALIX DE MORAINVILLE.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

*Written in Louisiana this 22d of August, 1795,  
for my dear friends Suzanne and Françoise  
Bossier.*



HAVE promised you the story of my life, my very dear and good friends with whom I have had so much pleasure on board the flat-boat which has brought us all to Attakapas. I now make good my promise.

And first I must speak of the place where I was born, of the beautiful Château de Morainville, built above the little village named Morainville in honor of its lords. This village, situated in Normandy on the margin of the sea, was peopled only and entirely by fishermen, who gained a livelihood openly by sardine-fishing, and secretly, it was said, by smuggling. The château was built on a cliff, which it completely occupied. This cliff was formed of several terraces that rose in a stair one above another. On the topmost one sat the château, like an eagle in its nest. It had four dentilated turrets, with great casements and immense galleries, that gave it the grandest possible aspect. On the second terrace you found yourself in the midst of delightful gardens adorned with statues and fountains after the fashion of the times. Then came the avenue, entirely overshadowed with trees as old as Noah, and everywhere on the hill, forming the background of the picture, an immense park. How my Suzanne would have loved to hunt in that beautiful park full of deer, hare, and all sorts of feathered game!

And yet no one inhabited that beautiful domain. Its lord and mistress, the Count Gaston and Countess Aurélie, my father and mother, resided in Paris, and came to their château only during the hunting season, their sojourn never exceeding six weeks.

Already they had been five years married. The countess, a lady of honor to the young dauphine, Marie Antoinette, bore the well-merited reputation of being the most charming woman at the court of the king, Louis the Fifteenth. Count and countess, wealthy as

they were and happy as they seemed to be, were not overmuch so, because of their desire for a son; for one thing, which is not seen in this country, you will not doubt, dear girls, exists in France and other countries of Europe: it is the eldest son, and never the daughter, who inherits the fortune and titles of the family. And in case there were no children, the titles and fortune of the Morainvilles would have to revert in one lump to the nephew of the count and son of his brother, to Abner de Morainville, who at that time was a mere babe of four years. This did not meet the wishes of M. and Mme. de Morainville, who wished to retain their property in their own house.

But great news comes to Morainville: the countess is with child. The steward of the château receives orders to celebrate the event with great rejoicings. In the avenue long tables are set covered with all sorts of inviting meats, the fiddlers are called, and the peasants dance, eat, and drink to the health of the future heir of the Morainvilles. A few months later my parents arrived bringing a great company with them; and there were feasts and balls and hunting-parties without end.

It was in the course of one of these hunts that my mother was thrown from her horse. She was hardly in her seventh month when I came into the world. She escaped death, but I was born as large as—a mouse! and with one shoulder much higher than the other.

I must have died had not the happy thought come to the woman-in-waiting to procure Catharine, the wife of the gardener, Guillaume Carpentier, to be my nurse; and it is to her care, to her rubbings, and above all to her good milk, that I owe the capability to amuse you, my dear girls and friends, with the account of my life—that life whose continuance I truly owe to my mother Catharine.

When my actual mother had recovered she returned to Paris; and as my nurse, who had four boys, could not follow her, it was decided that I should remain at the château and that my mother Catharine should stay there with me.

Her cottage was situated among the gardens. Her husband, father Guillaume, was the

head gardener, and his four sons were Joseph, aged six years; next Matthieu, who was four; then Jerome, two; and my foster-brother Bastien, a big lubber of three months.

My father and mother did not at all forget me. They sent me playthings of all sorts, sweetmeats, silken frocks adorned with embroideries and laces, and all sorts of presents for mother Catharine and her children. I was happy, very happy, for I was worshiped by all who surrounded me. Mother Catharine preferred me above her own children. Father Guillaume would go down upon his knees before me to get a smile [risette], and Joseph often tells me he swooned when they let him hold me in his arms. It was a happy time, I assure you; yes, very happy.

I was two years old when my parents returned, and as they had brought a great company with them the true mother instructed my nurse to take me back to her cottage and keep me there, that I might not be disturbed by noise. Mother Catharine has often said to me that my mother could not bear to look at my crippled shoulder, and that she called me a hunchback. But after all it was the truth, and my nurse-mother was wrong to lay that reproach upon my mother Aurélie.

Seven years passed. I had lived during that time the life of my foster-brothers, flitting everywhere with them over the flowery grass like the veritable lark that I was. Two or three times during that period my parents came to see me, but without company, quite alone. They brought me a lot of beautiful things; but really I was afraid of them, particularly of my mother, who was so beautiful and wore a grand air full of dignity and self-regard. She would kiss me, but in a way very different from mother Catharine's way—squarely on the forehead, a kiss that seemed made of ice.

One fine day she arrived at the cottage with a tall, slender lady who wore blue spectacles on a singularly long nose. She frightened me, especially when my mother told me that this was my governess, that I must return to the château with her and live there to learn a host of fine things of which even the names were to me unknown; for I had never seen a book except my picture books.

I uttered piercing cries; but my mother, without paying any attention to my screams, lifted me cleverly, planted two spans behind, and passed me to the hands of Mme. Levicq—that was the name of my governess. The next day my mother left me and I repeated my disturbance, crying, stamping my feet, and calling to mother Catharine and Bastien. (To tell the truth, Jerome and Matthieu were two big lubbers [rougeots], very peevish and coarse-mannered, which I could not endure.)

Madame put a book into my hands and wished to have me repeat after her; I threw the book at her head. Then, rightly enough, in despair she placed me where I could see the cottage in the midst of the garden and told me that when the lesson was ended I might go and see my mother Catharine and play with my brothers. I promptly consented, and that is how I learned to read.

This Mme. Levicq was most certainly a woman of good sense. She had a kind heart and much ability. She taught me nearly all I know—first of all, French; the harp, the guitar, drawing, embroidery; in short, I say again, all that I know.

I was fourteen years old when my mother came, and this time not alone. My cousin Abner was with her. My mother had me called into her chamber, closely examined my shoulder, loosed my hair, looked at my teeth, made me read, sing, play the harp, and when all this was ended smiled and said:

“You are beautiful, my daughter; you have profited by the training of your governess; the defect of your shoulder has not increased. I am satisfied—well satisfied; and I am going to tell you that I have brought the Viscomte Abner de Morainville because I have chosen him for your future husband. Go, join him in the avenue.”

I was a little dismayed at first, but when I had seen my intended my dismay took flight—he was such a handsome fellow, dressed with so much taste, and wore his sword with so much grace and spirit. At the end of two days he loved me to distraction and I doted on him. I brought him to my nurse's cabin and told her all our plans of marriage and all my happiness, not observing the despair of poor Joseph, who had always worshiped me and who had not doubted he would have me to love. But who would have thought it—a laboring gardener lover of his lord's daughter? Ah, I would have laughed heartily then if I had known it!

On the evening before my departure—I had to leave with my mother this time—I went to say adieu to mother Catharine. She asked me if I loved Abner.

“Oh, yes, mother!” I replied, “I love him with all my soul”; and she said she was happy to hear it. Then I directed Joseph to go and request Monsieur the curé, in my name, to give him lessons in reading and writing, in order to be able to read the letters that I should write to my nurse-mother and to answer them. This order was carried out to the letter, and six months later Joseph was the correspondent of the family and read to them my letters. That was his whole happiness.

I had been quite content to leave for Paris:



first, because Abner went with me, and then because I hoped to see a little of all those beautiful things of which he had spoken to me with so much charm; but how was I disappointed! My mother kept me but one day at her house, and did not even allow Abner to come to see me. During that day I must, she said, collect my thoughts preparatory to entering the convent. For it was actually to the convent of the Ursulines, of which my father's sister was the superior, that she conducted me next day.

Think of it, dear girls! I was fourteen, but not bigger than a lass of ten, used to the open air and to the caresses of mother Catharine and my brothers. It seemed to me as if I were a poor little bird shut in a great dark cage.

My aunt, the abbess, Agnes de Morainville, took me to her room, gave me bonbons and pictures, told me stories, kissed and caressed me, but her black gown and her bonnet appalled me, and I cried with all my might:

"I want mother Catharine! I want Joseph! I want Bastien!"

My aunt, in despair, sent for three or four little pupils to amuse me; but this was labor lost, and I continued to utter the same outcries. At last, utterly spent, I fell asleep, and my aunt bore me to my little room and put me to bed, and then slowly withdrew, leaving the door ajar.

On the second floor of the convent there were large dormitories, where some hundreds of children slept; but on the first there were a number of small chambers, the sole furniture of each being a folding bed, a washstand, and a chair, and you had to pay its weight in gold for the privilege of occupying one of these cells, in order not to be mixed with the daughters of the bourgeoisie, of lawyers and merchants. My mother, who was very proud, had exacted absolutely that they give me one of these select cells.

Hardly had my aunt left me when I awoke, and fear joined itself to grief. Fancy it! I had never lain down in a room alone, and here I awoke in a corner of a room half lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling. You can guess I began again my writhings and cries. Thereupon appeared before me in the open door the most beautiful creature imaginable. I took her for a fairy, and fell to gazing at her with my eyes full of amazement and admiration. You have seen Madelaine, and you can judge of her beauty in her early youth. It was a fabulous beauty joined to a manner fair, regal, and good.

She took me in her arms, dried my tears, and at last, at the extremity of her resources, carried me to her bed; and when I awoke the next day I found myself still in the arms

of Madelaine de Livilier. From that moment began between us that great and good friendship which was everything for me during the time that I passed in the convent. I should have died of loneliness and grief without Madelaine. I had neither brothers nor sisters; she was both these to me: she was older than I, and protected me while she loved me.

She was the niece of the rich Cardinal de Ségur, who had sent and brought her from Louisiana. This is why Madelaine had such large privileges at the convent. She told me she was engaged to the young Count Louis le Pelletier de la Houssaye, and I, with some change of color, told her of Abner.

One day Madelaine's aunt, the Countess de Ségur, came to take her to spend the day at her palace. My dear friend besought her aunt with such graciousness that she obtained permission to take me with her, and for the first time I saw the Count Louis, Madelaine's *fiancé*. He was a very handsome young man, of majestic and distinguished air. He had hair and eyes as black as ink, red lips, and a fine mustache. He wore in his buttonhole the cross of the royal order of St. Louis, and on his shoulders the epaulettes of a major. He had lately come from San Domingo, where he had been fighting the insurgents at the head of his regiment. Yes, he was a handsome young man, a bold cavalier; and Madelaine idolized him. After that day I often accompanied my friend in her visits to the home of her aunt. Count Louis was always there to wait upon his betrothed, and Abner, apprised by him, came to join us. Ah! that was a happy time, very happy.

At the end of a year my dear Madelaine quitted the convent to be married. Ah, how I wept to see her go! I loved her so! I had neither brothers nor sisters, and Madelaine was my heart's own sister. I was very young, scarcely fifteen; yet, despite my extreme youth, Madelaine desired me to be her bridesmaid, and her aunt, the Countess de Ségur, and the Baroness de Cheigné, Count Louis's aunt, went together to find my mother and ask her to permit me to fill that office. My mother made many objections, saying that I was too young; but—between you and me—she could refuse nothing to ladies of such high station. She consented, therefore, and proceeded at once to order my costume at the dressmaker's.

It was a mass of white silk and lace with intermingled pearls. For the occasion my mother lent me her pearls, which were of great magnificence. But, finest of all, the queen, Marie Antoinette, saw me at the church of Notre Dame, whither all the court had gathered for the occasion,—for Count Louis de la Houssaye was a great favorite,—and now the queen



sent one of her lords to apprise my mother that she wished to see me, and commanded that I be presented at court — *grande rumeur!*

Mamma consented to let me remain the whole week out of the convent. Every day there was a grand dinner or breakfast and every evening a dance or a grand ball. Always it was Abner who accompanied me. I wrote of all my pleasures to my mother Catharine. Joseph read my letters to her, and, as he told me in later days, they gave him mortal pain. For the presentation my mother ordered a suit all of gold and velvet. Madelaine and I were presented the same day. The Countess de Ségur was my escort [marraine] and took me by the hand, while Mme. de Chevigné rendered the same office to Madelaine. Abner told me that day I was as pretty as an angel. If I was so to him, it was because he loved me. I knew, myself, I was too small, too pale, and ever so different from Madelaine. It was she you should have seen.

I went back to the convent, and during the year that I passed there I was lonely enough to have died. It was decided that I should be married immediately on leaving the convent, and my mother ordered for me the most beautiful wedding outfit imaginable. My father bought me jewels of every sort, and Abner did not spare of beautiful presents.

I had been about fifteen days out of the convent when terrible news caused me many tears. My dear Madelaine was about to leave me forever and return to America. The reason was this: there was much disorder in the colony of Louisiana, and the king deciding to send thither a man capable of restoring order, his choice fell upon Count Louis de la Houssaye, whose noble character he had recognized. Count Louis would have refused, for he had a great liking for France; but he had lately witnessed the atrocities committed by the negroes of San Domingo, and something — a presentiment — warned him that the Revolution was near at hand. He was glad to bear his dear wife far from the scenes of horror that were approaching with rapid strides.

Madelaine undoubtedly experienced pleasure in thinking that she was again going to see her parents and her native land, but she regretted to leave France, where she had found so much amusement and where I must remain behind her without hope of our ever seeing each other again. She wept, oh, so much!

She had bidden me good-bye and we had wept long, and her last evening, the eve of the day when she was to take the diligence for Havre, where the vessel awaited them, was to be passed in family group at the residence of the Baroness de Chevigné. Here were present,

first the young couple; the Cardinal, the Count and Countess de Ségur; then Barthélemy de la Houssaye, brother of the Count, and the old Count de Maurepas, only a few months returned from exile and now at the pinnacle of royal favor. He had said when he came that he could stay but a few hours and had ordered his coach to await him below. He was the most lovable old man in the world. All at once Madelaine said:

"Ah! if I could see Alix once more — only once more!"

The old count without a word slipped away, entered his carriage, and had himself driven to the Morainville hotel, where there was that evening a grand ball. Tarrying in the antechamber, he had my mother called. She came with alacrity, and when she knew the object of the count's visit she sent me to get a great white burnoose, enveloped me in it, and putting my hand into the count's said to me:

"You have but to show yourself to secure the carriage." But the count promised to bring me back himself.

Oh, how glad my dear Madelaine was to see me! With what joy she kissed me! But she has recounted this little scene to you, as you, Françoise, have told me.

A month after the departure of the De la Houssayes my wedding was celebrated at Notre Dame. It was a grand occasion. The king was present with all the court. As my husband was in the king's service, the queen wished me to become one of her ladies of honor.

Directly after my marriage I had Bastien come to me. I made him my confidential servant. He rode behind my carriage, waited upon me at table, and, in short, was my man of all work.

I was married the 16th of March, 1789, at the age of sixteen. Already the rumbling murmurs of the Revolution were making themselves heard like distant thunder. On the 13th of July the Bastille was taken and the head of the governor De Launay [was] carried through the streets.<sup>1</sup> My mother was frightened and proposed to leave the country. She came to find me and implored me to go with her to England, and asked Abner to accompany us. My husband refused with indignation, declaring that his place was near his king.

"And mine near my husband," said I, throwing my arms around Abner's neck.

My father, like my husband, had refused positively to leave the king, and it was decided that mamma should go alone. She began by visiting the shops, and bought stuffs, ribbons, and laces. It was I who helped her pack

<sup>1</sup> Alix makes a mistake here of one day. The Bastille fell on the 14th. — TRANSLATOR.



her trunks, which she sent in advance to Morainville. She did not dare go to get her diamonds, which were locked up in the Bank of France; that would excite suspicion, and she had to content herself with such jewelry as she had at her residence. She left in a coach with my father, saying as she embraced me that her absence would be brief, for it would be easy enough to crush the vile mob. She went down to Morainville, and there, thanks to the devotion of Guillaume Carpentier and of his sons, she was carried to England in a contrabandist vessel. As she was accustomed to luxury, she put into her trunks the plate of the château and also several valuable pictures. My father had given her sixty thousand francs and charged her to be economical.

Soon I found myself in the midst of terrible scenes that I have not the courage, my dear girls, to recount. The memory of them makes me even to-day tremble and turn pale. I will only tell you that one evening a furious populace entered our palace. I saw my husband dragged far from me by those wretches, and just as two of the monsters were about to seize me Bastien took me into his arms, and holding me tightly against his bosom leaped from a window and took to flight with all his speed.

Happy for us that it was night and that the monsters were busy pillaging the house. They did not pursue us at all, and my faithful Bastien took me to the home of his cousin Claudine Leroy. She was a worker in lace, whom, with my consent, he was to have married within the next fortnight. I had lost consciousness, but Claudine and Bastien cared for me so well that they brought me back to life, and I came to myself to learn that my father and my husband had been arrested and conveyed to the Conciergerie.

My despair was great, as you may well think. Claudine arranged a bed for me in a closet [cloisette] adjoining her chamber, and there I remained hidden, dying of fear and grief, as you may well suppose.

At the end of four days I heard some one come into Claudine's room, and then a deep male voice. My heart ceased to beat and I was about to faint away, when I recognized the voice of my faithful Joseph. I opened the door and threw myself upon his breast, crying over and over:

"O Joseph! dear Joseph!"

He pressed me to his bosom, giving me every sort of endearing name, and at length revealed to me the plan he had formed, to take me at once to Morainville under the name of Claudine Leroy. He went out with Claudine to obtain a passport. Thanks to God and good

angels Claudine was small like me, had black hair and eyes like mine, and there was no trouble in arranging the passport. We took the diligence, and as I was clothed in peasant dress, a suit of Claudine's, I easily passed for her.

Joseph had the diligence stop beside the park gate, of which he had brought the key. He wished to avoid the village. We entered therefore by the park, and soon I was installed in the cottage of my adopted parents, and Joseph and his brothers said to every one that Claudine Leroy, appalled by the horrors being committed in Paris, had come for refuge to Morainville.

Then Joseph went back to Paris to try to save my father and my husband. Bastien had already got himself engaged as an assistant in the prison. But alas! all their efforts could effect nothing, and the only consolation that Joseph brought back to Morainville was that he had seen its lords on the fatal cart and had received my father's last smile. These frightful tidings failed to kill me; I lay a month between life and death, and Joseph, not to expose me to the recognition of the Morainville physician, went and brought one from Rouen. The good care of mother Catharine was the best medicine for me, and I was cured to weep over my fate and my cruel losses.

It was at this juncture that for the first time I suspected that Joseph loved me. His eyes followed me with a most touching expression; he paled and blushed when I spoke to him, and I divined the love which the poor fellow could not conceal. It gave me pain to see how he loved me, and increased my wish to join my mother in England. I knew she had need of me, and I had need of her.

Meanwhile a letter came to the address of father Guillaume. It was a contrabandist vessel that brought it and of the first evening other to the address recognized the writing set me to sobbing all, my heart

I began  
demanded of  
my father of  
saying that  
country well

(Torn off and gone.)

56

added that Abner and I must come also, and that it was nonsense to wish to remain faithful to a lost cause. She begged my father to go and draw her diamonds from the bank and to send them to her with at least a hundred thousand francs. Oh! how I wept after seeing

letter! Mother Catharine  
to console me but  
then to make. Then  
and said to me, Will  
to make you  
England, Madame  
Oh! yes, Joseph  
would beso well pleased  
poor fellow  
the money of  
family. I

(*Torn off and gone.*)

From the way in which the cabin was built, one could see any one coming who had business there. But one day—God knows how it happened—a child of the village all at once entered the chamber where I was and knew me.

"Madame Alix!" he cried, took to his heels and went down the terrace pell-mell [*quatre à quatre*] to give the alarm. Ten minutes later Matthieu came at a full run and covered with sweat, to tell us that all the village was in commotion and that those people to whom I had always been so good were about to come and arrest me, to deliver me to the executioners. I ran to Joseph, beside myself with affright.

"Save me, Joseph! save me!" I cried.

"I will use all my efforts for that, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied.

At that moment Jerome appeared. He came to say that a representative of the people was at hand and that I was lost beyond a doubt.

"Not yet," responded Joseph. "I have foreseen this and have prepared everything to save you, Mme. la Viscomtesse, if you will but let me make myself well understood."

"Oh, all, all! Do *thou* understand, Joseph, I will do everything thou desirest."

"Then," he said, regarding me fixedly and halting at each word—"then it is necessary that you consent to take Joseph Carpentier for your spouse."

I thought I had [been] misunderstood and drew back haughtily.

"My son!" cried mother Catharine.

"Oh, you see," replied Joseph, "my mother herself accuses me, and you—you, madame, have no greater confidence in me. But that is nothing; I must save you at any price. We will go from here together; we will descend to the village; we will present ourselves at the mayoralty—"

In spite of myself I made a gesture.

"Let me speak, madame," he said. "We have not a moment to lose. Yes, we will present ourselves at the mayoralty, and there I will espouse you, not as Claudine Leroy, but as Alix de Morainville. Once my wife you have nothing to fear. Having become one of the people, the people will protect you. After

the ceremony, madame, I will hand you the certificate of our marriage, and you will tear it up the moment we shall have touched the soil of England. Keep it precious till then; it is your only safeguard. Nothing prevents me from going to England to find employment, and necessarily my wife will go with me. Are you ready, madame?"

For my only response I put my hand in his; I was too deeply moved to speak. Mother Catharine threw both her arms about her son's neck and cried, "My noble child!" and we issued from the cottage guarded by Guillaume and his three other sons, armed to the teeth.

When the mayor heard the names and surnames of the wedding pair he turned to Joseph, saying:

"You are not lowering yourself, my boy."

At the door of the mayoralty we found ourselves face to face with an immense crowd. I trembled violently and pressed against Joseph. He, never losing his presence of mind [*san perdre la carte*], turned, saying:

"Allow me, my friends, to present to you my wife. The Viscomtesse de Morainville no longer exists; hurrah for the Citoyenne Carpentier." And the hurrahs and cries of triumph were enough to deafen one. Those who the moment before were ready to tear me into pieces now wanted to carry me in triumph. Arrived at the house, Joseph handed me our act of marriage.

"Keep it, madame," said he; "you can destroy it on your arrival in England."

At length one day, three weeks after our marriage, Joseph came to tell me that he had secured passage on a vessel, and that we must sail together under the name of Citoyen and Citoyenne Carpentier. I was truly sorry to leave my adopted parents and foster-brother, yet at the bottom of my heart I was rejoiced that I was going to find my mother.

But alas! when I arrived in London, at the address that she had given me, I found there only her old friend the Chevalier d'Ivoy, who told me that my mother was dead, and that what was left of her money, with her jewels and chests, was deposited in the Bank of England. I was more dead than alive; all these things paralyzed me. But my good Joseph took upon himself to do everything for me. He went and drew what had been deposited in the bank. Indeed of money there remained but twelve thousand francs; but there were plate, jewels, pictures, and many vanities in the form of gowns and every sort of attire.

Joseph rented a little house in a suburb of London, engaged an old Frenchwoman to attend me, and he, after all my husband, made himself my servant, my gardener, my factotum.



He ate in the kitchen with the maid, waited upon me at table, and slept in the garret on a pallet.

"Am I not very wicked?" said I to myself every day, especially when I saw his pallor and profound sadness. They had taught me in the convent that the ties of marriage were a sacred thing and that one could not break them, no matter how they might have been made; and when my patrician pride revolted at the thought of this union with the son of my nurse my heart pleaded and pleaded hard the cause of poor J

Joseph. His care, his presence, became more and more

*(Evidently torn before Alix wrote on it, as no words are wanting in the text.)*

necessary. I knew not how to do anything myself, but made him my all in all, avoiding myself every shadow of care or trouble. I must say, moreover, that since he had married me I had a kind of fear of him and was afraid that I should hear him speak to me of love; but he scarcely thought of it, poor fellow: reverence closed his lips. Thus matters stood when

one evening Joseph entered the room where I was reading, and standing upright before me, his hat in his hand, said

*(Opposite page of the same torn sheet. Alix has again written around the rent.)*

to me that he had something to tell me. His expression was so unhappy that I felt the tears mount to my eyes.

"What is it, dear Joseph?" I asked; and when he could answer nothing on account of his emotion, I rose, crying:

"More bad news? What has happened to my nurse-mother? Speak, speak, Joseph!"

"Nothing, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied. "My mother and Bastien, I hope, are well. It is of myself I wish to speak."

Then my heart made a sad commotion in my bosom, for I thought he was about to speak of love. But not at all. He began again, in a low voice:

"I am going to America, madame."

I sprung towards him. "You go away? You go away?" I cried. "And me, Joseph?"

"You, madame?" said he. "You have money. The Revolution will soon be over, and you can return to your country. There you will find again your friends, your titles, your fortune."

"Stop!" I cried. "What shall I be in France? You well know my château, my

palace, are pillaged and burned, my parents are dead."

"My mother and Bastien are in France," he responded.

"But thou—thou, Joseph; what can I do without thee? Why have you accustomed me to your tenderness, to your protection, and now come threatening to leave me? Hear me plainly. If you go I go with you."

He uttered a smothered cry and staggered like a drunken man.

"Alix—madame—"

"I have guessed your secret," continued I. "You seek to go because you love me—because you fear you may forget that respect which you fancy you owe me. But after all I am your wife, Joseph. I have the right to follow thee, and I am going with thee." And slowly I drew from my dressing-case the act of our marriage.

He looked at me, oh! in such a funny way, and—extended his arms. I threw myself into them, and for half an hour it was tears and kisses and words of love. For after all I loved Joseph, not as I had loved Abner, but altogether more profoundly.

The next day a Catholic priest blessed our marriage. A month later we left for Louisiana, where Joseph hoped to make a fortune for me. But alas! he was despairing of success, when he met Mr. Carlo, and—you know, dear girls, the rest.

ROLL again and slip into its ancient silken case the small, square manuscript sewed at the back with worsted of the pale tint known as "baby-blue." Blessed little word! Time justified the color. If you doubt it go to the Teche; ask any of the De la Houssayes—or count, yourself, the Carpentiers and Carpentiers. You will be more apt to quit because you are tired than because you have finished.

And while there ask, over on the Attakapas side, for any trace that any one may be able to give of Dorothea Müller. She too was from France: at least, not from Normandy or Paris, like Alix, but, like Françoise's young aunt with the white hair, a German of Alsace, from a village near Strasbourg; like her, an emigrant, and, like Françoise, a voyager with father and sister by flatboat from old New Orleans up the Mississippi, down the Atchafalaya, and into the land of Attakapas. You may ask, you may seek; but if you find the faintest trace you will have done what no one else has succeeded in doing. No, we shall never know her fate. Her sister's we can tell; and we shall now see how different from the stories of Alix and Françoise is that of poor Salome Müller, even in the same land and almost in the same times.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.



TEN years ago the terms "amateur theatricals" and "private theatricals" were synonymous. Since then, while private theatricals have remained amateur, amateur theatricals have by no means always been private. Indeed, this form of amusement, one of the great charms of which should lie in the atmosphere of refinement pervading its environments, a charm which vanishes at the merest suggestion of publicity, has become almost as public as professional dramatic representations. The stage now forms more frequently than the drawing-room the frame for amateur theatricals. A change so at variance with all social precedent could not have been effected without protests from some quarters, and it is not surprising that a large conservative element looks upon it with undisguised disapproval. The amateurs who have become prominent since the first notable public amateur dramatic performance—the production of "A Wonderful Woman," at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in April, 1881—have been criticised severely as seeking notoriety rather than the advancement of dramatic art, laughed at for their pretensions to rival professionals, and adjudged guilty of transgressing the proprieties of society in at all exposing themselves to criticism or ridicule. Fortunately we have nothing to do with this phase of the subject.

The present status and influence of the amateur stage are worthy of serious consideration. The evolution of this class of theatricals from a mere drawing-room entertainment, gotten up in a happy-go-lucky way for an evening's diversion, to a production carefully prepared in every detail, under professional supervision, engrossing all the spare time of those engaged in it and intended to be a permanent addition to the repertoire of a thoroughly organized club or company, forms an important chapter in the history of American society. The consequent *rapprochement* between society and a profession whose members were once socially ostracized is alone a phenomenon worth considering, and we shall find as we investigate the subject that it has other phases of great interest, which heretofore have been neglected for frippery gossip concerning the social standing of the amateurs or descriptions of their costumes, and for indiscriminate praise, which last has been responsible for much misdirected effort. The facts that for some years past the stage has

been effecting through the medium of amateur theatricals a revolution in society, and that, *vice versa*, society has through the same medium had a great influence upon the professional stage, have, with several other important aspects of the question, been overlooked. The subject can, however, be more readily discussed and understood after a brief reference to the status of amateur theatricals in New York, which in these matters has given the cue to the country at large.

I believe the first recorded performance of amateur theatricals was that of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by Bottom, Quince, and their associates, who played not only the title rôles but also the lion, the wall, and the moon. This scene in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" always "takes" with an audience. Shakspeare's satire is as pointed to-day as when the comedy was first given. The public feels instinctively that behind even the well-organized amateur companies of the present there are others whose proceedings are of the Bottom-Quince order. But ten years ago one met Bottoms and Quinces among amateurs far more frequently than nowadays. Costume was then the prime factor in private theatricals, and all the dramatic proprieties had to yield to it. A performance some ten years ago of that delightful skit "A Morning Call" is a case in point. The hero is supposed to have ridden across country, and hence appears in his riding-boots, corduroys, and sack coat, letting in with him the freshness of the morning air and the buoyancy of the turf. In this instance, however, the young lady who was to play the heroine had just received an elaborate evening toilet from Paris. *Voilà!* the title of the comedietta is changed to "An Evening Call." The heroine wears her Paris gown, the hero his dress suit, the references to the morning canter are eliminated. "What harm? The situations remained the same!" True; but the dialogue lost the swing and dash of the original. Yet the change encountered neither opposition nor criticism. Indeed, I think the complacency of the audience was as much evidence of the crudeness of amateur theatricals in those days as was the actress's supreme indifference to everything but her Paris gown. Her toilet was the great dramatic effect of the performance. If some one with managerial authority had been in charge of the rehearsals this calm disregard of the spirit of the play would probably not have been permitted. The slipshod



manner in which plays were gotten up for drawing-room representation was due to such lack of directing force. There was no discrimination in the casting, costuming, and staging of plays. The division of the personnel of a theater into leading man, leading lady, walking gentleman, soubrette, first old woman, etc., was apparently unknown, and a man who made a success in a low comedy part would as likely as not be next pressed into service for a tragic rôle. In the matter of costume there was an artless indifference to the laws of harmony and contrast which would have been charming had its results been less melancholy. As for stage management there was none worthy the term. A change for the better began with the organization of the Amateur Dramatic Club in 1877, which went to work not only with an accomplished personnel, but with a method. Its chief successes were in "A Scrap of Paper," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "New Men and Old Acres." This club was never formally disbanded, but it did not survive the marriage and almost total withdrawal from amateur theatricals in 1883 of its leading lady, whose dramatic gifts are so apparent and whose technique is so finely developed that, did she not shrink from the publicity which connection with what I may call the professional amateur stage entails, she would easily be the leading lady of that. The Amateur Dramatic Club was organized on the plan of the well-known Mendelssohn Glee Club, with active and subscribing members, the former taking part in the performances, the latter defraying the expenses and in return receiving each a certain number of tickets. Thus the public could never gain admission to the performances of the club, the audiences being composed of members and their friends; and while the scope of amateur theatricals was being extended the idea of privacy was retained.

About 1880, while the Amateur Dramatic Club was still flourishing, a lady from the South, who has since gone on the professional stage, began to guide the destinies of amateur theatricals in New York. She was ambitious and enthusiastic. Her ambition prompted her to enlarge the boundaries within which amateurs could gain reputation for histrionic talent; and her enthusiasm being communicative, it caused a sudden burst of dramatic energy in society. The result was, about a year later,—April 26, 1881,—the performance at the Madison Square Theater to which I have already referred. Rehearsals for "A Wonderful Woman" began weeks beforehand, and were conducted under the stage management of a professional actress, at first in private houses and afterwards on the stage of the theater in which the per-

formance took place. Some of the rôles were notably successful, and the whole play, owing to the thoroughness with which it had been rehearsed, went smoothly. It was a public performance, and its social and dramatic features were reported at length in the newspapers the next day. It started amateur theatricals on their career of publicity until in a short time the doings of the amateurs were as fully reported as those of professionals. And, indeed, after this performance any one attempting to make a success on the amateur stage was obliged so fully to devote his attention to studying and rehearsing that he might well be called a professional amateur. Take, for example, the leading actor on the non-professional stage. He has a repertoire of over ninety plays, and has acted one part, *Sang Froid*, in "Delicate Ground," nineteen times.

Until the winter of 1887, when she went on the professional stage, the lady of whom I have written was the central figure in amateur theatricals. She was virtually the manager of the most complete company of amateurs which has acted here. With a few changes of personnel it remained intact for five years, achieving its main successes in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" and "The Russian Honeymoon," plays it would act many times each season. This lady's methods were those of a professional manager. She had a list of all who acted with her, with their addresses and notes regarding the line of parts in which they were especially successful. In this book she also entered the names and addresses of the people, many in number, who applied for a chance to act with her. She made each applicant recite or act, and noted her opinion of the effort opposite the name. When, therefore, some member dropped out of her company or in any way disappointed her, she had a large number of people to choose from in filling the vacancy. Her company was organized according to the regular theatrical divisions of leading lady, etc., and with under-studies. For every performance given under her management a professional "coach" was engaged, and his word was law. The result was a discipline to which amateurs had never before been willing to submit. They had become quasi-public characters, they knew they were to play before large audiences, and they felt that failure would not be overlooked as in the case of strictly private theatricals. Therefore they worked with an energy which could not fail to place amateur theatricals upon a higher plane; and however much the publicity attained by this form of amusement is to be regretted for certain reasons, there is no doubt that this very publicity put the actors on their mettle and caused them to



approach their tasks in a spirit of artistic seriousness. Moreover, so far as the question of publicity is concerned, I think amateur theatricals have reached their turning-point, and that a reaction towards the more refined environments of the social circle will soon set in, while the discipline which in these years has been obtained at the expense of privacy will remain as a distinct gain. One of the most conspicuous signs of this reaction is the popularity of the Amateur Comedy Club, which is modeled somewhat after the old Amateur Dramatic Club and never takes part in performances for which tickets are sold. This club was founded in 1881, but fell into desuetude when public amateur theatricals became popular. From the time, however, when it began to seem as if notoriety were inseparable from the amateur stage, this club began to "pick up," and now it has regained its former prestige. The Junior Comedy, a club recently organized on the same plan, is also exerting a good influence over the non-professional stage.

As indicated in the above résumé of the history of amateur theatricals in New York during the last ten years, the publicity given to this form of amusement has caused a decided departure from methods formerly in vogue; so that there are now two classes of amateurs — amateurs and professional amateurs. The effect of this publicity has, however, been felt equally in other directions. It has certainly brought "society" more into public view. Society news was an almost unknown factor in the make-up of the daily newspapers before the amateurs gave public performances. Only social happenings of extraordinary interest were, as a rule, considered of sufficient importance to be admitted to the news columns. But now we find balls, dances, weddings, dinners, receptions, teas, duly announced beforehand, and the day after their happening served up along with politics, murders, scandals, and the other delicacies of the journalistic menu.

It is significant, in connection with this phase of the subject, that society reporters and not dramatic critics are usually assigned to "do" amateur theatrical performances. It goes to show that the publicity these representations have obtained is not of that legitimate kind which is valued by an artist. The length of the reports does not depend upon the merit of the performance but upon the social prominence of the performers. Productions of far greater merit than those reported at length will be passed over entirely because those who participate in them do not move in the highest circles of society. It is the fictitious value thus assigned to a certain line of amateur representations which has proved harmful to the true

interests of the amateur and the professional stage alike. For, as there is no attempt at criticism in these reports, the actors are apt to conceive an exaggerated idea of their abilities, and are led to attempt plays which are not within the legitimate scope of the amateur stage.

Amateur theatricals have had another and different influence upon society than that just referred to. They have made it less exclusive. The jealousy with which it formerly guarded its privacy caused publicity to seem incompatible with good breeding, and naturally created a prejudice against the profession whose members, through the very character of their work, necessarily come conspicuously before the public. When the old slipshod methods were abandoned for a thoroughness of preparation almost if not quite equal to that which prevails on the professional stage, the amateurs became cognizant of the many sterling qualities which an actor of the first rank must possess in addition to natural dramatic gifts. They recognized the great artistic value of a successful portrayal of character, and naturally the actor and his work grew in honor among them. There was, of course, a touch of vanity withal. Were they not emulating professional actors? How could they then afford to look down upon those like whom they were striving to be? Then, too, as soon as the amateurs began to rehearse and play in public theaters, they gained a nearer view of professional dramatic matters. They saw theatrical life no longer under the glamor of the footlights. They were brought face to face with the stern reality behind the scenes and learned that the actor's life is one of loyal devotion to his art, often under conditions of hardship which no other profession imposes. There they found also a wealth of generous, self-sacrificing natures which they could not but honor. Nor could they fail to discover that in theatrical circles, as in others, there are various degrees of culture, and that among the members of the profession are men and women who would be ornaments in the most refined society. And so it is that the stage has been brought into closer relations with society; and from this more intimate relationship a new kind of amateur theatricals has in turn sprung up, called mixed theatricals, consisting of performances in which both professionals and amateurs take part. The first representation of this kind which attracted general attention was the production, early in 1888, of "Contrast" at the Lyceum Theater, New York, in which the leading man was a professional and the leading lady an amateur, while the minor rôles were similarly distributed.

There is an audaciousness in this new departure which at first blush seems somewhat



taking. But on consideration it is found open to criticism. Does it not, in the first place, transcend the legitimate bounds of amateur theatricals? The element of social exclusiveness, as well as that of privacy, has been eliminated. In the second place, the amateurs must usually be at a disadvantage in these performances. For the professionals are always chosen from among the leading actors, and a professional of the first rank is almost certain to outshine an amateur of the first rank, if only because the former has acquired a more finished technique through his wider experience and greater practice, even if the amateur's natural gifts are equal. Hence the performance is apt to be of uneven merit. These mixed representations seem to me such an utter perversion of the legitimate character of amateur theatricals that I can hardly believe them other than the result of a merely temporary aberration of taste, due to the American tendency to go to extremes. This new class of theatricals is so palpably an exaggeration that it seems impossible it should not turn upon itself. Indeed, I do not know but when the amateurs awaken to a sense of the preposterous character of these mixed performances a reaction may ensue all along the line, and amateur theatricals gradually be withdrawn from those public surroundings so incompatible with the charm of that subtle, indefinable quality we call refinement back into their proper environments. The primal indications of such a reaction are, as I have hinted, not lacking. Some of the most talented amateurs now refuse to appear in performances for which tickets are sold; and, as already pointed out, the clubs whose rules forbid their participation in any but private representations, charitable entertainments not excepted, were never so prosperous as now.

When amateur theatricals first attracted public notice they were viewed with some disfavor by the dramatic profession. Managers apprehended that as society was so much interested in amateur theatricals it would be proportionately less interested in regular theatrical amusements. They further dreaded a general irruption upon the professional stage of ambitious amateurs who would lower the standard of dramatic art by achieving success by playing upon the curiosity of the public. But I do not believe there is a theatrical manager in this country to-day who will not acknowledge that, all things considered, the stage has been benefited by the widespread interest taken in amateur theatricals. To quote one of our prominent managers, it brings social interest to the theater. As one result the average social standing of those who now enter theatrical life is higher. At the same time there

has not been the irruption of society amateurs upon the stage which the profession at first dreaded. The result of the only instance of this kind directly attributable to the amateur theatrical excitement has hardly been so encouraging as to cause a general stampede of women from society to the stage—and from the men no danger was ever apprehended. A man has to win his way on his merits. But to return to the point under consideration. In former years many people the bent of whose disposition was towards a dramatic career hesitated to go on the stage because of the baneful influences which were supposed to surround theatrical life. This notion once had wide prevalence. But opinions have changed, and a wholesale denunciation of the stage defeats itself because its exaggeration is patent to the vast number of people who, through interest in the amateurs and their doings, have learned that the actor's career is not a round of glory and dissipation, but that the woman or man who goes on the stage a lady or a gentleman can remain such if she or he *chooses* to. No doubt the prejudice which formerly existed worked greatly to the actual injury of the dramatic profession. But from the time amateur theatricals became a controlling factor in the society world—I speak on the authority of the manager of one of our leading theaters—applications to go on the stage from women and men of refinement, as well as of talent, have been steadily increasing in number. It is not impossible that the amateurs and their friends influenced the stage towards that better life which so surprised them when they discovered it—a suggestion I throw out with much hesitation, because I believe that even in the days when the stage was most completely under a social ban its tendency was to elevate rather than to lower those who trod its boards.

The effect of the more intimate relations now existing between society and the stage is also observable in the American dramatic literature of the day. Under the fostering care of the amateur stage the American society drama has obtained a foothold on the professional boards. Not so very long ago society plays were almost exclusively of French origin. But as the interest of society in matters dramatic increased, managers naturally began to consider the interests of society. The result has been a number of well-constructed, well-written plays dealing with American society—a class of dramas far superior in tone and influence to the French pieces formerly in vogue, and happily quite as successful.

Considering that the publicity given to amateur theatricals in New York has given an impetus to this form of amusement all over the





A SCENE FROM "KATHARINE," A TRAVESTY BY J. K. BANGS.  
(DRAMATIC CLUB, CO. 1, 7TH REGIMENT.)

country, so that nearly every community, however small, boasts its amateur company, it seems well to point out certain mistakes that amateurs are apt to make in choosing and preparing a play for performance. The choice of the play is of first importance, a phase of the subject which leads to a consideration of the legitimate scope of amateur theatricals. I have never seen a thoroughly successful amateur performance of anything but burlesque and light comedy. Even in the performances of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" and in those of the "Russian Honeymoon" there were crude elements due largely to want of technique on the part of some members of the cast. It is impossible for an amateur, until he has been acting for many years, to acquire the technique of a professional. For experience is to the actor what the five-finger exercises are to the pianist. It gives him a certain flexibility of touch which enables him to create at least the lineaments of the part even if the subtler characteristics are lacking. His technique saves him from total failure. In a company of amateurs there is always more or less want of such flexibility. They should especially beware of tragedy. The more inspired the tragic play the more it will bore the audience when played by non-professionals. For of all classes of dramas tragedy demands the most finished technique. It is a significant fact that many eminent tragedians began their careers in parts quite different from those in which they afterwards succeeded—even as actors of comedy and eccentric character. The spirit of tragedy was rampant within them, but they were unable to give physical expression to it. They lacked the necessary finish of technique which in time they acquired in humbler rôles.

The most thoroughly successful amateur performances I have seen—thoroughly successful because every part was well done—have been the college burlesques given from time to time in New York by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club and the Columbia College Dramatic Club. Most notable among the performances of the Harvard men was a burlesque entitled "Dido and Æneas,"—the *Æneas* has since become a prominent amateur,—and among those given by the Columbians the skit "Captain Kidd." Both were cleverly written, the work of undergraduates, and were played with the wild freedom and hilarious abandon of exuberant youth. The female parts in these college burlesques, even those of the *corps de ballet*, are taken by men who make themselves up so that they are fair to look upon. I have also seen some capital productions by amateurs of farces and light society comedies. The latter were especially successful because of an element of good breeding which pervaded them. It may therefore be laid down as a rule that the pieces to which amateurs should confine their efforts are burlesques, farces, or society comedies of the present day. In the last they are among their familiar surroundings and are required to portray only such characters as their every-day life has given them insight into. The moment amateurs get into any other than the costumes to which they are accustomed their lack of flexibility or want of adaptability becomes apparent. Therefore a costume play is



SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE" (HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB).





THE CHORUS FROM "DIDO AND ÆNEAS" (HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB).

always to be avoided by amateurs. For in such plays they cannot merge their personality into the past age. The nineteenth century rushes about in the ruffles and gold lace of the slower and more pompous eighteenth, and the twang of Uncle Sam rasps through the gentle inflections of the speech of Louis XIV. In short, amateurs are as a rule ill at ease in any play not of their own day and dress. Of course there are some non-professionals who, being exceptionally gifted and having acted almost continuously for a considerable period of time, have acquired a *savoir-faire* almost professional, and easily cast off their identity. Among these is the lady who, in the company which gave the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," played the part of the *Governess*, and was also seen as the *Baroness* in the "Russian Honeymoon." She is, to go to the gist of the matter, at home on the stage. So are two other ladies, one of them a Hungarian, who in the work she has done has shown herself a true daughter of her emotional and picturesque race; the other an actress of eccentric parts, who also appeared in the "Romance." Another young lady is devoting herself with much success to old comedy parts, such as *Lady Teazle*, and *Helen* in "The Hunchback." In these old comedies she has the coöperation of a veteran amateur who was the *Doctor* in Feuillet's drama, and of a gentleman preëminent among the younger men. The latter is the "leading man" of the non-professional stage. His greatest successes lie in parts which call for a good deal of nervous action and a few delicate touches of the eccentric. He is the one of whose extensive repertoire I spoke. The most prominent actor of purely eccentric parts is the gentleman who has

really distinguished himself by his *Kester* in the "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and his *Diggery* in the "Specter Bridegroom." It must not be supposed that those whom I have just referred to have the monopoly of the dramatic talent on the non-professional stage. I have stated that the most accomplished of the amateur actresses clings faithfully to the idea of private as distinguished from amateur theatricals, and I may add that one of the most gifted among the amateur actors, a lawyer who has held a minor judicial office in the city of New York and has been honored with the nomination for a judgeship in one of the higher

courts, has never emerged from strictly social environments.

But amateurs in general should bear in mind that those whom I have just cited are exceptionally gifted, and that even they do better work within the line of lighter plays than in those in which they challenge comparison with professionals. And, by the way, one of the great advantages to amateurs of acting in short burlesques, farces, and comedies is that in this country they have these branches all to themselves, and do not therefore trespass on professional domain. I have often noticed that when amateurs attempt plays of greater scope, while one of the leading parts and the minor rôles may be well taken, the others in the cast are overweighted. The successful leading part happens to be played by an exceptionally gifted amateur, like the lady who acted *Suzanne* in "A Scrap of Paper" with so much vivacity and artistic discrimination with the Amateur Comedy Club in April, 1888; the minor parts are within the limits of amateur accomplishment. Between these extremes all is ridiculous or melancholy. A star performance is bad enough on the professional stage; on the amateur stage it breeds a combination of pity and wrath.

After the selection of the play come the important tasks of casting, studying, and rehearsing; and now it is of first importance to introduce system into the proceedings. To this end a "coach" or a stage-manager should be at once appointed, with full powers. There should be absolutely no appeal from his decisions. If possible, he should be a professional. After he has cast the play those who are to take part in it should meet and read it

through, each taking his own rôle, in the presence of the coach, who should correct any mistakes of emphasis, etc. When the play has been learned by heart the rehearsals begin, and at these implicit obedience to the stage-manager is absolutely necessary to success. Actors often think they are making a gesture in a certain way when they are not at all carrying out their intentions, and so convinced are they that they are giving physical expression to their dramatic conceptions that they are apt to lose their tempers when corrected by the stage-manager. Of course the coach must in his turn exercise a certain amount of persuasive tact. It is most advisable to produce amateur theatricals under the auspices of a club modeled upon the Amateur Comedy Club, with subscribing and active members, and

a stage committee which casts the plays and superintends their production.

Amateur theatricals have gained system and method from the very publicity which has robbed them of the charm of privacy. But there is little doubt, as I have stated, that there is a reaction towards their legitimate scope and surroundings. At the same time there is every reason to believe that this reaction does not mean a return to the old slipshod methods. The advantages attained through publicity will survive that undesirable attribute, and amateur theatricals will be on a sounder basis than ever before. Amateur theatricals, within their legitimate scope and surroundings, are an intellectual lever that our society could ill afford to lose.

*Gustav Kobbé.*



CAVE SCENE IN DIDO AND ÆNEAS.

## DUTCH PAINTERS AT HOME.



DEVOTEE of the modern school of Dutch art never paints to paint a "picture," but endeavors to portray some simple phase of nature or some quiet sentiment of every-day life. The work of the school is chiefly remarkable for its purity of color, its decided individuality, and its originality of conception. Their subjects, taken from the life around them,—the picturesque people, old cities, flat fields, winding canals, windmills, and clumsy boats,—must of necessity be simple and quaint. They combine the delicate perception of nature peculiar to the best French landscape painters with a sense of something higher and greater than purity of color and beauty of form—something that must come from the heart of man. In short, their work is first simple, then vigorous; as a consequence fresh, and always unacademic.

It was on a lovely morning at the Hague that we set out to call upon Mr. Josef Israels, the founder of the present school of Dutch figure-painters. There is a delightful little



garden separating his studio from his house, and it was through this little Eden, flooded with sunshine, that we passed as we approached the studio door. He smilingly ushered us into the spacious, well-lighted, and handsomely furnished room. Being assured by our host that we were "as at home," we noticed the sketches here and there on the quiet gray wall with the high walnut wainscoting; the fine cabinets; the small but choice library of French, English, and Dutch authors; the little book-case, which he laughingly tells us is his shrine where he keeps his own etchings; and the elegant portfolios characterized by that same simplicity which makes the rest of the furniture interesting. "The English people," he said, noticing that we were scrutinizing the appointments of the room with some interest—"the English people have paid for all these pretty things; in fact, England furnishes a market for all my work. I suppose you have heard how I struggled along in my painting for years until I happened to send a picture to England and had the pleasure of waking up one morning to find myself famous. In a short time after that picture was sold I had n't a picture left, not a sketch or a piece of scribbled paper; and from that time to this I have scarcely been able to paint enough to satisfy my patrons." "What a sudden success!" we involuntarily said. "And right alongside my recollection of success," added Mr. Israels, "is a most vivid picture of how I once painted a portrait for fifteen guilders and then left the town for fear the purchaser might become dissatisfied."

The picture of a mother standing outside the cottage door watching her baby with outstretched arms trying to toddle away without assistance is one he has been especially happy in painting. As he brought it out from the corner and set it before us he turned and remarked, "Now this is a true Israels." We feel in this, as in all his work, that charm and delicate sentiment, that pure simplicity, which reminds one strongly of Millet, though without imitation. A large picture upon an easel, representing some

peasants returning home across the fields under a twilight sky, was treated with tenderness and truth. Then there were sketches of seashore life and fisherfolk that fully carried out the feeling of nature and simplicity manifested in everything he does.

In the Laan Van Meerdeervoort, near the Schevevingen Gate, is the house of Mr. H. W. Mesdag, the marine painter, and of his wife, a landscape painter of almost equal renown. We can hardly tell whether

it was the artistic beauty of all the house within or the companionship of the enthusiastic master and his talented wife that made the anticipation of a visit there so delightful. As we pause a mo-



IN THE STUDIO OF MRS. MESDAG.





CORNER AT MESDAG'S.

ment in the hall to lay aside our wrappings we cannot but notice the old carved bench, the tall clock, the long narrow mirrors in painted frames, and the rich hangings of tapestry lighted up by a rose window at the head of the stairs. Ascending to the studios we receive a friendly greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag.

The studios are two large rooms, overlooking the garden at the back of the house and connected by folding-doors the panels of which have been decorated by the artists' fellow-painters. Each room is lighted by a large sheet of plate glass, which furnishes a pure out-of-door light, and the harmonious and luxurious warmth of color surrounding us is a constant source of pleasure. A few choice pictures by various masters, ancient and modern, mirrors in quaint old frames, and beautiful tapestries, cover the walls. Two fine oaken cabinets are covered with models of every variety of Dutch craft, and others are filled with costly bric-à-brac. The Smyrna carpet, the carved chairs and tables, and the oddities of costume peculiar to the peasant people of the Old World, combine to make every corner and bit of wall a fine still-life, and yet form a broad and simple background for the numerous pictures on easels about the room.

Adjoining the studios is a large well-lighted room arranged as library and picture gallery. The walls are hung with a collection of modern pictures, including many by Dutch painters, with excellent examples of other schools, particularly French landscape, to which Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag are partial. Finely carved cabinets are on each side of the room, and there are chairs of walnut, rich and dark with age, made comfortable by cushions of embroidered satin and velvet. In the center of the room stands a large table covered with all the latest art journals, albums of photographs, and an unfinished aquarelle. Near one window



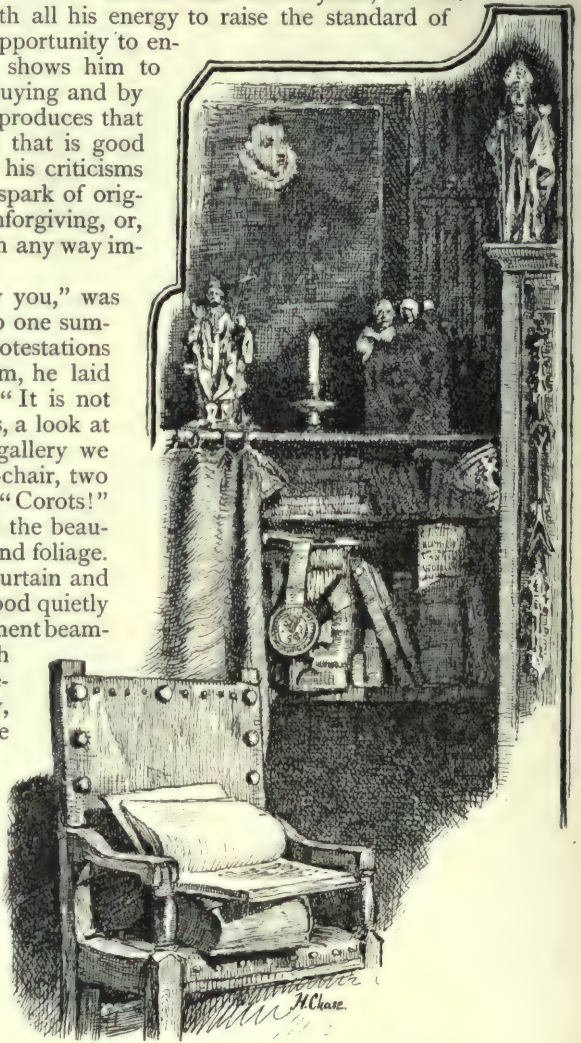
is a portfolio filled with a collection of water-colors. Mr. Mesdag buys many water-color works, "because," he says, "I can keep such a large number of them. Just take them out of their frames, mount them on a simple cardboard, and stow them in a portfolio." The reader will understand the value of the remark when he is told that the studio and house, even to the attic, are filled with pictures—the accumulation of some fifteen years, for Mr. Mesdag is a great buyer. Laboring with all his energy to raise the standard of modern Dutch painting, he loses no opportunity to encourage a young painter whose work shows him to be working in the right direction, by buying and by encouraging others to buy whatever he produces that is meritorious. Quick to recognize all that is good and true in a picture, he is unsparing in his criticisms of what is false: feeling instantly any spark of originality or individuality, he is wholly unforgiving, or, worse, indifferent, when he sees a man in any way imitating another.

"I have some new pictures to show you," was his greeting as we looked into his studio one summer morning, and in spite of our protestations that he must not let us interrupt him, he laid aside his brushes and palette, adding, "It is not good to work too steadily; and, besides, a look at the gallery will refresh me." In the gallery we found, resting upon the seat of an arm-chair, two small panels. My companion exclaimed, "Corots!" and bent eagerly forward to drink in all the beauties of those subtle grays of sky, water, and foliage. Meanwhile Mr. Mesdag drew up one curtain and lowered another, then came back and stood quietly studying them with such thorough enjoyment beaming in his face that we scarcely knew which to enjoy the more, the Corots or his delight. A magnificent head by Munkacsy, the original study for the principal figure in his picture "The Last Day of the Condemned," was then set up in a good light, and, after that, a fine sunset by Daubigny.

"They are good and true," he said, "because the men who painted them devoted their lives to an endeavor to depict Nature as they saw her through their own eyes—not as some one before them had seen her, not after changing and reconstructing her to conform to specific academic rules, but fresh and ever variable as they found her; and then not by a little dabbling in paint, but by an earnest and persevering application of such knowledge as is recognized to be legitimate in good art, by a wholesome devotion to Nature, and by a determination to be original."

"But is there much opportunity left to be original now?" we say. "It seems as though everything had been done, and that all which follows must more or less resemble the work of some man or school that has gone before."

"My dear friends," said the master, laying his hands upon our shoulders, "it is as easy to be original to-day as it ever was; for that lies in the man, and not in the time in which he happens to live. To be original it is best to avoid academies, which have set rules for things that are subject to no rule; where you are set to copy the work of other hands and brains, instead of teaching you the use of your own; and where all votaries of this beautiful art are put through the same mill, regardless of genius or taste, and with no reference to what their subsequent aims may be. Go to work for yourself, with the criticism of a good master, if possible; and if you can succeed in reproducing on canvas the effect



A BIT OF DUTCH HISTORY.



Nature produces upon you the result must be original, for Nature never looks at two people with precisely the same face."

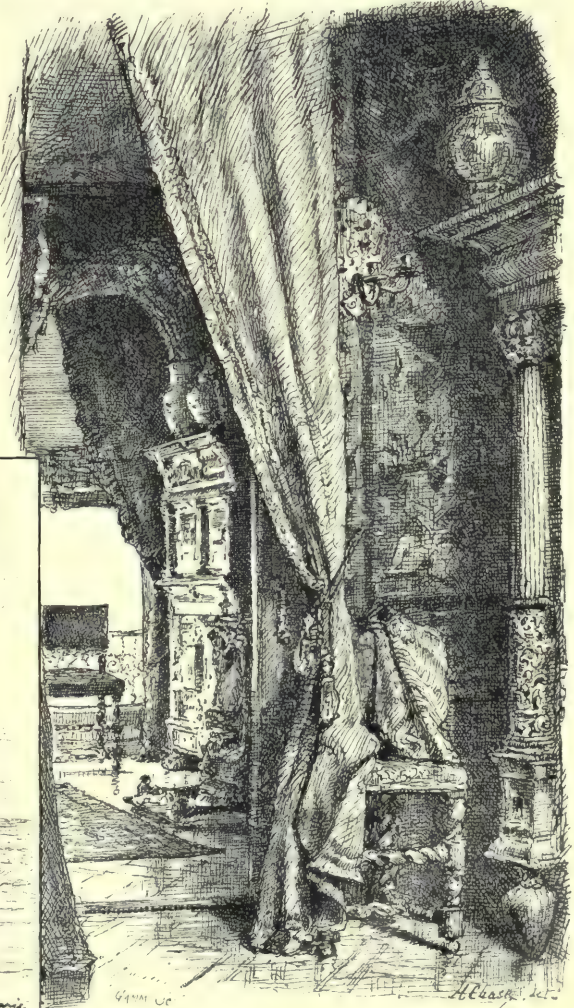
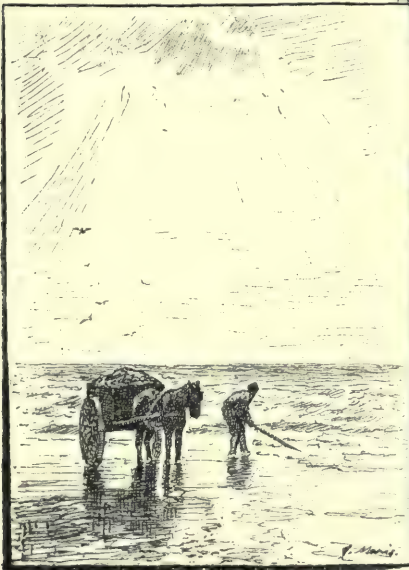
"But," interrupted Mrs. Mesdag, "you are too severe on the academies. You must acknowledge that they are the best places for one to learn the necessary technicalities." For although Mr. Mesdag has been her only master, and she and her husband agree perfectly in their opinions of artists' work, they always disagree as to the best means of acquiring the rudiments of art.

"The study of still-life, the living model, nature in any form, is quite sufficient for all purposes," he said, "and you never need study from the antique to produce true art; for there is no such thing in nature, although academies give this subject more attention than perhaps any other." Then leading us back into the studio he laughingly remarked that the antique furnished material for many a good-natured discussion between his wife and himself.

In the studio we find his Salon picture for 1879—a Dutch fishing-boat coming to anchor in the yellow, sandy surf of Scheveningen. The picture is full of light and motion, of the immensity and strength of the sea, and of the fierce March wind that is bringing the boat ashore. It illustrates perhaps better than we can describe the peculiar freshness of his work. "He has the genius of the Japanese for putting things where we least expect to find them; and yet, having found them, nothing seems more natural than that they should be so placed." So spoke one of his pupils.

"At last I think I have what I was working for," he remarked, turning to another canvas whereon is painted a pale moonlight, strong, yet so full of sentiment that we find a great poem in it.

"He never gives up his original idea of a picture after it is once begun," said Mrs. Mesdag, "however fine an effect he may secure by accident. He is not satisfied if it be not the identical effect for which he was striving, and he will work a year or more upon one idea; but succeed he will. And when the picture has given him much trouble he at last contracts such an affection for it that nothing will induce him to part with it. It becomes more to him than it could ever be to any one else."





We learn that it is his custom to keep one or two pictures from each year's work, that he may watch his own progress and be on guard against retrogression.

As we look around on all the art treasures with which he has surrounded himself, and study the many pictures he has painted, we find it difficult to realize that this man who gives his time, his influence, and his wealth to raise and advance the standard of Dutch art, was employed in mercantile pursuits until his thirtieth year, and did not until then begin the study of his profession. When he did begin, however, it was with characteristic earnestness, giving up all other business and going to Brussels, there to study under his cousin Alma-Tadema and a landscape painter named Roeloffs.

He enjoys telling now of the surprise and amusement his first studies caused among his friends, and of how day after day he made studies of the street pavement before his window ;

and among his reminiscences not the least interesting is his narration of how he visited Ostend by mere chance, and there discovered that marine and not landscape was his forte. Once decided to devote himself particularly to the sea, he moved his home to the Hague and built his present house at the edge of the city, within easy walking distance of the sea.

That he continues earnest and constant in the study of nature the improvement in each year's work conclusively proves. Already his work ranks with the first in all Europe ; and the admiration of France and England, as well as numerous medals and royal recognitions, serves to establish him in a most enviable position among contemporary painters.

Mrs. Mesdag is as earnest and enthusiastic in her work as is her husband. Her pictures show a vigorous, free handling, a fine perception of color, and a delicacy of feeling that place her among the first landscape painters of Holland. She is fond of choosing her subjects from the low, flat turf-lands of Drenthe and the rolling sand-dunes, although she is equally successful in wood-scenes and in still-life. Her water-colors show a richness

and purity of tone that is really beautiful, while Mr. Mesdag's are exceedingly delicate and gray in tone, appearing to be almost in black and white.

THE name of Maris had become a very familiar sound to us through hearing frequent mention of the three gifted brothers who bear it, either one of whom would make it a name to be remembered in the world of art. The eldest, Matthew, a figure painter, lives a very retired life in London, caring for no companionship save his painting, which occupies him from dawn till dark and often far into the night. His works are peculiarly rich in color.

The work of William Maris, the youngest, who devotes himself to animal painting, is simple, vigorous, and true.

Of Mr. Jacob Maris the other painters always speak with peculiar respect, with a nod of the head that says more than words, expressive of their belief in a special genius which is not



ISRAELS AT WORK.



bestowed upon all men. We entered his presence with awe, but were quickly set at ease by his hearty, pleasant manners.

"I have scarcely anything to show you to-day," said he, looking about him, "except this picture on the easel, which is about finished. The critics have been complaining that I always paint in a very low key, and I have done this to show them that they are mistaken."

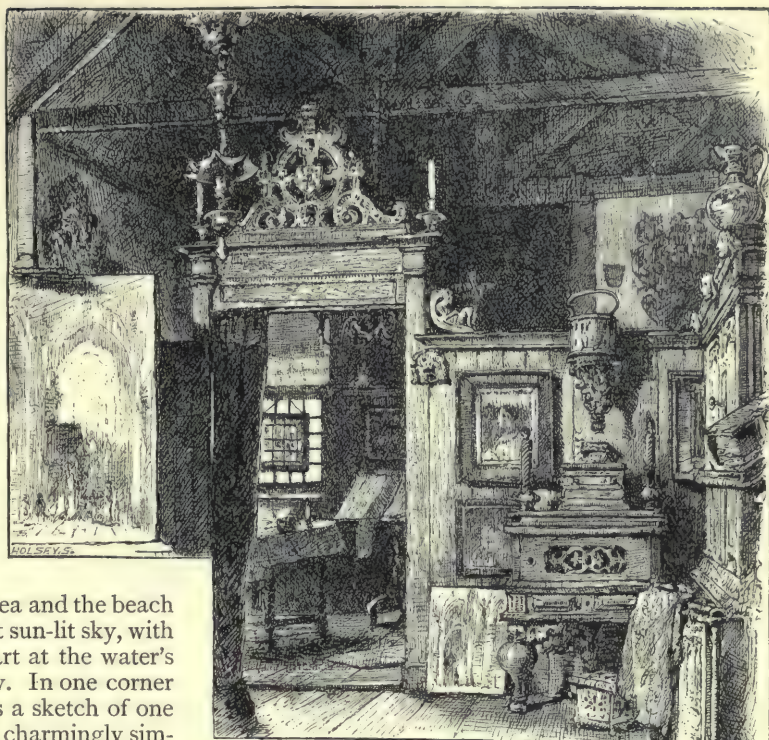
The large canvas before us showed the sea and the beach lying under a brilliant sun-lit sky, with only a man and a cart at the water's edge to cast a shadow. In one corner of the room there was a sketch of one of his children that is charmingly simple and rich, and Rembrandtesque in effect. He was pleased that we had

noticed and still remembered his pictures at the Paris Exposition, and he spoke of the eight years he prosecuted his study in that gay city. A peculiarity of this artist is that he rarely carries pencil or paper when he goes out for a day's observation, but you may meet him almost any day sauntering across the fields, along the canal, or over the dunes, with one of his little ones running along at his side. Then if you should happen to call on him a few hours later you would find him at work on a sketch of something seen that morning, in which he seems to catch more of the true feeling and sentiment of the scene than would be possible in a sketch made on the spot through two or three hours of changing effect, and in his finished pictures he succeeds in preserving the strength and freshness that so charm you in his sketch.

Thoroughly original and extremely clever, he makes us feel in his pictures something of the intensity with which he himself is impressed by nature. Said one of his brother painters, "Maris paints with a great deal of heart." We recall an aquarelle in Mesdag's collection that well illustrates how deep into reflection his pictures seem to lead, and exemplifies how intense are his conceptions of the subject. It represents an old fisherwoman sitting on the dunes in the twilight, with her back to the sea and the western sky, from which the light has nearly faded, leaving only a streak of deep yellow along the horizon. The tawny dunes are already full of the black shadows of night; the old hag, with her broad straw hat pushed back from her ugly face, glowers at you with eyes full of hate and anger. As we gaze, fascinated by its tragic weirdness, we do not wonder that it is called "The Night before the Murder." Mr. Maris is not partial to any class of subjects, and seems equally successful whether he chooses landscape, figure, or marine.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of these Dutch studios is the marked individuality we find in each, and the perfect harmony of the surroundings with the tastes and works of the painter. Nowhere has this impressed us more vividly than in the beautiful studio of Mr. Johannes Bosboom, who is famous for his church-interiors.

Passing through the small garden at the back of his house we enter a vestibule divided from the studio proper by a screen of dark walnut. At the right, and overlooking the garden, is an old-fashioned Dutch window with tiny square panes, before which are suspended frames filled with bits of old stained glass. Beside the window are an old oak table and an easy-chair, and in the opposite corner a stand of flowers is placed where the sunlight visits them every



BOSBOOM'S "CHAPEL."





IN BISSCHOP'S HOUSE.

clear and strong on the painter's work, leaves the rest of the apartment somewhat in shadow. The walls are wainscoted with black walnut to the height of about six feet, and above this they are white; the upper portion, however, is almost hidden beneath curious bits of carved wood,

escutcheons of ancient heraldry, banners, and religious pictures. From the beams hang queer brass lamps and censers, while on all sides quaint candelabra hold waxen tapers. From carved brackets and the tops of oaken chests singular little wooden figures of angels, saints, popes, and bishops, that by some happy chance escaped the rage of the image-breakers long ago, now look calmly down on us. Carved chairs, desks, tables, and screens, with a thousand odds and ends, most of them relics, telling of the former glory of the Netherland churches, are collected here.

Mr. Bosboom possesses a very valuable collection of rare books, illuminated parchments, and official ancestral documents bearing great waxen seals. These occupy shelves at one end of the studio in the shadow of a fine old cabinet.

From this churchly studio come fine interiors of cathedral, chapel, or convent, in depicting the solemn majesty of which the pencil of Bosboom is unequalled. His work is noted for richness and quality of color, masterly management of architectural details, and simple and imposing grandeur of composition.

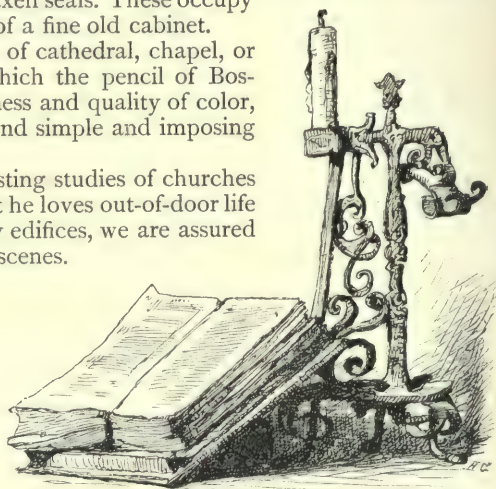
His portfolio of aquarelles is filled with interesting studies of churches and other buildings in all parts of Holland. That he loves out-of-door life and sunshine, as well as gloomy aisles of ghostly edifices, we are assured in looking at his sketches of cottage and street scenes.

In the best modern collections in Europe his pictures are frequently found, and at the principal exhibitions of the world he has received high recognition and numerous medals. He is one of the oldest of the group of painters at the Hague, and with his wife, who is an authoress of talent and of wide reputation in her own country, is held in high esteem.

In a quaint old house on the opposite side of the city live Mr. and Mrs. C. Bisschop, both of whom are popular and clever painters.

morning, keeping them bright and smiling. On one side is a small altar surmounted by a carved crucifix set between two candles. A lectern stands near, upon which a book of parchment lies open, disclosing curious illuminated letters in red, blue, and gold.

Drawing aside the tapestry portière, we disclose a large room with pointed roof and naked beams, which gives one the impression of a chapel in use as a studio. This effect is heightened by the arrangement of light, which, falling



SOME RELICS.



The place, like a little castle, is surrounded on the two approachable sides by moat-like canals. Crossing the smaller one by a drawbridge, we rang at a gate in the high brick wall, over which we read the legend, "Ons Genvegen" ("Our Delight"). A round-faced maid swings open the gate, and passing under the gnarled branches of an old mulberry tree we approach the house through the garden. Under the vine-covered portico we enter and find ourselves half bewildered by our surroundings.

The parlors in which we are sitting have each a large south light, and the broad window-shelf is filled with bright flowers and plants. Through the small square panes of old stained glass we catch a glimpse of loaded barges slowly gliding along the canal.

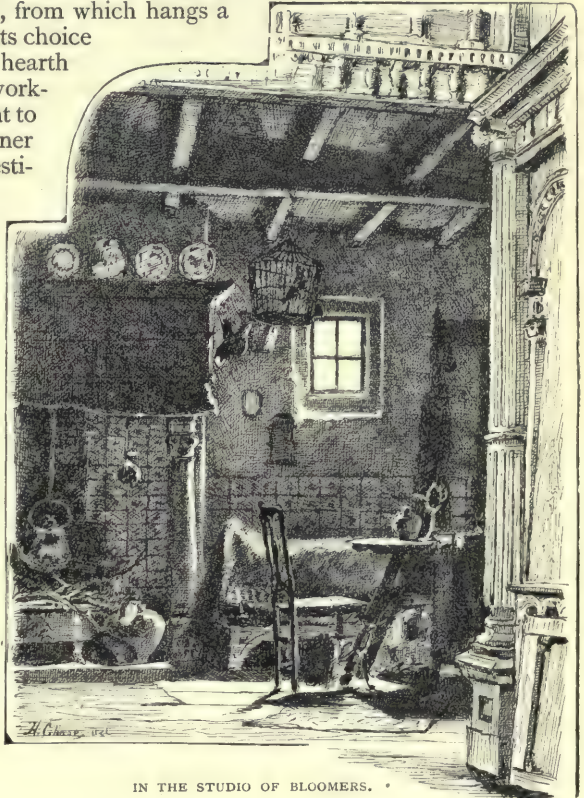
The white walls with wainscoting of oak are graced by old pictures, among them a Quentin Matsys and a Holbein; the unplastered ceiling shows the dark wood of the beams and the floor above. Old Delft tiles line the great fireplace, and the projecting chimneypiece of finely carved wood, from which hangs a beautifully embroidered valance, supports choice specimens of old blue ware. On the hearth below glitters a brazen stand of curious workmanship, on which dames of old were wont to brew their tea; while in a neighboring corner a graceful antique silver tea set bears testimony to the friendship of the late Queen of Holland, and is a reminder of her frequent visits.

Candelabra, rich in design and highly ornamental, with great reflectors of polished brass, and tiles suspended in narrow walnut frames, form other graceful decorations. Another piece of fine carving is an old pew, which, before the Reformation stripped the Netherland churches of such vanities, occupied a place in the cathedral at the Hague. Above it hangs a curious piece of tapestry illustrating the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins.

Mrs. Bisschop takes us into the dining-room, a lofty and spacious room, with quaint windows, corner cupboard, and massive furniture. The long narrow hall leading to the studios, with little oval windows, antique clock, tiles, pictures, shining candelabra, and flowers, is exceedingly picturesque. Even the kitchen is artistically arranged with tiles and old blue plates, glittering copper and brass utensils. A motto in old German text covers the projecting chimneypiece, above which hangs a fine still-life painting by Mr. Bisschop.

During the past twenty years the artist has taken great delight in collecting rare and beautiful objects for the furnishing of his house, until now it forms a perfect model of a Dutch manor-house of the seventeenth century, and many objects that elsewhere are simply bric-à-brac here acquire a new charm from their appropriate surroundings.

We reach Mr. Bisschop's studio by a winding-stair tucked away in one corner of the hall, with a tempting window half-way up that gives a glimpse of the sunny garden below. A large still-life on which he is at work is intended for his own dining-room, and represents a table decoration much used at old-time banquets. An enormous pasty, surmounted by a large stuffed swan decked out in jeweled necklace, gold crown, and other trinkets, is surrounded by great crystal goblets, and set up behind them is a brightly polished brass salver. The rendering of the different substances, the feathers, glass, and metal, is particularly fine. The vigorous original sketch for the portrait of the late Prince Henry, painted for the yacht club of Rotterdam, stands in one corner, and near it is the full-length portrait of a golden-haired American boy dressed as a page.



IN THE STUDIO OF BLOOMERS.



Mr. Bisschop's work always shows careful study and clever handling. While in composition and color it resembles more nearly the English school of to-day, the painter is in complete sympathy with those who are striving to advance the national art.

A new surprise awaited us in the studio of B. J. Bloomers, for we had not expected to find still another so original in design.

Mr. Bloomers finds his pictures in the every-day life of the fisher and peasant folk of this part of Holland, and is particularly happy in depicting children and babies. No one ever succeeded better than he in rendering the erratic action and the bland, wondering expression peculiar to babies. His work, good in drawing and fine and true in color, is conscientious, and his subjects are full of the charm and poetry of child-life.

Mr. Bloomers's studio consists of two large apartments, and is at once interesting and practical. The first we enter is a lofty room lighted from the north by a large plate-glass window; the wall opposite is paneled with oak almost to the ceiling, and at one end of the room are tables, chests, and corner shelves filled with bric-à-brac. The opposite end is entirely open, and admits us into a low room that is a fac-simile of a fisherman's cottage, with an open fire-place lined with tiles, a heap of fagots on the hearth, and the inevitable shining brass tea-kettle suspended on an iron crane. Old Dutch ware decorates the chimneypiece, and the wainscoting is of blue tiles, which, like all the furniture, were collected by the painter from peasant homes. Here Mr. Bloomers poses his models, using the other room simply as an atelier. An open door and a low window light the "cottage" from the north, but quite another effect may be obtained by closing these and opening a small high east window. Again, the entire feeling of the place may be changed by admitting the light from the south only. On that side there is a large window of old Flemish design, with diminutive panes, complicated oaken shutters, and finely wrought latches and hinges, which admits of great variety in the amount and direction of light. Various screens and a green baize curtain on a swinging bracket beside the studio window are so arranged as to prevent the light of one room interfering with that of the other. Our sketch was taken from the studio, just showing the dividing line between it and the cottage, with a view of the chimney and the east window.

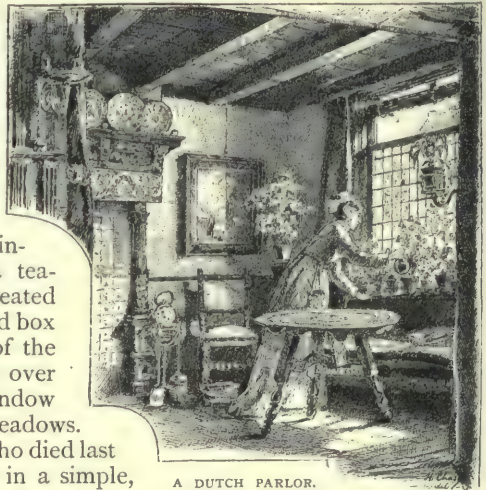
Another young man of talents is Gerke Henkes. He has chosen to portray the every-day life of the middle class in Holland, especially such incidents and customs as are peculiarly national. One of his subjects is a charming interior of that peculiarly Dutch institution, a tea-house. Three old ladies with their knitting are seated around a table on which the pretty tea-service and box of sweet-cakes are arranged, while beside one of the ladies the shining brass kettle is steaming away over a bucket of glowing turf. Through the open window behind them a glimpse is caught of the sunlit meadows.

A. Mauve, the landscape and animal painter, who died last spring, had talents and individuality. Painting in a simple, artistic manner, he sought the quiet tones of gray days on the fields and dunes of Holland. Approaching more nearly the French landscape-painters than those of any other school, with a fine perception of color and a quick sympathy for nature, he imparted his own healthy enthusiasm to all his work. Some of his best efforts were in water-color, with which he produced fine effects of atmosphere and distance.

Of the great number of painters residing at the Hague there are many besides those already mentioned whose work and reputation stand so high that we regret the necessity which allows only the mention of such names as Artz, Sadée, the brothers Albert and Joseph Neuhuys, and others.

The Dutch school of water-color is fast becoming famous, and the annual exhibition at the Hague is perhaps unequaled. The painters all seem to be as expert in the use of water-color as of oil, employing it frequently in their sketches from nature.

The Painters' Club, of which they are all members, affords opportunities for social intercourse, amusement, and study. The club-house, formerly a chapel, is an ancient building situated on a quiet street at the end of a long court-yard. The janitor conducted us up the broad oaken stairway and admitted us into the spacious, well-lighted hall with high-arched wooden



A DUTCH PARLOR.





IN HENKES'S STUDIO.

ceiling. The open fireplace, lined with ornamental tiles, and the great chimneypiece, carved and gilded, are the principal features of the room. Set in the mantel is a fine copy from Paul Veronese by Jacob Maris. The walls are hung with engravings, etchings, and with numerous sketches by the members. A bare oaken floor and oaken furniture, upholstered in dark olive stuff with embroidered dragons and curious figures, add to the somber and antique appearance of the room. On the long center-table are the principal art-journals of the day and many finely illustrated works: a fine old cabinet contains still others, with portfolios of etchings by different masters. Two billiard-tables and a piano offer other amusement, and in one room is posed every evening a model in costume for those who may wish to make a study. Occasional exhibitions of these drawings and sketches take place, to which the public are invited.

One of the most agreeable incidents in our intercourse with the painters of the Hague has been meeting them at one another's studios. The kindly interest one takes in the work and progress of another, the pleasant manner in which criticism is given and received, the frankness and openness manifested among them, the universal recognition given to the individual talent of each, show plainly an absence of that petty jealousy which too often mars the intercourse of such men.

*Emma Eames Chase.*

[This account was prepared a few years ago with the kind consent of the artists.—EDITOR.]

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

A BIRD, he could not choose but soar to greet  
 The sun. What wing upon such flight can dwell?  
 So fine the atmosphere, his pinions beat  
 In vain that ether; then, heart-broke, he fell.

*Herbert D. Ward.*



EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. MILES GROGAN.

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP,

Author of "An Old Man from the Old Country," etc.

*To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, April 17.

MY DEAR MISS DOOLY: Sore an' sorry was I indade to hear of yer poor father's death, but sure it's the way of the world an' ye must n't take it too hard. He was a good man if ever there was wan, an' he's got a better berth now nor if he had got into the Custom House itself, which, betwane you an' me, was never sartin at the best of times, politix being onreliable an' life not to be depindend on, which he proved himself the day he lift it. If it was n't that I was tied here hand an' fut I'd ha' been up to the funeral, which was a dacent wan of coorse, an' a comfort to him that's gone as well as a credit to them that's lift behind. I thrust he med an idifying ind, an' kep' his policy ped up to the day of his death. When the grafe 'll let ye, I 'll take it kind if ye 'll drop me a line, fer I always had a great wish fer ye an' all yer family. If ye get the Five thousand dollars from the insurance I think ye c'u'd n't do better nor furnish a house an' take boorders. It's all yer mother's fit fer, God help her; an' sure you 'd be a credit to enny table, if it was the Prsidint an' all his family was boordin' wid ye. Wid grate respict, an' the height of sympathy, I am

Yours to Command,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Cornelius Rooney, Counsellor at Law,  
Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, April 19.

MY DEAR CON: It's time fer me to acknowledge yours of last wake wid the news of ould Jack Dooly's death. I sent a line of respictful condolence to Miss Mary the other day, but betwane you an' me, it's the best thing he c'u'd ha' done. He had n't the janius fer politix, an' yet he never c'u'd keep his nose out of them. I had to laugh when he was talkin' Custom House. Ye need n't put in that note fer collection. They 'll need all the bit of money they can git from the insurance, an' sure \$250.00 is a small matther betwane fri'nds.

Tear it up, Con, an' say nothin' to the ladies about it. I 'm doin' purty well, an' am hopin' to do better soon, by the blessin' of God an' a good conscience. Ye 'll see by the date of this that I've got the saloon at last — on an illegant corner, Con, an' a first-class political thrade. D' ye mind the time when we were a couple of bare-legged gossoons together, back in the ould dart, weedin' out Squire Skinner's garden an' st'al'in' apples whin the gardener's back was turned? We've done well since that an' no mistake — you a counsellor at law, divil a less, wid a good eddication at the back of ye; an' me wid just enough eddication to fool them that has n't any, an' a good corner saloon, which same's a betther dipindince nor all the l'arnin' in college. I think I 'll make money here, Con, wanst I have the debts ped off, an' I 've worked the ward fer all it's worth. I think I stand a show fer the nomination of aldherman; an' the nomination's all I ax, fer it's as much as any one's life is worth to bout the ticket here. I 'll tell ye more about that again. Now I want you to take a look round at the Doolys, accordin' as ye've the time, fer I would n't like to see anythin' happen to them, fer they're innocent, the crathurs. If there's any delay or thrubble about their money, ye can dhraw on me — but dhraw aisy, Con, avick, fer money's powerful scarce, an' workin' this aldherman racket's goin' to cost like fun. But see that they're fixed right, an' tell me how they're doin'; likewise yersilf, fer I'm as glad to hear of yer gettin' along as if it was me own brother.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, July 24.

DEAR CON: Ye're a witch, an' I always sed it. May I niver ate another bit if I thought anythin' about her except as she was Jack Dooly's little girl, an' a tasty slip enough; an' now comes yer letther sayin' ye belave I'm in love wid her. Whin I re'd that I laughed, an' sez I — Con's dhruunk, sez I, an' niver gave it another thought till I come to what ye sez about Hans Butter. Hans Butter! That's a swate name to go to church wid! The Dutch Sardine! — fer I take it he's a Dutchman be his name — is it the likes of him to be makin'



"SHE WAS LOOKIN' BEAUTIFUL—MARY, I MANE."

up to Mary Dooly? Sooner nor that I'll spake fer her meself, sez I; an' the minnit I sed it, that mortal minnit I knew I wanted her, an' I looked at the first of yer letther an' sez I—Con's a witch, sez I, an' I always sed it. Well, here's the way of it. I'd marry Mary to-morrow, an' would n't ask better sport, but how am I goin' to l'ave here to see her? I'm up to me eyes in politix, an' have n't drawn what ye might call a right sober breath in two wakes. I'll deserve the nomination if I get it, fer I've worked hard fer it. An', whisper, Con, avick; there's talk of an underground railway, an' that's goin' to mane grate pickens fer the next batch of aldermen. I'm only waitin' fer a sate at the table to cut into that pie. But I can't l'ave, an' the thought of that Dutchman shinin' up to Mary! I dunno whether the girl cares tuppence about me either—at laste, of coorse I always knew she had a fri'ndly rigard fer me—but girls is quare; ye know what I mane. Naterally she'd liefer have me nor a Dutchman! but sure he's there an' I'm here, an' that's the divil of it, an' I'm bothered entirely. I dunno but what the best thing I c'u'd do w'u'd be to sit down an' write her a letther—but that's a poor way of coortin', say what ye like about it. C'u'd n't ye pick a quarrel wid Butter—he ought to be a soft fellow by his name—an'

break his neck, or somethin' thriflin' that 'u'd kape him in bed fer a wake? Ye see all I ax is time to turn round. Just do what ye can fer me, an' accipt the blessin' of

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, July 24.

MY DEAR MARY: I'm takin' the pin in me hand to say somethin' I'd liefer say right out lookin' into yer two blue eyes an' axin' them the question that stares mortal cowl'd in black an' white. Ye're alone in the world, Mary, fer yer mother niver was much account; an' havin' regard to her an' yer father, I dunno how the likes of yerself was bred—but niver mind that. Yer mother has the kindest heart in the world, an' sure you've inherited that anyhow. I'm not gettin' on very quick, I'm afraid, but I'm doin' me best, an' sure angels c'u'd n't do more nor that. I hear tell about wan Mr. Hans Butter that does be callin' on ye; but sure ye've no use fer a Dutchman, have ye, Mary? Tell him to go along wid him, fer it's not dacent fer a man to be hintin' at the like to ye, an' yer poor father hardly cowl'd



in his grave. An' that brings me to what I want to say meself. D' ye think ye c'u'd fancy a fellow like me, Mary?—four and thirty years ould, come Michaelmas, widout a blimish or a scar on me barrin' the big hole yer own two purty eyes have put in me heart, an' sure that it rests wid yerself to cure. Will ye marry me, Mary, an' will ye fergive me that I'm not kneelin' at yer little feet whin I'm axin' ye the like? I'm bothered entirely, fer I'm goin' to run fer alderman, an' love an' politix play the devil wid wan another. But if ye 'll only say yes: jist write yes on a postal card and send it to me—or telegraft it me, fer if I'm goin' to be happy I might as well know it wan

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, July 26.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: Yer swate lettther come this mornin', an' I 'll say nothin' about the slapeless night ye give me by not telegraffin'. I'm two inches taller since the mail come in. What do I care fer Hans Butter—by the bye, it seems it's Britter his name is; but Con Rooney niver c'u'd make a right loop to an "r," bad cess to him. I knew it was n't in ye to throw yerself away on a Dutchman. O Molsheen! I'm that happy I can't kape from singin', an' I've thrated ivery bummer that's come into the saloon this blessed mornin'. But maybe that's only bread thrown



"I HAVE TO SPIND MONEY LIKE WATHER."

day sooner. But if it's no, avick, a post card will do, fer I'm in no hurry to give ye up—even the thought of ye, an' that's all I've got. I'll come up to Boston an' see ye ennyhow; maybe it 'u'd ha' bin the best of my play to wait till then, but I c'u'd n't an' that's the troth, an' that rapparee of a Dutchman hangin' round ye. But if ye'll only have me, Mary, ye'll make me the happiest man in the ward to-day, an' if I don't make yerself the happiest girl, it 'll be because I don't know how. Be good to me, Mary, fer I can't live widout ye—in troth I can't.

MILES GROGAN.

on the wather ennyway, an' it 'll come back to me on election day. Molly, I've that much to say to ye that I'd wear me pin down to the butt before I c'u'd write the half of it. I'll see ye Sunday, plazze Providence, fer I'll take the last thrain Saturday night an' be wid ye bright an' early Sunday mornin'. I meant no disrispict to yer mother, ma cushla, by what I sed in my lettther. Sure, how c'u'd I? If it was n't fer her you w'u'd n't be in it, an' if it was n't fer you I w'u'd n't give a trauneen fer the nomination if they brought it me to-morrow on a clane plate. I'll not thry an' write enny more, darlint, fer I can't. I'll only thank

ye fer yer kind thought in sindin' me the pottygraft. It's the raal breathin' image of yer own swate silf, wid yer own blue eyes an' soft brown hair an' purty mouth, an' the blush on yer cheeks that I'm only waitin' to see rise there whin I kiss ye. Och, Molly, how can I iver wait till Sunday?

Yer Lovin' Own, MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, July 30.

MY DEAR CON: I got homesafe, an' by'rason of the thrain bein' so airly I cot the boy not openin' the saloon at the right time, an' sacked him accordin'. I'll have to get a raal smart bartender, fer there'll be a terrible sight of work to be done from now till election. I'm wan of the sort that belaves in beginnin' airly. I'm as happy as a bird ennyway, an' I found Mary as lovin' as heart c'u'd wish, an' ould Mrs. Dooly mighty considerate in the way of droppin' off to slape an' steppin' out in the kitchen wanst in a while to see if the kittle was b'ilin'. She was lookin' beautiful—Mary, I mane; but what's the use of talkin' of that when ye seen her yersilf? It was too bad ye had to l'ave direct afther dinner, fer I'd a power to say to ye, though God knows if I'd iver ha' sed it, or ennythin' else, except to Mary. Love plays the divil wid business. I c'u'd n't make head nor tail, though, of what ye sed about the bribery. A body 'u'd think it was pickin' pockets ye were talkin' about. D'ye mane to tell me that there's enny crime in takin' a man's money that he offers ye to do him a good turn? Maybe I'll niver be an alderman, an' there's no sinse in crossin' the bridge till ye come to it; but if I iver get there, I go bail I take what comes, an' them that wants yours truly's inflooeence has got to pay yours truly fer it. What the divil else does politix mane, an' how's a man goin' to make money out of it enny other way? If that's what eddication has done fer ye, Con, I can only be thankful that mine stopped where it did. Let me hear enny news of the Doolys whin ye write. Mary promised to write regular, but sure I can't hear too much about her. I had a call to-day from Mike Finnerty, no-less. I tell ye I'm gettin' a howlt on the ward, an' the nomination's lookin' up.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 4.

DEAR NED: It's sorry I am to hear of the

thrubble ye're in, but sure what can I do? I owe fer ivery bit of stock in the saloon, an' I'm in politix an' I have to spind money like wather, let alone that I'm a-goin' to be married afore long, an' more expinse waitin' fer me there. I'd help ye an' welcome, Ned, but I have n't the money, an' that's a fact. Thry some one else, an' good luck to ye. If I had it I'd lend ye the thousand dollars wid a heart an' a half; but I have n't, an' sure there's no more to be sed. My best rispicts to the mistress an' the childher.

Yours truly, MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 6.

MY DEAR CON: Yours to hand, an' I take it mighty kind of ye takin' Mary to the theater. The girl wrote me about it, tickled to death. I had a letther from Ned Halloran the day before yisterday. He's in a bad way. His whole stock an' fixtures's to be sowld by the sheriff, fer want of a thousand dollars, an' he wid a wife an' eleven childher, the crathures. I feel bad about him, fer who knows how long it may be afore Mary an' me's in the same fix? So ye're back at the bribery again. Ye say whin a man's elected to an office he's put in a position of thrust, an' is bound to work it fer the best good of the people that puts him there, an' not fer his own. I agree wid ye in all but wan word, Con. He's bound to work it fer the best good of the people an' fer his own. A smart man can do both, an' no wan else has enny business in politix. There's scriptur' fer it too. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that threadeth out the corn." Now I don't want to see no finer cornfield than this ward'll be when it's worked right, an' if I don't pick a bit while I'm thrampin' through it, l'ave it there. Ye'll notice it says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox." D'ye know why that is? Becase the ass will muzzle himsilf, an' more fool he. Well, enny wan that plays Miles Grogan fer an ass is goin' to get lift, an' I ax no better warrant than scriptur' fer what I'm goin' to do if I get the chance.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR NED: It's a hard case sartainly, an' I think ould Morris might ha' helped ye; but since he won't, an' the wife an' childher are goin' to be turned out, I suppose we must thry an' do somethin'. I can't bear to think of



that, ennyway. It 's the truth I 'm tellin' ye when I say I have n't the money, but I 'll do what I can. Send me yer note fer wan thousand dollars an' I 'll clap me fist to it, an' I think I can raise the money fer ye that way. I sind ye wid this a check fer wan hundred an' thirty-five dollars, which is all I can spare. Use it careful an' stop the sheriff's mouth wid it, so as to give me a day or two while I 'm raisin' the coppers. If ye were in politix ye 'd know what I mane. No man wid a hundred in ready cash can get lift in politix. My regards to the misthress an' the colleens.

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

*To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DARLINT LITTLE GIRL: I was hopin' to come up an' see ye over Sunday, but I can't get away ennyhow. Don't be disap-p'inted, ma cushla machree, fer I 'll be up the nixt wake sure, an' it's not me heart that hinders me bein' wid ye all the time. Give me love to yer mother, an' save up all them kisses fer me that I ought to be havin' the day afther to-morrow.

Yours Always,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

MY DEAR CON: I 'm afraid the little girl felt bad that I did n't come up Sunday, but faith I c'u'd n't help it. I 'd a suddent call on me that tuk all me spare change, an' ye know even a tin-dollar bill looks big whin a man has n't got it. But it's not tin-dollar bills 'll be thrubblin' me long, fer I 'm doin' grand, an' payin' off somethin' ivery day. Maybe it's as well I was here Sunday, fer the side-door thrade is n't the worst of the wake, an' who should come in but Mike Finnerty himself. He was talkin' alderman to me. I 've got the Miles Grogan Coterie in workin' order. They 're a thirsty crowd, an' it comes expin-sive; but they 're worth it, fer they 're rustlers, ivery wan of them. I 'll get there, Con, as sure as I 'm alive. I 'm glad ye think me litherary style 's improvin', fer I 'm conscious of a wakeness in that respickt; but I 've been doin' a power of writin' lately, an' it 's comin' aisier to me. I know an alderman has no call fer writin' nor spellin'; but wanst a man 's in politix there 's no knowin' where he 'll land, an' a mayor's business is writin' letthers. No more at present from

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

*To the Hon. Mike Finnerty, Harlem, N. Y.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

DEAR SIR: I gratefully acknowledge yer very handsome letter of the 19th. I will not disapp'int ye, an' if ye do as ye say, ye may count on me to the last dollar in me pocket or the last drop of blood in me vanes. I fully acknowledge what ye say as to the necessity of assessments, an' I 'm quite willin' to stand me share.

Your Obd. Servant,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., N. Y.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

GENTS: I must ax yez to defer the prisint payment on acct. of what is due to yer honorable house fer the stockin' of this saloon. I am under heavy expinse just now, but will hope to be on time nixt month. Meanwhile, of coorse, I expict to pay interest fer the accomodation.

Yours, etc.,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counsellor at Law, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

MY DEAR CON: I 've been so ate up wid business that I have n't had time to sind ye a line I dunno whin, an' this will be a short wan. I 'm goin' to take the whole of the Miles Grogan Coterie, women, childher, an' all, fer a picnic to Jones's Woods in half an hour's time, an' I think that will clinch the business. I have Mike Finnerty solid on me side ennyhow, an' that 's worth more nor all the rest put together. It 'll all be fixed in a day or two wan way or the other, an' thin I 'll slip on to Boston an' git married. I suppose Mary 's towld ye the day 's fixed fer the 24th. I 'm fixin' up the place a bit to bring her home, but I 've that much to do I 'm fairly moidered. Mrs. Dooly thinks she 's comin' to live wid us, but she 's goin' to be fooled. She 'll have to stay in Boston fer the prisint at enny rate. I 'll see yez the 24th.

Yours in haste,

MILES GROGAN.

*To the — Committee.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

GENTLEMEN: It is with a deep sense of my own unworthiness that I attempt to thank you for the honor you have done me in your com-

munication of even date. You offer me the nomination of alderman for this ward. This unexpected, unsolicited, and wholly unmerited compliment takes me completely by surprise. I am in no sense a politician or public man, but I trust I am one whom the voice of duty will never appeal to in vain. I will not sit down in slothful ease when my fellow-citizens call me to take up their banner and march with it to the front. Gentlemen, I accept your nomination, and trust to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have reposed in me. You will find in me none of the arts of the professional politician. I seek no personal gain; and if I am fortunate enough to please you, I ask no reward save that of an approving conscience. Gentlemen, I am an Irishman by birth, an American citizen by choice, and a ——— by conviction. Can I say more? With deep respect and humble gratitude I subscribe myself, gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient servant,  
MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

By the powers, Con, I've got it! Nomination unanimous, an' nothin' to do but to stip in an' take it. I accepted in a nate letther, a copy of which I enclose. I doubt if ye c'u'd ha' done betther yetsilf. I had it written fer me by a littherary bummer of me acquaintance, and divil a cint it cost me but his skin full of whisky an' the price of the hack to take him home, an' that last was me own fault, fer the dock-a-doorish was too much fer the crathur, an' his legs give out. But I don't begrudge it, fer he done it raal tasty an' hit off me simintints to a hare.

Yours Truly,  
MILES GROGAN.

*To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: This is the last letther I'll iver sind to Miss Mary Dooly. Nixt time I write to ye—if I can iver let ye out of me sight, which I doubt—it'll be to Mrs. Miles Grogan. How do ye think it looks in writin', machree? Tell yer mother not to be in two big a hurry sellin' her furnitur'. Sure life's full of chances an' changes, an' Boston's a raal healthy town fer an owld lady. Con will ha' towld ye I've got the nomination. Ye'll be an ornament to the Boord of alder-

min, Mary; there is n't wan of thim from Harlem to the Batthery has a wife that c'u'd howld a candle to ye. Good-bye to ye till the day afther to-morrow.

Yer Lovin' Husband (soon),  
MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Edward Halloran, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

MY DEAR NED: Of coorse ye can't take up the note. I never expicted ye c'u'd. I'll attind to it in good time. Ye'd betther drop over an' see me some day nixt wake. Ye're doin' no good in Brooklyn, an' I've a proposition to make to ye that may suit ye. Ye might bring over the misthress an' wan of the girls, whin ye come, to take a cup of tay wid Mrs. Grogan. Yours Truly,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counsellor at Law, Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Jan. 18.

MY DEAR CON: I was lookin' fer some such a letther from ye, an' faith ye have n't disappointed me. Of coorse ye seen that the franchise was granted, an' that alderman Miles Grogan voted wid the majority. May I niver be in worse company! An' now ye want to know if I sowld me vote. Well, Con, I'm not tellin'. What a man says he'll do before he's elected an' what he does afther is two mighty different things, as ivery politician knows. At the same time, if ye've ere a wan of thim ould foolish letthers of mine by ye, burn thim, an' burn this wan too whin ye've rid it, an' on that condition I'll consint to argy the p'int wid ye wanst more. Of coorse I did n't take a pinny fer me vote. Why would I? Sure that's a statootable offence. But if I did, I'll say this: divil an inch w'u'd I hang my head by r'ason of it. The railway's a good thing. Ye can't find a sowl in New York to say different, barrin' a few who want to run the world their own way. Now, Con, I see ye were definidin' Barney the Bloke in coort the other day, an' ye were ped fer doin' it, I'll take me oath. If you can take a burglar's money to argy him out of a crime, can't I take an honest man's money to argy me brother aldermen into a good action? Faith, if I had as tinder conscience as ye, I'd be afraid of sittin' down hard fer fear I'd jar it, an' I'd giv up bein' a lawyer an' meddlin' wid wickedness, an' go into some honest thrade like poli-



tix. I'll tell ye what, Con, if ye 're afeard fer me. When I go to confission I own up to ivery sin that I can twist round so as to see it's a sin—an' I 've niver confissed yet to givin' nor takin' a bribe. Now ye've known me since I was knee high to a grasshopper, an' I don't think ye iver heard of me goin' back on a fri'nd or takin' a pinny that don't belong to me—so put that in yer pipe an' smoke it.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

MY DEAR CON: I don't understand wan word in tin in yer letther. What the divil does "Arrested moral development" mane? I niver was arristed, an' I'd like to see the cop 'u'd dare to lay a finger on me! There's some ugly talk got around about that franchise, an' I dunno but some of the boys may get in thrubble. Mary's none too well, an' I'm thinkin' she'd be the betther of a change of air. She needs a bracin' climate, the doctor says. Maybe I'll take her up to Montreal to see the carnivell.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

*To the Cashier of the Bank of British North America, Montreal.*

NINTH AVE., NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find draft for \$40,000, which place to my credit on deposit, subject to my order, and oblige

MILES GROGAN.

*To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.*

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 8.

DEAR CON: I got here safely last night. It's an illegant town an' suits me fine. Mary's betther already. If I see enny good business chances I may stay awhile. Let me hear from ye.

Yours,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., New York, U. S. A.*

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 9.

GENTS: Enclosed find my account wid yer house, showin' ballance due of \$182.50 fer goods supplied to Shamrock saloon. I sind yez draft on N. Y. fer that amount, which plaze acknowledge, an' oblige

MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Shamrock, Ninth Ave., New York, U. S. A.*

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 10.

MY DEAR NED: I may be away some time, so if ye choose to keep on the business ye can do this: ye'll pay me 25 per cint. of the profits till ye've ped me \$10,000. Thin the business is yer own. That's betther nor Brooklyn. Ye need n't sind me enny New York papers. I can get them here, an' I don't value it a kippeen what they do be sayin' about me. It's thimsilves 'u'd be glad of the chance. I've the laugh on me side an' a few dollars in bank, an' I've done nothin' I've enny call to be ashamed of; so what need I care? I do have a gallus time standin' off the reporters that come to interview me. I like this town well, an' have my eye on a good saloon I think I c'u'd make pay if I had it. I have n't got the hang of their politix here yet, but sure that'll come whin a man has the janius fer it. Mary is well and likes it here. I've bot a fine slay an' team an' take her out ivery day. I suppose I'll be havin' a sarmon from Con Rooney by nixt mail as long as from here to the cove of Cork. He's got the tindherest conscience about another man's business iver I seen, but I hear he's makin' out well wid the law, so it can't be very troublesome in his own. Mary sinds her love to Mrs. Halloran an' the childher. We're lookin' out fer a house, an' whin we're settled we'd be glad to see a couple of the girls fer a wake or two. It'll be a change fer them, the crathurs. Think over me offer about the saloon an' let me know. The thousand-dollar note is ped, so ye need n't worry.

Yer Sincere Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

## THE RIVER-GOD.

A GIANT docile to obey your will,  
A comrade,—a companion,—a refrain  
Threading a dream; yet, laughing like a rill,  
He'll bear your drownèd body to the main.

*Charles Henry Lüders.*

# THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:<sup>1</sup>

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

## INTRODUCTORY.



THE East generalizes the West much as England has the habit of generalizing America; taking note of picturesque outward differences, easily perceived across a breadth of continent. Among other unsafe assumptions, the East has decided that nothing can be freer and simpler than the social life of the far West, exemplified by the flannel shirt and the flowing necktie, the absence of polish on boots and manners.

As a matter of experience, no society is so puzzling in its relations, so exacting in its demands upon self-restraint, as one which has no methods, which is yet in the stage of fermentation. Middle age has decided, or has learned to dispense with, many things which youth continues to fash itself about; and the older societies, with all their perpetuated grooves and deep-rooted complexities, are freer and more cheerful than the new.

In constructing a pioneer community one must add to the native, Western-born element the "tenderfoot" element, so called, self-conscious, new to surrounding standards, warped by disappointment or excited by success, torn, femininely speaking, between a past not yet abandoned and a present reluctantly accepted. Add, generally, the want of homogeneity in a population hastily recruited from divers States, cities, nationalities, with a surplus of youth, energy, incapacity, or misfortune to dispose of; add the melancholy of a land oppressed by too much nature,—not mother nature of the Christian poets, but nature of the dark old mythologies,—the spectacle of a creation indeed scarcely more than six days old. When Adam's celestial visitor (in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost") condescends to relate how the world was first created, he gives an astonishing picture of the sixth and last great act; when the earth brought forth the living creature after its kind regardless of zones and habits, crawling, wriggling, pawing from the sod, rent to favor the transmission. Life on the surface could not have been simple, for a

few days at least, after that violent and promiscuous birth.

The life of the West historically, like the story of Man, is an epic, a song tale of grand meanings. Socially, it is a genesis, a formless record of beginnings, tragic, grotesque, sorrowful, unrelated, except as illustrations of a tendency towards confusion and failure, with contrasting lights of character and high personal achievement. The only successful characterizations of it in literature have treated it in this episodic manner.

But, looking forward to the story in periods the West has a future, socially, of enormous promise. It has all the elements of greatness, when it shall have passed the period of uncouth strivings and that later stage of material satisfaction which is the sequel to the age of force. The East denies it modesty, but there is a humility which apes pride as well as a pride which apes humility. It has never been denied generosity, charity, devotedness, humor of a peculiarly effective quality, a desire for self-improvement, unconquerable, often pathetic, courage, and enthusiasm. It has that admixture of contrasting national types which gives us the golden thread of genius. Finally, the New South is seeking its future there—not a future of conquest, but of patience and hard work.

The West is not to be measured by homesick tales from an Eastern point of view. The true note will be struck when the alien touch no longer blunts the chord, groping for futile harmonies through morbid minor strains; when we have our novelist of the Pacific slope, cosmopolite by blood, acclimated through more than one generation to the heavy air of the plains, bred in the traditions of an older civilization—or, better still, with a wild note as frank as that which comes to us from the sad northern steppe.

## THE SITUATION.

### I.

THE overland train which took westward, in the fall of 1879, Francis Embury, aged twenty-four, swung along to the rhythm of certain well-strummed stanzas that sang in the young man's head with as genuine, passionate iteration as

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.



once they must have beat in the brain of the poet.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !

We, whose pretty girl cousins are getting to be middle-aged ladies, and who have ceased to shiver at the sounding meters of "Locksley Hall," may smile at these words, but they had tingling meanings for the cousin of Miss Catherine Mason of Mamaroneck, in the county of Westchester.

O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

We know there are no moorlands about Mamaroneck ; but moorlands or marsh-lands, Amy or Catherine, the train clanked on indifferent to the new burden or the old, and as to the dreariness and the barrenness and the shallow-heartedness, nothing need be conceded on the score of youthful wretchedness.

But it would have been going too far, even for the sake of putting her more in the wrong, to have insisted that Catherine Mason was to be "mated with a clown." The clown of Westchester County, whatever may be the nature of him, has no attractions that we know of for the parents of pretty cousins, nor were Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Mason at all likely to bestir themselves in the matter of a marriage connection for their daughter. It was only in a negative way that they concerned themselves, and, as their disaffected young relative bitterly reflected, where the claimant was of their own blood.

The difficulty itself was a despairingly simple one. Eleanor Mason, Catherine's elder sister, had married her first cousin, after a good deal of quiet but exceedingly earnest discussion, which had gone on over the heads of the younger members of the family. Francis Embury was not a first cousin, but when his turn came Mrs. Mason had declared, without any discussion, that she desired no more cousins in her family, whether once or twice removed, in the capacity of sons-in-law. Her husband was effectually of the same mind, and the Emburys, father and mother, were not behind with their objections.

It might have been urged that Eleanor's marriage, having proved a happy one with all the usual blessings — and some that were unusual — upon it, should have supplied a family precedent, but the parents on both sides illogically refused to consider it as such. They talked with their children apart, and in these conferences strange lights were thrown upon the family history, a branch of research young people are usually indifferent to until they become heads of families themselves, and begin

to look for tendencies in their children, or excuses for the same when found. Old seals of silence were broken ; records, which the elders of the family keep, like sibylline books, closed against the day of doubt and confusion, were consulted, and the sky of youth, painted with rosy dreams, showed portents which the fathers and mothers spared not to interpret with prophetic plainness.

The young man was wild — against his parents, against her parents, against the girl herself, who faltered and sickened and gave up her hope.

She swept up the bangs from her fair forehead, which was overhigh for such strenuous treatment, and clung more than ever to the mother who, with pain scarcely less than her own, had dealt her the blow. It is the nature of some girls to be "servile" in this way, as it is the nature of the young men who suffer from their want of spirit to call them cold, characterless, shallow-hearted — "puppets," in short.

Catherine's conduct was not in the spirit of her time and of her country ; she would not declare for happiness and her lover. The family verdict prevailed, and Frank Embury hurled himself across the continent by the first train westward.

The great mining boom of 1879-80 was then in the ascendant. No doubt many of the young men who joined the stampede for Leadville at this time went, like Frank, under conviction of the worthlessness of all that remained to them of life, especially the feminine portion of it, and were the more inclined to be reckless in their bids for that ironical species of fortune which is said to perch upon the banner of love at half-mast.

A concussion of the heart, at a time when the circulation is restoratively active, has pitched many a good husband and useful citizen safely into the midst of a prosperous career ; but an average result in these cases must be difficult to arrive at so long as the publicity of the experiment depends upon its success. The failures go down upon private records, not easily traced or verified. In the case of Frank Embury nothing worse seemed likely to come of his mishap, his parents flattered themselves, than a little timely attention to business in a direction hitherto distasteful to the young man. He remembered that he had a profession — adopted to please his family and coquetted with since, on various pretexts satisfactory to no one but himself. He did not know, perhaps, that there were already in the camp upwards of twenty graduates of the Columbia School of Mines alone, besides representatives of every other institution in the country which has the honor of producing a yearly crop of civil or mining engineers. But if he had known



it, it is not probable the fact would have deterred him from projecting himself upon his fate. The malcontents of all kinds inevitably go West if they are young and not well provided with this world's goods.

Frank lighted upon his feet in one of those communities which are proverbially engaged in burning the candle at both ends. Here were no fathers and mothers of an age to balk youth of the courage of its impulses. Men not much older than himself gave the tone in society and in business; rushed into alliances, offensive and defensive; declared war and laughed in each other's faces over their shot-guns. Life and death were lightly held compared with questions affecting the egoism of youth, its rights and privileges, its haughty immunities. Social knots, which have been patiently picked at for generations, these jaunty civic fathers disposed of at a blow.

Across the continent clans and families looked on aghast as the spindle whirled and the thread of these tense young lives was swiftly spun, and the shears, which in older communities are wont to creak a little and give a poor moment's warning, were ready with their work.

Embury arrived in time to dispute with an older graduate of his own college the ominous distinction of thirteenth assayer in the camp. The young men concluded to divide the objectionable number between them, and each became the twelfth and a half. The sign of Williams and Embury invited patronage as assayers of metals or as experts in the examination of mines; though it may be assumed that in the latter capacity the experience of both young partners put together could have been but an expensive sort of guesswork for those who employed it.

The town was in a state of chaotic expansion, with throes of laughter at its own unwieldiness. It was difficult to get enough to eat, impossible to find a decent place to eat it in. Ancient deplorable jokes about the "Forty-niners," who slept in barrels at five dollars a night with their feet outside, were revived with childish appreciation of their humor. Soft-handed youths, fresh from Eastern colleges and ball-rooms, found themselves twirling frying-pans as familiarly as if they had been pretty girls' fans or favors in a German, and better than a rose in a button-hole was the button itself, when it could be relied upon not to come off.

The Clarendon Hotel was then building; the Windsor had not been projected. Ranks of men in triple file lined the counters in every eating-shop,—tables and chairs were as yet not thought of,—laughing, shoving, gesticulating, endeavoring by bribes and curses to influence the impartial tide of bad victuals steaming in

from the reeking kitchens. Much time as well as temper was lost in these periodic struggles, and the food when captured was execrable. Our two young men therefore adopted a mode of life then common in the camp, called "baching it," in the two bare rooms they had striven for with several other applicants before the roof was over them.

Frank, who had no gift for cooking, was unable to dispute his manifest destiny as dishwasher. It was he, therefore, who first tired of the mutual housekeeping, and who roamed the town, every hour he could spare for research, in the hope of finding the coming woman. Chinese labor had been excluded from this camp of idealists; there was dearth of woman's cooking, and eke of woman's dishwashing, thought poor Frank.

About this time a gleam of hope came to him from the "Tent Bakery," as it was called, where, in the white photographic light of a canvas roof, bread and pastry could be bought which had the home-made flavor. He induced Williams to throw aside his skillets and sauce-pans, and the pair took home schoolboy meals in paper-bags, subsisting upon buns and canned meats and wearying for the taste of a hot broiled steak. They agreed that this state of things could not last, watching hungrily meanwhile the progress of the new hotel, which filled an entire block of Harrison avenue with ample promise of hospitality.

In the mean time there had come to the camp an intrepid little widow of—let us say Denver, not to be personal. She was a woman of a practical turn, which did not prevent her from being decidedly pretty. Mrs. Fanny Dansken had not been slow to perceive the advantages of the new camp as a place wherein to make a little money quickly in a way she had thought of, and to invest it—with what chances who could say? Her way of making money was a very simple one. For most women, and under the usual circumstances, there are few ways that are harder; but Mrs. Dansken purposed to reverse the usual anxious order of things in the business of taking boarders, and instead of seeking allow herself to be sought. In that homeless, hungry, distraught community of men she had reason to believe that her experiment would be unique.

She took a high tone from the beginning, a comically lofty one, considering her resources; but she was careful that no one but the author of the situation should see the fun of it. She trusted to be able to hold her own until she could afford, financially speaking, to ship her oars and spread her sails to the rising gale that was humming through the stock market, from Wall street to the Golden Gate. Then it would be time enough to share the joke.



She opened her house on Harrison avenue, on the west side, a few blocks above the skeleton stories of her formidable rival, the Clarendon. No. 9 had the usual square board front, thinly painted, the new pine showing with cold pinkness through a scumbling of white lead. To the original four-room cabin she caused to be added a long extension, running back into the lot in which the house stood alone. From the kitchen door a path led out upon some vague, parallel street, where the buildings as yet were too far apart to obstruct the prospect across such a haggard stretch of country as made the new tenant homesick to look at, though she was not an imaginative person and for many years had called no place in particular her home. Beyond were the mountains, giving perpetual emphasis to the human achievement; for every item of manufactured material that had gone to the building and plishing of this gaunt, growthy young settlement, every circumstance that contributed to its insatiate life, from the piano in its dance-halls to the shards and rags on its dust-heaps, had come over those sternly unimplicated mountains, by ways needless to describe to those who are familiar with such ways, and impossible to those who are not. The journey in itself constituted an understood bond among the citizens. Each knew how the others had got there, and could guess, within limits, why they had come. It was not for their health, they gayly admitted, looking about them at those bony foster-mothers, Breece and Freyer and Carbonate Hills.

Mrs. Dansken found, as she had anticipated, that in making up the tale of her guests she could take her pick of the town. The process of selection was necessarily a hasty one; but, considering the place, she made very few mistakes. It was understood that a seat at her table was to be well paid for, outside of the privilege itself. She was perhaps lucky in her first applicants; these implied others of the same sort. Very soon a company of sun-burned faces that would have been presentable anywhere met nightly in the light of the crimson silk-shaded lamp, the sun and center of Mrs. Dansken's dinner-table.

It is laughable, it is pitiful, to remember how little it took to create something like an environment in that home of the self-exiled. A lamp with a soft luster; a pretty little stranger woman at the head of a table spread with clear glass and spotless linen and the best an inchoate market could afford; chairs that stood upon four legs without wobbling; good health, youthful appetites, not too much knowledge of each other; distant homes and loves and friends in the background, to whom all this strangeness was tenderly referred. Outside, the shrill air

of the spring twilight at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea; six inches of snow on the broad sidewalks, mountains whiter than the clouds and black with patches of burnt forest; smoke of smelters languidly rising; voices and footsteps, all of strangers; over all an atmosphere of insensate gayety, of fantastic success.

## II.

MRS. DANSKEN stood in the path behind her kitchen door one morning, watching across the street the funeral of a well-known "jumper," who had been shot in a quarrel over a piece of disputed land. The poor cabin could not contain the new-made widow's grief. She was crying, bare-headed, in the bleak noon sunlight, while her husband's confrères, in Masonic bibs and aprons, were shouldering the coffin into the plumed hearse. The children of the neighborhood had gathered to the spectacle, and followed as it moved down the street with throbbing of drums, wailing of fifes, and buzzing of brass. The widow and her brood were bundled into the carriage magnificently provided by charity, at a cost that would have fed them for a month. They sat in it charily, in their shabby weeds, eyeing its soiled upholstery with an awe which even the freshness of their grief could not blunt.

Mrs. Dansken buried her face in her apron and laughed hysterically. Looking up she saw a young man at the gate, studying the house as if to reassure himself of his locality. He beamed, hat in hand, at the sight of her brightly illumined figure in the sunny path; perhaps with relief that she had not, as he had at first supposed, been crying.

"Is this No. 9?" he inquired. "I seem to have come out on the wrong street."

"Yes, our front door is on Harrison avenue; but it does n't matter. Will you come in?"

"Is this Mrs. Dansken? I'm sure it is!" He smiled down at the shining brown head and white lawn apron, tied in a bow in front of a neat waist.

Mrs. Dansken laughed. "Then I need not say that it is, if you are sure." They were skirting the kitchen regions towards the front door.

"I hope you'll forgive me for insisting that you're Mrs. Dansken, but I'm so awfully anxious to know if you will have room for us, my partner and me."

"Yes, perhaps, when I know who you are. You know there are a great many of you."

"And only one of you, unfortunately."

This was the way Mrs. Dansken liked to be approached. She looked the new applicant



over in the shade of her doorway. He was extremely good-looking, so far as that went; but Mrs. Dansken did not choose her boarders for their bright eyes or for the number of inches they stood in their boots. She let this one produce his credentials, beginning with his name, Mr. Francis Embury, No. 174 of a respectable-sounding street, with New York added in pencil, on the card he gave her. His partner, Hugh Williams, she already knew something of; indeed, young Embury was not altogether a stranger to her, as she allowed him to suppose while she sat calmly considering his proposal. If she understood her part in the negotiation, it was plain to her that he was by no means unpracticed in his. But in this she was mistaken: Frank was simply one of those charming young fellows to whom the art of coaxing comes by nature, but who are found to be exceedingly obstinate when the same sort of pressure is applied to themselves.

She smiled at him out of her narrow, shining eyes, with merry little creases at the corners. He was gayly insistent. He proposed to present himself and his partner at dinner that same evening. They were famished, he declared. They had been living upon husks, and had done nothing to deserve it.

Mrs. Dansken could only promise them a very small portion of a fatted calf, she said, if they were resolved upon coming that night; and then she coyly mentioned sweetbreads, at which the young fellow howled with delight, so that it was impossible to help laughing. They laughed together, like old acquaintances, and the business was settled.

Mrs. Dansken was in the habit of sharing her news, if it was good news, with her silent partner in the kitchen, Ann Matthews, an old servant of her mother's whom she had imported at considerable expense, with a far-sighted eye to the foundations of success in a camp without a cuisine.

Ann's excellent skill in cooking was a gift that had upheld its possessor in the darkest hours of a somewhat morose disposition. In these moods she could absorb flattery as a black garment gathers the rays of the sun, and Mrs. Dansken gave it to her in the universal belief in the efficacy of this simple remedy; though Ann, unlike the traveler in the fable, clung to her cloak long after she was warmed through and through. Ann would have been called a "far-downer" by her lively countrymen from Cork; but she gloried in having "come from the County Tyrone, among the green bushes," and if her lips had ever been intimate with the Blarney Stone the spell upon her caustic tongue had lost its power.

"Well, Ann, what do you think of our youngest?" the mistress demanded in her gayest

tone as she stepped into the kitchen. "I saw you on the lookout as we came by the window."

This was a deliberate tease, and no time was lost in taking up the challenge.

"Me on the lookout is it? Not fur the likes of him thin! I seen the two av yez come laughin' up the walk an' the 'Dead March' playin' behind yez. Sure it's God's own wurld fur all the trouble that's in it, an' there's plinty to look at besides a giddy b'y like him."

"Well, I'm not so fond of funerals as you are, Ann. I'd much rather look at a 'giddy b'y' who wants to put forty dollars a week into my pocket."

"Forty dollars, is it?"

"There are two of them—Mr. Embury and Mr. Williams, partners."

"An' where will it all go to? Into thim prospects, like pourin' water down a rat-hole, an' that's the last ye'll see av it. Ye'd better put it in the crack av the flure. It'll be safe there, anyways." From which will be seen the direction Mrs. Dansken's investments were taking, and what encouragement she found in the bosom of her family.

Before many weeks it became necessary to add a second story to the main part of the cabin, and with this Mrs. Dansken declared she had reached her limit. She had a perfect company, more would be a mob. She now began in her own way, which was not a groping way, to materialize her ideal of domestic comfort and prettiness. It became one of the amusements of her guests to follow her processes. She did not attempt too much, and so she never failed in the discouraging and pitiable manner of more imaginative decorators. She had no artistic principles to bother her, she said; nor did she pretend to any superior light in a conventional way. She flattered her admiring constituency by appealing to their own later standards, presumably higher than her own. Was it thus, or so, at their mamma's table, or in her drawing-room?—not that one could hope to do more than suggest, but one's suggestions might as well take the right direction. She was nothing but an imitator, but she liked good models when she could get them.

Mrs. Dansken had a design in these cajoleries, perfectly creditable to more than the business side of her character. Her young men, she was pleased to observe, were getting in the way of rushing home after business hours, to be in time for tea in the much discussed little parlor, which had become the property of all, since each had contributed, by his advice at least, to its development. Many of them would gladly have contributed, out of their absurd young affluence, in more substan-



tial ways, but the landlady was resolute on the subject of gifts. She accepted the help of long arms and strong backs when pictures and curtains were to be hung, and of vociferous tongues on all occasions when her own was not the "dominant persistent," but she preserved her independence of their pockets, beyond the weekly stipend by which she held her own, with something over to put into prospect-holes.

No. 9 was getting a reputation as one of the show cabins of the camp. Nothing was expected of the outside of a Leadville cabin, but there was sharp rivalry as to the comparative merits of interiors. The young men boasted with caution, but it was matter for gossip that Mrs. Fanny Dansken was making her family comfortable in ways that were clever beyond those of the ordinary frontier housekeeper. The practical gifts, after all, are those which give a woman vogue among other women. Beauty or personal charm may do more with men, apparently, but women know and men discover that these triumphs are slight and temporal compared with the secret, possessed by the few, of an unobtrusive mastery of the means of modern living.

The ladies who were the pioneers of society in Leadville began to recognize Mrs. Dansken's "afternoons"—with the courage of an indifference that was a trifle insolent she had announced herself "at home" on Saturdays—as one of the institutions of the camp; the more readily perhaps that Mrs. Dansken's young gentlemen, all of them who could manage it, made a point of getting home early on their landlady's "day," not to miss the exciting privilege of carrying about cups of tea and plates of biscuits, which they subsequently emptied themselves, and chuckling over their performances afterwards with their hostess, in those too brief moments by the parlor fire between dusk and the summons to dinner.

They swore to each other that she was the best little woman in the world—the very woman for the place; and as they were the very men for the place, there could be no question as to mutual fitness. They knew by heart all the playful, mocking changes of her bright, untender face. It was not a remarkable face, taking its feature by feature, but it kept one interested. Mrs. Dansken had the sort of person, both as to face and figure, which suits the dress of the period, whatever the fashion of it may be; which is not to say she lacked individuality, but that her individuality had an alertness and a certain hardihood capable of withstanding casual effects of costume. She had exceedingly small hands, pretty in the way which is said to be American, and she used them with charming facility. They were, indeed, prettier to watch than her face; and the young men used

to tell her that a second cup of coffee at breakfast was desirable, for æsthetic reasons.

As a matter of course her name went East with extravagant praise of her virtues, celebrated in letters to mothers and sisters, who discussed this remarkable woman with a degree of skepticism not unnatural under the circumstances, and wondered if she had charms as well as virtues.

If Mrs. Dansken's experiment was a success it was because, in the language of the camp, she had put herself into it for all she was worth. The mothers had no cause for anxiety; it was not their precious sons she wanted, only a little of their sons' precious money.

This queen of landladies had no idea of entertaining herself or her boys, as she called them, in a way that would ultimately be bad for business. As for any folly more serious, Mrs. Dansken was a clever woman, thirty-four years old; marriage for its own sake had no illusions for her, and she would as soon have thought of sacrificing the remains of her complexion to a pink bonnet as of arranging herself for the rest of her life in trying conjunction with a husband obviously her junior. The ages of her boys were charming ages, but they were not the ages that were becoming to her own.

But all this does nothing like justice to her good sense and good faith. She knew she was in the land of inflated values, where pippins were as good as pineapples so long as the latter were not obtainable; but she had no desire to pass for anything more than the honest, shrewd little pippin she was, and a last year's pippin at that. Her young men, she saw, were of a stamp more likely to be endangered by the tragic delusions of the place than by its cheap temptations; and stoutly she resolved that, if the chance were given her, she would be as loyal to them as they had been to her. In the mean time she catered for them devotedly. She trotted all over the town in search of surprises for those brave appetites. Every marketman and purveyor in the place knew her and liked her, not only for her pleasant, praising ways, but for her keenness in detecting a substitute for a good bargain, even when offered with the best of excuses. The sweeter side of her nature was coming out in the sunshine of kind, admiring looks, and of the chivalrous appreciation she had won—and all in the way of business. It was just the success she had planned, only so much more gracious. Her boys had lifted her life out of its sordidness, and lent a touch of benignity to her bald little scheme.

When the ladies who were working for the new hospital came to her for assistance, she told them she was too busy to work and too



poor to pay, but she assured them that she was coöperating with them in her own way by keeping men out of the hospital and out of the places that led to it. It was fortunate for Mrs. Dansken, said the ladies to each other and subsequently to other ladies, that she was able to combine business and charity so conveniently. Her little boast was widely quoted and came at last to the ears of her boys, much to her chagrin. They did not push the joke too far, seeing that it troubled her; she was indeed far from priding herself upon anything she did for them. They were paying a proud price for more than the best she could give, and it ill became her to publish her satisfaction with her own part in the bargain. But there was one service she openly threatened them with if it came in her way. It was part of her duty, she declared, in the station to which she was called, to preserve them—in the absence of their female relatives and of legitimate objects for their affections—from the Western marriage, so often fatal to Eastern boys.

"I may say, always," she intoned. "Eastern women may be wanted in the West, but Western women are never wanted in the East. Why? Because there are women enough there already—women who are acclimated, body and soul. And how does it end? You forsake your East for the sake of your wife, or your wife for the sake of your East!"

"There seems to be a good deal of forsaking, whichever way you put it," Hugh Williams, the stout and calm bachelor of the company, observed in the silence that followed Mrs. Dansken's words.

"Behave yourselves, my dear boys, and go home and marry your own girls, to the happiness of all concerned. And I shall have earned the prayers of your anxious parents."

"How do you know but that some of us may have come out here just on account of our own girls? Are n't we to have any girls, East or West?" asked Williams.

"How many of you, I should like to know! Let the blighted ones hold up their hands."

An emulous brandishing of hands replied to this demand. Every pair in the room went up, amidst shouts of laughter—every pair but one. Frank Embury, with a face that was scarlet, was stooping and poking the fire.

"Oh, my poor boy!" thought Mrs. Dansken, seeing that it was her favorite the random shaft had pierced. "You are the one I shall have to look out for."

### III.

AT this time, the spring of 1880, there were no girls to speak of, and not more than a dozen married ladies, in the camp. Four of these

young matrons were at Mrs. Dansken's on one of her Saturdays, when the young men were at home, making the most of their simple privileges. One of them, a pretty little blonde man named Blashfield (a general favorite, chiefly on account of an artless way he had of exposing himself to general ridicule, and taking it angelically when it came), was trying dance-tunes on the banjo, while the ladies—of New York or Chicago or St. Louis, as the case might be—experimented fitfully with each other's steps in the round dances that were then in fashion. The young men looked on restlessly, protesting that this sort of thing would not do, and the ladies were finally separated, and divided, so far as they would go, among the superfluous sex.

Blashfield's performance was so ungratefully received that he presently put down his banjo and claimed a share in the dancing, to music furnished by his critics. One of the ladies then took off her gloves and played waltzes with verve and passionate precision on Mrs. Dansken's hired piano. The springs of rapture were touched. The merry matrons, blushing like school-girls in the heat of the room, were silently passed from hand to hand, while more and more dancing was the plea.

The late spring twilight, prolonged by snow reflections, stole away and left them circling round by the light of the fire, with a mimic rout of shadows gyrating on the walls above their heads. The ghost of joy was not yet laid when the ladies trooped homewards, with a husband apiece who had come to look them up, and Ann, putting her head in at the dining-room door, inquired, "Do yez want any dinner the night?"

This was the origin of a series of dances which called itself, with the touch of laughter inseparable from everything the camp did at this time, the "Assembly." Its meetings were fortnightly, in the dining-room of the new hotel; and here, on Assembly nights, the Cymons and Cœlebs of a crude generation—in flannel shirts, it must be confessed, and "wearing their own hair"—claimed the hands of the lively Jocastas and Pamelas, in dresses they could afford to sacrifice to the new pine floor of the Clarendon. The ladies were amused and flattered to find themselves again on the footing of girls of one season. It was one of the little insanities of the place that these modest and hitherto uncelebrated dames should find themselves temporarily representing the feminine idea. It was a pleasing responsibility while it lasted, and perhaps it was as well that it lasted no longer—for this phase of a new society, when married women frankly do duty for young girls, is one of the briefest.

Before autumn much of the simplicity had



departed. The day of competition and of preferences had begun. As the ladies progressed in splendor they were openly congratulated upon their costumes as so much contributed to the glory of the camp, and the first dress-coat made a paragraph in the daily paper. There were other changes, showing how in the newest society the old experiments are repeated in the sequence history has made us familiar with.

The camp was forming into crowds. There were the iron-mine crowd, the famous Chrysolite crowd, the Evening Star crowd, Chicago had its crowd, St. Louis, and New York; and the society of the camp, made up of these coalitions with their respective followings, revived the period of the oligarchy, under conditions, it must be owned, that made the Renaissance something of a burlesque.

This picturesque but belated tendency may have been assisted by the presence of the aristocratic element in unusual force. There were many young Southerners, recruited from families impoverished by the war, who brought with them the feudal feeling and the need for personal distinction; there were sons of Northern families, bred in the same exclusiveness, but with more practical adaptability. These young gentlemen, many of them, were incidentally engaged in chopping their own wood, cooking their dinners, and mending their trousers; but they did these things to their own astonishment and the admiration of their friends, not in the least identifying themselves with the part of the laboring-man.

None of the social expedients of the frontier will ever have the fascination of the "crowd." None of them so completely illustrates the boy and girl element so conspicuous in the life of the new West—the mining and engineering and military, not the rural West. It appeals to those fine romantic instincts, loyalty and personal leadership in men and faithfulness and concentration of feeling in women.

Woman, who, as the "Pilgrim's Scrip" says, "will probably be the last thing civilized by man," is notoriously happy in a crowd, and never more herself—for to lose herself with a woman is to find herself. When an Eastern woman goes West she parts at one wrench with family, clan, traditions, clique, cult, whatever it may be, and all that has hitherto enabled her to merge her outlines—the support, the explanation, the excuse, if she needs one, for her personality. Suddenly she finds herself "cut out," in the arid light of a new community, where there are no traditions and no backgrounds. Her angles are all discovered, but none of her affinities. A husband does not help her to be less conspicuous; he is another figure cut out beside her own, often another vantage

for attack. She hastens to lose herself in her husband's crowd. She will conform to any restrictions that will secure her in this immunity from general observation, which implies general criticism. And so restful is the sense of support, so emancipating the obscurity, so stimulating the intimacies and passionate partisanship of the inner circle, that it is not wonderful if these privileges are somewhat jealously extended, and only to those who can be relied upon to preserve as well as to enjoy.

For plainly it is not every one who can belong to a crowd. It is a matter of temperament, of breeding, of religion even, of progress in the lessons of humanity. The element that loves the chatter of the streets and does not mind being chattered about, the honest Samuel Pepys's element, will stay outside; so will the element that uses its friends for ulterior purposes; so will the element that yearns for popularity—the members of a crowd are never popular; so will most that is broadest, kindest, most human and democratic in our modern life. The crowd is the fortress on the hill, opposed to the noisy, sunny, gossipy streets of the great free city on the plain. It will exist yet for many years on the feudal frontier.

A Western crowd comes easily together on a basis of common interest or convenience, but some deeper sentiment than this is required to give it entity, to make it a force for good or evil. It must have a soul as well as a body. In this respect Mrs. Dansken's house was built upon sand. The only principles on which it rested were personal comfort and the making of money. All beyond was boyish gallantry and extravagance, and the sentiment any woman who is not unnatural can awaken in a generous and pure young heart. So far as moral support went Mrs. Dansken knew that she had reason to be content; but she had her little troubles of a sort the most devoted constituency cannot keep from the door. She had saved out of her experiment considerable money which she had promptly invested with a courage worthy of better success. Several of her young men had tried to give her points; but she did not see her way, she said, out of the camp that year or the next, and the young men were ungenerous enough to say they were very glad to hear it.

An internal difficulty had also arisen which threatened the foundation of her scheme. Without Ann Matthews the business of the house could not go on; and whether from the effect of the harsh mountain climate at that great altitude, or the pressure of her work, which was more miscellaneous than she had been used to, Ann's strength was visibly on the decline. Anything like sympathy or assistance from her mistress she fiercely repelled;



but by substituting her own steps for Ann's, whenever on one pretext or another it was possible to do so, Mrs. Dansken contrived to keep her house going, and to shield her testy old servant from the young men's criticisms.

"Why do you let her bully you so, and why do you do all her work?" they inquired, with that air of superior enlightenment as to methods which no housekeeper can be expected to tolerate.

"She does n't bully me. Do I look like a person to be bullied? She is nervous, poor old thing! It's the climate."

"Does the climate never make you nervous?"

"Ask Ann," said Mrs. Dansken. Ann would have said that if there were any nerves in that house they belonged to the mistress.

Mrs. Dansken herself had discovered that to be the center of a circle of magnetic young spirits, whose bodies one has agreed to maintain at a persistently high level of comfort in an essentially uncomfortable place, is not a restful position for a woman to hold. But she was determined to hold it, and to hide the cost. She could not hide the cost from Ann, who was convinced that her mistress was killing herself, and so spurred on in the race between the two, which should exert herself and spare the other the more; but a deliberate word of affection rarely passed between them. One Sunday morning when they were making beds together in the extension Ann was inveighing as usual against the young men and the claims they made, which the mistress allowed, upon her time and strength.

"The more ye do fur thim the more ye may do! Is n't it enough ye bed 'em an' boord 'em, but ye must be feedin' 'em wid the words out av yer mouth an' the breath out av yer body? Don't I hear ye talkin' the flesh off yer bones below there nights?"

"You think I need my beauty sleep, Ann?"

"Indeed an' it's little beauty ye'll get in this place, nor anythin' else, forbye the money ye'll make wan day an' lose it the next."

"What we want in this house is somebody young," said Mrs. Dansken, decisively.

Ann looked up from under her brows. Her head was bent and her mouth distended with the effort to hold a pillow under her chin while she parted the folds of the case.

"In the place av ould Ann, is it?" she presently asked.

"You know very well that I want nobody in Ann's place but Ann," said the mistress. "So what is the use of talking foolishness? You are tired out, and you say that I am. Perhaps I am. Anyhow I intend to find somebody to wait upon us both; to give us a rest. There must be girls in the place by this time."

"There's girls iverywhere, if it's green sticks ye want, or maybe rotten. Ye'll get no rest, I'se be bound, out av anythin' ye'll pick up here."

"Well, there's no harm in trying," Mrs. Dansken sighed. "We must have more help this winter, with the fires, and the water to carry."

She sighed again that evening, inadvertently, in the midst of the circle lounging about the parlor in various attitudes of repletion, under the depressing effect of the Sunday custom of two meals a day and both at the wrong time. She laughed, and plucked herself out of her momentary abstraction, as the cause of her sighing was demanded.

"Oh, breakfast too late and dinner too early, and nothing in the house to give you for tea!"

"Come, you were n't sighing about our appetites," said Frank Embury. He looked at Mrs. Dansken with rather a tender expression in his long, soft eyes. "What is the matter, please?" he added, lowering his voice.

Mrs. Dansken raised her own, giving him a smile at the same time. "We need somebody young in the house," she repeated.

"Madam, are n't we young enough for you, on an average?" Williams demanded.

"It is a question of my youth, not of yours. I am young enough to be your landlady, perhaps, but not to be your landlady's servant."

"Ann's servant, you mean."

"Well, Ann's servant, then. I want to hear a young pair of feet—not in boots, if you please—go slip, slip, up the stairs in the morning before I'm out of bed, not pad, pad,—poor Ann!—and a groan at the top. I positively have to fly to keep her from doing things she knows she has no business to, with her lame knee, and the colds she gets."

"Why don't you let her go on, and be a martyr if she wants to?"

"Because she would make herself sick, and then I should be the martyr, and I don't enjoy it."

"Where is the need of so much work in a house, anyhow?" This unsleeping question was duly propounded, as it always will be in a domestic crisis, by the male members of the family. "All this sweeping, for instance; you only stir up a lot of dust to wipe away when you're done."

"And who is it fills the water-pitchers, by the way?" asked Embury. "I swear I saw the skirt of Mrs. Dansken's gown whipping round the stairhead this morning when I pulled in my pitcher."

Mrs. Dansken inquired if he was sure that he knew her gowns from Ann's.

"We'll introduce the fag system," said Williams, "and begin with the smallest. Blasshy,



you'll please to hop out to-morrow morning when you hear 'Fag!'"

"Fagging is obsolete. We'll go down in a democratic body—"

"In Blasshy's body—"

"You'll stay upstairs, in your beds, where you belong," said Mrs. Dansken. "I don't purpose to have a procession of half-dressed young men promenading the house before breakfast. I do my own promenading then, and my crimping-pins are not becoming."

"Fill the pitchers overnight; nothing simpler, I'm sure."

"Extremely simple, you will find, when the water freezes and breaks my two-dollar-and-a-half stone-china pitcher."

"Why do you have pitchers? Have pails. We had pails," said Williams out of the experience of the past.

"Pails are squalid," said Mrs. Dansken.

"Frank, were our pails squalid?"

"I should like to know," said Mrs. Dansken, "who the misguided creatures were who mobbed Chinamen out of this camp? Were they men with sisters dear; were they men with mothers and wives?"

"Men with wives they call 'the old woman.' Wives can work cheaper than Chinamen, don't you know, and they don't interfere with the price of men's labor."

"And the rest of you let them have it all their own way, as usual."

"Some of us were n't here; and we did n't come out here to be mayors and city councilmen. And we claim that it is n't a mistake. The Chinese element—"

"Oh, I've heard all about the Chinese element since before any of you were born! It is a mistake from my little point of view; anyhow, mistake or not, I want you all to keep your eyes open and think of the water-pails—pitchers, I mean—if you see anybody of the female persuasion who looks young and strong and not too affluent."

#### IV.

It was Mrs. Dansken herself who first met with the person answering to these specifications. She was one day at Daniel & Fisher's, the great dry-goods store of the camp, looking at walking-jackets. The salesman had laid one across the padded shoulders of a female torso, clad in pink cambric. "It's an elegant shape," he said, referring to the jacket—"after an English model. Won't you try it on?"

Mrs. Dansken shook her head disparagingly, but kept her eyes upon the jacket, while she meditated whether, after all, it was worth while buying an intermediate garment so close upon winter.

The clerk, misunderstanding her hesitation,

opened the door of a back room, where carpets were being made and sewing-machines were clashing through breadths of coarse sheeting, scattering motes through the long beams of light that slanted from the high, uncurtained windows.

"Miss Robinson," he called, "will you step this way a moment?"

"Don't give yourself any more trouble," said Mrs. Dansken; "I shall not take the jacket." But she felt compelled to wait until Miss Robinson made her appearance, brushing threads from the front of her shabby black jersey.

The clerk held out the jacket; the girl slipped her arms into its sleeves without a word, and stood beside the absurd dummy, filling out with a faultless form the nicely adjusted curves of the jacket.

"You see, it is perfect," said the clerk, as Miss Robinson slowly rotated on the heels of her boots.

"I see that the young lady's figure is perfect," said Mrs. Dansken. The eyes of the two women coldly met.

"Not more so than yours, I am sure," said the clerk, with a glance at Miss Robinson.

Mrs. Dansken was aware that she was herself responsible for this affability. It was one of the days when she found life intensely objectionable in all its features; and now she included the girl and the jacket and the man who was trying to sell it.

"It would not suit me at all. Thank you," she added, with a curt little bow to Miss Robinson. The clerk smiled patiently as he refolded the jacket. He amused himself for some time afterwards, standing in the door of the workroom, staring at Miss Robinson, who was rushing a long seam through the jaws of her machine. He made a number of little jokes at which the other girls looked up and laughed, but the handsome one kept her head down and blushed with anger.

Mrs. Dansken had put an advertisement in the paper, carefully worded not to attract the wrong class of applicants. Two or three showy young women called,—chiefly out of curiosity, it would seem. She was becoming discouraged when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, she was surprised by a visit, evidently in good faith, from Miss Robinson. The girl looked very nice in her close, plain turban and black clothes. Mrs. Dansken noticed there was a poor suggestion of mourning in her dress. The short afternoon was falling dark, and she had walked fast, as her pure, deep color showed. She glanced about her, rather wistfully, at the pretty parlor in the firelight: Mrs. Dansken liked her the better for seeming not so much at her ease as she had with the English-modeled jacket on.

But the girl was tremendously handsome. Mrs. Dansken told her frankly she should expect her to give some account of herself, since, as she said, she had never lived out before, and could give no references. This Miss Robinson seemed to have expected. The two women had a long talk together in Mrs. Dansken's bedroom, where as the dinner hour approached they took refuge to escape interruption.

During dinner the mistress was preoccupied with the question, Will she do? It was her way to make the most of small domestic incidents for the amusement of the family. Everything was grist that came to her mill. It would not have occurred to her to have disposed of Miss Robinson, even had her case been less interesting, without first taking lively counsel upon it in the fireside conclave. She informed her household that she had found the "somebody young," and explained, upon being congratulated, that it must depend upon them whether she should venture upon her.

"She is n't a servant; she is just one of the chances of the place — and she is the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on, I think."

"Oh, think again, Mrs. Dansken," she was advised.

"You have no idea how pretty she is, unless you have seen her. Have you seen her?" There were conscious faces in the group.

Mrs. Dansken reddened. "Well, if you know my young lady you must know better than I can if she is possible."

"But who is the young lady, Mrs. Dansken?"

"Don't be evasive."

"Is she the girl with copper-colored hair who runs a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?" Hugh Williams asked, composedly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Dansken, vaguely relieved by his manner. "Her hair is rather on the metallic order. What do you know about her?"

"She made me some sample-bags once. She sewed 'em up good and strong, and I was pleased with the way she snubbed a young man who was giving her a good deal of his advice."

"A talent for snubbing will not improve her for my use," said Mrs. Dansken. She perceived from words that followed that there had been some harmless joking about the girl at Williams's expense; the others had perhaps coveted a share in it. She was "out of it" herself, and it did not please her to be "out" of anything that interested her crowd. "It is really very funny that I should set up to introduce you to my discovery. It seems she is your discovery."

"Not one of them ever spoke a word to her,

Mrs. Dansken," said Blashfield, in his good-natured, literal way, "except Williams about the bags. She is a very nice young lady. I know she will never look at a fellow on the street."

There was a laugh at Blashfield's modest confession.

"Oh, this will never do," said Mrs. Dansken. "She is n't a young lady. You don't expect to treat her like one, do you, when she comes here to wait upon Ann? How will you treat her, I should like to know?"

"Any way you like," said Williams, who was always obliging.

"No, it 's no use. You 've begun joking about her —"

"We can leave off, I suppose."

"It 's too bad — and I want her so much! I can see by the creatures that came before her what my chances are if I don't take this one."

"Why don't you take her? I can't see for my life what the matter is."

"The matter is, excess of participation. You are on the *qui vive*, every one of you."

"Because you won't tell us anything about her. You excite our curiosity and leave us a prey to it. Has n't she a story?"

"Yes, she has a story — quite a pathetic one. I don't care for their stories as a general thing —"

"Whose stories, Mrs. Dansken?" Frank interrupted, rather impertinently, Mrs. Dansken thought. She answered with asperity:

"*Their* stories."

"I thought she was n't one of 'them.'"

"She will have to be if she comes here. She does n't come as a protégée of mine, or a young lady in distressed circumstances."

"But what is she now? What is her present status, besides running a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?"

"If you will listen you will find out—that is, if her story is true. Her name, to begin with, is Milly Robinson. She is a Canadian—English, not French. That accounts for her complexion, I suppose, and that indestructible look she has. She had a brother out here mining. He wrote to her that he was doing well and sent her money to come on with. She arrived last April, with about five dollars in her pocket, and those checks which she could n't put in her pocket. She seems to have expected her brother would be the first person to meet her as she stepped out of the stage, and that his mine would be across the street. The mine turned out to be a prospect-hole, fifty miles away, and nobody knew anything about the brother. She was completely upset by this turn of affairs, after her journey and all. She was sick nearly a month at the Sisters' Hospital



(I wonder if she is a Catholic). The Sisters were very good to her. I believe they took her to their house, and they wrote to the brother's address. His partner answered, after a while. The brother was dead, and the partner seems to have got all the money. His story was that the brother sold out his share and 'blew it all in' in about a week down at The Basin, and then started for the Gunnison early in the spring while the snows were deep. He started in a condition to miss almost anything he aimed for, and so he missed the trail, and dropped off, and his horse fell on him —"

"Lively narrative style Mrs. Dansken has," Hugh Williams observed.

Mrs. Dansken made a little face at him and continued: "After she left the Sisters she went to Daniel & Fisher's; but she says she cannot stand the machine work. I told her if she was out of health this would not be the place for her, but she said housework was just the change she needed, which is very true; but I doubt if she is leaving the store on account of her health. She seems to have a certain amount of sense. She is quite willing to take the place on my terms, hard work and good pay, and no question of what she has been used to. I told her she'd have to sleep with Ann and take her meals in the kitchen. She will be just like the little Irish girl in a cap and apron who sweeps down your mother's stairs. What I want to know is, can you treat her the same? Are you going to make a heroine of her?"

"We will if you insist upon it."

"I'm perfectly serious. It's a situation, I can tell you!"

"A very good one, I hope, for Miss Robinson."

"You may laugh, but it's not so simple."

"I should think it might be as simple for us as for her. Do you really want the girl, Mrs. Dansken?"

"I really do, Mr. Williams; or rather, to be honest, I don't want her, but I need her."

"You wish to engage the services of a young person and leave the young person out of the transaction?"

"Precisely. It does n't sound very amiable, does it?"

"It sounds a little difficult; but if she agrees, and if it is on her own account —"

"Oh, it is n't. It's on my account — and on yours."

"What is the matter with us?"

"Don't you see? I am letting the wolf into the fold. Here is a girl, beautiful, unprotected, as they always are, going about the house as if she were struck dumb; nobody knows what she is, or what she is thinking about. She is a mystery, while you are all in evidence. She serves and you accept her services. Don't you

see what a situation it is? Pretty girl-help in a land where there are no girls."

"Mrs. Dansken, you are a woman of imagination."

"Not at all. However, I believe I have impressed myself, if I have n't you. I shall not dare to have her!"

"Oh, you must! For the sake of the situation."

"Never! Unless you will agree to take a solemn oath — one that will hold water — a regular iron-clad —"

"Let us have it. We will take it as one man."

"I shall not give it to you that way. You are expected to take it solely and separately, on your individual and sacred honors. I have my conditions all ready for you. I intend to be explicit. First, you are not to call Milly 'Miss Robinson.' You are not to bandy her name about with all manner of jokes and teasing of one another about her. You are not to talk to her except in the way of her work; not to be trying to spare her, or furtively doing her work for her, or wondering if she is happy, or how she stands it, or concerning yourselves about her in any way, shape, or manner. Is that enough?" laughed Mrs. Dansken.

"It is enough to make me feel that I shall probably elope with Miss Robinson — I mean Milly — before she has been in the house a week," said Hugh Williams.

Lightness of touch was not one of Mrs. Dansken's social qualities. When she was gay she was aggressively gay, and when she was morbid she called the household to witness. But even in the enthusiasm of her bargain — she had a pathetic faith in bargains — she perceived that something had gone wrong.

Hugh Williams was fond of this little business woman, and thought it a pity for her, still more for her boys, that she should have given such a blow to her influence in the house. He tried to open for her a way of retreat while yet the lapse of taste might pass for a joke. But Mrs. Dansken refused his assistance. She had meant to be unselfish towards her household, and perhaps she was, so far as her thought went; she felt that injustice had been done both to her judgment and to her motives, and she permitted herself to sulk a little over her mistake. She insisted that she was perfectly serious about the promise she intended to exact from each of the young men before the anomalous Milly should come into the house. The pledge was giddily and derisively taken by all except Williams, who said it meant something or nothing, and he would have nothing to do with it either way. When he parted with Mrs. Dansken for the night, having outsat the others an hour or more by the fire, he was impelled to venture upon these words:

"My dear Mrs. Dansken, the charm of this house has been that we are all solid. There has n't been a leak in our mutual confidence. We are all solid for you, solid for one another, solid for old Ann. Do you suppose one of us would give the old girl away,—her cooking, supposing it was n't perfect, as it always is,—or permit an outsider to intimate that she had n't the temper of an angel?"

Mrs. Dansken laughed nervously. "And now you want to know if the future Milly is going to be included in the general solidity?"

"Yes."

"That depends. She may be solid already, in some other direction."

"Her story does n't sound like it."

"Well, don't you think we have had enough of Milly Robinson for one evening?"

"I think we have had more than was necessary. I am sorry you are going to have her."

"I must have her. It's impossible to keep on in this way, and there's no genuine help in the camp—thanks to your anti-Chinese patriots."

"Can't you import somebody who would n't be so—conspicuous?"

"She will not be conspicuous, if none of you make her so."

"But you have already made her so."

"I had my reasons. She is my girl, Mr. Williams. If you will mind your promises and let her alone, I can manage her."

"Will she be your girl? Are you going to make her so, and keep her so, as you do Ann? You know these boys—they are bound to see fair play."

"What in the world do you mean? Do you think I'm going to trample on the girl? I intend to treat her as other people treat their girls."

"How do people treat their girls in a place like this, where, as you say yourself, there are no girls? We both see the situation, but you see it only as it affects us. Consider one moment: would n't it be safer—for us—if you should look at it from the point of view of the young woman?"

"What do you wish me to do—have her in the parlor evenings to entertain the company? I think you are insane on the subject of Milly Robinson. However, it's not for you I concern myself."

v.

THE first evening of Milly Robinson's ordeal, when she appeared, blushing high above the soup-tureen, Mrs. Dansken thought the unconsciousness of her boarders somewhat overdone. It was not likely, however, that the girl would perceive it. Her excessive color was

the only sign of embarrassment she showed. She had a very good manner. Her long, silent step and precision of movement were restful, and showed that she was not going to be overcome by her new position. After all, was she so alarmingly pretty? Crimson cheeks and copper-colored hair, even with streaks of gold in it, did not go particularly well together. Large hands implied large feet. On the whole, Mrs. Dansken was rather ashamed of her oaths and conjurations. She had had no reason, however, to suppose that the young men were taking them much to heart. They were strolling about the parlor after dinner, lighting their cigars, as they were privileged to do; Embury was stooping to poke the fire, laughing, with his face to the room, when Mrs. Dansken saw his expression change.

Milly had put aside the portière, and stood, with the coffee-tray on her hand, looking about her for a table. There was something admirable in her controlled hesitation, in the presence of a roomful of strangers who had all turned to look at her, unprepared for her appearance in place of the familiar figure of old Ann. Her eyes sought those of her mistress, who silently directed her towards a low table, where she placed the tray. She then retreated, getting herself very nicely out of the room with one more look at her mistress, as if to ask if all were right.

The parlor lamps had not been lighted. The fire-light reddened her figure as she stood a moment, facing the room, in her black dress and wide, white apron, against the dull blues and greens and orange of the curtain. Amber lights floated in her full eyes under the soft shadow arched above them; all the color in the room, revealed in the dusky fire-glow, seemed to focus in her hair.

The latest arrival among Mrs. Dansken's guests was a young man, unaccounted for except by the name of Strode. Williams had not been thinking of Mr. Strode when he described the house as solid. Strode was tacitly held as an outsider, partly because he belonged distinctly to one of the crowds in the camp with which Mrs. Dansken's crowd had no affiliation.

As the curtain fell behind Milly this young man showed his teeth in a smile of appreciation, and noiselessly clapped his applause. Not another smile was to be seen in the room. Mrs. Dansken perceived this as she did many things, sometimes when it was too late.

"They are solid for Milly," she reflected, and she resented this championship of a stranger, on the part of her crowd, before the crowd's mistress had signified her consent.

"Did you ever see anything more perfect?" she exclaimed. "The room was all cluttered



up with you, every one of you staring at her, and she did n't see a single soul. And did you see her look at me?" She expatiated upon the girl's manner, which she explained was that of a perfect servant, provoking an argument as to whether the qualities which go to make this vaunted manner in the servant are not much the same as those which distinguish the perfect mistress, since to each belong self-control, tact, and carefulness for the wants of others, combined with an absence of fussiness. Mrs. Dansken was quite sure this was a subject heretofore of little interest to her young men; and the side she took in the discussion did not gain in popularity by the fact that Strode was her only ally.

Embury was at the piano, trying the accompaniment to a tune he was whistling, when Milly came back for the coffee-tray. "Go on!" Mrs. Dansken was obliged to whisper. The young man did not look particularly grateful for the hint.

"These are the preliminaries; we shall get used to our minion after a while," she said, as Milly left the room.

"How easily ladies call names!" Embury murmured, smiling.

"I suppose because when we were little girls we did n't get kicked for it, as little boys do," said Mrs. Dansken, with her usual frankness.

When the young men went to their rooms that night each found his candle lighted, the fire intelligently laid, window-shades drawn down, pillow-shams—one of the hostess's troublesome little household fopperies—neatly folded out of the way. Each occupant surveyed his arrangements with complacency, if with some amusement, at this latest step in the direction of their landlady's ideal for which the new maid must be responsible. Each man emptied his precious water-jug and set it outside of his door.

Smiles were exchanged across the passage.

"I shall leave my slippers in the wood-box to-morrow morning, just to see what becomes of 'em," said Blashfield to his next-door neighbor.

"Old Ann would heave 'em on the dust-heap."

"But Milly won't, you bet!"

"Blaschy, we 'll report you," said another voice.

"What for?"

"Taking the name of Milly in vain."

"Look here, boys; I shall have to tie a knot in my watch-chain if I've got to remember to —"

"I have struggled to forget," the voice sang out, "'but the struggle was in vain!'"

The young men came down to breakfast

next morning, each, with the exception of Williams, wearing a bit of blue ribbon in his buttonhole. Somebody, it was evident from the raveled edges, had sacrificed a necktie. Mrs. Dansken dared not ask the significance of this decoration; but when Milly was gone it transpired that they were Mrs. Dansken's good little boys, and had taken an oath which the blue ribbon would doubtless help to remind them of, since it was such a very slippery oath—Blashfield having already foresworn himself the very first night.

Mrs. Dansken confiscated the ribbons before the young men left the house, and made them into a breast-knot which she wore in her dress at dinner, to the intense delight of the boys, who forgave her the oath for the sake of the fun they intended to get out of it.

ANN, as a matter of course, was bitterly jealous; the more so that she could find no reasonable ground for objecting to the new favorite. She called her "The Duchess," and scouted the idea that she had never lived out before.

"Look at her hands!" said Ann.

"Well, look at mine! Look at everybody's hands in this place, with this water—and, suppose she has lived out, what difference does that make?"

A very great difference it made to Ann, whose experienced services were thrown quite in the shade by those of the alleged amateur. Her undisputed honors as cook failed to console her for the suspicion that, as a waitress, she had not been considered a success.

Mrs. Dansken was relieved to find that Milly took little notice of Ann's hostility. There was a cool self-sufficiency about the girl, or an apathy, which gave her an attitude of singular independence in the midst of the life of the house, from which on all sides she was excluded. Her fellow-servant had not made common cause with her; her mistress, she had understood from the beginning, was to be merely the other party to a bargain, by which, as Hugh Williams had put it, the services of a young woman were to be secured and the young woman left out of the question. Mrs. Dansken admired Milly's philosophy. "I should behave just so in her place," she assured herself; but she found herself thinking about the girl much more than she had intended, more indeed than was restful. Practically Milly had been left out, but she was there all the same. Her mistress fancied there was something uncanny about the girl, some hint of an experience beyond her years, which sustained her in the blank isolation of her life. For she had no outside support; her connection with the camp had ceased, apparently,

from the day she became one of the family at No. 9. But then Mrs. Dansken bethought herself how easily an older woman can make mistakes about a young girl; how apt she is to exaggerate meanings or the absence of meanings, to think her stolid or secret when she is merely shy.

Nothing could have been less sinister than the aspect of the household sphinx. She bloomed like a winter sunrise. The work which two women had found oppressive, divided among three went smoothly on, and Milly's share seemed no more than the exercise her vigorous youth required. She went about the house, with her look of intense life, seen of all but looking at no one, hearing all the household talk but never speaking, ministering to comforts in which she had no share. It is appalling to think how starved her importunate young egoism must have been; how few words were said to this young girl, during her first months of service, which had any personal value or reference to herself; how many were lightly tossed over her head, between the gay, privileged young men and the mistress, who was the providence of the house.

Did all this difference lie in the fact that one was employed and the others were employers?

The oath was kept with ironical ostentation. It was Mrs. Dansken who could never let the name of Milly rest. She eulogized the girl continually, but always in her menial capacity. Perhaps she insisted too much, for one evening when Milly's name was introduced, as usual in connection with her exquisite usefulness, Williams said in his moderate way that one might suppose, from the remarks that were made about her, that Milly Robinson had been born labeled "Mrs. Dansken's Second Girl."

"Now when Frank and I were baching it," he continued, "I used to cook the grub, but I did n't give myself out as a cook—not generally. I continued to retain a small portion of my individuality; enough to keep Frank up to his work, which was the dish-washing, you know."

"That is a perfectly childish argument. If you had come here and cooked my food, I should have given you out as my cook, and treated you accordingly, and not very bad treatment either: ask Ann."

"Illustration is n't argument, of course: I only wished to ask you if you think we are to be classed strictly according to our occupations," said Williams.

"It depends upon the occupation. The occupation of a servant makes a servant, for the time being, unless the occupation is neglected; in that case the servant is a bad servant, and had better try some other occupation."

"Then if I should elope with Milly,—as

I've been thinking of doing, you know, just as soon as you can find another girl,—and we should come back after a while, and ask you to make room for Mrs. Williams at the table, then the other girl would be the servant, and Mrs. Williams —"

"Illustration is not argument,' Mr. Williams, and there is n't going to be any argument or any illustration, I hope. I captured the position to begin with because I knew just how it would be with you theorists. Wait till you get servants of your own and wives of your own to manage them. I think the wives will agree with me."

"Well, we have n't got to the wives yet. It's an abstract question with us so far."

"It's never an abstract question. It's always a question of a particular person when you come to live in the same house with them. In this case it's a question of a very pretty girl."

"It is just possible that even a pretty girl may be human," said Frank Embury.

"We're sure to hear from Frank when the pretty girl needs a champion," said Mrs. Dansken. "And what is there about Milly's position here—which is altogether voluntary, remember—that strikes you as inhuman?"

"I think I know one or two pretty girls who would n't care to change places with her."

"We cannot change places in this world, my dear boy. We have our little fitnesses and unfitnesses, and we'll find ourselves in the long run pretty much where we belong."

"I should say it had hardly come to the long run yet with Milly Robinson. How long is it since her fitness for this place was discovered, and what was the place she fitted before she came here?"

"Well, when I saw her first," laughed Mrs. Dansken, "she fitted a very nicely made walking-jacket they were trying to sell me at Daniel & Fisher's."

"What, Mrs. Dansken?"

"She was trying on jackets for customers at Daniel & Fisher's," said Mrs. Dansken, explicitly. "How would your pretty girl like that?" No one answered; and Mrs. Dansken, in a very good humor, asked them then if they had ever heard the story of the princess and the wishing-chair. "Ann used to tell it when I was a little girl. Could you listen to a story, supposing I can remember half of it, and make up the other half?"

"Well, once there was a king who had six beautiful daughters; and in one room of the palace stood the wishing-chair on a dais, with a curtain before it, and on her sixteenth birthday each of the princesses in turn was allowed to sit in the wishing-chair and wish the wish of a lifetime. The youngest princess was a mad-



cap. She made fun of the stupid old chair and of her sisters' wishes for jewels and castles and handsome young husbands, that would have come of themselves in due time. She said when her turn came she would wish a wish that would show what the old chair could do.

"There was a prince in that county of Ireland very wealthy and powerful, and he was bewitched so that he was obliged to spend half of his time roaming the country in the shape of a terrible wild roan bull, and he was called the Roan Bull of Orange. Now the youngest princess when she got into the chair at last turned rather pale, and she wished, while her father and mother and all the happy sisters wept and pleaded, that she might be the bride of the Roan Bull of Orange. And then she flew out of the chair and hugged them all round and said it was all nonsense—the chair was as deaf as a post, and the Roan Bull would never hear of her wish.

"However, he came that night, trampling and bellowing about the house, and demanded the princess. And the princess went and hid behind her mother's bed. They took the daughter of the hen-wife instead, and dressed her up in the princess's clothes and packed her off; and when the Bull had carried her on his back across the hills and the valleys to his castle he gave her an ivory wand and charged her, on her life, to tell him what she would do with it, and she sobbed out she would shoo her mother's hens to roost with it. So the Roan Bull took her on his back again, and over the mountains with her, and slammed her down at the door of the king's palace, 'fit to break every bone in her body,' and demanded his princess. After they had heard the hen-wife's daughter's story they took the daughter of the swineherd and charged her, if the Roan Bull gave her an ivory wand, she was to say she would guide her milk-white steeds with it; and so should she save the life of her dear little princess. But she thought as much of her own life, it seems, as she did of the princess's, or perhaps she was so frightened she could n't speak anything but the truth; for when the Roan Bull gave her the wand and glared at her with his awful eyes, she said nothing at all about milk-white steeds, but whispered she would drive her father's pigs with it. So back she went like the first one, and was slammed down at the door, and this time the Bull fairly raved for his princess. They had an awful night of it in the palace, for the princess had 'got her mad up,' and said she would have no more of these silly substitutes. She took the Bull by the horns, as it were, and off she went, in the clothes she had on; and when the wand was given to her she said without the least hesitation that it would

be very convenient to beat the maid with who did her hair, when she pulled the tangles in it. So the Roan Bull knew he had got the right one at last; and if you don't see the application —"

"But what became of the naughty little princess?"

"Oh, miracles were performed to save her from getting what she deserved—I don't remember that part; it never seemed real to me, like the other. But I want you to observe the Roan Bull's ingenious way of testing for metals. And there my illustration comes in, don't you see; for when dire necessity gets us in a tight place, and puts the wand of opportunity into our hands, we discover pretty suddenly that we are what we are, neither more nor less, and some of us turn out to be keepers of highly select boarding-houses, and some of us wait on the boarding-house table, and we do it much better than if we had been born princesses."

"And I hope you respect yourselves more than if you had gone and hid behind the bed, and let some one else face dire necessity in your place."

"Of course we do. I don't say we are not much better than princesses, only we are different. We could n't change places without being found out. Now I insist that Milly Robinson, who seems to be the text of all our sermons lately, has somehow got the sort of discipline that makes it possible for her to live in this house in the way you see. It's very strong, if you like, and very admirable, but I don't feel called upon to be a bit more sorry for her than I am for myself."

"I don't see why you should n't be sorry for yourself, if you want to. You were not born a Leadville landlady, were you, Mrs. Dansken?"

Mrs. Dansken blushed. "I don't know what I was born. I know that I am one *pro tem.*, and not so very *tem.* either. As you say, it's better than hiding behind the mother's bed, but I really do not feel there is any great virtue in it, so long as there is no mother's bed to hide behind. My point is simply this: your mothers could not be successful where I have been successful, thanks to you, my dear boys, and yet not all thanks to you. Your sisters, probably, would not suit me as well as Milly does, in Milly's place. But I hope you don't think it's anything against them. I don't; I could n't imagine one of your sisters trying on jackets at Daniel & Fisher's."

The young men considered this second reference to the jacket unfair; Mrs. Dansken herself knew that it was, since exhibiting jackets on her person had not been Milly's occupation. She forgave them, therefore, the heat of their reply. But the retorts on both sides were now



too hotly engaged for mutual consideration, much less strict justice to the cause of the fray.

"How do I know what she was, or is, for that matter? I have only her word for it. They make a great point of never having lived out when the most of them have never been so comfortable, or so cared for, in their lives before."

"'Them' — 'they'! Who are 'they,' Mrs. Dansken?"

"Anybody who is n't us," said Mrs. Dansken.

(To be continued.)

A silence fell upon the room as the shutting of a drawer was heard, and the door leading from the dining-room into the kitchen closed quietly.

The combatants looked at each other rather sheepishly.

"You are safe, my dear boys. She could only have heard the voice of her natural enemy."

The voice of the "enemy" had the quality which carries.

*Mary Hallock Foote.*

## A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES BRYCE'S "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."<sup>1</sup>



HERE have been hundreds upon hundreds of books written about the United States by foreigners, but in all this number there have been but two "real books," as Carlyle would say. One of these, De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," appeared more than half a century ago; the other is Professor James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," the pages of which are at this writing yet wet from the press.

Experiments are always interesting, and the colonization of America by Europeans was from the first a many-sided experiment. The life of civilized men was sure to take on novel forms in new conditions. Even in the seventeenth century people in Europe read with avidity the booklets that described society in the English colonies and discussed the aspects of nature and the agricultural experiments so rife in a new soil and in an untried climate. The colonies were fruitful themes for papers before the Royal Society, and an ever-increasing number of curious travelers in the latter part of the seventeenth and in the whole of the eighteenth century braved the discomforts of a long voyage in the poor little snows, ketches, and schooners of that time and the hardships of new-country travel, to see for themselves how this New World fared. After the manner of that time many of these travelers wrote journals or letters to be passed from hand to hand for the amusement of a circle of friends at home. One may see a goodly number of such manuscripts in the British Museum and in the National Library at Paris. So many have been saved by drifting into these safe harbors that we may consider the less fortunate ones, wrecked in dust-carts and pa-

per-mills or stranded in family garrets, to have been very numerous.

But the most of these, as well as the greater part of the printed books of travel in America, were but the superficial observations of men who could not penetrate beyond the cuticle of the strange world in which they found themselves, and who were unable to divest themselves of the prejudices in which they had been cradled. Archdeacon Burnaby was as jauntily flippant in 1759 as the Abbé Robin was twenty years later. Anburey, an officer in Burgoyne's army, left a record of some value, considering the limited opportunity for observation of a prisoner of war. "Smyth the Tory," as he is called, wrote a book containing many things of importance to antiquaries, and one may find valuable facts in Chastellux, Tyrone Power, Brissot de Warville, Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Weld, Chateaubriand, and the little-known rubbish of John Davis, a talented poor devil from England who seems to have been a paid emissary of Aaron Burr. In the thirty years following the Revolution books of travel in the United States appear to have been in the greatest request in Europe. All sorts of stuff were printed; traveling English showmen and men with woollen goods to introduce felt it incumbent on them to publish their journals.

Three of the books about America printed in the last century rise above the common level in the carefulness of their observations, and it is notable that all these were written by botanists from the European continent, and in three different languages. The botanist was preëminently the typical man of science in the eighteenth century, and the superiority of these three travelers to others of the same period is a curious evidence of the advantage which habits of scientific observation give. About the middle of the century Kalm, the Swedish

<sup>1</sup> London and New York: Macmillan & Co.



botanist, a friend of Linnæus, published an account of his journeys here which was rendered into English and still remains an important authority on social conditions in this country at that time. During the Revolution a surgeon to the German mercenaries who was also a botanist, and who had been made a prisoner with Cornwallis, was suffered to travel for scientific purposes. This German physician, Schoepf by name, wrote a book of real value, some extracts from which have been recently translated for the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History." Castiglioni, an Italian botanist, traveled in this country just after the Revolution and published a book of travels perhaps superior to all that had gone before. But it remains in the original Italian, and is unknown to most of our antiquaries and historians.

The books of American travel that have appeared in later times are sufficiently familiar, but they are for the most part mere books of travel. From the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to Sir Lepel Griffin, they tell us of the travelers' likes and dislikes, comforts and discomforts, with now and then an observation which would be valuable if one could be sure that it was accurate. Something may be learned from Chevalier, from Dickens, from Harriet Martineau, from Marryat, from Mrs. Trollope, from Captain Hall, from Buckingham, and the rest. But we usually have to read much more about the personal adventures of the traveler and his prejudices than about American life. Out of this mass of entertaining egotism and tedious commonplace De Tocqueville's book rises solitary in its merit as at once a philosophical study and a work of literary art.

Professor Bryce's book, like De Tocqueville's, is not the ill-digested journal of a traveler. It is a careful and profound study of American institutions by a great constitutional lawyer, as well as a full and admirable account of the practical workings of these institutions by a statesman who has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. By his large acquaintance with institutional history in general, by his ample experience of public affairs, by his singular freedom from prejudices of nationality, and by a certain rare intellectual and even moral tolerance towards men of every sort, Professor Bryce is fitted beyond all other foreigners perhaps for forming broad and just judgments of our government in its theory and in its results. I think I need not say foreigner. For no American could ever separate himself from the partisanship of his time, or from predilections in favor of the government of his own land, so far as to describe in a purely scientific spirit the workings of our government, as Professor Bryce has done. The matter is too close to us. An American of the better

sort, for example, could not treat of a political "boss" without some prejudice, or at least some show of repulsion. The boss is the familiar enemy, and we detest him. But in Professor Bryce's work he appears as one of a species with a naturalist's pin thrust through him. He is examined, his specific traits are carefully noted; the cause and results of his existence as a boss are calculated—and when Professor Bryce has finished with him we know more of one of the unrecognized powers of our government than we could ever have learned from an observer less disinterested.

The favor which the book has met in America is certainly not because it is flattering, for while the treatment our institutions get is appreciative, no writer has ever laid bare the defects of our system of government and the abuses of its practical workings so amply and so unflinchingly. No task is usually more ungrateful than that of criticising a foreign country, no undertaking is so superfluous as that of reforming a nation not your own. Professor Bryce is exceedingly diffident on this score. He perpetually reminds himself of the danger of error in a stranger's judgment; he withholds recommendations for betterment. He contents himself with a modest but thorough diagnosis. But nothing could be a better corrective of the prevalent American optimism than these kindly but fearless observations by a disinterested expert, while nothing could be a more wholesome antidote to the pessimism of reformers in this country than Professor Bryce's hopeful tone and generous perception of the advantages that inhere even in some of the evils that he notes. Like all foreigners, he sees more danger in the quadrennial convulsion of a presidential election than Americans apprehend, but he points out also the advantage of this periodical agitation of the depths of the political conscience. He sees the evil of the acephalous conduct of business in Congress, but, while evidently preferring the English system, he is not blind to certain compensations in the method of making laws in committee-rooms.

In many cases Professor Bryce has seen farther into the problems of our government than native writers. In one or two he is misled by the authorities we have supplied him with, particularly in matters of history, for we hardly deserve the compliment he pays us in saying that Americans know their own history better than Englishmen do that of their country. This may be true respecting the diffusion of historical knowledge in America, and it may be true of the work of students upon certain periods of our history, such as the crisis of the Revolution. But the action of cause and effect and the continuity of institutions and usages have been little understood, because some of our



most patient and learned historians have been men tolerably incapable of penetration into that history which underlies history. Professor Bryce does not fall into Mr. Gladstone's error of speaking of the Federal Constitution as "struck out at a blow." Our own writers have just now learned to trace many traits of that remarkable instrument to the constitutions previously adopted by the several States, and Professor Bryce recognizes this paternity, which was first pointed out, so far as I know, by Professor Alexander Johnston. But the fact is that the several State constitutions had rarely departed more than was necessary from the colonial charters or the tolerably fixed and oft-repeated "royal instructions" under which the several colonies were governed. In speaking of the "novelty of written constitutions" Professor Bryce cites the speeches of James Wilson in the Pennsylvania Convention. But William Penn's "Frame of Government" was as truly a written constitution as that under which Pennsylvania is now governed. The charter granted to the Virginia colony by the London Company in 1618 was the first of the many colonial charters which were lineal ancestors of our State and Federal constitutions. In nearly all such documents the three departments of government with the negative of the governor (who when elected *ad interim* was sometimes called president) and the predominantly executive functions of the upper House (so strikingly analyzed in Professor Bryce's pages) were also existent. The upper House, as established by the charter of 1618, was more like the Privy Council than the House of Lords, but its name, "Council of Estate," points to the influence of certain liberal governments on the European continent. Professor Bryce supposes that it was in the brief experiment of State governments, after 1776, that the Americans had "learnt to work systems determined by the hard and fast lines of a single document having the full force of law." For more than a century and a half before 1787 the American colonies had been mostly worked within such prescribed lines. The American constitutions, notwithstanding brand-new declarations of human rights borrowed from French philosophy, were in their practical details the ripe outgrowth of colonial experience. This connection between the colonial and the United States system, which has also been indicated by Professor Johnston, throws into strong light Professor Bryce's admirable proposition that "the American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots in the past, and the more slowly every institution has grown, so much the more enduring is it likely to prove."

Like most foreign observers, Professor Bryce has a higher opinion of the relative value of the Senate than is held by most Americans. He probably underestimates the amount of corruption in elections to the Senate, and he is surely wrong in supposing that the choice of a Senate is generally foreseen by the voters in electing a legislature, or even that it can generally be fixed by wire-pullers in advance. Something is done in this way in our Eastern States, but many long and bitter struggles after the legislatures assemble, with the rise and fall of the prospects of the various candidates from day to day, go to prove that the legislatures are still as free in the election of senators as their lower Houses are in choosing a speaker. There would probably be less corruption if more demagogism, and in the long run we should possibly have more eminent men in the Senate and fewer "lumber barons," "silver kings," and creatures of railroad corporations if senators were chosen by a popular vote. The House of Representatives makes a bad impression on one familiar with the House of Commons, as the mode of procedure in the Commons in turn seems antiquated and arbitrary to an American. But the amount of ability in the lower House is certainly greater than Professor Bryce thinks. The proportion of eminence is greater in the smaller Senate, but the number of eminent leaders of public opinion in the House to-day is doubtless greater than in the Senate. Certainly in the recent debates on the tariff question the notable speeches on both sides have been made in the lower House. The accession of merely rich men to the Senate, by means not always laudable, has lowered its tone.

Professor Bryce's remark on the low esteem in which congressmen are held is founded on observation in our Eastern cities. It is a different thing in Illinois, in Tennessee, in Georgia, for example. In the South especially politics are held in much higher esteem than in the East, and the congressman is of the best in his community.

Nor is it quite correct to say that the *salon* plays no sensible part in American public life. No one who has seen venerable candidates for the presidency dragging their tired limbs from one Washington "reception" to another will accept this statement without some qualification. Some important public measures have lately been materially promoted by ladies who entertain in Washington. Professor Bryce is also in error in saying that each House committee has but two hours in which to report and pass its bills in a whole congress. Inaccuracies such as these are surprisingly few. The book is undoubtedly destined to remain in all time to come the standard authority regarding the actual condition and working of our institu-



tions at this moment, and it is therefore incumbent on a reviewer not to allow any defective statement of importance to pass without challenge.

I can only mention the striking chapter on the growth and development of the Constitution, the elaborate analysis of State and municipal governments, the account of political parties and their workings, the description of "the machine," and the account of "the war against bossdom." But perhaps the crowning part of Professor Bryce's work is his chapter on "How Public Opinion Rules in America," and the chapters connected with it. His account of American national characteristics is much the most acute and discerning that has ever been made.

What then are the traits which this accomplished observer credits us with? He sets it down at the outset that the Americans are a good-natured people, and adds, "Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred." Of our humor he says felicitously that Americans "are as conspicuously purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were purveyors of wit to the eighteenth." Professor Bryce is impressed with American hopefulness, and with the unanimity of our faith in a democratic system of government and our notion that the majority must in the long run be right. He ranks us as one of the most educated peoples in the world, but holds that the education of the masses is of necessity superficial. He says that the ordinary American voter is "like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes, but is ignorant of geography and navigation." He pronounces the Americans "a moral and well-conducted people," and also "a religious people." Under the last head he notes our philanthropic and reformatory zeal, which he thinks commendable but often indiscreet. "Religion apart," he says, "they are an unreverential people." Ridicule he finds to be a terrible power in this country. "In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling."

He notes that we are a busy people, but he does not find this wholly to our advantage.

It results in an aversion to "steady and sustained thinking." We are a commercial people, shrewd, and hard to convince, and yet—he notes the paradox—an impressionable people on the side of imagination and the emotions, and "capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen." Professor Bryce almost overstates the fact that we are "an unsettled people." In many of our States the bulk of the population seems to him "almost nomadic." Notwithstanding our propensity to move, we are "an associative because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion they have a strong attraction for one another." To this he attributes "the immense strength of party" in America. He pronounces us a changeful people, not in opinions, but in moods. "They are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling." "They seem all to take flame at once." And yet he finds us a conservative people, and he reconciles this apparent contradiction with great clearness and adds: "They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen."

Though Americans winced under the animadversions of the late Matthew Arnold, they will not hesitate to read with interest, and even with conviction, the severe strictures which are found in parts of Professor Bryce's book. This no doubt comes of a certain tact and intellectual good-breeding, if I may so speak, in Professor Bryce, which allays beforehand any exasperation of national vanity. This indeed is one of the most marked traits of his work. He is never more friendly and sympathetic than when propounding the most disagreeable truth.

Without forgetting many noble essays in this kind—Madame de Staël's Germany, Castelar's Italy, Taine's treatment of Italy and England, Emerson's English Traits, and others—I cannot forbear saying that I do not believe that the portrait of any nation was ever drawn at full length with so much fidelity and felicity as in these volumes.

*Edward Eggleston.*

## RULES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THE question of the transaction of business in the House of Representatives has become one of serious import to the country. For the last dozen years there has been a steady determination on the part of powerful men to reduce the business of that body to a minimum. Several men who have occu-

pied important positions, and who have at times received the applause of the injudicious under pretense that what has been called private business is but jobbery and knavery, have done all in their power to obstruct and block that kind of business. To such a pass has this obstructive policy come that all sensible men advise their constituents to do business with the United States with the same care that should be used with any individual whose



antecedents show him to be adverse to paying except under compulsion. These matters, however, concern individuals, and the sufferers are in comparison so few that what they endure has small chance of recognition.

But the blocking of the public business by a set of rules which can be wielded by two or three men has aroused and interested the country; for the rights of all are immediately concerned. To gratify the natural curiosity of those who desire to know how 325 men, each the flower of a flock of 30,000 voters, could make regulations to deprive themselves of power and could year after year submit to such deprivation is one object of this article. Another object is to help induce the people of the United States to insist upon the restoration of republican government in the House of Representatives.

Ever since the slavery question came to trouble the peace of the country the rules of the House have been framed with the view of rendering legislation difficult. The South was anxious that there should be ample means at its disposal to stop any measure detrimental to its cherished institution. Hence when the revision of rules by the 46th Congress was made, the foundation was sufficiently bad, and experience has shown the superstructure to be still worse. Several causes contributed to this result. The situation of the Republican party was such that all power given to minorities seemed to inure to its advantage. Mr. Randall, then as at all times the strong figure in whatever transaction he participates, was the real governing force. He had passed his life in the minority trying to prevent things from being done, and was therefore more anxious that the new machine should have perfect back action than that it should have forward movement. The old system which Mr. Blaine surrendered to him after the fatal campaign of 1874 was by no means perfect, but it had a certain liberty of action and was not a perpetual invitation to blockade and filibuster. In those days there used to be what was called a "morning hour," wherein committees reported bills and put them on their passage. Each committee had this hour for two days, and could continue until finished any measure pending when the second hour closed. This hour was flexible—not merely a literal hour of sixty minutes, but one which might continue the whole day, if the House so desired. Hence there was no chance to clog business; for whatever business was entered upon must be finished, and there were eager committees waiting for their turn.

When Mr. Randall came into the chair he changed all this by ruling that the "morning hour" was sixty minutes, and sixty minutes only. This changed a flexible conduit for busi-

ness which could not be crowded to a cast-iron tube which could be packed to stoppage by sixty minutes' work a day. Under the new revision in 1878 even this tube was plugged up and no bills could be passed during this hour. They could be reported, but not acted upon. For action the new system provided three calendars—one for public bills appropriating money, one for public bills not appropriating money, and the third for private bills. It was intended that each calendar should be taken up at a proper time, and the bills disposed of each in its turn. This was apparently a clear and beautiful system, logical and practical, but the trouble with it was that it refused to march. It did not work. It had one fatal defect: it was based on the idea that the House did all its work—that the ten thousand bills were all passed upon—before the body adjourned. If, like the legislature of Maine, the Congress of the United States said yea or nay to every bill and every petitioner, the plan would have been a good one, for the question when a bill shall be considered is of small consequence if it is sure to be considered. But, unfortunately for the plan, the business of the United States is rather more varied and abundant than the business of Maine, and Congress says yea or nay to only eight per cent.—or one in sixteen—of its bills and practically to none of its petitioners. Hence only the first two or three pages of each calendar could in practice be reached; and as those bills were the first that got there,—trivial matters very often, which required little investigation, while the important matters requiring study were beyond reach, being too low down on the list,—the House had no incentive to go to the public calendars, and never did. The only method of picking out important public measures was by suspension of the rules, and that required a two-thirds vote. Thus by the rules of 1880 the majority were robbed of their power, and "two to one" was required for action. The only other course was by unanimous consent. As this could be refused by one man it followed that the veto power, which in its essence is only the power to demand "two to one," was conferred on each member of the House. In addition there was a curious restriction as to appropriation bills whereby no amendment could be made except one which decreased the sum appropriated. The House could order less spent, but never more. In other words, in a growing country, the House, representing the people directly, refuses itself the power of meeting the growth of the country, and devolves it upon the Senate, and for the sole purpose of saying on the stump, "Look how economical the House is, and how the Senate spends!" This restriction has been



carried still farther in the present rules, and is a species of strait-jacket which, though voluntarily imposed, is as great a proof of unsound mind as if some asylum had ordered it.

In 1885 an attempt was made to give the House some relief by establishing a second "morning hour" in which bills could be passed, but it has resulted in worse than nothing. One hour is wasted in presenting bills which might just as well be put into a box. Another hour is wasted in attempting to pass bills which if resisted for two successive days one hour a day, thereupon go to the unfinished calendar, which is the tomb of the Capulets. When one considers that a single roll-call takes half an hour, he can easily see what chance a bill has in the second morning hour, even with four to one in its favor. When rules are planned to waste two hours out of five the nation can easily see that the art of "how not to do it" is by no means confined to the Circumlocution Office.

In addition to this deliberate and intentional waste of two hours, one rule puts into the hands of every member the power of stopping the proceedings altogether. The achievements of Mr. Anderson and of Mr. Weaver are fresh in the recollection of all. Each one could and did stop the action of the House. It so happened that the proceedings of Mr. Weaver, solitary and alone, stopped the House in the midst of its constitutional duty of determining its own membership. The rules therefore have abrogated the Constitution. Mr. Weaver was not in the least to blame for so acting, for he was only using the rules to recover for a bill in which he was interested the status which it had lost by the same improper use of power, which the House, under dictation of party caucus, had impliedly sanctioned. This was done under the fifth clause of Rule XVI., which says that the motion to adjourn, the motion to fix a day when the House shall adjourn, and a motion for a recess, shall always be in order. Under this rule one or other of these motions can always be before the House, and when they are before the House nothing else ever can be.

The system of avoiding action on important measures by means of these clogging rules has done much to demoralize the House. No man or set of men can often indulge in indirections without acquiring timid habits. Whether the House has timid habits or not it is not proper to say, for I have no desire to draw a railing indictment against so respectable a body. But there are times just prior to elections when the House seems to be but little inspired by the example of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Not only does courage seem to fail, but the sense of responsibility also. If the minority can dictate, the majority have no longer the

responsibility for action, and become infirm of purpose.

Why is this system maintained? How can it have lasted so long? At first sight it would seem as if the picture drawn of the rules of the House could not be true. It is certainly very improbable to an outsider. To understand this apparent contradiction you must again recur to the fact that the House does but eight per cent. of its business, hence to a conservative man, a natural objector, the power to say what measures shall not come up is much greater than the right shared with the majority to determine that a particular measure shall or shall not be presented for action. In addition this negative power also arises from knowledge of the rules and is the especial perquisite of the old member, who thereby possesses inordinate relative control.

To add still more to the confusion as to legislation there have been for years no joint rules to govern the mutual action of the two houses. The tendency of all sound parliamentary law is to further the business which is most nearly finished. For example, a conference report has priority over even a motion to adjourn; hence under any sound system a House bill which has been to the Senate and there passed with amendments ought to be more easily reached than a bill which has been merely introduced by a member. But under the present system the reverse is the fact, and, except by unanimous consent, the bill must take its dreary round of committee and calendar, where it has pot-luck with the rest.

Any description of the difficulties which the House of Representatives has to encounter would be incomplete without reference to the physical surroundings. A hall which measures on the floor 90 feet by 140 and has outside of these limits galleries seating 1500 people; which requires, if a speaker intends to be heard, the energies of the entire body to keep the vocal chords in vibration; which has 333 desks in constant use and 400 men in constant motion—is necessarily the despair alike of speaker and of member. Whether this can ever be changed and a more sensible place selected has never yet been under serious discussion; but when the next apportionment adds to the number of members the subject will be forced upon the notice of the House and the country.

The important question, however, is what should be the remedy for this evil, the extent of which is not half appreciated by the people of the nation. There is only one way, and that is to return to the first principles of democracy and republicanism alike. Our government is founded on the doctrine that if 100 citizens think one way and 101 think the other, the 101 are right. It is the old doctrine that



the majority must govern. Indeed, you have no choice. If the majority do not govern, the minority will; and if the tyranny of the majority is hard, the tyranny of the minority is simply unendurable. The rules, then, ought to be so arranged as to facilitate the action of the majority. This proposition is so simple that it is a wonder that there could be any discussion about it, and yet recently in the House there was much said in debate about the "rights of the minority" and that the rules of the House, instead of being merely business regulations, a mere systematization of labor, were a charter of privileges for those whose arguments were too weak to convince the House.

This indicates confusion of thought. There is only one charter of the rights of minorities, and that is the Constitution of the United States. That defines the power of Congress and implies that Congress shall act by its majority. Under that Constitution and within its scope whatever a majority does is right. Regulations and rules, then, are not made to protect those who are wrong, but to facilitate the proceedings of those whose action when it takes place becomes the law of the land. Of course such rules ought to provide for debate and for due and careful consideration. But after debate and after due and careful consideration there ought to be no hinderance to action except those checks and balances which our Constitution wisely provides. If the majority of the House of Representatives — each man selected from at least thirty thousand voters — cannot be trusted, who can? Nor is this the only safeguard. Each one of these men is watched by the people. He renders account at the end of each term. If such a man so situated must be held in leading-strings, representative democracy is a failure. It seems strange, under a republican government and speaking of the popular branch of the legislature of a republic, to be obliged to refer to principles so fundamental; but the longer one studies politics in this country the more he will long to see universally prevalent a wider understanding and a deeper-rooted belief in some of the principles advocated by Thomas Jefferson, whose memory to-day seems to be most vociferously cherished by those who never act on his opinions.

It is impossible, and perhaps would be indiscreet in advance of due popular discussion, to indicate the remedy for the evil which the foregoing simple narrative of facts discloses, but that some remedy should be applied admits of no doubt. The remedy ought not to be radical or wild in its character. Indeed, from the nature of things it could not be so. There need never be any fear lest an avalanche of legislation could burst upon the country. Do the best we can our parliament will be clogged, like every other similar assembly in the world of like scope and magnitude. Two and probably three changes ought to be made, and the effect should be faithfully tried. The morning hour, the length of which should be entirely under the control of the House, would, if restored to its full power and efficiency, afford means for the transaction of all business of a simple nature requiring little discussion. Then a provision enabling the majority of the House to select from the public calendars such measures as it prefers to act on, with due precedence for revenue and appropriation, would insure such freedom of action as would destroy the illegitimate power of the few and exalt the just power of the people acting through their own representatives.

To guard against the abuse of the motions to adjourn, to fix the day of adjournment, and for a recess, the simple amendment devised and read in the House recently by Mr. Cannon of Illinois would be ample and valuable. That amendment provides that those motions shall be confined to their legitimate and honest use and shall never be used as dilatory motions for simple delay. If it is objected that this places too much power in the hands of the Speaker, the answer is twofold. No Speaker would pronounce motions legitimate on their face dilatory and intended for delay until that fact was apparent to the whole world, and if he did unjustifiably exercise that power reposed in him as the organ of the House an appeal to the House would easily rectify the abuse. The danger in a free country is not that power will be exercised too freely, but that it will be exercised too sparingly; for it so happens that the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God.

*Thomas B. Reed.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Election Laws for Congressmen.

THE experience of Great Britain and of the United States, in the matter of the election of members of the highest legislative body, has been very similar. Every step in the transfer of control of these elections

to judicial or neutral agencies has been warmly resisted by the constituencies and accepted only under protest, but its results have invariably tended to purify the election. British advance in this direction has been radical, thorough, and satisfactory; and parliamentary elections are now models, so far as bribery, corruption,



and coercion are concerned. American legislation has availed itself very little of British experience, and congressional elections are as unsatisfactory as ever. It seems now as if the time had come for the transfer of the decision of disputed election cases from the two Houses, or at any rate from the House of Representatives, to the Federal courts, the reason being that this self-denying ordinance is an essential prerequisite to every other reform in congressional elections.

It must be understood, of course, that no law could *bind* either House to maintain such action. The Constitution gives each House absolute power over its own organization and election cases; and even though it should in form of law resign its power of deciding disputed elections to the Federal courts, there would be nothing to prevent a partisan majority from resuming the power at some future time, if it should be determined to do so. But such a state of things is in no wise unprecedented. Territorial delegates sit in the House by virtue of a vote of the House, which a hostile majority might repeal at any moment; but no one apprehends any such action. The seating of the Cabinet in Congress would be a parallel case. The Pendleton Civil Service Act is another example of this permissive legislation, which could not *bind* the President but that he permits it to do so. A reckless majority in the House of Commons might no doubt insist on resuming the decision of election petitions, which was transferred to the judges in 1868, and it would be impossible to deny a similar power to the House of Representatives; but if the results of the transfer were to give as universal satisfaction in the United States as they have done in Great Britain, the practical exercise of the power would be as unlikely in one case as it is in the other.

At present one branch of our government, the House of Representatives, disappears on the fourth day of March of the odd years. For a period longer or shorter there is no such body, and one of the law-making factors of our system is represented only by a blank. Indeed, there are political dangers in the process of giving practical life to the new House. The only connecting link between old and new is the clerk of the old House. He is ordered by statute to make a list of such members-elect of the new House as come with certificates under the laws of their States or of the United States, and the clerk's list is the new House. In so far the new House has already surrendered a great measure of its authority over disputed elections, and that not to impartial judges, but to the governors of States or to the politician whom the partisan majority of the previous House had happened to choose as clerk.

The surrender of its authority by the new House may be final, for the first effort of the smallest *prima facie* majority is to make itself a safe majority. If the clerk's list makes out a majority of but a single vote, the first business of that majority is to decide in favor of the contestants of its own party a number of election cases sufficient to raise its majority to ten or a dozen. When party interests have thus been made safe, considerations of equity do have their influence, greater

or less, on the decision of the remaining cases. But up to that point the spirit in which disputed elections are decided is well put in an old story of two congressmen of the same party. Says one: "What are we at work on now?" "An election case," says the other; "but both the contestants are rascals." "Yes?" says the other; "which is *our* rascal?"

Such being the principles on which disputed election cases are commonly decided, is it any wonder that Congress has never seen its way clear to framing and passing an election law which shall really hedge around congressional elections with effective safeguards? What respect could be paid to such a law when it is notorious that the power which is to decide disputes under it will be governed in its decisions by questions of party necessity and not of the violation of the election law? The election of many congressmen in the South is impeached for one set of reasons, and the election of many congressmen in the North is impeached for a different set of reasons, but no act of Congress has yet done anything effective to meet, either class of objections. Indeed, the more perfect and minute we imagine a proposed election law to be, the more absurd would it be to pass it so long as disputes about its execution are to be decided on partisan, not on judicial grounds.

But, if what has been said has been well taken, the special difficulty would seem to disappear on the application of a single remedy: give the *final* decision of all disputed congressional election cases to the Federal courts, and let their certificates, not those of the governors, constitute a list which shall be considered binding, not only by the clerk, but by the new House itself. When the enforcement of the election law is thus given to the Federal courts, for decision on judicial not on partisan grounds, it becomes for the first time possible to couch a congressional election law in the most sweeping, complete, and minute terms. It may require registration in every congressional district of the country, and make the expenses of registration and election, including the printing of ballots, an exclusive charge on the Federal treasury; it may make the Australian system the essential rule of the election, even in the remotest parts of the country; it may make bribery and coercion not only criminal offenses but reasons for the judge to refuse a certificate and order a new election; it may provide for the sworn publication of the expenses of all candidates and agents, with like penalties for violation or evasion; but it is patently unreasonable to attempt to impose any such safeguards until all disputes under the law are to be finally decided by a judicial application of the law to the facts and not by party needs — by Federal judges in office during good behavior, and not by an interested majority of the House.

Of course the difficulties in the way of such a change are great. Some Representatives would consider the proposal of it as almost an insult to their House; others would take it as another attempt to develop a centralized tyranny over congressional elections; <sup>1</sup> others

elections by State legislatures becomes very sweeping — fully sweeping enough to justify the proposed transfer of judicial powers to the Federal courts. This fundamental question was fully debated in Congress by Senator Thurman, on the passage of the Enforcement Act of 1870, and his most serious objection was that there were not Federal judges enough to decide disputed *State* elections, as that law proposed to do, and as this article does not.

<sup>1</sup> There is no ground for this accusation, provided only that the House is willing to yield its constitutional power over election cases in the interest of the purity of elections, as the House of Commons did in 1868. The Constitution, Article I, Section 5, makes each House the judge "of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Let the House of Representatives yield this, and the general power of an act of Congress to "make or alter" the regulations of the "manner" of the congressional



would insist that the same rule be applied to the Senate, as well as to the House. But is not the remedy worth considering, in spite of its difficulties? Indeed, in the midst of the loud and various cries for reform in congressional elections both South and North, will their advocates stop for a moment to tell us how any of their schemes are feasible as laws so long as disputes under them are still to be decided as party questions by a majority of the House, and not as questions of law by judges?

#### The English Language in America.

THERE is now only one important point in which our right as a nation to be individual, or the great significance of the individuality we possess, is seriously questioned by our English cousins, and that is our use of our mother tongue. If "the great American language" and "Americanisms" of every shade are accepted by them as facts, they are certainly still accepted under protest. And it may be confessed that most Americans feel that this protest is, on the whole, justifiable. We are disposed to admit that we have been forced into an unfavorable position by the questionable character, as regards literary quality, of a large part of our special contributions to the development of English speech. The American freeman is not readily restrained by considerations of taste or style, or by linguistic laws; but from the merely literary point of view, which is that of the purist and often even of the more broad-minded scholar, these considerations are all-important.

It will not do for us, however, to concede too much to our transatlantic critics. It is very possible that their objections to details, however justifiable they may be, may blind both them and us to what is really essential in the matter. First of all both need to realize the fact that we have a proprietary right in the great common heritage of the English-speaking world. There is no divine right in matters verbal vested in English-speakers on the other side of the sea. Our language is not lent us by them on the condition that it shall not be tampered with, but is our own to mold or forge to all the purposes of our multifarious and peculiar practical and intellectual life.

Furthermore, whether we approve it or not, some real divergence of American from British usage, the extent and character of which are not yet clear, and indeed can be guessed only after estimating the joint effect of all the disturbing and all the conservative forces at work, is inevitable. The great fact about language is that it is a tool—that it comes into existence solely for the sake of its utility. It may be, as Emerson says, "fossil poetry," or, as stylists and purists insist, a mine of glittering crystals suited chiefly to adorn the periods of the *littérateur*; but it is poetry or gem only after it becomes fossil or crystallized. In its origin, in its generative and most vital stage, it is the veriest prose, the most amorphous and utilitarian of substances. But it cannot fulfill its end as a tool unless it can be adapted to all the changing conditions of the practical and mental life of those who use it; and as a matter of fact no language has ever been to any great extent restricted in its development by any other consideration. The only language that can satisfy the purist is a dead language: wherever there is life there is change, adaptation, neologism. The

usage which really in the long run governs speech is that which is best adapted to the true needs of actual life in all its phases; and that usage *must* be variable. To one who reflects upon the subject along this line, the theory that the usage of 35,000,000 people living under one set of conditions can by any possibility control, or by any rule of reason ought to control, the usage of 60,000,000—soon to be 200,000,000—living under another and quite different set of conditions must seem radically absurd. If in the evolution of the life of the former it becomes necessary, or for any reason advantageous, or simply customary, to use certain words with novel extensions or restrictions of meaning, or to invent new terms and modes of expression, or to vary the pronunciation of words, there is no reasoning, linguistic or moral, which can or should prevent it; and if the same thing happens to the latter, the situation in all its aspects is precisely the same. If the result in the latter case is an "Americanism," it is in the former a "Britishism," and the one is just as legitimate and valuable as the other, the conditions of utility and taste being equally fulfilled. Americanism in language (whatever it may turn out to be) has a right to exist, and must exist—a genuine product of the new soil.

Upon the comprehension of this fact follows the most important of all the problems connected with this subject—namely, what is the probable outcome as regards the English language and literature of the American branch of this divided stream of usage? As a rough answer, the statement may be ventured, with due modesty, that Americanism in our language has a better evolutionary chance of survival as *the* English of the future than has Britishism. The linguistic heritage of the past is common to both: in that neither has preëminence or advantage; the future, however, cannot well belong to both equally, but the lion's share must fall to the stronger, and that we shall be the stronger we can hardly be expected to question. If the forces which are to govern the result were identical with those which determine material preëminence there could be little doubt about it; but of course they are not. A thousand additional dollars in a man's pocket do not change his habitual enunciation of a single letter, or modify his use of a single word. Nor is mere increase of population, fast though it will here undoubtedly be, of much account. The augmentation of the number of Chinamen by a hundred millions would not have much effect on Chinese speech. Neither does mere practical activity and enterprise count for much by itself; for it may be counterbalanced by extreme conservatism in other equally important directions. In brief, in order that English-speaking men on this side of the Atlantic shall be able to make their use of their language the language itself rather than a dialect of it,—in comparison with its use by Englishmen on the other side,—they must possess not merely such advantages of position as regards material prosperity and energy as will give them a pre-dominating material influence, but also masterful intellectual qualities which will enable them to impress themselves on the world as the dominant branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. To these must also be added a certain independence and originality in linguistic matters. If these conditions are fulfilled, whatever in language establishes itself in American common life will of a certainty establish itself in American literature,



and therefore as the English of the world. To what extent these favorable elements are present should perhaps be left for foreign eyes as unprejudiced and friendly as those, for instance, of Professor Bryce to discover. But Americans who see the enormously increasing population of their country, brought from all quarters of the globe into stimulating contact with new phases of nature and life, stirred by contagious, restless, New World activity, and amassing enormous wealth, and believe that throughout this mass of humanity there is a strenuous intelligence and an eagerness and capacity for mental growth paralleled nowhere else, may be pardoned for thinking that the elements demanded cannot be lacking. That we possess the last-mentioned requirement, readiness to adapt and change, certainly cannot be denied. Not the least notable evidence of it is, for example, our comparatively great openness to conviction in the direction of a scientific and practical simplification of our spelling. Thus one can hardly imagine that, as has happened on the other side, if our Philological Association were constructing a great English dictionary which from its nature must be quite independent of popular support, it would practically throw its influence in favor of the most conservative and certainly obsolescent orthography. It is also worth noting that our temper in this direction is precisely that which is needed to make English, what all who speak it hope it will be, the universal language of the future commercial, as French has been of the past political and social world. In a word, the hope that the English language as spoken by our descendants will be its dominant and most widely adopted form is entirely reasonable, and the determination that it shall be such is a worthy national ambition.

#### Lincoln's Disinterestedness.

THE very heart and substance of the authorized Life of Lincoln are to be found in the installments published in *THE CENTURY* for December, January, February, and March. No quality that helped to make Lincoln one of the ablest as well as one of the noblest of men fails of illustration in these thrilling chapters. We say thrilling, because we believe that no intelligent student of history — especially no patriotic American of any party or locality — can read these pages without emotion. Has the mental history of a single sublime and world-approved act ever before been so minutely and authoritatively described? The published and hitherto unpublished documents, letters, records of companions, and reported conversations are here gathered together by his private secretaries and displayed in orderly and lucid array. So interesting is every paragraph that one longs for even fuller information — but as it is, the data are full beyond precedent.

As is well known, there were, technically speaking, two Emancipation Proclamations, the preliminary one of September, 1862, and the final proclamation of January 1, 1863, which carried out in due course the programme of executive action laid down in the preceding document. As it was the January edict which actually gave freedom to the colored race in America, it is this

which is generally called the great "Emancipation Proclamation." But the two documents are really one act, and it was the September utterance that reverberated through the world and put forward the march of civilization. For this reason the present installment of the Life is illustrated with facsimiles of both documents — preceded by the original draft, which never appeared till given to the public by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in the December *CENTURY*. It was this original draft with which Lincoln surprised his Cabinet in July, 1862, and it has a peculiar interest as showing how the official utterance first shaped itself in his mind. In the present installment the authors give (on pp. 691 and 699) the first draft of the proclamation of January 1, 1863, as well as the facsimile of the document in its final shape.

One cannot but be impressed anew by the fact that one of the most effective equipments of Lincoln for the performance of difficult duties was a quality which he shared with Washington, and which each possessed to a conspicuous degree — the simple but tremendously powerful quality of disinterestedness. It was tact, *i. e.*, intelligence added to kindness, which helped make Washington a successful leader; it was tact which helped Lincoln to steer his Administration not only through the perils of war but between the rocks of selfishness and faction — but without purity of purpose, without absolute disinterestedness, neither could have done so well, so completely, the work assigned.

With the enormous and enormously increasing populations, the seething social movements, and the ever-threatening political dangers of the New World, there are not and never will be times of perfect peace and quiet. Every Administration, every Congress, State, community, every year, every day, has its emergency. In our uncertain and ever-shifting scheme of general and local governments good men, bad men, half-good and half-bad men, are continually pushing or being pushed to the front as leaders. Now and again an unscrupulous schemer attains a notable official or unofficial eminence; and his disgraceful and pestiferous "success" tends towards the imitation of his methods on the part of men of easy consciences. The example of Washington, the centennial of whose inauguration is so near at hand, and of Lincoln, who was with us only yesterday, and whose pure and devoted life is now being told for the first time — there will never be a moment when the example of these men will cease to be among the most saving forces of the nation.

It would be a poor investment of energy to talk to some busy and party-honored dispenser of corruption funds or political bargainer with liquor-dealers about the public virtues of Washington and Lincoln; but to the young, or to those who in public life still retain somewhat of the delicacy of innocence, it is always worth while to uphold our most prominent instances of political success, and to repeat continually that selfishness is weakness; that honesty is strength; that disinterestedness is a mighty weapon and often the only one wherewith a man may do what with his whole heart he desires to do.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### "What of the South?"

ARE we one people, or are we not? If we are, why this constantly recurring question, What of the South under the coming administration of the Republican party? If we are not one people, where are all the boasts of buried differences and the eloquent declarations of obliterated sectionalism that have in recent years been sounding throughout the land?

Political parties must always exist, and under our form of government they are certainly advantageous, if not positively necessary. They serve as checks on one another, and hinder that wholesale corruption in high places which sooner or later has always resulted in the total destruction of undisputed dynasties.

We have just gone through a great political contest—nothing more, nothing less. Such battles necessarily involve victory and defeat. Only one side can win. In this instance the Democrats were defeated. So were the Prohibitionists. But this last fact does not argue that we are all going to become drunkards immediately, nor does it demonstrate that the doctrines of prohibition are utterly unsound.

Now I cannot possibly see wherein the Democratic party has any better ground for serious apprehension with reference to the country's future welfare than the Prohibitionists. By way of remonstrating with the prophets of evil, we might remind them of the gloomy predictions that were so actively circulated by disappointed Republicans four years ago, when Mr. Cleveland led the Democratic hosts to victory.

Mr. Cleveland's term of office is about to expire, and during his administration the country has gone on in its development and increased in its prosperity. In a fair-minded contemplation of General Harrison's election to succeed Mr. Cleveland I cannot discover any ground for alarm. In saying this, too, I beg to add that I am an uncompromising Democrat, I have always been such, and never expect to be anything else. I am a Southerner by birth, rearing, and education. It is under the impulse of my devotion to the South and to the Southern people that I address this "open letter" especially to them.

The people are the guardians of their own welfare and safety, and if any political faction abuses the power given it by the people it will be stripped of that power. Four years from now the Republican party will be approved or condemned by the American people, who are the makers and unmakers of all political parties of this land. The South has no reason for overwhelming alarm or distressing apprehension in contemplating the administration of General Harrison. Neither has she any reasonable ground to expect political favors—

not because she is the South, but simply because she was not on the winning side. But let the South remember that the campaign was not based on the race problem, nor was it a contention for or against States rights. The Republican triumph is simply a defeat of the Democratic party in all the States. The fight was made on the tariff. That was the only vital issue of the campaign, and there were varying opinions at the South, as well as at the North, East, and West, as to the wisdom and expediency of the views held by the Democratic party on that question.

The South can lose nothing but those political offices now held by many of her worthy sons. She may not lose all of those. That will, of course, depend entirely on General Harrison's regard for or disregard of civil-service reform. But let us take the worst view of it, and suppose that every Southern Democrat now in office shall be removed promptly after March 4: the South will then be no worse off than she was for twenty years after the war, and surely she is better able now than she was then to bear the disadvantage.

The fields of the South are richer than ever with unfailing harvests; her mining interests are more extensively developed, and are greatly increasing their product of inexhaustible wealth; her manufacturing industries are thriving to-day to a marvelous extent and expanding constantly; her railroads are spreading over the entire expanse of available territory; her people are stronger and happier than they have ever been. Let Southerners turn their hands and hearts to the vast resources, infinite riches, and matchless beauty now revealed in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

During the next four years there is no more danger of interruption to the material development, industrial progress, and financial prosperity of the New South than of any other part of the country, and I do not believe that the relations between the races in the South will be any more strained or unpacific under the administration of General Harrison than they have been during the presidency of Mr. Cleveland.

*Marion J. Verdery.*

### "College Fraternities."

In an article on "College Fraternities" in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1888, the name of President Garfield was placed in a list of prominent members of Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon. A correspondent writes that he was a member of neither of these societies, but of Delta Upsilon, a non-secret fraternity, of which he was an active and interested member up to the time of his death.





## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### A Thank-ye-Ma'am.

THE SORT OF VERSE THAT MAKES

JAMES

WHITCOMB

"RILEY."

THE Spellin' Bee wuz over. I stood close by the sill,  
My face ez red ez fire, my toes all in a chill,  
Till Susan got her things on, an' came up ter the  
door,

An' then I crooked my elber-joint an' held it out be-  
fore.

But Hezekiah Brindle sez, "Permit *me*, ef ye please!"  
A-shovin' in between us, with most amazin' ease.

Then Susie's head went backward, jest ez a robin's  
might,

Said she, "Thanks! — Si 'll take me!" her eyes a-  
shinin' bright.

So Hezekiah stood quite still, ez meek ez any lamb,  
An' soon he softly slid away without a

I stowed her 'neath the buffalors an' wrapped her warm  
an' tight,  
Old Dobbin's bells went jinglin' away inter the  
night.

I sot ez close 'z I dared ter — an' wished 't was closer  
yit,

An' whether 'r not we made remarks, I d'clar' I clean  
fergit!

Fer I sot thar contrivin' what words I ought ter say  
Ter win that gal fer my ownest own — never ter go  
away.

At last I scared up spunk enough an' cleared my throat  
an' tried:

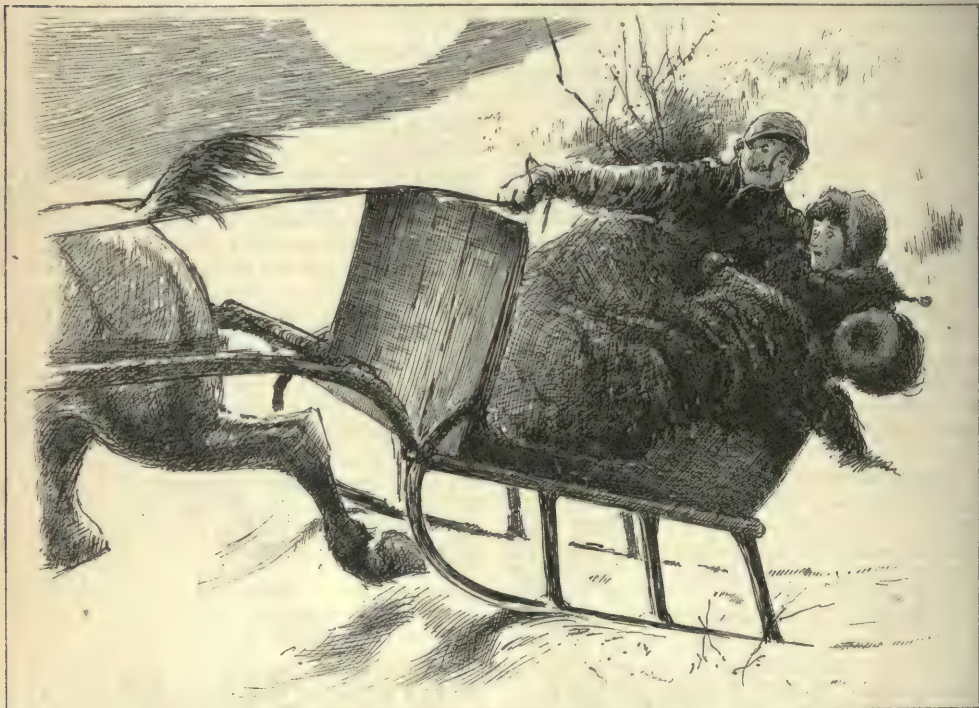
"I never seen a prettier night fer takin' a sleigh-  
ride —

O Sue! let 's ride *tergether*" — I wuz solemn ez a  
psalm,

But ez I spoke the sleigh riz up on an *awful*

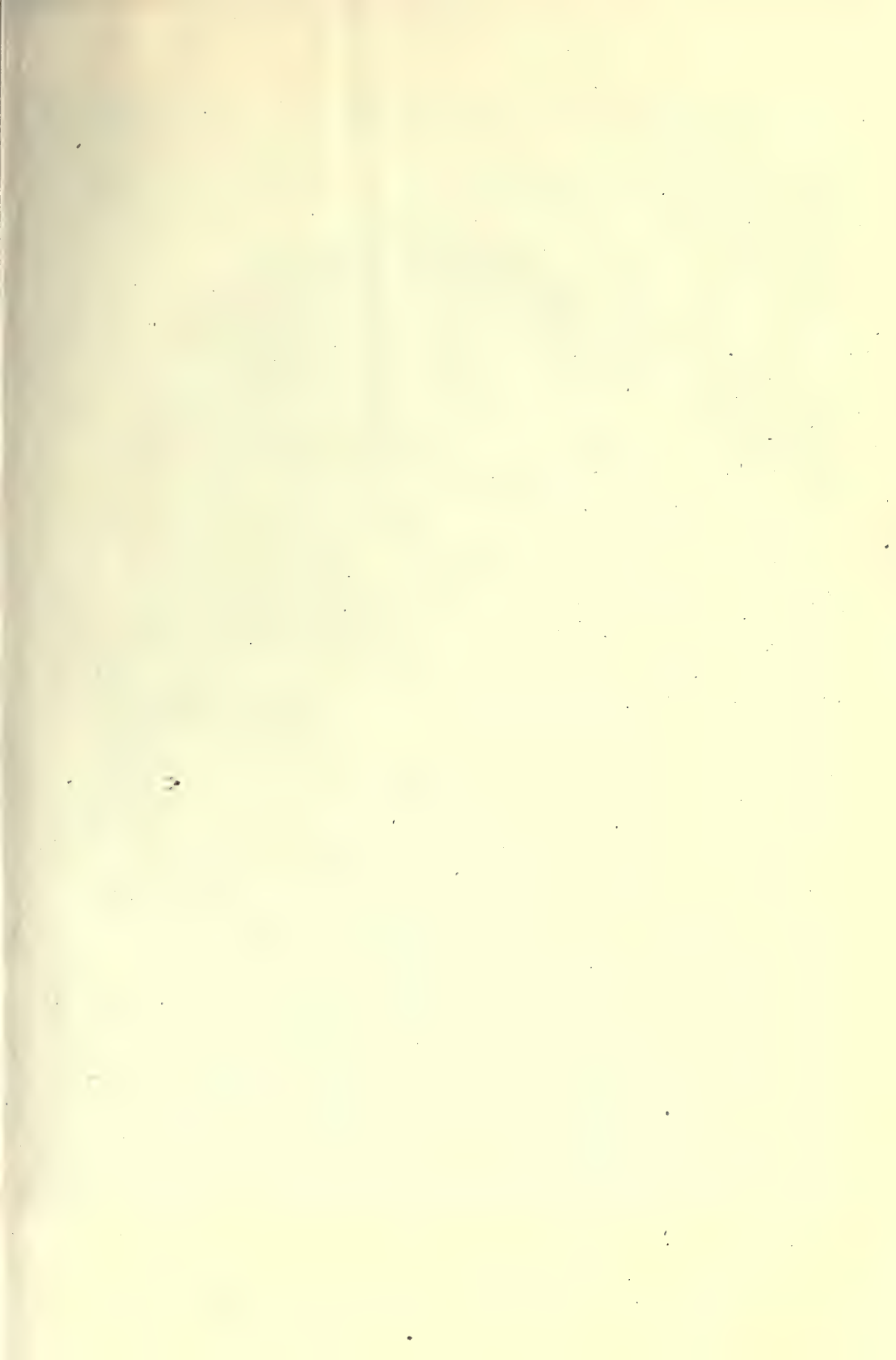
"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

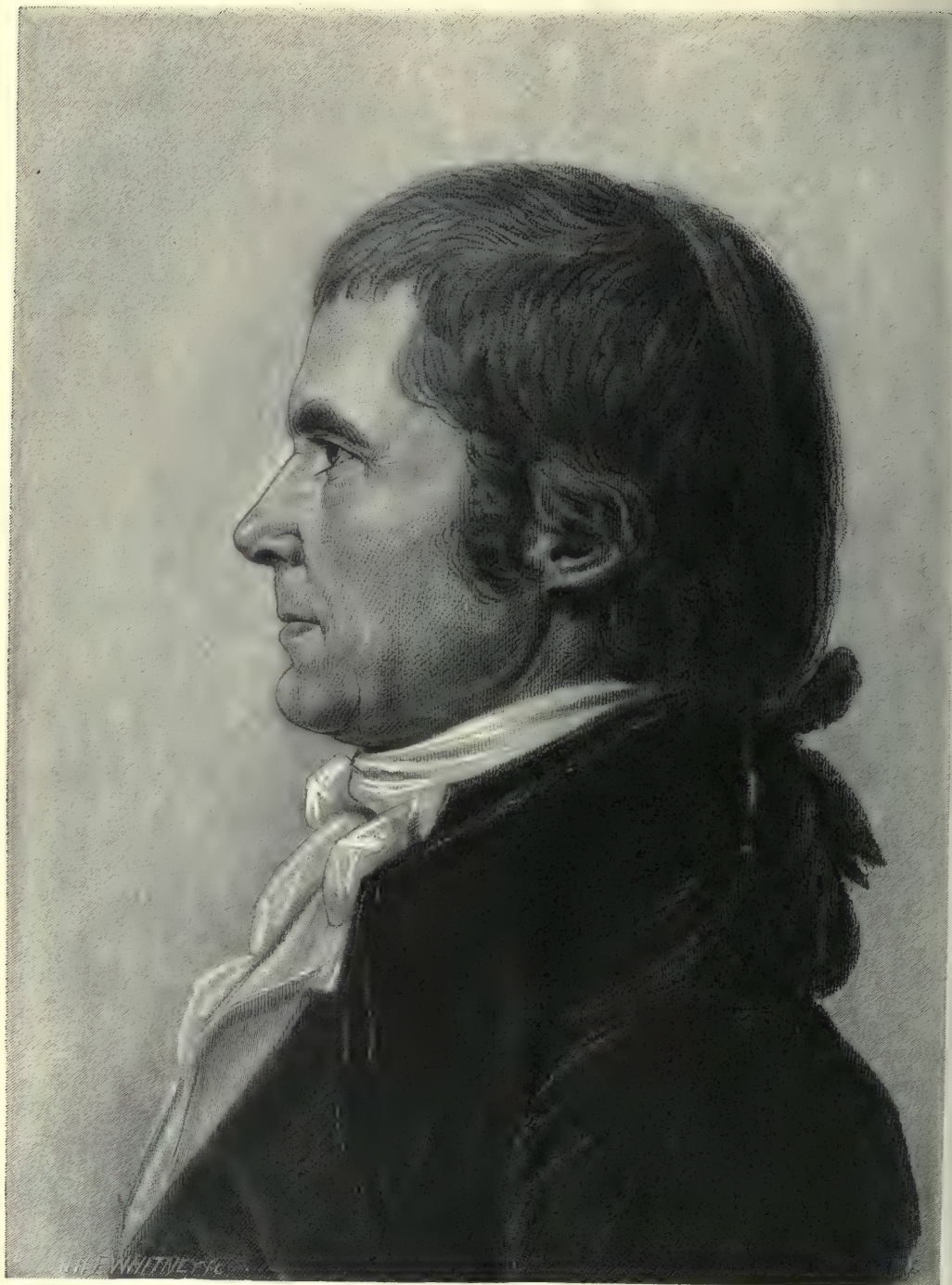


Sue toppled, with a leetle screech, an' so I put my arm  
Tight round her waist ter hold her safe, fer fear she 'd come ter harm.  
So then — wal, then — I kissed her. But Susie did n't care!  
An' home we went a-zippin' through snow an' frosty air;  
Old Dobbin's bells were ringin' now a sort o' weddin' song  
With both the runners j'inin' in, ez we jest flew along.  
The old horse showed more speed that night than I 'd 'a' thought he had;  
He seemed ter go like lightnin' — but I was n't very glad.  
Soon Sue got down an' kissed her ma; we parted very calm,  
But goin' home my heart jest jumped, ez I crossed that

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"







ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY AFTER A CRAYON DRAWING BY SAINT MEMIN.

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*J. Marshall*

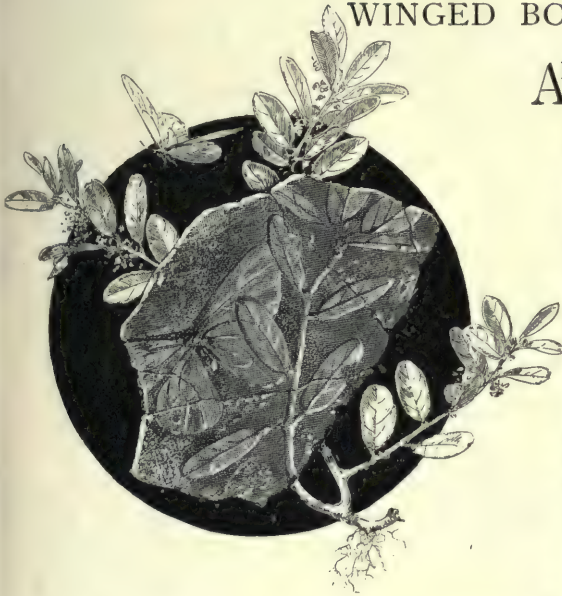
# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

## WINGED BOTANISTS.



AMONG my earliest memories associated with nature, and one that will always vividly linger, is that interesting spectacle of a winter butterfly hovering about the farm-yard of my New England home. It was the middle of January, one of those balmy days of respite from the north wind. The patches of thawing drifts lay like mimic glaciers amid their melting areas on the barn and barrack roofs, slowly stealing down the shingle or hovering in impending avalanche at the dripping eaves. High on the ridgepole of the barn my butterfly first disclosed itself, now fluttering against the sky, now alighting with expanded, gently moving wings, sipping at the steamy edge of the snow or sailing across its white field.

In this "lone butterfly" of the winter sun, as Wilson is pleased to call him, we have a representative of a small family of beautiful insects for which the cold has no terrors—the Angle-wings, boreal butter-

flies, the hardy Alpine species of our Lepidoptera, if I may so speak, for these insects are Alpine in a larger sense than that of mere hardihood. While most of our common butterflies are peculiar to our continent, these winter survivors—the Milbert's butterfly, the Atlanta, the Comma, the White J, and the Progne, hibernating in crevices and crannies during the coldest periods, and taking the slightest hint of genial moderation to lend their animated being to the dormant landscape—are in truth cosmopolitan types, the Painted Lady being common in northern Europe; the Atlanta in Europe, Africa, and the East Indies; while the Antiopa, the prominent member of the group, is an almost world-wide denizen, at home in arctic snows, omnipresent from Alaska to Brazil, and from Lapland to northern Africa.

It was doubtless the spell of one of these butterflies that crystallized the arctic simile of Wordsworth:

. . . little butterfly, indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless!—not frozen seas  
More motionless!

Look at these remarkable bordering jagged aiguilles, in this Comma butterfly, for instance, this verdant zone traversing beneath the peaks, these merging veins like mimic glacial streams, and this isolated patch of silver, like the tiny lingering remnant of an avalanche in a vast field of striate granite, for the likeness to scratched granite is singularly manifest. All these wondrous hieroglyphs are here apparent to the inward eye, though only revealed to

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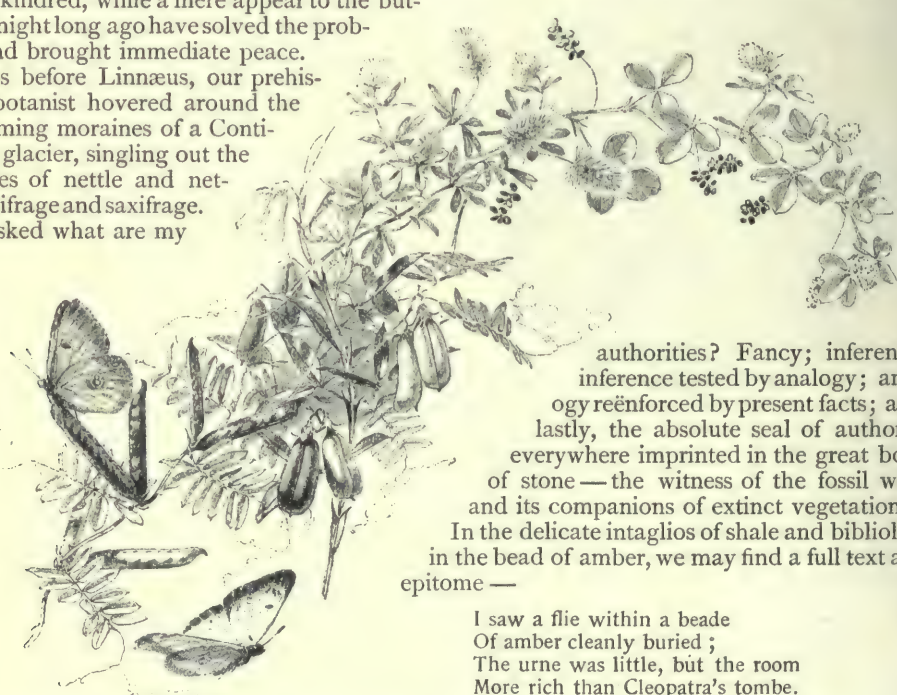


mine, as though in a mirror, from this storied wing of a butterfly, the "Comma," captured by my own hand on the ice midway in the Mer de Glace of Switzerland. "Every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of soul," says Emerson. Shall I ever again look upon the folded wings of the Progne or Faunus butterfly without a consciousness that I now see "through and beyond" where before I had only looked upon its scales?

It has long been my intention to collect my observations touching the strange intuitive botanical instinct possessed by a large number of insects, notably of the lepidopterous tribe, which, with the exception of the bees, are the most intimately associated with the floral kingdom. For the butterfly,—the "idle butterfly" of the poet, the universal type of *dolce far niente*,—under the guide of enlightened science, now rebukes the heedless estimate of the past, proving its buoyant rounds to have been directed by a divine purpose concerned in the perpetuation of many of the very flowers which have served the bard merely as a pretty background to its quivering poise. As the lover and companion of flowers, then, the butterfly is thus a botanist *par excellence*, and, as an ally of the Infinite, a botanist divine. And in the scientific classification of species the butterfly has proved a prehistoric antecedent to the fathers of botany, and an oracle not sufficiently regarded in later times.

Botanical history is full of learned dissensions among the wise-heads upon the botanical affinities of this or that non-committal plant, whether it should be placed here or there among the natural orders. How many a martyr blossom has served but as a shuttlecock in the learned mêlée, tossed back and forth for years ere it found its final rest among its congenial kindred, while a mere appeal to the butterfly might long ago have solved the problem and brought immediate peace.

Ages before Linnaeus, our prehistoric botanist hovered around the blossoming moraines of a Continental glacier, singling out the affinities of nettle and nettle, saxifrage and saxifrage. Is it asked what are my



authorities? Fancy; inference; inference tested by analogy; analogy reënforced by present facts; and, lastly, the absolute seal of authority everywhere imprinted in the great book of stone—the witness of the fossil wing and its companions of extinct vegetation.

In the delicate intaglios of shale and bibliolite, in the bead of amber, we may find a full text and epitome—

I saw a flie within a beade  
Of amber cleanly buried;  
The urne was little, büt the room  
More rich than Cleopatra's tombe.

VETCH, RATTLE-BOX, PUSS-  
CLOVER, AND BLACK MEDIC.

In further reënforcement bearing upon the functions and antiquity of my botanists, Macmillan records having seen several butterflies of the Apollo species at home eight thousand feet above the sea. Another traveler observed a butterfly hovering high above him while on the summit of Mont Blanc. I myself saw several butterflies reveling among Alpine flowers at an elevation of six thousand feet, to say nothing of the occasional wanderers which I observed floating far above me about the crags. Willis chronicles the discovery of numerous specimens in glacial ice fourteen thousand feet in altitude. Moreover, on the summit of Flégère, six thousand feet, I found a large moth which had just emerged from its chrysalis, affording conclusive proof that its entire existence in the caterpillar state had been spent in this Alpen clime.

In the "least willow" alone is furnished a fitting indorsement to the claim of antiquity, and also a complete refutation of the common belief concerning the absence of insect life on the loftiest Alpen summits; as this little omnipresent herbaceous willow, barely three





inches high, often indeed not more than an inch, still with its ambitious show of honey-baited blossoms, *is absolutely dependent upon insect visits for its perpetuation*, the pollen-bearing flowers being on separate plants from those which produce the seed. Müller observed a small moth acting as sponsor to these hardy blossoms.

Deep in the damp woods of late summer we often find a constant presence flitting above the succulent herbage. Observe its rounds carefully. Here is

ALPINE COWSLIP, MOUNTAIN GENTIAN, SOLDANELLA, ALPINE  
RANUNCULUS, ALPINE RHODODENDRON.





WILD CARROT.

a thick undergrowth of spikenard, ferns, bedstraw, colt's-foot, rue, bidens, ampelopsis, aster, wood-nettle, horse-balm, sunflower, and an attendant host of plants. Our butterfly is now sunning its damask feathers on the topmost leaf of yonder wood-nettle, now creeping around its edge, and revealed only by the translucent shadow responding to the gentle fanning motion of the wings. In another moment we catch the fiery gleam in a sunbeam as the sylph again soars above the herbage to settle among the tall sunny leaves beyond; these also are nettles. Now it floats above our heads and alights upon the pale green plant at our elbow, and what is this? It is a wood-nettle. And thus it flits by the hour, draping the underwood in ethereal festoons from every nettle spray among the copse.

A closer scrutiny of these plants will throw a little light upon this discriminating flight. The leaves are seen to be partly devoured, and an occasional one appears to droop with an unnatural attitude, a position readily explained when we discover the angular pitch caused by the severing of the three prominent veins close to the stem, the edges of the leaf being also drawn together below. Upon plucking one of these leaves, and looking beneath, we discover the curious recluse, at once explaining the artful tented leaf and the presence of the butterfly—the gray spotted and spiny caterpillar of the Comma Angle-wing, so named from a bright silvery character on the under side of the lower wings.

To be sure it may be said that the nettle is not a particularly difficult plant to distinguish. Indeed, old Culpeper, the herbalist, assures us of the fact that "It may be found even in the darkest night by simply feeling for it." But such hap-hazard botany is not the necessary resource of our butterfly. The discrimination of a nettle, botanically considered, requires a much deeper insight. How is this insight possessed by the Comma? Let us see. Yonder on the stone wall a clambering hop-vine would seem to afford a tempting sporting-ground for a small brood of red butterflies. On nearer approach they prove to be the Comma joined by a few near relatives equally interesting. Here and there our careful search discloses a tented leaf precisely similar to those already described, while beneath we may discover the same spiny tenant. Continual search reveals a number of similar spiny caterpillars, though variously variegated, and perhaps a gilded chrysalis or two among the stems in the crevices between the stones. Suppose we now transfer them all, perhaps a hundred or more specimens, to our box and await the transformation from those pendent nymphs which soon will begem the interior. After the lapse of a fortnight, upon opening the lid the former sleepy hollow seems to have blossomed with painted wings. Here shall we find our Comma by the dozens, and very likely also counterparts of all the bright tribe which fluttered above the vine upon the wall—Semicolon and White J. A bright orange butterfly is now seen sunning itself upon the young elm tree near by. We capture the insect with our net and find it identical with the Semicolon in

our box, while examination of the elm leaves reveals not only the suggestive empty chrysalis shell, but several thorny caterpillars beneath those well-known tented leaves.

If we care to continue our investigation among the herbage, we may discover these same caterpillars upon the little clearweed in the dank shade of the orchard, a succulent plant hardly a foot high, the very opposite to a nettle in its glossy smoothness; and also on the pellitory, a companion weed. Upon all of these plants, in addition to the various nettles, I have found the insects, and once on the hemp. I have also seen their deserted tents on the paper-mulberry, an exotic tree, only sparingly cultivated, but a careful search has failed to disclose the caterpillar on any other plants. Other authorities include the sugar-berry tree. Here, then, we have the following summary and complete list of plants which the butterfly has selected as the repository of her eggs: wood-nettle, great stinging nettle, and all other nettles, false nettle, all the elms, clearweed, pellitory, hemp, paper-mulberry, and sugar-berry tree. What light does our botany throw upon this list? Turning to "wood-nettle" we are referred to "*Urticaceae*," or the "nettle family," wherein are disclosed all of the above species of plants, which actually complete the list of genera and nearly all the native species of the order.

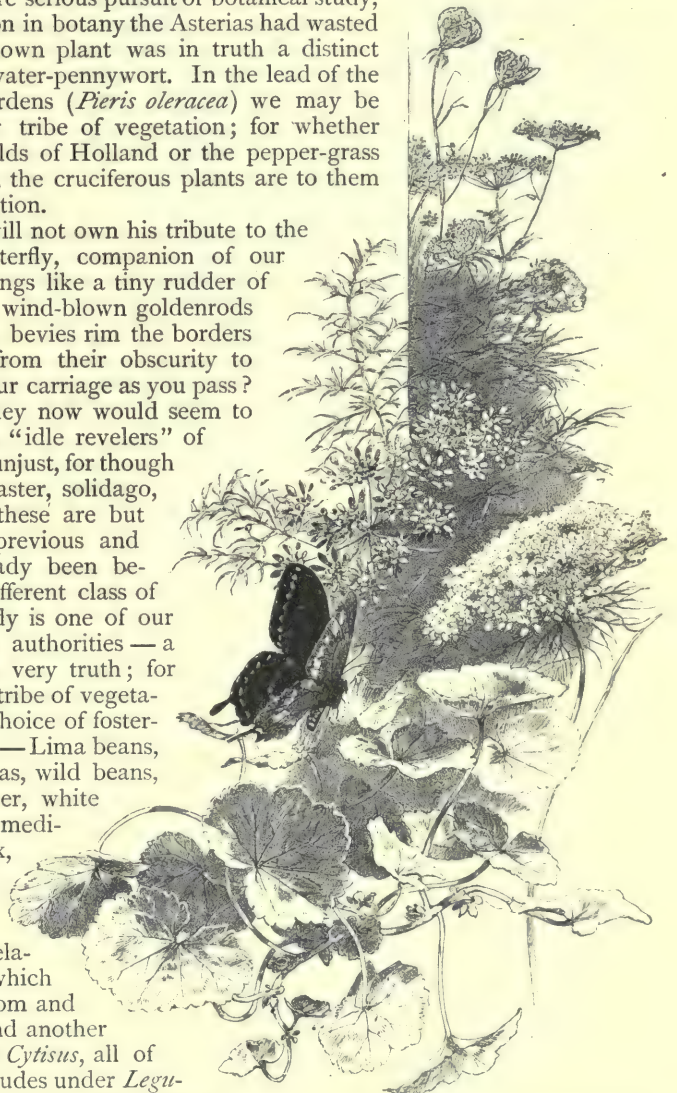
An equally remarkable fidelity to a single group of vegetation is seen in the example of our beautiful black Swallow-tail butterfly — the papilio of the umbelworts, or Parsley family.

In the early summer we may find upon the garden fennel or parsley the beautifully marked caterpillar of this species — bright apple-green, with circling bands of sable velvet studded with golden yellow buttons. The caterpillar is easily recognized anywhere, and its habitat is wide. Let us examine its bill of fare. The plants commonly attributed to this species are parsley, fennel, carrot, and celery. Harris found them also on poison-hemlock, *cicuta*, dill, caraway, and anise, to which list I can append the further additions from observation: wild carrot, sanicle, with its tenacious burrs in the woods, angelica, archangelica, cow parsnip, and lovage. All of these will be found to follow in their natural sequence in the classification of our botanies, under the order *umbelliferae*.

This strange fidelity of the Asterias to a single order of plants I had noted even in boyhood, and had welcomed my butterfly as an infallible aid in my botanical study. But one day my confidence was shattered by the discovery of a number of caterpillars feeding upon a creeping, round-leaved plant growing by the edge of the brook — a prostrate succulent herb, seemingly devoid of flowers, quite distinct from all the other food plants, and new to me. I simply noted it as an exception, and lowered my butterfly a peg in my esteem. Not until years later, in the more serious pursuit of botanical study, did I discover what a rare lesson in botany the Asterias had wasted upon me; that the little unknown plant was in truth a distinct umbelwort like the rest — the water-pennywort. In the lead of the little white butterfly of our gardens (*Pieris oleracea*) we may be introduced to an entirely new tribe of vegetation; for whether among the yellow mustard fields of Holland or the pepper-grass of the New England roadside, the cruciferous plants are to them the cream and spice of all creation.

What lover of the country will not own his tribute to the omnipresent little yellow butterfly, companion of our September fields, its folded wings like a tiny rudder of gold taking the helm of all the wind-blown goldenrods of the roadsides; whose bright bebies rim the borders of every mud-puddle, rising from their obscurity to swarm in mazy tangle about your carriage as you pass? Honey sippers and tipplers, they now would seem to fulfill the impeachment of the "idle revelers" of the poet; but such inference is unjust, for though now content in the sweets of aster, solidago, and other autumn blossoms, these are but their recess flowers. Their previous and most busy attention has already been bestowed upon another widely different class of plants. This *Philodice* butterfly is one of our most accomplished botanical authorities — a botanist who knows beans, in very truth; for where is the genus of the bean tribe of vegetation that it has skipped in the choice of foster-plants for that future offspring? — Lima beans, scarlet runners, peas, sweet peas, wild beans, indigo, red clover, hop clover, white clover, puss clover, medic, medicago, lucern, melilot, rattle-box, vetch, and many more, all of the leguminous or bean tribe. (See page 644.)

Here is a near European relative of this same butterfly which feeds upon "Coronilla and broom and other diadelphous plants," and another allied species that feeds upon *Cytisus*, all of which our botany of course includes under *Leguminosæ*. It is interesting to note further that certain



WILD CARROT, CARAWAY, WATER-PENNYWORT.



individuals in this same butterfly tribe, *Colias*, exotic species in the heart of Brazil, continue the list among the tropical Leguminosæ; all of which proves the close affinity between the animated winged genus *Colias* and the "winged" corollas of the pea-blossomed flowers.

There are many other insects for which the pea family possesses special attraction. There is the tiny pea-weevil, a representative of a tribe of beetles whose early existence is spent within the ripening seeds—doubtless a common ingredient in our appetizing dish of "green peas." This diminutive insect, indicated in the illustration on page 652, probes the pod shortly after the withering of the blossom and lays its eggs therein. The young immediately penetrate the peas and there fulfill their existence, emerging in the following spring as perfect beetles.

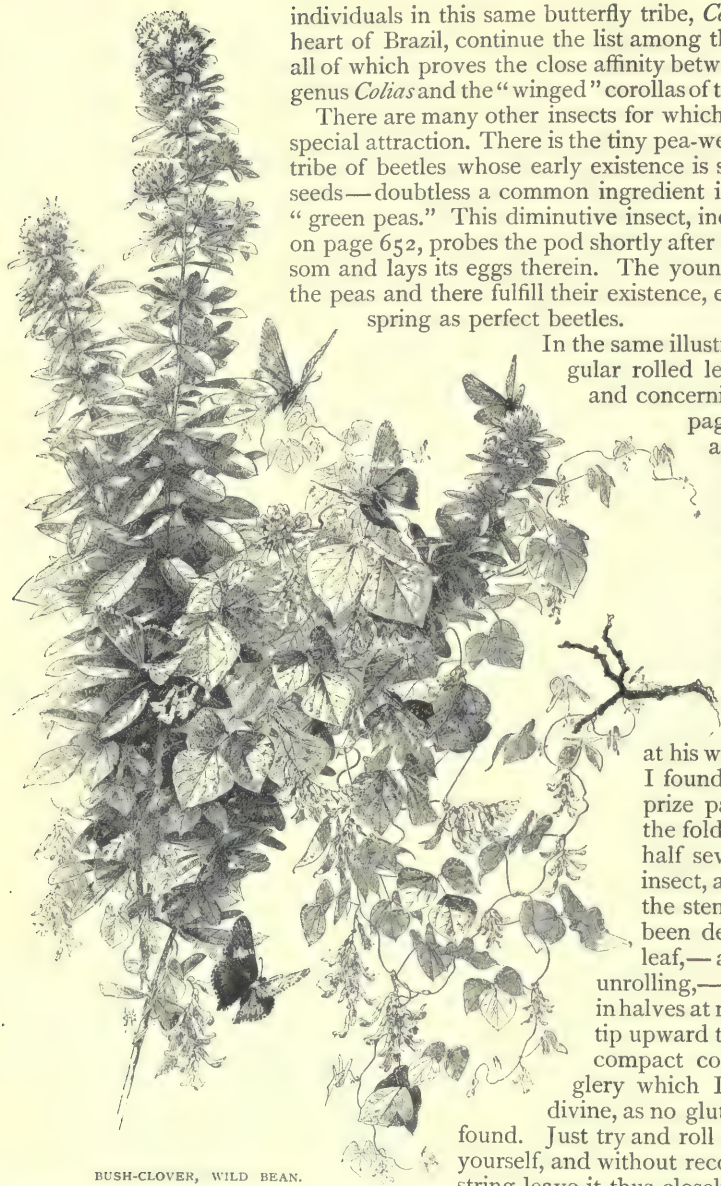
In the same illustration may be seen a singular rolled leaf upon a hazel branch, and concerning which I will quote a page from my notes of years ago: "Those small rolled brown packets upon the hazels again! Shall I ever solve them! Precious goods done up in small parcels, but by what insect and how? This mysterious bundle committed to the hazel has been a poser to me all my life, I never yet having been able to discover the artist

at his work, for artist he is indeed. I found to-day a number of the prize packages freshly done up, the folded leaf yet green, though half severed by the teeth of the insect, and hanging pendent from the stem. A tiny yellow egg had been deposited at the tip of the leaf,—as shown by analysis of unrolling,—and the leaf then folded in halves at mid-vein, then rolled from tip upward to stem, and retained in its compact coil by some touch of jugglery which I have not been able to divine, as no gluten nor web of silk can be found. Just try and roll up one of these packages yourself, and without recourse to your accustomed string leave it thus closely and firmly intact. No

web, no gum, no stitch, but much of the know how. Whoever the clerk who does up these packages he has a long head, and has kept his secret from me very securely."

Since the writing of the above, though not yet any more enlightened as to the author of this hocus-pocus bundle, I have several times observed a suspicious-looking brown beetle nosing among its folds, and in his strange make-up fully realizing the unconscious prophecy of the "long head," for the insect is one of the weevils, which are noted for their extensive frontal development.

From Maine to Mexico another small noctuid known as the Cotton moth is found, its chosen haunt being indicated by its name. "Its food plant in the North has not yet been discovered," says a prominent entomologist. Look to your hollyhocks, altheas, and mallows, my scientific friend, for here you will certainly find the recluse in congenial company. Here is the little gourd expert, a tiny moth that shows no evidence of inherited dyspepsia, though its broods devour indiscriminately the leaves and green fruit of cucumber, water-melon, gourd, muskmelon, pumpkin, squash, and wild star-cucumbers, all of course in the same botanical family.



BUSH-CLOVER, WILD BEAN.

Then there is that great green Sphinx caterpillar, which is the pest of the tobacco grower and the fine prize of the small boy entomologist, and whose loud-humming, long-tongued moth hovers about our twilight honeysuckles—one of the largest of its kind. It is hardly necessary to mention that this is the same voracious feeder which we find upon tomato and potato plants as well as occasionally upon the red-berried nightshade, ground cherry, and apple of Peru—all included in the *Solanum* family.

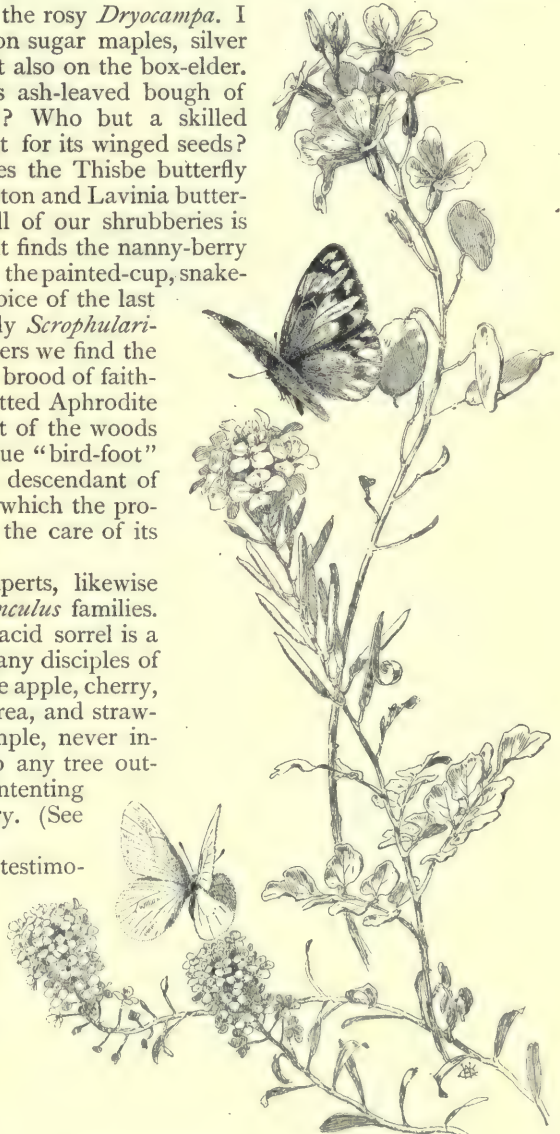
Once when a boy I found a voracious sphinx upon "pusley" and reared it to the moth—the white-lined sphinx. The following year I found the same caterpillar on the flowering portulaca in the garden, and I have no doubt he is also as fond of the "spring beauty" as are the poets if we could only chance to observe it, for the Purslane family embraces all these plants.

The botanical acumen of the sphinx extends to various other plant tribes. The sphinx *Kalmia* knows not only the mountain laurel but many other heathworts, notably whortleberry, azalea, cranberry. The Oleander sphinx finds the oleander flavor in the creeping blue-flowered periwinkle or "myrtle" of our gardens. Another black and yellow individual, whose name I do not know, is true to the madder family. Another takes the pine, spruce, and hemlock in its exclusively coniferous diet.

There is a beautiful moth known as the rosy *Dryocampa*. I have found its black-horned caterpillars on sugar maples, silver and red maples, and one day discovered it also on the box-elder. How did this little moth know that this ash-leaved bough of spring was only a maple in masquerade? Who but a skilled botanist could ever have identified it but for its winged seeds? What the *Dryocampa* does for the maples the Thisbe butterfly does for the "arrow-woods," and the Phaeton and Lavinia butterflies for the figworts. The white snowball of our shrubberies is a favorite haunt of the former insect, but it finds the nanny-berry bush an equally attractive *Viburnum*, while the painted-cup, snake-head, and toad-flax form the principal choice of the last two insects, which preside over the family *Scrophulariaceæ*. Among the more modest wild flowers we find the same revelation. The violets have a whole brood of faithful dependents. The handsome silver-spotted Aphrodite butterfly knows that the tall yellow violet of the woods is only a less conspicuous cousin to the blue "bird-foot" species, and that the pansy is but a vain descendant of the wild "Johnny jumper" of past ages which the progenitor of all the aphrodites sought for the care of its offspring.

The great *Composite* have many experts, likewise the oak, pink, *polygonum*, mint, and *ranunculus* families. The "Copper" butterfly knows that the acid sorrel is a relative of the curled dock. There are many disciples of the Rose; keen senses that discover it in the apple, cherry, plum, hawthorn, bramble, cinquefoil, spirea, and strawberry. The Apple tree moth is an example, never intrusting that waterproof cirlet of eggs to any tree outside of this family, most commonly contenting herself with the apple and the wild cherry. (See page 652.)

I might indefinitely prolong the list of testimonials to this divine plan of association between the insect and the plant; and while it is not a necessary assumption, inasmuch as "we have no experience in the creation of worlds," it would seem a perfectly justifiable inference that each species of butterfly and moth was originally created with a special affinity for some congenial order of plants. From this postulate it would then appear that this power of nice distinction has de-



CABBAGE BUTTERFLY. FLAT-POD, CRESS, ALYSSUM.





HOP-VINE.

teriorated in many insects, through either the degraded instinct of the parent or the less fastidious appetite in the caterpillar offspring. I will append a few instances, some of which indeed will be found interesting and instructive.

In the examples of the large *Crecropia*, *Polyphemus*, *Prometheus*, and *Luna* moths, as well as in a number of butterflies, it is true that the power of discernment seems to have been lost, the selections of food plants extending into various families; though even here it must be remembered that we are taking a thousand insects as a unit, there being a strong probability that any one individual parent may yet be found true to a particular botanical affinity

to which its brood is intrusted, the various peculiarities being, as it were, the hereditary result of some confusion of Babel in the remote past. The *Saturnia Io* belies the great show of "bull's eyes" upon its wings, being blindly indiscriminate. But what do we find in the instance of the Monarch or *Archippus*

butterfly, the protégé of the milkweeds? Its black and yellow banded caterpillar is found on all the six species of New England *Asclepias* if we look with sufficient patience, though chiefly upon the common silkweed. It is a faithful nursling of this lactescent tribe. On one occasion, however, I found it thriving on the dogbane, a similarly milky-juiced plant. But what is the fiat of the human botanical judges? The dogbane is not included in the milkweeds, though it immediately precedes them in the botanical sequence, and certain affinities are readily traceable between the two orders,

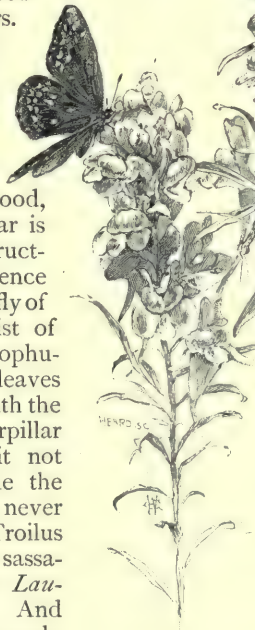
both plants having milky sap, opposite, entire leaves, long pods, silky seeds, and other more intricate resemblances. Moreover, looking a little further into the subject, we find that, while now separated in classification, the earlier botanists had included the plant with the milkweeds, from which it was withdrawn only after much scholarly discussion. Clearly the antecedent classification of the butterfly should have been respected at the hands of the learned disputants: the dogbane was linked with the milkweed eons before the world knew a human botanist. When the writer's botany appears, this priority of *Danais Archippus*, Ph. D., D. D., F. B. S., etc., will be duly recognized.

I have never seen this caterpillar on the closely allied periwinkle, but would almost expect to find it there, even as I once observed the butterfly suggestively hovering about a vine of *Hoya*, or wax-plant, a cultivated exotic trained about a porch, but which is a true *asclepiad*. A somewhat parallel instance of botanical priority is to be seen in the *Parnassius Apollo* butterfly, the beautiful sylph of the Swiss Alps; member of a boreal tribe rarely found below an elevation of 1500 feet; lover of the mountains, as its name implies; and one of which, pictured at the right of my Alpine design, I observed among the Alpine cowslips on the summit of Righi Culm. The food plant of this insect, according to the authorities, is confined to the saxifrages, a tribe of plants comprising a large number of Alpine species. I learn also that the caterpillars are some species of *sedum*,—a stone-crop,—two separated in the botanies, though follow-Gray's sequence; and research further dulle originally traced tween these two orders. whether *Apollo* gave

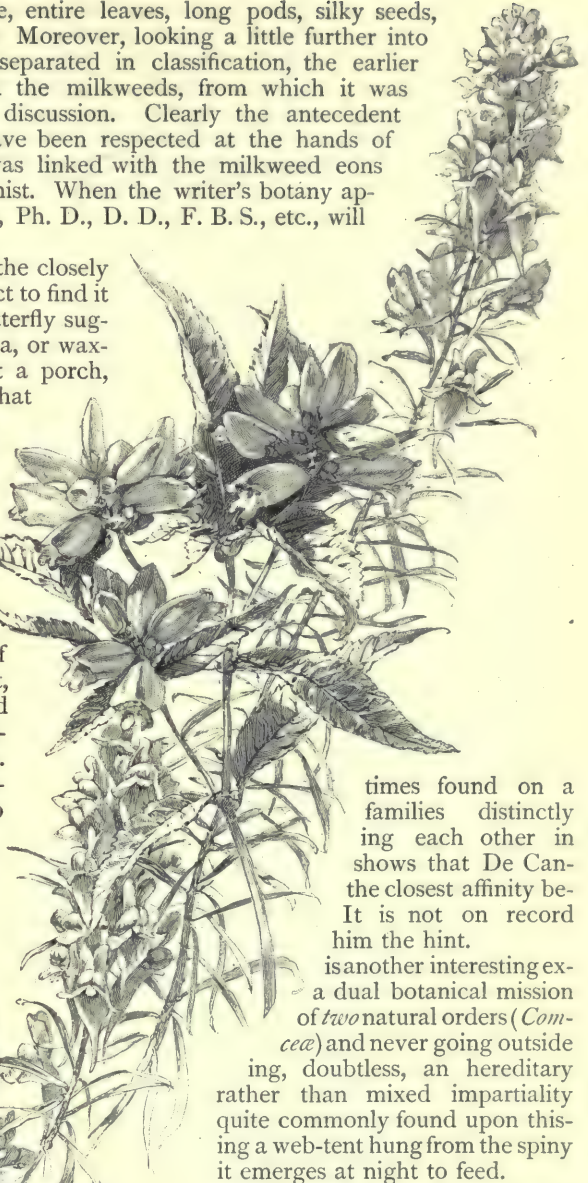
Our Painted Lady ception, as showing in selecting the plants *posita* and *Malva*—of them, represent-choice in each given brood, in one. The caterpillar is tles of all kinds, construct-points of the leaves, whence

The Phaeton butterfly of Figwort family, its list of head, toad-flax, scrophu-latter, with the scarlet leaves think of associating with the Scudder that this caterpillar this in truth, were it not egg that was left while the

My experience has never erpillars of the *Troilus* other foliage than sassa-species of the family *Lau*—neatly folded leaf. And it also on the prickly ash, the last mentioned I can



TOAD-FLAX, SNAKE-HEAD.



times found on a families distinctly ing each other in shows that De Can-the closest affinity be- It is not on record him the hint.

is another interesting ex-a dual botanical mission of two natural orders (*Com- cea*) and never going outside ing, doubtless, an hereditary rather than mixed impartiality quite commonly found upon this- ing a web-tent hung from the spiny it emerges at night to feed.

my illustration is partial to the selections chiefly comprising the turtle-laria, moth mullein, and painted cup. The posing as blossoms, no one but an expert would other plants mentioned. But I learn from is also found on the honeysuckle: a poser that it seems a clear case of heedlessness—an butterfly was sipping the honey tubes, of course. disclosed the weird-looking eye-spotted cat-butterfly, or blue swallow-tail, upon any fras and spice-wood, the only two northern raceae, upon which it conceals itself in the yet I see that some collectors have found hop-tree (*Ptelea*), and syringa. Concerning offer no explanation, but the other two ex-





SPICE-BUSH, HAZEL, APPLE, PEA.

ceptions — both in the Rue family — have a somewhat interesting significance taken in connection with the insect next considered. The ailantus silk-worm, introduced into this country from China about twenty years ago, and now very common in certain regions, for years was not known to swerve in its allegiance to its own companion, "tree of heaven," from which it is named, and which had long been introduced here. On the basis of the facts already set forth does any one doubt that if its favorite food plant were suddenly exterminated there would be a winged stampede, as it were, to the prickly ash and the hop-tree, our only two native allies to the ailantus? But what are the singular facts? The moth, I am told by careful observers, has quite recently proved fickle to its original diet, and yet ignores the kindred plants. As a naturalized foreigner, under new conditions, it has concluded to "do as the Romans do," and out of compliment takes the lead of its closest insect ally, our Prometheus moth, the favorite selections of which are the sassafras and its relative the spice-wood, upon both of which the ailantus caterpillar is now occasionally found. There certainly seems to be some occult affinity between these two orders of plants, *Lauraceæ* and Rue, which the botanists have not discovered.

Here among the Alpen peaks of our country we may learn a lesson from antiquity in the example of, if not the most beautiful, certainly in many respects the most interesting, of butterflies. Much has been written concerning this strange lover of the cold. I will quote a recent reference of Grant Allen: "On and near the summit of Mount Washington a small community of butterflies belonging to an old glacial and arctic species still lingers over a very small area where it has held its own for the 80,000 years that have elapsed since the termination of the great ice age. The actual summit of the mountain rises to a height of 6293 feet, and the butterflies do not range lower than the 5000 feet line. . . .

Again, from Mount Washington to Long's Peak in Colorado the distance amounts to 1800 miles, while from the White Mountains to Hopedale in Labrador, where the same butterflies first appear, makes a bee-line of fully a thousand miles. In the intervening districts there are no insects of the same species. Hence we must conclude that a few butterflies left behind in the retreating main guard of their race on that one New Hampshire peak have gone on for thousands and thousands of years producing eggs, and growing from caterpillars into full-fledged insects without once effecting a cross with the remainder of their congeners among the snows of the Rocky Mountains or in the chilly plains of sub-arctic America. So far as they themselves know, they are the only representatives of their kind now remaining on the whole earth — left behind like

fecting a cross with the remainder of their congeners among the snows of the Rocky Mountains or in the chilly plains of sub-arctic America. So far as they themselves know, they are the only representatives of their kind now remaining on the whole earth — left behind like

the ark on Ararat amid the helpless ruins of an antediluvian world." For 200,000 years, according to geological data, these boreal broods must have wooed the frozen seas. Driven southward by the overwhelming ice, companions of the verdant fringe of the vast glacier and following in its retreat, they were at length beguiled by remnant ice fields lodged in the great gulfs of the Presidential range, and at last stranded among the furrowed peaks.

For years this butterfly—in the foreground of my Alpine design—was supposed to be confined to Mount Washington; but, as mentioned above, it has disclosed itself on other distant summits. It is also credited to Mount Monadnock, and I think revealed itself to me on the peak of Mount Lafayette, though decoying me beyond the limits of prudence, and thus defeating capture or even perfect identification.

Who shall question that through the ages, as now, this mountain sprite has been true to the sedges upon which its broods are found, even as it is still alike, in the color of its wings, to the everlasting rock among which it hibernates?

*W. Hamilton Gibson.*

## MASACCIO (TOMMASO DI SER GIOVANNI GUIDI).

1402-1428-9.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



**I**T is difficult to separate with absolute certainty, in the revival, or rather transformation, of art with which the name of Masaccio is connected, the part which belongs to him from that which is due to his master Masolino; for that there

was a certain common quality is evident from the disputes which have arisen over the share taken by each in the works ascribed to them. There is a curious parallel between Masaccio and Raphael in this relation to their masters, in the important positions they hold in the history of art, and in their early deaths. The especial contribution of Masolino to the art of Masaccio appears to be the frank study of the nude and a direct reference to nature for the details of his figures; or, to use the words of Cavalcaselle, "he [Masolino] was equally careless of the traditional garb of time-honored scriptural figures; and his personages are dressed in vast caps and turbans, coats and tight-fitting clothes, spoiling by their overweight or inelegant cut the effect of the finely studied heads, the delicate hands and feet, which he so carefully imitated from nature." But this in general means that, possibly from a lack of ideal power, Masolino fell back on nature to an extent that before him was unknown, and by the sharpness of his innovation unsettled the authority of the artistic traditions which had from the days of Giotto largely

guided and still more largely limited the direction of art. Henceforward the tendency of the progress of art is towards the predominance of the purely artistic element over the subject—a change which, when we come to translate it in terms of modern art philosophy, is of enormous import. It means the gradual elimination of the purely devotional aim of the painter, the gradual introduction of his personality, and the study of art for art's sake. The purely ecstatic form of art was to disappear with Fra Angelico,<sup>1</sup> who carried it to the height which always leads to reaction and neglect—a neglect partly due to the reaction and partly to the failure of his imitators to satisfy the sentiment awakened by the master.

Masaccio was born in 1402. He was the son of Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi, and at the age of nineteen was enrolled in the guild of *speziali*, which now would be called that of the apothecaries; the business of the *speziali* being to prepare the prescriptions of the physician and hypothetically to compose the colors of which the artist was to make use, as in those days the color-man did not exist. Masaccio registered in the guild of painters in 1424.

His chief work was the decoration in fresco of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and its importance in the history of art may be judged from the fact that at one and the same time Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci were engaged in studying these frescos, which indeed have been the study of artists of all succeeding generations. The only other probable work of Masaccio's, and the earliest, is in a little chapel in S. Clemente at Rome, and consists of a series

<sup>1</sup> Fra Angelico did not die till thirty years after Masaccio. The date of Masolino's death is not known; but it was not much later than that of Masaccio.



of frescos devoted mainly to the history of St. Catherine of Alexandria. Here one sees at once the break with the art of preceding generations. "The Crucifixion," which occupies the wall opposite the entrance, is a vast, scattered composition with a distinct impress of an effort to represent an imaginative realization of the event as it occurred. The motive is so evidently due to the naturalistic tendency of Masolino that it is not surprising that this and the other pictures in the chapel have been attributed to the master instead of to the pupil; but the technical grounds for assigning them to Masaccio are too strong to permit us to

throw Vasari's testimony overboard, and in the details of some of the compositions there are certain coincidences with Masaccio's work in the Brancacci Chapel which are too clear to leave much doubt that the two chapels were painted by the same artist.<sup>1</sup>

The fainting Virgin in the group at the foot of the cross, afterwards imitated by Perugino, is in distinct violation of the orthodox traditions of the Crucifixion; for it is not admitted by the Roman Catholic Church that the Virgin fainted, as she is supposed to bear the full weight of the misery that had fallen on her, while her insensibility would have been a partial and

<sup>1</sup> The relation of Masaccio to his master Masolino is so intimate, and so much controversy exists concerning the identification of their work, that we give place to the following paragraphs from Dr. J. P. Richter's notes on Vasari (London: George Bell & Sons, 1885). Dr. Richter says of Vasari's sketch of Masolino: "The description of this great artist's long career is very short and certainly incomplete. Late researches have brought to light valuable information concerning events of Masolino's life, of which Vasari seems to have been unaware; and, what is still more important, the discovery of two extensive wall-decorations, authenticated by the artist's signature, now enable us to study closely the style of this artist's works, which have very often been confounded with those of his far-famed pupil Masaccio."

"Many of the details of Masolino's life can now be proved to be unfounded, but this does not in the least invalidate the writer's general statements about the artist's career, of which he appears to us to speak with more justice than many writers on art, even at the present day, feel inclined to admit. According to the views of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the merits of this painter would come to very little when compared with his defects. According to their theory, Masolino had no share in the execution of the celebrated wall-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and the apparent discrepancies of style, which have always been noticed by those art-students who have studied the wall-paintings in question on the spot, are to be explained as varieties of style in one and the same artist, Masaccio. Instead of producing any proofs of this somewhat vague hypothesis, they repeatedly point to the difference of Raphael's manner, when under the influence of Perugino, and when working independently. (See Italian edition, 'Storia della Pittura in Italia.' Firenze: 1883. Vol. II., pp. 261, 282, 292, 303.) But we may safely say that such a comparison is not to the point, inasmuch as there is no evidence to show that the quite exceptional and peculiar deviations, to which Raphael's art was subjected for some short period, are likely to have been foreshadowed in the case of Masaccio. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Masolino was incapable of producing such fine and grand paintings as have heretofore borne his name, and we believe, on good grounds, supported by the testimony not only of Vasari, but also of so early a writer as Albertini in his 'Notes on the Statues and Pictures at Florence,' published in 1510. In this work the following passage occurs: 'The [fresco-work in the] chapel of the Brancacci is half by his [Masaccio's] hand, half by the hand of Masolino, with the exception of the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," which is by Filippo [Filippino Lippi].' And here we feel justified in saying that if the testimony of tradition in art history is worth anything, it must be in this instance. Vasari says of the famous wall-paintings in the Brancacci Chapel, that 'all the most celebrated

sculptors and painters since Masaccio's day' have been studying there. He goes on to give a long list of names of such painters, including Michelangelo and other personal friends of his. (See Vol. I., p. 411.) Therefore the tradition about the authorship of that highly esteemed monument must have been uninterrupted. Again, the interest by which three generations of great painters had been led to take the fresco-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel as the best models for their own studies must have been too lively to admit of such serious blunders as the said theory would involve. However, if we were to admit for a moment that Masolino's collaboration at the Brancacci Chapel was not sufficiently evident, it would be vain to enter into a discussion upon the subject, if there were no other monuments of Masolino's style than those described by Vasari, for all the works by his hand enumerated by the biographer have perished since, with the exception of the Brancacci Chapel. Even here only two pictures can at present be identified with his descriptions.

"But some forty years ago, when the whitewash was taken off the wall of the collegiate church at Castiglione d'Olona, in the province of Como, between Varese and Milan, it was found that the choir was covered by fresco paintings exhibiting the signature, 'Masolinvs de Florentia Pinsit.' The following subjects are here represented, the figures being nearly life-size: 'The Nativity of Christ,' 'The Annunciation,' 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' and 'The Adoration of the Magi.' All these compositions are placed in triangles above the spectator's head. On the perpendicular walls we find representations of the 'Entombment of the Virgin.' The two large pictures at the sides have been described as representing scenes of the life of St. Laurentius; however, in the opinion of the present writer, they illustrate the life and martyrdom of St. Stephen. This church was founded in 1422 by the Cardinal Branda, of Castiglione. The date of its completion may be conjectured from the inscription on a fine high-relief on the portal giving the year 1428. The sepulchral monument of the cardinal in the choir bears the date 1443. He, no doubt, was Masolino's employer not only in Castiglione, but most probably also at Rome, as will be seen in the notes to Vasari's 'Life of Masaccio.' Close to the collegiate church is the small baptistery, which is entirely covered by fresco-paintings by Masolino, representing scenes from the life and martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. On the ceiling are busts of the Fathers of the Church and of prophets. Here occurs the date 1435. If these figures can be relied upon as correct (the writing is apparently of a later date, but it may only be a subsequent restoration of the original), it would follow that the pictures in the baptistery were about seven years later than the decoration of the collegiate church. A close study of these imposing and very impressive pictures enables us to state positively that the characteristics of style are here precisely the same as in the





A DETAIL FROM THE FRESCO OF "THE TRIBUTE MONEY," BY MASACCIO.  
(IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.)





temporary relief. But the dramatic sense was stronger in the artist than the tradition of the Church. The composition on the whole is a wide departure from the treatment of previous times.

The left wall of the chapel is devoted to the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria. In the first fresco she is disputing with the doctors, while Maxentius sits listening. Above is a subject representing St. Catherine refusing to worship an idol, many richly dressed persons looking on. Then come the conversion and martyrdom of the empress in one picture, in the former of which the saint is shown, looking out of her prison window, teaching the empress her doctrine, while in the latter is represented the decapitation of the convert. In another double subject are shown the attempt to tear the saint on the wheel and the intervention of the angel, who with his sword shatters the wheels between which the saint stands, the assistants fleeing in terror; the last shows the martyrdom of the saint, who kneels with folded hands awaiting the headsmen's stroke while a file of men-at-arms keep back the crowd and an angel waits to carry off the soul of the martyr, and three others on a distant mountain-top bury her body. The four frescos on the opposite wall do not seem to me to justify their attribution, and I must consider them later and by another hand. Vasari tells us that Masaccio, among other pictures executed in Rome, painted one in a chapel of Sta. Maria Maggiore in which the Madonna accompanied by four saints, "so well executed as to seem in relief," presides over the tracing of the foundation of the church by Pope Liberius, under the likeness of Martin V., while the Emperor Sigismund is looking on. Cavalcaselle is disposed to recognize this picture in one in the gallery at Naples, which represents the pope in his pontifical vestments surrounded by cardinals and clergy, tracing the plan in the snow, while a richly but not regally dressed person, who may be Sigismund, is looking on surrounded by young men and women.

pictures in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, which have always been given to the same artist."

In his notes on Vasari's sketch of Masaccio, Dr. Richter gives the following opinion in regard to the Roman work which Mr. Stillman follows Vasari in attributing to Masaccio: "There is no consistency whatever in the statement that the wall-paintings at San Clemente, Rome, were by Giotto. This is an hypothesis which sound criticism will feel bound to reject as preposterous. Vasari ascribes them to Masaccio, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their 'History of Painting' accept this attribution. They do not deny the apparent divergency of style in these paintings when compared with well-authenticated works of Masaccio, but they believe these can be reconciled by the hypothesis that the fresco-paintings of San Clemente are very early works of Masaccio (Italian edition, 1883, Vol. II., p. 281). However, in the opinion of the present writer the existing difficul-

In the sky are half-figures of the Virgin and Christ.

Masaccio left Rome for Florence in 1420-21; and as Masolino, who seems to have been originally charged with the decoration of the Brancacci Chapel in the Carmine, had gone to Hungary, Masaccio was intrusted with the work. When he returned to Rome is not exactly known; but his poverty in Florence—a poverty which even the accession to power of his friend Giovanni di Bicci dei Medici did not relieve—probably sent him back, never to return. The scheduling of the property and incomes of the citizens instituted by Giovanni in 1427 shows that Masaccio lived with his younger brother Giovanni, and that though he earned six soldi a day he was in debt to the amount of one hundred and two lire and four soldi to one of his fellow-painters, six florins to another creditor, and had pledged his valuables at the pawnshop. Niccolo di Ser Lapo in his income-return of 1427 says that Masaccio owed him 200 lire, and in 1430 there was still 68 lire of it due, and that he had no hope of ever getting it, as Masaccio had gone to Rome and died there, and his brother Giovanni declined the responsibility for the debt. In the census-return of 1429 Masaccio is set down as being twenty-five years old, but his name is then crossed out, with the annotation, "Died at Rome"; but no record or tradition tells how.

In the long record of the contrast of fortune to which the children of genius are victims there is none more pitiful than this of Masaccio. Columbus giving a new world to Castile and Leon and coming home in chains is more startling because more conspicuous, but Masaccio opening the future of art to glories unseen before him and then vanishing in poverty, unable to pay the debts he had incurred for the material of his art, and dying in his youth with his powers in their first freshness, is far more pathetic. Raphael died young, but he had come to his old age in art, while the eagle eyes of young Masaccio were seeking fields for new

ties cannot be overcome by this new suggestion. After a careful study of the works of Masolino at Castiglione and at Florence, and of those by Masaccio at Florence, it appears to him impossible to deny that the frescos at San Clemente are by the hand of Masolino, and not of Masaccio, and this explanation is by no means a new one. Rumohr has already expressed a doubt that they are by Masaccio ('Ital. Forschungen,' II., p. 250). A. von Zahn has claimed them for Masolino ('Jahrbücher der Kunstwissenschaft,' II., p. 155). See also Woltmann and Woermann ('Geschichte der Malerei,' II., pp. 139, 140). Vasari tells us that the frescos were ordered by the cardinal of San Clemente. It is a striking coincidence that between the years 1411 and 1420, when we may expect that these paintings were executed, the cardinalate of San Clemente was in the hands of Branda of Castiglione, of whom we know that he was Masolino's patron."

—EDITOR.



triumphs, and closed just as those of his followers were opening to what he pointed out.

That the authorship of the frescos of S. Clemente should be attributed, as they are by Burckhardt and Zahn, to Masolino is, as I have said, not surprising, for the extreme naïveté of most of them may easily be attributed to the immature art instead of to the immature artist; but the technical analysis to which Cavalcaselle and others have subjected them leaves no reasonable question in the matter. The execution of them is timid in comparison with that of the work in the Brancacci Chapel; but this is precisely what we might expect, and that there should be something reminding us of the master is not more surprising than that some of Raphael's earlier pictures should be attributed to Perugino. The figure of the executioner in the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine" is like a prophecy of Raphael, while the treatment of the mystic portion of the picture is still in the feeling of the Giottoesques, and the angel waiting in the sky on a rosy cloud for the soul of the saint to come up is quite in the vein of the protomaster, Giotto. The four heads in the lower left-hand corner of "The Crucifixion" are distinctly in the direction of that individuality of type due to the painter's selection of the people of his own day as models for the historic personages he supposes in his work. It is as if the artist had begun to realize that the men around him might be much such as the men he had to deal with in his story. There is evidence, not of realism in his method of working, but of healthy imagination in the calling up of his material; and he tells his stories with the same freedom that Giotto enjoyed. He gives us in the same picture, in all the spirit of orthodox art, St. Catherine standing between the wheels, ready for the torture, and the wheels flying into pieces and crushing the torturers; but in the scene of the decapitation, quite in the vein of modern art, there are some curious spectators beyond the line of guards trying to thrust themselves through to see the execution, while the body of the saint has fallen to the ground in the first instant of death, and the executioner is sheathing his sword.

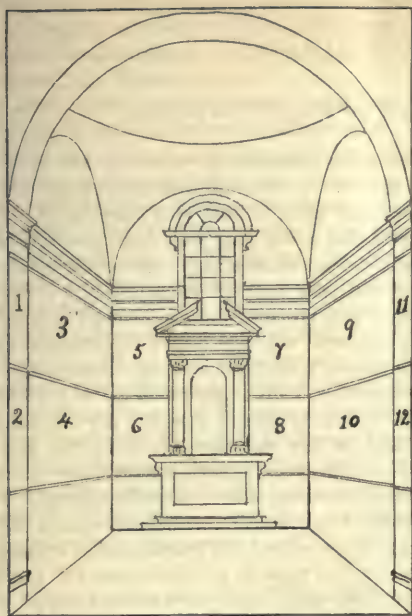
I may as well point out here the meaning I shall attach to the puzzling words "realism" and "naturalism," because we must now take cognizance of the matters they imply, Masaccio being the first of the painters with whom we have to deal who showed a distinct recognition of the every-day world as a mine of his art. Fra Angelico has the variety of type which the ends of art require for the distinguishing of his sacred personages, and at all times and naturally the images of memory must have mixed in the texture of the dream even of ecstasies like

him; but the types are, to my mind, the types of dreams, or, as in Giotto, of pure imagination. In Masaccio, and the men who follow, the ecstatic disappears, and we are in a world whose images may not be real and capable of a realistic rendering, but clearly are drawn from the natural world in contradistinction to the supernatural or conventional and symbolical, and in which, without coming down to the servitude of the model or of rigid portraiture, the standards are those of what they saw about them. The study of these forms in the succeeding generations of painters was closer and closer, or, as it seems to me, tending continually more to the direct use of the model, which becomes absolute only in the school of Bologna; but beyond the free and noble naturalism which was only inspired by nature and retained the freedom of art there is the internal evidence of a growing tendency to realism, in which not the spirit but the very letter of the art was taken slavishly from the actual and material world. It is in this sense that I say that Masaccio was the first naturalistic painter. The ecstatic is henceforward impossible, and we see more and more the evidence of the hints of art being taken from what has been within the apprehension of all who had eyes to see.

But the art of Masaccio is still ideal and contains the germs of the highest development of the schools of Central Italy—the mastery of composition of many figures which came to its fullest in Raphael, and in some cases in his cartoons even to the overbloom of artifice. Take, for instance, the "Resuscitation of the Young Man," from the Brancacci Chapel, "The Tribute Money," or the "St. Peter Baptizing," and compare them even with the composition of Giotto, and we become at once aware that a new element has been introduced into art—harmony of line and balance of masses fixing the character of the work. And in this Masaccio is an innovator, for he is the first who made this the motive of his art, and he did it with a naïveté and a consequent power which we do not find to the same degree in the later men. The woe-stricken Adam and Eve in the "Expulsion from Paradise," in the Brancacci Chapel, are of a simpler type, and in this simplicity show more clearly the dramatic power of the artist. In both types of his work we see that art was taking on an independent existence and was being studied for its own charms, and no longer merely as the accompaniment of devotion or the vehicle of a story. It is long after this before Religion and Art are dissevered, but from this time they have existences independent more and more of each other.

*W. J. Stillman.*

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.



PLAN OF THE FRESCOS OF THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.

1. The Expulsion from Paradise. *Masaccio*.—2. Peter in Prison visited by Paul. *Filippino Lippi*.—3. The Tribute Money. *Masaccio*.—4. Peter accepts the Challenge to Simon Magus and raises the Dead Youth to Life. Partly by *Masaccio* and partly by *Filippino Lippi*.—5. The Preaching of Peter. *Masaccio*.—6. The Sick and Deformed cured by the Shadow of Peter (Acts v. 15. Here accompanied by John). *Masaccio*.—7. Peter Baptizing. *Masaccio*.—8. Peter and John distributing Alms (sometimes called the Ananias; a dead figure lies at the feet of the Apostles). *Masaccio*.—9. Healing of the Cripple at the Beautiful Gate, and Cure of Petronilla. *Masolino*.—10. Peter and Paul accused before Nero, and Martyrdom of Peter. *Filippino Lippi*.—11. The Fall of Adam and Eve. *Masolino*.—12. Liberation of Peter from Prison by the Angel. *Filippino Lippi*. (See Cugler's "Italian Schools," by Layard, Vol. I., p. 143.)

MASACCIO'S fresco of "The Tribute Money" (No. 3 of the plan), from which the detail of the head of Christ with three of the Apostles is taken, measures eight feet high by eighteen feet four inches long. This also is the size of the three corresponding pictures, Nos. 4, 9, and 10. The frescos at the sides of the altar are five feet wide, and those on the pilasters, which project six inches from the wall, are three feet wide. They are separated from each other by a narrow framework, six inches wide, painted with the pictures, in imitation of a cornice resting on pilasters at each end of each fresco. In the large pictures different moments of the same event, or different subjects, are presented in the same picture. For instance, in "The Tribute Money" Christ stands in the midst of his disciples. The tax-gatherer, with his back to the spectator, in the immediate foreground, is presenting his hand for the tribute (the hand and part of the shoulder only are shown in the detail); while Christ commands Peter, who is not shown in the detail, to get the necessary money from the mouth of the

fish. This is the principal event of the picture and is disposed in the center, taking up half of the space, the figures being nearly life-size. To the left, in the background, Peter is seen down by the waterside in the act of taking the coin from the mouth of the fish. The action is finely expressed as he crouches down, with his weight chiefly on one leg, the other being extended. To the right of the central group Peter is represented paying the tribute to the officer; broad, simple architecture rises behind the two figures. The landscape is noble. A stretch of mountain scenery and sky, with a few trees receding in perspective, and a river to the left, forms the background to Christ and his disciples.

The coloring is of soft, warm, gray tints, fine in quality. A quiet, subtle richness of tone characterizes the draperies of various shades of color, all blending together harmoniously and delightfully in a low and tender key. It is impossible by words to give any idea of such coloring. It is simply indescribable. One cannot mix words up, as he can pigments, with intelligible results, and so, for instance, be able to set forth the tone of red in the drapery of Christ, or the overrobe of blue so pleasant to look upon, and as soothing to the imagination as to the eye. To glance up at the abominable modern ceiling of the chapel gives one a shock like the unexpected blare of a brass instrument close to the ear.

The figures throughout have a quiet, dignified bearing; the attitude of Christ is magnificent. The eye falls naturally upon him at once, taking in the broad play of light from the outstretched arm, while the air of commanding dignity, and the beauty of the neck, barer than those of the others, aid in distinguishing him. But one needs to mount a step-ladder and get nearer to the picture to appreciate at their full value the moral strength and manly beauty of Christ's countenance, his nobility and strong personality, and the subtlety of the expression of authority in his face. The other heads, too, are admirable, and grouped finely together, in graceful and easy composition. The various planes of light falling upon them according to their several degrees of distances are well managed. In looking at them attentively and seeking to enter into the scene, one naturally feels with Vasari, who, speaking of this fresco as remarkable above the others, says: "The attention given by the Apostles to what is taking place as they stand around their Master awaiting his determination is expressed with so much truth, and their various attitudes and gestures are so full of animation, that they seem to be those of living men." There is, moreover, great spirit in the figure of Peter as he looks inquiringly towards Jesus, his right arm following the direction of that of his master, which carries the eye to the second moment of the event.<sup>1</sup>

The walls of the chapel are very uneven, being full of waves—a result, no doubt, of age.

<sup>1</sup> An example of Masaccio's influence upon Raphael may be seen by comparison of this figure of Peter with that in the "Liberation of Peter," on the wall of the Stanza d'Elidoro of the Vatican.—EDITOR.



# NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

DESCRIBED IN UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY BRITISH OFFICERS.

## I.



IN the month of June, 1814, the following letter was received from Captain Ussher, R. N., commanding H. M. S. *Undaunted*, on board which ship Napoleon Bonaparte was conveyed to Elba. A copy of this letter was forwarded to the lady to whom the letters of 1815, which follow it, were addressed, and for whom Lieutenant Nelson Mills's journal, on board H. M. S. *Northumberland*, was written. This lady was one of those to whom Napoleon was the object of a hero-worship hardly surviving nowadays. She was also one of the most agreeable and charming of women; and in consequence of this all her connections, chiefly naval and military, took delight in indulging her weaknesses so far as lay in their power. The lady who sends the following letter writes to her:

... "And so, my dear friend, your Enthusiasm is deceased. I fancy it of the phoenix kind, for surely you were under the glowing influence of something very like an Enthusiasm when you last wrote, and I felt so strongly how entirely 'stale, flat,' etc. anything I could write to you must appear, that I vowed a vow never to answer you until I could obtain some intelligence that would interest you."

The beginning and the exact date of Captain Ussher's letter are not forthcoming. It proceeds thus:

... "I need not tell you with what humble gratitude I thank God that this long and sanguinary war has at length terminated, with so much honor to our country. The sacrifices that have been made by us for the good of mankind are unexampled in history. It has fallen to my extraordinary lot to be the gaoler of the instrument of the misery that Europe has so long endured, and I am sure you will believe me, when I say that far from allowing him to think that I bear in mind any animosity towards him, from a recollection of what my country has suffered, I endeavored, by my attentions, to quiet his uneasy mind. It appears to me like a dream when I look back eighteen months and see all Europe prostrate at his feet — and he now absolutely my prisoner. It is a glorious finish to my services, and leaves me nothing more to wish for. As Count Kalm, aid-de-camp to

Prince Schwartzberg, will set off immediately for Paris, and takes charge of my letters, I have only time to tell you that on the 14th of April the white flag was displayed at Marseilles by the inhabitants. Anxious to shake hands with my former enemies, but now my friends, I pushed into the anchorage before the town, but not without some opposition from the military, a battery having opened its fire and struck us. This appeared to me such an act of treachery that I opened my broadside, etc., and in ten minutes silenced the fire. I now saw the inhabitants assembling on the ramparts, waving white handkerchiefs. This determined me at all hazards to enter. Soon after the mayor and the municipality came off, forced by the people to apologize for the act of hostility; and until they were assured that I was satisfied with the apology, the town was quite in a state of insurrection.

"I immediately went on shore with Captain Napier of the *Euryalus*, under my orders, and we were received by upwards of fifty thousand people, who literally carried us off to the town hall, where a speech was made by one of the municipality, after which we were carried to the governor's, and with him and all the authorities went to hear the *Te Deum* chaunted; after which we went in procession round the town amidst shouts of the loudest joy and enthusiasm. Such a mixture of mad joy and melancholy was never before witnessed. I assure you I saw thousands of women with their hands clasped, and extended to Heaven, bewailing the loss of husbands, brothers, sons, but partaking in the general joy of deliverance from a tyranny that cannot be conceived, much less described. When we returned to the governor's the mob assembled round his house. He requested we would drive out in his carriage to satisfy their curiosity, which we did, and arrived at a part of this magnificent city where none but royalty are allowed to enter in a carriage. The mob tore down the iron rails, and we drove in. Our carriage was then stopped and ladies were found begging to be permitted to shake hands with us; and we were soon almost suffocated with kisses. We then made a speech, which was cheered by the loudest huzzas from immense crowds of people. At church, at concerts, the opera, all places were alike, you could hear nothing but 'Vive les Anglais,' 'Vive Louis Dix-huit.' When I entered the opera of an evening they huzzaed

for half an hour. I harangued them and called out, 'Everlasting peace and friendship with our brothers the French.' They called my ideas sublime, and cheered me with the loudest acclamations. What a nation!

"And now for Napoleon. On the 25th Colonel Campbell drove into Marseilles, being commissioned by Lord Castlereagh to attend Napoleon. He said he came by the express wish of Napoleon himself to request I would go round to St. Tropez, where it was intended he should embark, as he did not consider himself safe on board a French frigate. Next day I arrived at St. Tropez, but found that he had altered his route, and was at Fréjus. At one o'clock I arrived, and was introduced to the Russian commissioner, Count Schouvaloff; the Austrian, General Koeller; the Prussian, Count Truchsess; English, Colonel Campbell; and Count Kalm. Soon after my arrival Count Bertrand, his Grand Marshal, informed me that it was the Emperor's wish to see me (he is still acknowledged Emperor, and Sovereign of Elba).

"When I was presented he said that he was once a great enemy to England, but now he was as sincere a friend. He said we were a great and generous nation. He asked me about the wind, weather, distance to Elba, and other nautical questions; he then bowed and retired. He was very dignified—still the Emperor. I received his command to dine with him. There was at table all the commissioners and the Grand Marshal; the conversation was most interesting.

"He laughed when I asked him if he did not issue his Milan decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us. This he did not deny. He said 'all his plans were on an immense scale,' and would have been finished in four or five years. I have not time to repeat all his interesting conversation.

"That night we embarked all his numerous baggage. In the morning he sent for me. He asked how the wind was, and said he had made up his mind to embark at eight in the evening. At seven o'clock he sent for me, and I remained half an hour alone with him (an immense mob had gathered round his hotel). His sword was on the table, and he appeared very thoughtful; there was a very great noise in the street. I said to him, 'The French mob are the worst I have seen.' He answered, 'They are a fickle people.' He appeared in deep thought; but, recovering himself, rang the bell, and ordering the Grand Marshal to be sent for, he asked if all was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, he turned to me and said in his usual quick way, 'Allons.'

"The stairs were lined at each side with ladies and gentlemen. He stopped a moment,

and said something to the ladies which I could not hear. He walked to his carriage and called for me (not a safe berth); he then called the Austrian commissioner and the Grand Marshal. I sat opposite to him in the carriage, and we drove off. My boats were almost two miles from the town. We were accompanied by an Hungarian regiment of cavalry. It was a delightful moonlight night, the country we passed through a paradise. Then the carriage stopped, the bugle sounded, and the regiment was drawn up.

"An interesting scene now opened—bugles sounding, drums beating, horses neighing, and people of every nation in Europe witnessing the embarkation of this man who had caused so much misery to them all.

"I informed him that the boat was ready, and we walked together to where she was. He was handed into the boat by a nephew of Sir Sidney Smith's, who is my fourth lieutenant—rather an odd coincidence. Lieutenant Smith had been confined in prison for seven or eight years. I introduced him. The Emperor seemed to feel his conscience prick him: he only said, 'Nephew to Sir Sidney Smith; I met him in Egypt.'

"When we got on board he walked round the ship. My people crowded about him, and he said 'for the first time in his life he felt confidence in a mob.' His spirits seemed to revive, and he told me next morning that he had never slept better. Next day he asked me a thousand questions and seemed quite initiated in nautical matters. At breakfast and dinner there was a great deal of conversation. He spoke of the Scheldt expedition. I asked him if he had ever thought we should succeed. He said, 'Never'; and turning a little towards the Austrian commissioner, he said, 'I wrote from Vienna that the expedition was intended against Antwerp.' He told me his motive for annexing Holland to France was for a naval purpose, and that he thought the Zuyder Zee particularly well adapted for exercising his conscripts.

"At breakfast one morning he asked me to bring to a neutral brig that was passing. I said, laughing, that I was astonished his Majesty should give such an order, as it was contrary to his system to denationalize. He turned round and gave me a pretty hard rap, saying, 'Ah, Capitaine!'

"When we were sailing by the Alps he leaned on my arm for half an hour, looking earnestly at them. I said he had once passed them with better fortune. He laughed, and liked the compliment. He told me he had been only once wounded: it was in the knee, and by an English sergeant. He looks uncommonly well and young, and is much changed for the better, being now very stout. He showed me a por-



trait of the king of Rome; he is very like his father. He likewise showed me one of the Empress, which is rather pretty. We had a smart gale when off Corsica: he asked me to anchor at Ajaccio, the place of his birth; but the wind changing made it impossible. In the gale I told him I had more confidence than Cæsar's pilot: the compliment pleased him.

"He dresses very plain, wearing a green coat with the decoration of the Legion of Honor. The portrait of him with the cocked hat and folded arms is the strongest likeness I have seen."

(Here a sheet of the letter appears to be lost, and we find ourselves at Elba.)

## II.

### CAPTAIN USSHER'S LETTER, CONTINUED.

... "GENERAL D'ALHEME, the governor (of Elba), said he would do whatever was agreeable to Bonaparte. At eight in the evening we anchored, and a deputation came off consisting of the governor, generals, prefect, and civil authorities. At daylight next morning Bonaparte was on deck, and remained with various officers, asking questions as to the anchorage, fortifications, etc., etc. At eight he asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and asked me to go with him. He wore a great-coat and round hat. Count Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent went with us. When about half way he remarked that he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination.

"We walked about two hours, and the peasants, considering us all as Englishmen, cried 'Vive les Anglais.' We returned on board to breakfast, and he afterwards fixed the flag of Elba, and ordered two to be made immediately, that one might be hoisted at one P. M. on the fortifications; and at two P. M. he would disembark with the other. (What a childish vanity!) The flag is a white field with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees in the band. The bees were in his arms as Emperor of France.

"The boats of the island now began to assemble round the ship, crowded with people, bands of music, etc., and shouting 'Vive l'Empereur.' At two my barge was manned. He desired me to go down first; he then called Baron Koeller, Colonel Campbell, Count Kalm, and Count Bertrand. The yards were manned, and as soon as the barge shoved off a royal salute was fired, and the same by each of the French corvettes. On the beach he was received by the mayor, municipality, and the authorities, civil and military. The

keys were presented on a plate, and the people seemed to receive him with great welcome, and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' We proceeded to the church in procession; thence to the Hôtel de Ville, where all the authorities and principal inhabitants assembled, with each of whom he conversed. After that he mounted his horse, attended by a dozen persons, and visited part of the outworks, and dined at seven o'clock.

"Next morning he was up at four, and from that until ten was on foot visiting the fortifications, storehouses, magazines, etc. At two he mounted his horse, and I rode with him about two leagues into the country, over mountains and precipices, but nothing is impassable to him. He examined the country houses, and stopped at a planter's (wine merchant) and had a cold collation. He helped me to different things, which he never does to any one else. A lady came in and offered him strawberries, which he gave to me. I took an opportunity afterwards of offering him a sprig of laurel, which pleased him much. He asked me here how I liked the wine. I said it was excellent; and he immediately ordered 2000 bottles to be sent on board to the men. In short, his manner is always most agreeable and polite, and it's only when anxious to carry any point that he is passionate.

"Next day we went across the island to a mountain of iron, the richest and finest mine in the world—and, what is remarkable, the revenue arising from it formerly paid his Legion of Honor. We rode through the clouds to it. I never was so fatigued in my life. The mountain is completely of iron, and is blasted with powder in the way that quarries are in England. When broken, the fragments are like pieces of diamond, of all colors. He gave me some beautiful specimens of his collection. If you choose to make the college a present of one, I will send it to you.

"We afterwards went through a labyrinth to a high mountain, upon the summit of which there is a temple erected by the Romans in honor of Jupiter. I suppose he consulted the oracle. At dinner we had a boar's head, and the Emperor with his usual kindness to me helped me to the eye as a great treat. I was hard set what to do. It was rudeness to refuse, but I could not stand it, and sent it away; the very idea spoiled my appetite.

"Elba is a beautiful island, possessing every advantage. The bay of Porto Ferrajo is unrivaled, and the valleys are uncommonly fertile, yielding the finest vegetables of every description, and the mountains are to the summits clothed with vines. In three or four days he visited every part of the island, conceived



all his plans for building palaces, stables, aqueducts, lazarettos, etc. (The latter he begged I would plan.) His constitution is of iron—always up at four, and seldom in bed before eleven. The day the transports arrived with his carriages, horses, and guards he was on his legs from four in the morning until four in the evening, under a hot sun. He then mounted his horse and rode over two or three mountains—returned at eight o'clock, and was not twenty minutes at dinner. He sent for Colonel Campbell and myself. He stopped me for a moment in the library, and hurrying over some magnificent drawings of Egypt, stopped at Cairo, and asked my opinion of it. He then said in his quick way, 'Allons!' and we walked into the garden; and there we walked for three hours, talking of Egypt. I could not help remarking to him that his constitution was of iron in being able to undergo much fatigue—'car il montait à cheval pour se défatiguer.'

"The day that he was on the summit of a mountain that showed him all the island, he turned round laughing and said, 'Ah! mon île est bien petite.' He laughed at the idea of our being caricatured, and said 'the English had a great passion for caricaturing.' I said 'John Bull caricatured and abused people when they deserved it. I shall be caricatured nursing the king of Rome.' He often compliments the nation for generosity and liberality. In talking of Lord Wellington his admiration was unbounded. He said also that our army institutions were perfection, and that the discipline was superior to his. He also complimented my officers, and said they were the finest young men he ever saw, and that the *Undaunted* was a pattern to all other ships. He always wished to have my officers about him: a sergeant of marines, who is a great favorite, always slept in the next room to him, upon a mattress at the door.

"I told him we never thought him serious in his intentions of invading England. He said that he was quite serious: his object was not to conquer England, for he knew that so high-minded a people were not to be conquered by taking their capital; but he expected to throw the country into confusion, and separate Ireland. He said his plans were on the largest scale—that in four or five years he would have had three hundred sail of the line. I asked him how he intended to man them. He said his naval conscription was fully equal to it. I told him we laughed at his naval conscripts, who were more formidable to each other than to us. . . .

"P. S. Tell S. that some one said I was like Buonaparte, but not so well looking. It was a Frenchman, and he thought even with that amendment that he paid me a great compliment."

"I flatter myself," says the lady who forwarded this letter to Mrs. M., "that you will like this cousin of mine for his generous feelings towards a fallen enemy. Besides, he really is a very fine fellow and has done excellent service to his country. His family soon expect an account of his second trip to Elba, with Princess Borghese, and I hope it will afford us some more accounts of Buonaparte—which of course you shall have as soon as I can collect them."

So far as we know, this second letter has not been preserved.

### III. 1815.

Mrs. M.'s young cousin Mills, who ministered to her Napoleon fever in the year 1815, appears to have been a good deal Captain Ussher's junior in mind, as well as in rank and age. His part begins with two letters to his cousin.

H. M. S. NORTHUMBERLAND,

August 3rd, 1815.

. . . Till we were on the point of sailing for Plymouth to take Buonaparte on board I did not receive your letter, as there was a mistake in the direction. As to your coming to Portsmouth, even though it should have been practicable, it would have been of no use, as he never came there. We are now under sail, and very likely shall not be able to put this in the post till we arrive at Plymouth, where we take the ex-Emperor on board. The ship is fitted out, and everything in very good order to receive him. We take him out to the island of St. Helena, and from thence we proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, and there we shall take the command. There is the *Romney* fitting out at Chatham, to come out and receive Admiral Cockburn's flag, that the *Northumberland's* ship's company may go home, for they have all been out six or seven years. I shall give you an exact account of everything that is transacted on board relative to Buonaparte, and shall expect answers from you, as it is a very great pleasure to receive letters abroad. . . .

August 5th, 1815, off Torbay.

. . . We are now sailing in company with the *Tonnant*, Admiral Lord Keith, and the *Bellerophon*, on board of which is that once great man, Buonaparte. We are standing in for Torbay, a small port where there is very good anchorage, where I expect we are going to paint the ship for the reception of Buoney and his suite. The *Northumberland* is a remarkably fine ship and sails very fast. Our Admiral Sir George has gone on board the *Bellerophon*; I believe to settle everything previous to



Buonaparte's removal. . . . I shall let you hear plenty in my next. . . .

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF W. NELSON MILLS.

"August 7th, 1815. Came on board General Buonaparte, from H. M. S. *Bellerophon*. He was saluted on the quarter-deck by the marines of the ship under arms, in the same manner as an English general. He was accompanied by his suite, consisting of the following people: General Bertrand (Grand Mareschal du Palais), his wife and three children; Comte de Montholon (General of Division), his wife and one child; General de Gourgon; le Comte de Lascases and his son, who is in the quality of page to the general; and the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who accompanies Buonaparte as his private physician; twelve male and two female servants.

"He returned the salute by taking off his hat and bowing to all the officers who were present. He entered into conversation with Captain Beattie of the marines, respecting the length of time he had served, what actions he had been in, and if he had ever been wounded. He replied that he had served many years, had been wounded, and was at the siege of Acre. Napoleon took hold of his left ear, and gently pulling it said, 'Ah, ah! vous êtes un brave homme — brave homme!' He was very much pleased when introduced and shown all through the admiral's cabin, after which he expressed a wish to be likewise introduced to the officers of our ship, which was immediately complied with by the admiral. After inquiring individually their respective duties on board and seeming very much pleased with the discipline and regularity of the ship, they were dismissed. He was dressed in a green uniform coat with red facings, plain gold epaulets, white knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, a high cocked hat with the tricolored cockade; on his left breast was a large silver star, and below that were the three different insignias suspended by three colored ribbons.

"Lord Lowther and Mr. Littleton had accompanied the admiral from Portsmouth to Plymouth. Napoleon, finding Mr. Littleton was a member of Parliament, had a very long conversation with him, and was particularly inquisitive respecting Mr. Whitbread, saying that if he, Mr. Whitbread, had been alive, his case (meaning his own) would have been very different. He wished very much to know what had occasioned him to commit suicide, and if Mr. Littleton knew why he did it, saying it was very singular it should happen just at that time. He then retired into the cabin fitted up for him, which was the admiral's larboard side cabin. Shortly after he went to dinner

with the admiral, the usual number of officers being at table. He eat very hearty, rose up soon, and came out to walk the quarter-deck. He again entered into conversation with Mr. Littleton, by whom he sent a private message to the Prince Regent. He requested the band might play 'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the King,' which was instantly complied with. We then got under weigh and proceeded down Channel. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, in company with the following ships: *Havannah*, *Bucephalus*, *Ceylon*, *Peruvian*, *Icarus*, *Zenobia*, *Redpole*, *Ferret*, *Zephyr*.

"August the 8th.—Napoleon did not stir out of his cabin till the admiral went to dinner; he then came to table, but retired again almost immediately owing to sea-sickness, it being a very rough day. Almost all his suite were sea-sick also, especially the ladies, Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon. The former is a very amiable and good woman, but the latter is quite the contrary. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, all the squadron in company.

"August the 9th.—About eleven o'clock Buonaparte came out of his cabin and took a walk on the quarter-deck for about half an hour, conversing alternately with Admiral Cockburn and Sir George Bingham upon the loss of the battle of Waterloo. He imputes it to this cause: in the hurry of equipping his army they were obliged to clothe a great many of the new guards in the uniform of the old; and the former, owing to their impetuosity and rashness during the action, were obliged to give way. The remainder of the army, fancying it was the old guards, gave up all hopes and retreated in the utmost confusion, so that it was impossible to rally them again. . . . After dinner . . . he retired to the admiral's after-cabin to play at cards, of which he is very fond, although he always loses. Moderate winds and fine weather standing out of the Channel, the Lizard Point bearing N. W. by W. five leagues and a half. . . .

"August 11th.—Buonaparte walked the deck in the forenoon, it being a very fine day, attended as usual by his two confidants, Bertrand and Lascases: he takes very little notice of any of the others. The ladies also made their appearance on deck to-day. The midshipmen who were walking on the lee side of the deck attracted his notice, and he immediately crossed the deck to them, asking them if they could speak French, and if they had ever been in France. There was one amongst them who had been in prison at Verdun, and had seen him (Napoleon) when passing through that place at the head of his army to go to Russia. He immediately said, 'C'est un beau



pays,' and walked away, taking one or two of us by the ears. . . . He sat down to his general evening's amusement of cards; he plays piquet and vingt-et-un. Out of sight of land to-day.

"*August 12th.*—Buonaparte did not appear on deck to-day, being unwell. . . . He does not eat his breakfast at the same time the admiral does, but has it by himself in his cabin: it generally consists of fowls, meat, and porter; he never touches tea in the morning. The French officers were all on deck in the afternoon. Fresh breezes and fine weather.

"*August 13th.*—This being Sunday, divine service was performed by the chaplain, but neither Napoleon nor any of his officers were present. He walked the deck from three o'clock till dinner-time, and afterwards for about an hour, conversing very closely with his two confidants, who are always uncovered when in his presence. He seems to exact the same respect and obedience from them now as when an emperor. He takes an amazing large quantity of snuff of a very coarse sort; he keeps it in a large box in the shape of a cheese, and spills two-thirds of what he takes in one pinch. He frequently asks the admiral questions about the ship, such as the particular uses of different ropes; and the duties of individuals he may see passing him. Light winds and fine weather.

"*August 14th.*— . . . Napoleon did not come on deck till after dinner; he entered into conversation with Colonel Sir George Bingham and the admiral upon his intention of invading England, which he says he firmly intended doing, and that the fleet under Ville-neuve was to have gone to the island of Martinique to draw our fleet from the Channel. Villeneuve was then to have proceeded up the Channel, where the army, consisting of 20,000 men, were to have embarked; the praams were to have taken 6000 cavalry. He says it was his intention to have landed as near Chatham as possible, and push on directly for London, where he hoped to have carried a revolution in his favor. He knew he should have a great deal to encounter before he could accomplish his design, and that there was no hope of retreating should he not succeed. At six o'clock the ship's company's hammocks are piped down, and Napoleon is always standing with his back against the foremast gun on the quarter-deck, and four or five midshipmen always round him to keep the men from running against him. Light winds and fine weather, but a heavy swell.

"*August 15th.*—This day was the anniversary of the once great Napoleon's birthday. He seemed if anything a little more enlivened and gay than usual. His officers were all dressed and paid him particular attention. At

dinner also the admiral paid him a great many compliments. He walked more to-day than ever, his officers attending him the whole of the time. In the evening he sat down to cards, and for the first time since he came on board won almost every deal, insomuch that the admiral and those with whom he was playing were obliged to send out frequently for more money. Light winds and fine weather, with a heavy cross swell.

"*August 16th.*—Napoleon did not rise until about twelve o'clock to-day: he very frequently takes his breakfast by himself in bed. He did not appear on deck to-day till after dinner, and then walked for an hour. Sir George Bingham was on the lee gangway looking at the squadron, on our lee beam. Napoleon went up to him, and after conversing with him for a few minutes, and taking a pinch or two of snuff, pulled him by his whiskers and walked away to converse with his two confidants against the gun, which seems to be his favorite place when on deck. Two of his servants got intoxicated and became very riotous. He requested they might be punished. They were immediately put in irons.

"*August 17th.*—This morning, having occasion to punish some of the ship's company, the two servants belonging to Napoleon were brought up and made to understand that they were liable to the same punishment if ever they again committed such a fault. Buonaparte walked the deck after dinner as usual, taking quantities of snuff, and very often looking at the other vessels of the squadron through his opera-glass, which is a very handsome one (made in England), and which he always carries in his pocket. He is often very near falling when the ship rolls heavy, being seemingly very weak in his legs, and was only narrowly prevented to-day by Maréchal Bertrand catching him in his arms.

"*August 18th.*—Napoleon as usual appeared on deck after dinner, and entered into conversation with the admiral, to whom he said the following: 'The burning of Moscow was the commencement of my bad fortune.' He says that the war in Russia was the most destructive and dreadful that ever he had witnessed. On his march towards Moscow the whole country around, as far as his eye could observe, appeared like a sea of fire, owing to the towns and villages that were set on fire; which was attributed to his troops; but he gives his word of honor that it was not the case, but they were set on fire by the inhabitants previous to their desertion. He says a great number of his soldiers were burnt to death in attempting to plunder amidst the flames.

"*August 19th.*— . . . Napoleon again resumed his yesterday evening's story. He says he only intended to refresh his troops at Moscow



for a few days, and then to have proceeded forward for Petersburg, where he had his secret emissaries at work learning the minds of the people, and had accounts through the means of them that the people (the Russians) were generally speaking much averse to their present form of government, and many were ready to join him on his approach to the capital; but that the disaster that happened at Moscow had frustrated all his plans and completely turned the scale.

"*August 20th.*—Napoleon was not very well to-day, as we had rather a fresh breeze and heavy rains, and only walked a short time with the admiral. 'From my first entering into a military capacity,' says Napoleon, 'to the destruction of Moscow, mine had been a series of good fortune and advancement in life without a parallel; and the very reverses which took place at Moscow, in case it had so happened I had been killed, would have been attributed more to my loss than to their real cause.'

"Not being able to get hold of the different conversations which passed between the admiral and Napoleon daily, I shall give you circumstance after circumstance as I could catch it.

"In a question the admiral put to him relative to Captain Wright and the general idea that prevailed in England as to what had occasioned his death, Napoleon seemed much surprised at the anxiety the admiral showed in wishing to know, observing at the same time that he (Napoleon) imagined it was sufficiently made public not to cause on the part of any one the curiosity which the admiral at that time showed, but without any hesitation gave Sir George the following story: An apothecary, landing on the coast of France about that period from an English man-of-war,—which circumstance excited great suspicions on the part of the French Government,—was seized and conveyed to prison, and condemned to die unless he gave such information to them as would be of benefit to the nation. These means taking the effect desired upon the poor wretch under confinement, the fear of death compelled him to reveal the names of several persons, to the number of twenty-three, who were concerned in a conspiracy, together with Pichegru, Georges, and Captain Wright, against the lives of him (Buonaparte) and the other rulers of France. Upon this intelligence every means were used by the police of Paris to find out where these conspirators were secreted, and in the course of a few weeks succeeded so far that the greatest part of them were apprehended. Amongst these so detected was Captain Wright, who, by the order of the Directory, was conveyed to the Temple, to undergo a trial for conspiracy against the state. Accordingly a council was

assembled; but a few days previous to the one appointed for his trial he put an end to himself, and he (Buonaparte) says he should have thought the inferior rank of that officer alone would in the eyes of the world have exempted him from their suspicion."

#### IV. 1815-16.

LIEUTENANT MILLS'S DIARY FOR MRS. M.,  
CONTINUED.

... "DURING the confinement of Ferdinand of Spain in France, after being brought captive from his own country by the French, Buonaparte informed the admiral that one Baron Koltz was employed by our Government on an errand to France with a view to release Ferdinand; . . . but his plans not being laid with that skill which the then pressing circumstances required, he was suspected, as well by his having too great command of money, and a search being made, the Prince Regent's letter to the king of Spain was found in his possession, containing his Royal Highness's willingness to lend him any assistance in his power to procure the release of his Majesty, and that the bearer of the letter had the royal authority to assist him in the undertaking. Having rescued all Koltz's papers, a police officer was sent in disguise, to personate Koltz, to the place where Ferdinand was confined, presenting the letter and stating the authority he had so to act. But all he could say or do, he could not persuade Ferdinand to take any steps in attempting to escape; and Napoleon says that the pusillanimity of Ferdinand was such that he was sure if it had been the smallest risk his cowardly spirit would have deterred him from attempting it. Buonaparte then said as a joke that the above trick was played to try his mettle.

... "In conversing further with this extraordinary personage, the admiral and him came to that part of his life when he had command of the French army in Egypt; and the admiral did not fail to make inquiries respecting the poisoning story, to ascertain if possible the veracity of a report so generally spread and believed in England to the prejudice of Buonaparte. But let it be how it will with those who believe it, the following account came from his own mouth: 'Having possession of Jaffa, with a great part of my army sick of the plague, and hard pushed by Djezzar Pasha's troops, who would enter immediately upon my evacuating the place and murder and torture the sick and wounded that remained there, I judged it more an act of humanity than otherwise to accelerate the death of these poor wretches by giving them opium,—as they were then lingering in the



greatest misery,—which would have freed them from the torments that awaited them. I therefore proposed the above expedient to the medical men of the army, but met with a joint refusal, saying they could not think of doing such a thing, so contrary to the general rules of the profession; but ventured to affirm, if I would hold the place forty-eight hours longer, that the greatest part of the sick, if not all, would have expired. I agreed to the proposal, and maintained the place myself for the first twenty-four hours, and left a strong rear-guard for the occupation of the other twenty-four hours; and at the end of that time I was informed that there were not above two or three alive at the time that Djezzar Pasha's troops entered.'

"Captain Beattie of the marines, now serving on board the *Northumberland*, was in the British service acting against the French in Egypt at that time, and entered Jaffa immediately the French evacuated it. He says that there were but two or three French soldiers in the hospital, and that those were in the very last stage of the disease.

... "The harbor of Cherbourg,' says Buonaparte, in answer to a question put to him by the admiral in relation to the marine of France, 'is, since the improvements I have ordered to be made, one of the finest in France; its repairs cost £2,000,000 sterling. The outer harbor will contain a thousand sail of the line, and the inner one the same number of ships, safe with the wind blowing from any quarter. I was particularly cautious in having it well guarded since its repairs, lest through the inspection of the English they might be tempted to destroy these works which cost me so much money, and which might be easily done by a *coup de main*.'

"Speaking further of France and the navy of that country, viz., the Toulon fleet, he says it was but very indifferently supplied with sailors, and of those the greater part had never been beyond the harbor; but that he thought they must improve by the constant practice of manœuvring. Notwithstanding the damage the fleet sustained for want of men experienced in seamanship, he considered the improvement the men might derive from such a practice as adequate to the loss experienced by the fleet: indeed, he says this plan of his had excited much murmuring on the part of the people; but he did not care, and was determined to preserve, as he well knew that France must have a navy as well as an army for her better preservation. He also said he had determined to have ten frigates at sea; and if the number was made deficient, in case either of loss or capture, he could have others always ready to supply their places: that he would give orders for them to cruise principally in the Channel, as it would then require their great-

est vigilance for their own safety, by sailing about the land than going further to sea; that each ship should have a certain time allotted her for her cruise, and if she was so fortunate as to arrive in a French port, the commander should be immediately promoted. In case the greatest part of this squadron might be captured by the enemy, he considered the harm they would be enabled to do to our trade perfectly adequate to the loss of his ships. On the admiral asking him how he would be enabled to keep this squadron supplied with sailors, as he must naturally expect the greater part would be captured whilst the British had such power on the seas, he replied in answer, the marine department provided for the navy annually 20,000 men. The admiral told him such force might be obtained, but then what would it be? A set of raw, inexperienced landsmen, at least the greater part of them men unqualified to go on board a ship. However he seemed to persist that the plan in time would succeed; so that the admiral left him in his own opinion for the present.

"In further conversation with Napoleon respecting the French navy, he in addition informed Sir George that spars for masts cost the government immense sums to procure them from the Baltic, owing to the expense of conveying them to France. The greatest part were sent overland, as the safer method, and if they had been sent in ships, it was two to one that they would have been captured by the English cruisers. He says he had a great number of spars at Copenhagen at the time the English took possession of it, which the Danish Government had procured for him, and that he greatly feared they would have been taken by the English, but they arrived safely in France in a short time after.

"On crossing the equinoctial line we had a very fine day, and I shall give you an account how Napoleon behaved on the occasion. In the morning we prepared for the usual custom of shaving those who had never crossed the Line before. After those officers who belonged to the ship had undergone the operation—which is performed with an old, rusty, notched iron hoop—it came to the turn of Napoleon and suite. Buonaparte himself did not appear on deck, but begged permission of the admiral to give Neptune and his gang—the people who performed the operation—100 Napoleons in gold, which amounts to £90 sterling; but this the admiral objected to, it being in his opinion too much, but permitted him to give 20 Napoleons as a compensation for not being shaved. Next came General Bertrand with his children to the place where the ceremony was performing. He also presented the men with several Napoleons for himself, his



wife and children. The other French officers came in their turns, and also gave the seamen some money.

"On the evening of the 15th of October, 1815, we landed General Buonaparte on the island of St. Helena. We put him on shore at seven in the evening, and disguised, to prevent the populace from recognizing him, as he detests nothing so much as to be stared at. Coming into the anchorage he was walking the deck, and several times remarked how difficult a place it would be to take if well fortified; shrugging up his shoulders at the same time, apparently at the little hopes he could have of escaping from such a rock. The morning after he landed he rode up into the country with Sir George Bingham and the admiral, to a place called the Bryars, situated at the head of the valley in which the town stands, and about a mile and a half from James Town. He took such a liking to this place that he obtained permission to pitch a tent next to the door of the house, which belongs to a Mr. Balcolm, a merchant of St. Helena, who resides there with his wife and two daughters."

LETTERS FROM W. NELSON MILLS TO MRS. M.

ST. HELENA, Oct. 23rd, 1815.

I could not let slip the first and perhaps the only opportunity I shall have of writing to you from this most horrible place, which if you could see you would suppose all the rocks in the world had gathered together and made themselves into an island. We have put your friend Napoleon on shore; and as nothing very particular occurred during our tedious passage but what I have regularly noted down, and made a complete journal of his proceedings while on board our ship, I shall not give you any particular account of him now. With difficulty I bribed his *premier valet de chambre* to procure about fifty of his hairs. I assure you the captain of the ship did not get so much; certainly *Buoney* has very little hair on his head, and dislikes it to be given away very much. This instant the letter-bag is closing for England with dispatches concerning this very great man. I shall take very great care of my journal and hair for you. . . .

ST. HELENA, Feb. 15th, 1816.

. . . As far as it has lain in my power I have done everything you wished me, and have procured for you a very small lock of the great Napoleon's hair, with the three different colored ribbons which suspended his orders and which he left off a few days ago. To complete the thing properly I have the promise of a pocket handkerchief from his chief *valet de chambre*, and have not forgotten

the journal, in which I have entered all I could lay hold of that he conversed about. I will not send any of the above-mentioned things, for fear of anything happening. . . . You wished me in your last to give an account of Napoleon's suite and his conduct in exile. I shall commence as well as I can.

. . . He was first of all lodged in a house in the town, next to where the main guard is kept, but riding out the next morning, escorted by the admiral and Sir George Bingham, he took up his residence at a house called the Briars. . . . He remained there very quietly until his house at Longwood—the prettiest spot on the island—was ready for his reception. The governor made him a present of a small carriage when he removed to Longwood, in which he rides out almost every afternoon. He is permitted to go three miles every way round his house without attendant; but the sentinels at those places do not permit him to go beyond them without he is accompanied by Captain Poppleton of the 53rd Regiment. Should he attempt to go past them without being so attended he is liable to be shot by them, which he has been perfectly made to understand. His chief amusement is riding on horseback. There are seven very handsome horses brought from the Cape for him, each of which he has named: 1st, *Vizier*; 2nd, *Mamalouke*; 3rd, *l'Arabe*; 4th, *La Solide*; 5th, *La Tranquille*; the other two I have forgotten. He seems perfectly resigned to his fate, and in my opinion—for so great a fall—bears it remarkably well. It is an utter impossibility for him to escape from this, unless anybody favored his intentions. . . . [Here follows a description of Napoleon's suite, much the same as that given in the journal.]

ST. HELENA, April 19th, 1816.

. . . I have, as far as possible, complied with your request, and have, I am glad to say, procured you his handkerchief. It has, as you said, the imperial crown and his initial in the corners. I shall not send it, not only because I expect the *Northumberland* to be in England soon, but for fear of losing it, which I would not do for any consideration, knowing how much you value it. . . . Your friend Napoleon is quite well, and to all appearance bears his fate and exile very well. He has everything he can wish for that money will procure, except his liberty. We see him sometimes, as we have two hundred men constantly going up to Longwood every day, and I belong to that party. I gave you a long detail of this before in my last letter, which I hope has arrived safe. . . .

This letter, apparently, has not been preserved, and Lieutenant Mills's communications end here.

Eleanor C. Price.

## POEMS.

### LOVE AFTER LIFE.

THOU say'st, dear love, we shall not meet again;  
Nor shall we be beheld of sky and earth:  
The morning will not greet us in his mirth:  
The glittering shapes of river or of plain,  
And hills whence the slow clouds have wandered forth  
Shall to our absence add a deeper pain,  
And in their glory seem of little worth,  
Forms of no moment, futile, weak, and vain.  
It is not so: love broken must renew  
Its bond with earth and air; the eternal sea  
Shall to its weakness add the strength of storms;  
Love shall not die, but in the falling dew  
Discern itself, impart to misery  
The holy power of those tremendous forms.

### A FOREST RIVER.

DEEP in the sunken silence of the hills,  
And gathering light from all that it may see,  
A happy river flows. With mirth it fills  
The forest dark and with tranquillity;  
Foam-bells upon its breast move quietly;  
And, foaming white, a troop of icy rills  
Add to its gladness; in it the broad sky  
Is imaged peacefully with clouds and hills,  
And ever and anon it breaks into  
A smile of light that glads the forest round;  
And when at eve the blessing of the dew  
Descends on waves that flow without a sound,  
'T is as a serious face that laughs anew,  
But laughs beneath a spell of silence bound.

*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*

## UNCALENDARED.

ONLY a year have thou and I been friends,  
If time be counted on our calendar;  
Away with that! What it begins, it ends;  
From all eternity, close souls we were,  
And shall be, so God grant! forevermore,  
For two were never faster bound before.

"With God, one day is as a thousand years:"  
Oh, Love is mighty, God's most blessed name!  
The more that man his Maker's image bears  
The more must months and æons be the same.  
Love knows not time.—It is eternity,  
And not a year, that I count out with thee!

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*



# AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



THE Japanese very naturally have been severely criticized for sweeping away their old and unique civilization, their distinctive customs and institutions, and substituting for them those of Europe.

As a consequence they have often been unfavorably compared with their more conservative neighbors the Chinese. However, that very policy which China with three hundred millions of inhabitants and an unlimited territory has successfully pursued would have been fatal to Japan. The numerous islands of the mikado's empire, scattered about in the Eastern sea, would have been forever open to attack and plunder by stronger naval powers, and they would have lost their independence had they not realized that this disaster could be averted only by adopting European ways and methods. Constant and unprovoked attacks by united naval forces, and unjust extortion of indemnities on the slightest pretenses, brought the Japanese to the conclusion that they could receive the treatment due a civilized nation only by making a radical change in their customs and adopting the laws, dress, and institutions of the West. They did not do this willingly, they were forced to do it. It was not, as has often been asserted, a mere childlike freak, a desire for novelty and lack of reverence for their ancient institutions. Their very existence depended upon taking this step, and as they have consistently adhered to this policy, the changes have necessarily been wide and sweeping.

The feudal system, resembling that of Europe in the Middle Ages, prevailed in Japan before this great upheaval. The great daimios practically ruled their respective provinces and were surrounded by thousands of brave and devoted clansmen; but when they realized that the old order of things could no longer continue, they bowed to fate and for their country's good obeyed the order of the new central authority. They disarmed and dismissed their followers, left their homes and retired to private life, living on pensions granted them by the Government. Many of them are still living in the peaceful retirement of their homes, in the enjoyment of their gardens and art treasures, surrounded by a few of their old retainers. But they are forgotten by modern Japan, of which in turn they are well-nigh oblivious, and live

only in the recollections of the past. Thus has one of the oldest, most unique, and perfect civilizations abruptly ended and another been substituted, hardly as well suited, it must be confessed, to the wants and natures of the people.

But if this revolution has in many respects been a misfortune to Japan, the world at large has gained, for the benefit we have derived through contact with their art is inestimable.

It was with this wonderful art, and the conditions under which it flourished, that I endeavored to familiarize myself during my three-years' residence in Japan. I was not long in discovering that my knowledge of Japanese art and industries had been confined almost exclusively to the modern articles of trade, which were but poor specimens of that art which I now for the first time learned to know. Not that I wish to pronounce against everything modern in Japan, for there is much produced at present that would be a credit to its art of any period; but good art is always rare, and the few examples of the better kind that have reached us are all but lost in an overwhelming mass of cheap and inferior articles. Many of these objects under the general classification of "bric-à-brac" are unknown and unused by the Japanese, and are manufactured to order for the foreign traders of the treaty ports, who have, through their constant demands for cheaper and ever cheaper work, greatly lowered the standard. They are to a great extent responsible for what is poor and trashy in Japanese art.

In this category may be placed many of the objects most familiar to us; for instance, the common bronze and porcelain ware, gold embroidered screens, dressing gowns, cheap cloisonné and flashy satsuma. Even the familiar brightly colored paper parasol is unknown to the Japanese.

At present there are still living many of the old skilled artisans of the preceding generation, who continue their calling; but they have undergone many privations, for no new wealthy class of patrons have succeeded to the daimios, and they now have only little opportunity to exercise their talents. It is hard to foretell what will be the future of Japanese art when the last of those guiding spirits shall have passed away; for in the confusion of this transition stage of government the young men are not

subjected to the same strict apprenticeship as their predecessors, and it is doubtful whether they will inherit and hand down to their successors the noble art traditions of the past.

I was fortunate enough to arrive in Japan in the early springtime, when both nature and man were to be seen at their best. The bright faces, happy dispositions, and general appearance of contentment I met with everywhere amidst sunny gardens and cheerful homes, and the scrupulous cleanliness of the people and their surroundings, combined at once to make a most delightful impression on my mind. The contrast in coming from a purely commercial community with its prosaic and practical spirit made this seem almost like another world.

I found the people polite, refined, and considerate to one another, while there seemed to be an utter absence, in any form, of that brutality which prevails, more or less, elsewhere; and this fact I found to be true of all classes. It will very naturally be asked, What is the reason, the cause of this general contentment and happiness? This is precisely the question which presented itself to me; and in order to solve this and many other problems, and to gain an understanding and a proper insight into their life and customs, I concluded that it would be absolutely necessary for me to acquire at least a partial knowledge of their language and live the life of the people. Indeed, this entailed no sacrifice of comfort, for a Japanese house is clean, neat, and artistically constructed; in fact, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy" as long as one lives in it. One's neighbors are all that can be desired, and, what is more unusual, servants are honest and efficient.

But there was an obstacle in the way that had first to be overcome. Foreigners residing in Japan are required to live within treaty limits, and my desire to live beyond them did not seem likely to be realized until the following expedient was suggested to me.

There is an exception made to this law in favor of Government employees. A young Japanese friend of mine, Yasumaru by name, explained the case to his father, who was a high official, and he kindly arranged the matter by engaging me nominally as teacher of painting for his children. In this way we managed, between us, to evade the law, a proceeding, however, which I had to admit was not confined to Japan. A neat little Japanese house, surrounded by a pretty garden, was rented by my friend in the vicinity of his home, and I was soon established in these new and quaint surroundings.

Having determined to conform so far as possible to the customs of the country, at my friend's suggestion I sent my servant with a

tray of buckwheat cakes to each of my neighbors. This, he informed me, was *de rigueur* in moving into a new home. In return, my neighbors made a most ceremonious call and expressed unbounded astonishment that a foreigner should be so well versed in Japanese etiquette. I also duly impressed upon my servants the fact that my household was to be managed in the same orderly manner as is expected of them by a Japanese master, and even made a point of conforming to the general custom of removing my shoes at the threshold of my house.

Of course in all these matters I was kept well posted by my young friend, who now came and made his home with me, as his father desired him to take advantage of this opportunity to practice in and increase his knowledge of the English language. Yasumaru, in common with most of the rising generation of his class, had studied English at school. He was of great assistance to me, and during my long residence among the Japanese he invariably proved himself to be a most trusty and faithful friend.

His parents' home was always open to me, and I found his family life most charming. His parents, though themselves feeling too old to change their mode of life and thought, were fully alive to the importance of bringing up their children in the new, the modern, spirit of Japan.

I could not but compare the fond mother of Yasumaru to the maternal hen, of popular illustration, blessed with a brood of ducklings whose ways of life she did not know. Yasumaru had two brothers and four sisters, the latter being named Okiku, Omatzu, Oume, and Oyuki, and their ages ranged from twelve to nineteen years.

It was a source of constant delight to observe the deferential manner they maintained and the respectful form of language they employed towards their parents. These girls were highly accomplished and well educated, speaking English fluently.

In Japan women have always held a higher position than in other Asiatic countries. They go about freely wherever they please, and the seclusion of the Chinese is wholly unknown to them. The schools receive as many girls as boys; and as a result of my observations I can safely say, without idle compliment, that the former are brighter than the latter.

By degrees, and under these favorable conditions for general observation, some of the causes of the people's happy spirit of independence began to be revealed to me. The simplicity of their lives, in which enters no selfish rivalry to outdo one another, accounts in a large measure for this enviable result. Regard-



ing one another very much as belonging to one family, their mode of life is more or less on the same plane, and consequently a spirit of great harmony prevails. A very small income is sufficient to supply the ordinary necessities of life, and everything else is secured with but little effort. Household effects are few and inexpensive; and should everything be destroyed by fire or lost in any way, it is not an irreparable calamity. All can be replaced at a small outlay and life go on as before.

The tenant upon renting a house is put to little expense to furnish it; indeed, he requires absolutely no furniture at all. The clean, finely woven mats which cover the floor serve as table, chair, and bed; and as it is the universal custom to remove the shoes before entering a house, there is no danger of one's bringing with him the dirt from the streets.

His bedding consists of cotton quilts, which are spread out on the floor at night, rolled together in the morning, and stored away in a closet during the day. A few pictures (*kake-mona*) and specimens of beautiful script decorate the walls, a few vases contain sprays of flowers, and a number of cushions on the floor complete the furnishing of a room. Yet it does not seem empty or cheerless; for the general arrangement of harmonious colors, the different woods employed in its visible construction, and the beauty of the finished workmanship, make a most harmonious and pleasing combination. Paint is never used to cover the wood, much less to substitute a false grain.

The love of flowers in Japan amounts almost to adoration. They are inseparable from the life, art, and literature of the people, and to deprive the Japanese of them would be to take the sunshine out of their lives. On one occasion I received through my young friend an invitation from his parents to accompany them on a visit to a very celebrated grove of plum trees that were then in full bloom. After an hour's ride in a "jinrikisha," or "kuruma," as these little man-carriages are more commonly called, we arrived at our destination, where great numbers of people were flocking from all points.

Yasumaru's sisters, in common with most of the visitors, were arrayed in their brightest and most beautiful *kimonos*, their mother's dress, however, being of more sober color, for it is considered very unbecoming for an elderly woman to wear anything bright. I don't think I ever observed a deviation from this rule. As we left our jinrikishas and entered the grove, which consisted of old, gnarled, and moss-covered trees, a glorious sight burst upon our view.

The trees were one mass of fragrant white and delicate pink blossoms. Hundreds of

visitors in holiday attire were strolling about under the branches with extreme delight depicted on their countenances. Others again had spread rugs under the trees, where they were served with delicious tea free from the neighboring tea house. The brightly clad children were dancing and frolicking in the shade of the blossoms, and a more perfect picture of sunshine and happiness can hardly be imagined. Innumerable little strips of paper fluttering amidst the blossoms attracted my attention. Miss Okiku informed me that it was the happy custom of the people to give vent to their delight on these occasions by inscribing poetic sentiments, too brief perhaps to be called poems, and hanging them up in the boughs. And sure enough, as I looked about me, I observed several persons with paper and pocket inkstands in hand engaged in composing these little sonnets in praise of the blossoms.

Yasumaru was at some pains to explain to me that these poetic effusions were supposed to be composed on the spot—that the expression, the form of the idea, was derived from the inspiration of the scene; but his father added, with a twinkle in his eye, that many came with their poems already prepared. I was honest enough to confess to the old gentleman that this proceeding was not altogether different from the habit of our after-dinner orators who surprise their friends with impromptus composed, as the French put it, *à loisir*; that is to say, at their ease. Some months later I painted a picture entitled "Spring's Inspiration," in which two young girls are represented walking over the huge stepping-stones through a grove of blossoming plum trees and reading these poems; for, although it is not recorded that the Japanese lover takes this means of praising his Rosalind, none the less do Japanese maidens delight in passing from tree to tree perusing the fluttering inscriptions. The daughter of one of my neighbors, a highly accomplished young lady, kindly consented to write an appropriate poem that could be introduced into my painting. This was, in due time, sent to me with her own translation into English, and a little added note of explanation. Her translation of this note is as follows: <sup>1</sup>

"When Mr. Wores will set out to America he asked me to write down a nice poem to his picture which he has painted in Japan and represents that a pretty girls are standing under a plum blossoms, so I have made the poem and written it here:

<sup>1</sup> Although I feel constrained to ask the reader's charity for the form of this note, it would lose its charm by revision. After all, the question is, How many mistakes would an American girl make under the same circumstances in writing a note in Japanese?





SPRING'S INSPIRATION."

"O, how lovely the plum blossoms smell, I must keep the sweet smell into my sleeves. They will be able to make me happy for the sorrow which the beautiful and cheerful blossoms should have gone."

VOL. XXXVIII.—88.

Another of these poems reads in this wise :

"How happy I will be if a gentle breeze blows and wafts the fragrance of the blossoms slowly by, and I hope no wild wind will come to scatter them away."



The plum may be considered the favorite flower of the Japanese, for the snow has hardly disappeared from the ground when its earliest blossoms burst forth and are hailed by the delighted people as the first token of spring, a time to store away their winter garments and substitute for them the lighter ones of spring; for these children of the "Sunrise Land" have no love for cold, cheerless winter, and the early plum blossoms herald but the awakening of nature from her long winter's sleep.

The cherry blossom follows and almost rivals the plum. Great avenues and groves of these trees are planted for the sake of their blossoms only, for these trees bear no fruit. But in this esthetic land, where the sense of sight receives as much consideration as that of taste, these trees in exhibiting themselves once a year in floral attire are considered as having fully performed their duty.

As in plum-blossom time, the people make holiday and amidst the fragrant flowers drink tea made of last year's blossoms that have been dried and kept for that purpose.

This intense love for flowers and plants furnishes but another indication of the general refinement of the people, for it is shared alike by high and low, rich and poor; the poorest being never so poor but that they can, for a copper or two, buy a few sprigs of flowers from the *nannaye*, the street flower seller, who carries his fragrant burden in two large baskets suspended from a pole on his shoulder, setting it down from time to time along the thoroughfare.

As I have said, flowers enter into the life and art of the Japanese to such an extent that the loss of them would be like taking the sun out of their world. But herein they show their consistency by their admiration more for the individual flower and plant, the graceful lines and the color and forms of which give them far more satisfaction than great confused masses of differently colored flowers. Indeed one rarely sees more than a very few sprigs and blossoms arranged together, but the result is almost invariably artistic. This is, however, not left to chance; for the art of flower arrangement is one of the most important branches in the education of young ladies of the upper classes, who devote years of study under proficient masters in acquiring the accomplishment.

Near the entrance to the plum garden we passed a temple, from the veranda of which a priest was feeding a great fluttering and dazzling flock of pigeons which were so tame that without the slightest fear they ate the rice that was held out to them in the open hands of the visitors. Seated before the temple was a man with a large cage filled with little birds, one of which was purchased by Oyuki, the young-

est girl of our party, who, according to a charming custom, threw the little feathered prisoner into the air and gave him his freedom.

We had now spent several hours among the plum blossoms and were preparing to depart when Yasumaru's father suggested that we finish the day in a visit to the theater. "We are rather late," he said. "It is now eleven o'clock and the play commenced at seven in the morning; but you will see enough," he added, "especially as this will be your first visit; and by the time it closes, between ten and eleven o'clock this evening, I am sure you will have had quite enough for a first experience." Our conversation was carried on through the medium of his children; for my knowledge of Japanese was rather limited at that time, and although the old gentleman read English without difficulty, he never attempted to speak it. He had on a former occasion said to me, "When I was a young man the only intercourse we had with the outer world was through the Hollanders, and then it was quite the proper thing for a young man to study the Dutch language, as my sons now study English." He had a very good library of old Dutch books, treating of every possible subject, and, like many others, he had been well posted on much that was going on in the Western world long before the gates of Japan were opened.

After a half-hour's ride through the streets of Tokio we arrived at the theater. The entire front of the building was covered with showy colored pictures of the actors and scenes of the play. But we did not draw up before the crowded entrance, buy our tickets, and elbow our way in, for that would be altogether too undignified a proceeding for a Japanese gentleman and lady. That is all obviated through the medium of the adjoining tea houses, in front of one of which we now descended from our jinrikishas. The host received us with profound and respectful bows as we entered, and after having served tea he was consulted about the seats, location, etc., and a man sent to secure places for us as well as for the servants; for the Japanese treat their servants in many respects much as members of the family. After resting for a few moments, and leaving all our unnecessary luggage behind, we followed the servant across the street to the theater, and were conducted to our boxes. The theater, though roughly constructed, was in general arrangement similar to those in the United States. Instead of chairs or stalls, however, the pit was divided by low partitions into boxes about five feet square, each of which accommodated from four to six persons, who sat on cushions on the floor. The gallery was likewise divided into boxes, and at the highest and extreme end was a space





THE RETURN FROM THE CHERRY GROVE.

separated by strong wooden bars and occupied, as with us, by the "gallery gods."

A raised walk on a level with the stage and running from it through the orchestra or pit extended along each side of the theater, by means of which the actors were enabled to traverse the entire length of the house—a great advantage in representing approaches from a

distance. On each side of the stage were boxes containing the orchestra and the chorus, the latter chanting in doleful tones the plot of the play as it progressed.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Japanese chorus, unlike the Greek, consists of but two or three performers. However, the comparison with the chorus of the Greek tragedians is interesting.



The stage revolves on wooden balls, placed in a well-greased groove, thus enabling a scene to be changed without loss of time or lowering the curtain. A scene, for instance, is represented in which a party of travelers arrive before a tavern. They decide to enter, and as the first passes through the door the stage slowly revolves and brings to view the interior of the house with the traveler entering through the same door. I was agreeably surprised at the effectiveness of the scenery and the make-up of the actors, especially those who impersonated female characters, which, as in Shakspeare's time, are always taken by young men; but so successful in speech as well as in action is this impersonation that it is difficult for a stranger to realize that they are not women. The acting was so expressive that I could almost, without the explanations of my friends, follow and enjoy the plot, which contained many of the usual elements of our own drama—the oppression of virtue and innocence and the final triumph over vice and crime. I have never known an audience so easily moved to tears as were these sympathetic spectators, especially those of the gentler sex, who were at times, almost without exception, weeping over the sad fate of some hero or heroine.

The leading character and chief attraction of the play was an actor named Danjero, the Booth or Irving of Japan, and it required no understanding of the language to appreciate his great art. There was also a ghost, who, like his familiar counterpart in Hamlet, spoke in the conventional hollow, sepulchral tone of voice. This ghost, Yasumaru assured me, was very celebrated; he belonged, in fact, to a famous family of ghosts, the successive members of which had acted in that capacity for many generations.<sup>1</sup>

Intermissions take place from time to time, during which servants from the neighboring tea houses bring in great trays filled with all kinds of refreshments, for at these all-day performances the audience take their meals in their boxes. We had both dinner and supper served to us by our host of the tea house, and the servants also appeared with refreshing tea at intervals between the meals.

Long as the play may seem, it passed only too rapidly, and I found my interest increasing to a feverish degree as the end was neared. A young daimio, the hero of the play, had committed a political offense and had been con-

demned to commit *hara-kiri*. Under these circumstances the code of honor of Japan enjoins upon a man the necessity of taking his life with perfect stoicism. In this case the young man showed evidences of a mental struggle. In a mournful soliloquy he expressed his unwillingness to die in the spring of his hopes and in the flower of his youth. Finally, strengthening his resolutions, he gave one last fond glance at a plum tree the blossoms of which overshadowed the door, and entered the fatal room, where, concealed from the view of the audience, he was to disembowel himself.

A few moments passed in silence and then a single blossom from the plum tree slowly fluttered to the ground. This was followed by a second, then by a few more, and then by a shower of blossoms.

"It is ended," said my friend. "Let us go."

An utter absence of sham, a perfect freedom from all affectation, constitutes one of the most admirable qualities of the people. They show no false or venerated front to the world, and their lives and actions are free and natural. The beauty of their homes lies more in the interior finish than in a showy outside, and the most beautiful rooms are generally those facing a garden in the rear. Even in their dress they are consistent, for the lining of their gowns is often of a more expensive and finer material than the outer stuff. However large and valuable a collection of works of art a Japanese gentleman may possess, the invariable severe simplicity prevails in his home. A few of his treasures may adorn his rooms, but the greater number of them—his pictures, bronzes, lacquer, and porcelain—are carefully stored away, each in its separate case, in the *kura*, or storehouse, and one may make many visits to his house before becoming aware of their existence. The few that may be observed about the rooms are occasionally changed for others, and only when the owner is visited by an art-loving friend who understands and can appreciate his treasures are they brought out. He never makes a vulgar display of them, for it is a true and genuine love for the beautiful which prompts him to acquire them; and through his enjoyment of these things he derives far more pleasure out of his life than the restless foreign observer may realize, who is only too apt to consider it uneventful and monotonous.

A Japanese friend once confided to me that lender flourishes his knife and demands his pound of flesh. The judge sees no way out of the difficulty and declares that the money-lender is entitled to it, when suddenly a door opens and a superior judge enters, supplying the necessary equity. Japanese etiquette would entirely forbid the rôle of Portia in Shakspeare's play.

<sup>1</sup> A play in the modern Japanese repertoire is our own "Merchant of Venice," with Portia left out. Some of the features of the adaptation are as follows: The Jew is a money-lender of Tokio. The 3000 ducats become 300 yen. To give character to the trial scene a few male-factors are introduced and sentenced and tortured on the stage. Then comes the *cause célèbre*. The money-





A FLOWER SELLER.

although there was much that he admired in the appointment of our American homes, all this furnishing and decoration confused him. He did not know if he was right, he ventured to say, but it seemed to him that there was too much of everything; in fact, they seemed to him more like curio shops than living-rooms.

In this respect the difference between the Japanese and ourselves lies in the fact that

whatever one may find in their houses, beautiful as it may be, is for use as well as for ornament. Its beauty, in a great degree, lies in its utility, whereas with us half of the objects that decorate our crowded rooms serve no useful purpose.

Although the term "barbaric splendor" is often used in descriptions of Japan, it could not be more wrongly applied, for it is in the very avoidance of all that is gaudy and over-



## THE LOTUS FRAME.

ornamented that the Japanese proclaim their refined taste.

I was at first somewhat disappointed at the scarcity of bright colors, the somber tones of their costumes, and the severe simplicity of their homes; but when I had become accustomed to this I discovered a charm that all wealth of decoration and gorgeousness of color could not supply.

The Japanese are not addicted to wearing jewelry in any form, and the use of bracelets, gold chains, rings, and other ornaments,

which can only be regarded as relics of barbarism, they have long since outgrown. Nothing could be more shocking to a Japanese lady than the custom of piercing the ears and suspending rings from them. In their freedom from this custom they perhaps stand alone among nations.

I have often been asked what constituted the Japanese ideal of feminine beauty and how it corresponded to our own. I found that the type most admired is of a slender, ethereal order with oval face, slightly aquiline nose, and light complexion. This represents the aristocratic type, and I could not but concede to many examples of this class a high degree of beauty; but when I ventured to express admiration for another type, the robust, red-cheeked, and well-developed country girl, I could not fail to notice the expression of pain and pity that came over the faces of my friends. Such taste seemed to them perfectly barbarous!

Yasumaru's sisters, whom I mention at all times more as typical examples of their class than as individuals, were well educated in all the branches that go to make up the accomplishments of a Japanese girl. I rarely visited

their home but I found them engaged in study. Miss Okiku played on six different musical instruments, some of which would no doubt fail to convey much to strangers, but the effect of others again would please. I was particularly impressed by a quartette performed by the four sisters on the koto, flute, biwa, and sho.<sup>1</sup>

In addition to these complicated musical studies the young ladies also received instruction in flower arrangement, poetry,<sup>2</sup> and in "cha-no-yu," or ceremonious tea service.

In addition to the Japanese portion of their education, they also attended a school where they were instructed in English, French, and German, as well as in grammar, arithmetic, geography, and the usual branches of a common-school education. The eldest daughter also went to dancing-school, for it is now considered quite as important for a Japanese as for an American girl to learn to waltz. The square dances, however, seem to be the most popular. Of course only the younger generation indulge in this pastime, for with a Japanese of the old school such an undignified performance would be out of question.

Although I entered into my new life in Kanasugimura ("golden cedar village") with great zest, I cannot say that my arrival was regarded with unmixed pleasure by my neighbors. I was the first foreigner who had come to live in the midst of them; and therefore I was the subject for daily discussion in the adjoining tea house of the "Nightingale Spring," so named from the fact that nightingales were said to abound in the vicinity, which had also been a favorite resort of the poets, who loved its peaceful quiet and the beauty of the adjoining park of Uweno.

I was greatly amused at the terror displayed by the little children, who at first fled at my approach. But in a little while they grew more trustful and stood as I passed, gravely bowing their little shaven heads. I invariably found them well behaved and respectful. As

<sup>1</sup> Music-teachers in Japan are invariably blind, the practice of that profession being by general consent restricted to these afflicted people, and no infringement on their rights is tolerated.

<sup>2</sup> Japan is emphatically the land of poetry, for it is customary to express the most trivial feeling of the day by quoting a verse from some Japanese poet. I asked one of my friends what he should say to a young lady

if he wished to compliment her highly. "Oh," said he, laughing, "we never leave that to chance. We have a verse which exactly suits the occasion. This verse is worthy of the most high-flown period of French gallantry. The maid is informed that her beauty is 'so dazzling that the fishes sink to the bottom of the sea, that the flowers wither at her approach, and the birds fall helplessly at her feet.'"



they are treated with great kindness and consideration by their elders, who never, under any circumstances, resort to corporal punishment, they retain in consequence much self-respect and pride, and resent being treated with patronizing condescension. Nevertheless they are thoroughly childlike, and indulge in all plays and frolics with the same enjoyment as other children. Their sweet and melodious voices attracted my attention as would the

the workshops I was surprised at the almost universal ability displayed for drawing in a free, off-hand manner. Almost every artisan could with the greatest facility make a quick effective sketch for any design that might be suggested to him. This facility in rendering forms and designs in flowing lines with brush and ink is undoubtedly owing to the graceful form of their writing, to which years of study are devoted; and this is in itself an art education.



THE KOTO PLAYER.

warbling notes of a bird. This is not purely nature's gift, but more or less the result of training.

I had not long been in Tokio before I became acquainted with a number of native artists, who all expressed the greatest desire to see my pictures, and to have me give opinion on their work. On the other hand I felt the same eagerness to become better acquainted with their art and methods, and to study the conditions under which they had developed into the only purely artistic nation of the world.

With us the artist, whose technical education and taste has been fostered in an artificial atmosphere, is but little understood by his public, and receives little sympathy except from a limited class. But the Japanese artist is in harmony with his public; he is free to follow his natural instinct with the conviction that everything he produces will be understood.

In associating with the people and visiting

This conviction, I may add, is shared by all Chinese and Japanese critics, who assert that painting is but a species of writing. They are taught from childhood to draw the Chinese characters in bold, free, and graceful lines, and beautiful writing is regarded as good drawing. The expression "It is alive" is applied to writing as well as to drawing.

One day, attracted by a bit of wood carving in a carpenter's shop, I entered, with the thought of possibly having a frame carved for a certain picture. But finding the master of the shop, a bright, intelligent-looking old man, engaged with his two sons in constructing some rude tables, I was not inspired with much confidence. But when I told him what I wanted he hastened to assure me that he could execute my order without the slightest difficulty, and displayed such eagerness to undertake the work that I resolved to give him a trial. The design of this frame, I explained to him, was to consist of lotus leaves,



flowers, and turtles, carved in relief. With the assistance of a few rough suggestions with a pencil I made my idea clear to him and he volunteered to make a drawing. The next morning he presented himself with a large and elaborate sketch.

I could hardly believe it possible that such a beautiful work, which embodied in the most artistic manner all I had suggested, could have been executed in so short a time. His ability was therefore no longer to be questioned, and when a few days later I again called at his

covered him intently watching a little turtle which he had fastened to a string, and when he observed a movement that struck his fancy he reproduced it in his work. But this was rather exceptional; for like the painters of Japan he rarely copied nature directly, as her impressions seemed to remain fixed in his mind.

But skillful though he was, there seemed no opportunity for him to display his ability in the proper channels, and he was compelled, in order to earn his daily bread, to devote himself to the most ordinary carpenter's work.



A CANDY SELLER.

shop he was already hard at work on the frame. It was most fascinating to observe its progress. A rough piece of camphor wood, which represented one side of the frame, lay before him. With a few rapid strokes of his brush he indicated the general design, and then, without any further preparation, seized his hammer and chisel and without hesitation boldly hacked away at the wood, making the chips fly in every direction. Before long the unmistakable forms of lotus leaves, flowers, turtles, and water lines, gracefully intermingled, began to appear.

This man, besides possessing the greatest mechanical skill, was thoroughly artistic in temperament. On one of my visits I dis-

After this he carved a number of other frames for me, and each successive one seemed an improvement on the last. I learned that he belonged to an old and celebrated family of wood carvers, and that his ancestors had, three hundred years ago, carved the ornaments of the famous temples of Nikko.

There are many such skillful artisans in Japan who are without employment and who could, did they but receive the proper encouragement, produce work equal to that of any period. I have even met with beggars whom I envied for their artistic ability. On one occasion I noticed a ragged old man seated by the wayside. He had carefully cleared and smoothed the ground before him, over which he had

sprinkled with a sieve a layer of fine dust. By his side were a number of boxes containing sand of different colors. As I stopped before him he plunged his hand into the box of black sand, and letting it run through his closed fists began to form the outlines of a graceful figure on the gray dust. He shaded the lines as gracefully as with a brush, and in a few moments the contour of a well-drawn female figure appeared on the ground before me. He next proceeded to fill in the various shades of the dress and its patterns with the differently colored sands, and almost before I could realize it he had produced a most beautiful effect, and I only regretted that this sand painting could not be preserved and carried away.

I followed the example of the other bystanders and threw him a few small coins, whereupon he brushed away this picture and began another. So it went on, figure after figure, varied occasionally by beautiful script, flowers, and birds, and so long as the money was forthcoming so long the pictures appeared, as though the supply was inexhaustible.

Another artist of this class whom I often met was the street candy seller. He carried his stock on his back, and stopped from time to time to blow his trumpet and make his presence known to the children of the neighborhood. Putting his stand on the ground he stuck a lump of soft candy to the end of a bamboo straw and proceeded to blow all kinds of familiar objects, after the manner of a glass blower. He formed, for instance, a gourd with its hollow stem wound around the straw, then he added a few leaves, a snail or two crawling, most naturally, along the stem, and behold, the work was complete. Thus he created birds, animals, masks, or whatever might be suggested to him by his child patrons, who surrounded him and eagerly bought his productions.

Love of nature tends to make the Japanese great travelers within the limits of their native land. There are a number of well-known views and historical places that have for centuries formed subjects for painter and poet.

To visit these celebrated places is the ambition of every one of high or low degree, the former traveling leisurely, with all comforts, and attended by a retinue of servants, while the latter more generally dons the pilgrim's white habit and with staff in hand wanders from shrine to shrine, thus performing a religious duty and enjoying the natural beauty of the country at the same time. In traveling about the country I constantly had my notice drawn to certain fine views and attractive spots, and almost invariably found that they had been well selected and were worth a visit.

I once accompanied a Japanese gentleman to a celebrated valley, or cañon, near Kioto,

through which flowed a wild and rapid stream. We took a boat and were guided by skillful boatmen down the stream through the rapids. As we floated along, my companion would from time to time utter exclamations of delight and point out some beautiful or historical spot, giving, at the same time, an interesting little description or anecdote relating to it. I therefore very naturally supposed that he had repeatedly visited this place, but on inquiry I learned, to my astonishment, that this was his first visit, and what he recognized and knew was owing to the pictures he had seen and the books and poems he had read since his childhood.

Japan, more than any other country, perhaps, owes much of its general beauty and attractiveness to the hand of man; but so successful is the harmonious combination of man and nature that one at first fails to realize how much each has contributed in forming the character of the country. But there is no conflict between them. Man has made no attempt to supplant or to improve nature, and has been but a loving assistant. Thus has this process gone on for ages and ages, until the people and their surroundings form one harmonious whole.

One day I received an invitation to visit an exhibition of paintings given by one of the leading art societies of Tokio. The day and hour of my visit were fixed so that the members of the society who wished to be present could on this occasion make my acquaintance. The exhibition was held in a temple, situated on a small island in a lake near Uweno Park.

I was warmly welcomed with much ceremonious bowing by a number of the artists who constituted the reception committee. They led me through a series of rooms, the walls of which were hung with a great variety of *kakemonas*, as the roll paintings are called. There were many different schools of painting represented, some of them consisting of most conventional productions, while others again seemed natural and lifelike.

But I felt in looking at these pictures that too many of them represented but occasionally varied efforts to reproduce well-known subjects and effects, the creations, in an inspired moment, of some great master of the past.

After the examination was over, I was conducted to an adjoining tea house, where a collection of representative works of the old masters had been brought together for my especial benefit. These were certainly the finest specimens of Japanese art that I had yet seen, and how they stood out by contrast against the modern ones of the exhibition we had just left! As I passed from one to the other the





HIAKU NEN'S DRAWING.

different styles and schools they represented were explained to me, and the artists were much pleased that I should express admiration for what I saw.

They all evinced the greatest curiosity to know to which of these pictures I would, from my standpoint of art, give the preference; and when, after due deliberation, I made my decision, it was received with a perfect outburst of astonishment. I had, they assured me, selected the masterpieces, the very pictures that they prized most highly. It took them some time to recover from this surprise; but when they did, all barriers of race seemed to have disappeared. We were now but a company of artists, bound together by mutual sympathies and common ideals. I never spent a more delightful afternoon. I was surprised to see how thoroughly cultivated were their art ideas, and

how identical in many respects with those of the best of our artists. They asked me many questions about European art and artists. I had some photographs of pictures with me which I showed them. They seemed pleased, but were astonished when I told them the amount of time which had been required in painting them. They argued that a painter should spend a great deal of time in observing nature, and when he had thought out his picture perfectly in his mind, and was saturated with the subject, then he

should seize his brush and dash off the picture in a few hours or minutes.

It is the spirit more than the substance that the Japanese artist strives to produce. He does not attempt slavishly to reproduce the textures of the trees, rocks, and other objects in a landscape. A mere suggestion of one of nature's moods that serves to bring back to the mind the impression it received is, in his opinion, quite enough, even if expressed in half a dozen strokes of the brush. The graceful and life-like action of a bird, suggested in a few strokes, is far more commendable in his eyes than the most clever and realistic rendering of its feathery texture.

After several hours agreeably passed in art discussion I was duly elected an honorary member of the institution, and was informed that a full account of the reception would appear in the monthly journal published by the society.

As Japanese art was derived from China directly and indirectly through Corea, so does China owe much of its preservation and continuation to Japan. The Japanese rulers were eager collectors of Chinese paintings, and great numbers have in this manner been preserved and handed down. It is not difficult to secure an old Chinese painting in Japan, whereas it is almost impossible to find any in China. This is also the case with musical instruments; for although nearly all those in Japan were derived from China centuries ago and are still in common use, many of them are no longer known in China. In architecture also the construction is in the main Chinese, but a marvelous transformation has taken place in time. The superior beauty, refinement in color, and form of the details and ornamentation are purely Japanese.

The temples of Japan, as was the Church of Rome in the Middle Ages, were great patrons of art, and are to this day the store-houses and guardians of the most valuable art treasures. Owing, however, to constant thefts and to sales by the priests, the Government a few years ago declared these treasures the property of the state, and officials were sent to the various temples to take inventories of them. Every few years a tour of inspection is made, and the heads of the temples are held strictly responsible for what may be lost. It was only since these investigations have taken place that the Japanese could form any idea how much of this ancient art their country contained.

I had many meetings with artists in various cities, and was always politely received. On one occasion I visited the house of a well-known artist of Kioto named Hiaku Nen, literally Mr. Hundred Years.

Mr. Hundred Years belonged to a very old



family of artists, but this is not unusual in Japan, where many of the artists bear the names and are the direct descendants of those who were founders of great schools of painting four or five centuries ago.<sup>1</sup> During the afternoon several other artists came in, and in the midst of an interesting interchange of ideas the old man suddenly jumped to his feet and clapped his hands, exclaiming, "This is too instructive; my pupils must also receive the benefit of your remarks." Obedient to their master's call, a string of five or six young boys filed noiselessly into the room, and, bowing their heads respectfully to the ground, seated themselves at the farther end of the room and listened attentively to all that was said.

The old man seemed to think that art had of late sadly declined in Japan. He was of the opinion that too many of the young men were striving merely to acquire the "brush stroke facility" of their great predecessors, losing sight, in the meanwhile, of the spirit of their work. They did not seem to realize that these brush strokes were but the means of expressing great ideas. "The result is," he added sadly, "clever brush strokes and nothing more." As I expressed a desire to see some of the work of his young pupils, he ordered ink, brushes, and a large sheet of paper to be brought. Then one after another these little men gravely seated themselves before the paper and in a few moments made a graceful little drawing, each signing his name to the work. Mr. Keinan, also a well-known Kyoto artist, who was present, then made a very clever sketch of two swimming ducks, one of them half under water. The others followed his example, and, last of all, the master took the brush and in a few moments sketched a most lifelike crow, seated on a bough and gazing at a persimmon growing overhead. So realistic is the action of the bird that I have often feared he would hop off the bough and leave me; for, as the master rolled the pictures together and kindly presented them to me as a souvenir of my visit, I came into the possession of this masterpiece.

One of these artists afterwards visited me at my studio. Although he seemed pleased with much that he saw, he expressed himself as follows: "I hardly know what to say, this is all so strange and new to me. However, it seems to me," he added rather reluctantly, "that your chief aim is to produce a real effect; in fact, you strive to make your picture look so real as to deceive one into the belief

that he is looking at nature. Now do you think that this can be accomplished with paint? Do you think you can succeed well enough to warrant your making that your chief aim?" And, indeed, I found it to be a very general belief among Japanese artists that European painters strive to produce realistic effects only, and never attempt to express noble thoughts or poetic ideas in their works.

The Japanese artist depends but little on direct sketches or studies from nature, and his work is almost entirely the result of observation. His mind seems to retain, to a wonderful degree, the impressions it receives of color and form. Subordinate details, however, are not so firmly impressed on his mind as to cause him to lose sight of the general effects



A PUPIL'S DRAWING.

of line and color. It is hardly conceivable to the European artist, who is accustomed to make most careful studies direct from nature, that realism can be carried so far with mental

<sup>1</sup> A Botticelli, Raphael, or Titian living among us, the lineal descendant, through successive generations of artists, of an illustrious ancestor, would not possess a more remarkable pedigree than do some of these living painters of Japan. I have seen a collection of pictures, consisting of one or two examples of each successive member of one of these artist families,

covering a period of over four hundred years. It was curious to observe the hereditary variations, artistically speaking, that this family had undergone. In one period generation after generation seemed to deteriorate, then in another a brilliant genius would appear whose works would throw a glamour on the family name.





A JAPANESE GARDEN.

studies only. I once saw an exquisite work in one of the curio shops of Yokohama. It consisted of a figure bound to a cross,—for crucifixion was formerly one of the modes of punishment in Japan,—and for its action and anatomically correct modeling it ranked, in my estimation, as high as anything in the sculptor's art of modern times.<sup>1</sup> I later saw a group by the same artist representing two dancing devils, about three feet in height, at an exhibition in Yokohama, that was quite as masterly in its action and modeling. I greatly desired to know something of the author of these productions, and, if possible, to meet him and to learn something of his mode of work. This, however, I found difficult, as the dealers who monopolized his works were evidently not disposed to reveal his identity. But eventually I succeeded in locating him. About the only information the dealers had volunteered to give me was to the effect that he was a very old man, about ninety years of age, and the works I had seen were probably the last he would ever produce. It was therefore with satisfaction and surprise that I discovered him in his workshop, a bright, intellectual looking young

man of thirty years of age. He was greatly astonished when I told him of the reputation he had acquired through his works in Yokohama, and the prices that were being asked and paid for them. As I supposed, he had been working for mere carpenter's wages, and that accounted for the mystery with which the dealers endeavored to invest him. On the occasion of my visit he was engaged in carving some grotesque masks, and showed me several unfinished figures that convinced me more than ever of his great genius. The action, as well as the details, the hands, the feet, were executed in the most masterly manner. I asked him many questions with regard to his methods, and received the astonishing information that he worked entirely without models and knew nothing of anatomy beyond what his observation of living figures had taught him.<sup>2</sup>

Much of the grotesque character and exaggerated action that undoubtedly exists in Japanese art, when compared with ours, seems to disappear on better acquaintance, and especially as we become familiar with the people and their impulsive ways. A few years passed under these influences is very apt to change

<sup>1</sup> I believe that my opinion would receive general support were the works of this sculptor placed in a European exhibition.

<sup>2</sup> With such an example for us it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was under similar conditions that the great works of the Greek sculptors were produced.



many preconceived points of view. The action of figures, for instance, in some of our best figure paintings seems posed and statuesque—greatly lacking in the lifelike and natural action of those of the Japanese. Much of this may be the result of that study of Greek art which forms the foundation of our art as taught in all the great academies, and which ever after tends to blind the student to life in its graceful and natural action.

I was much impressed with the calm and serious religious spirit of many of the large wall-paintings in the old temples. They reminded me strongly, both in spirit and execution, of the Byzantine and pre-Raphaelite paintings in church and cloister. I cannot help thinking, however, that the art of painting in Japan will not, except in a few branches, bear comparison with the best works of the old masters of Europe, and it has never been developed to that degree of perfection or attained the completeness of the best of Western art.

But then the Japanese art of painting cannot, as with us, be treated separately, for with them it is closely connected with all the other arts, which mutually strengthen and complete one another. This harmonious combination of art and industries, taken as a whole, excels anything that Western civilization can produce.

Shortly before my departure from Japan I was prevailed upon to exhibit my pictures at the *Mōgaku*—the Tokio asylum for deaf-mutes and the blind—for the benefit of that institution. Great interest was taken in the affair by both managers and public, and the exhibition was largely attended.<sup>1</sup> Before it formally opened, a private view was held for the members of the mikado's family and officials of high rank. On this occasion Prince Harunomiya, the son of the mikado, a child of six years of age, made a most ceremonious visit, attended by his aides-de-camp and a numerous suite of court officials.

The little fellow had been driven to the building in an English coach and four, with liveried footmen, and he was dressed in an American boy's suit, with the exception of a military cap. As he entered the hall his escort followed respectfully and the director of the institution received him with profound bows, but when I was introduced to him he stepped forward with great self-possession and shook hands with me. He then passed from picture to picture, motioning for me to accompany

him. He gravely examined each picture separately and listened attentively to the director's explanation, giving me from time to time a nod of approval. He bought a number of photographs of the pictures which were on sale for the benefit of the institution, and as he took his departure the director advanced to escort him to his carriage. He turned at the threshold of the door, however, and gravely motioned him back, as if to say, "We will dispense with further ceremony." And he did, for he jumped quickly into his carriage, and touching his cap in military salute, the heir-apparent to the throne of Japan was rapidly driven off.<sup>2</sup>

The skilled artisan of Japan not only executes but in most cases designs his own work.<sup>3</sup> He perfectly understands the capabilities of the materials he employs, be they of wood, bronze, lacquer, or ivory, and he designs his forms to adapt them to the materials used. He does not consider it necessary that the form he plans should be a perfect or accurate reproduction of the object he undertakes to represent, but he does endeavor to give its character, however he may vary the design in conforming to the character of his materials.

In this he is undoubtedly guided more or less by his artistic instinct, which is but an inheritance from generations of artisan forefathers who have bequeathed to him their accumulated knowledge. Thus it is that the Japanese artisan is instinctively artistic, and produces artistic work almost unconsciously by simply following out his natural tastes and inclinations.

With us, whatever the designer produces is planned with the deliberate intention of making what he knows to be considered artistic. It is but what he knows, and not what he feels.

Many of the artists of Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, continue to a greater degree than those of Tokio to remain true to the art traditions of the old time, and the modern commercial spirit had not yet encroached to such a demoralizing extent upon their work.

This fact was impressed upon me on the occasion of a visit to a celebrated cloisonné maker of the former city, who was renowned for the beautiful form, color, and workmanship of his ware. He received me with the usual courtesy in a home which was exceptionally refined and esthetic. One side faced and opened

<sup>1</sup> The exhibition lasted four days and the price of admission was only 15 *sen*—about 10 cents. The sum netted for the benefit of the asylum, however, was over a thousand dollars.

<sup>2</sup> The prince's family has reigned in Japan over two thousand five hundred years. I could not help speculating, therefore, as to whether his majestic manners were not, like the skill of the artists, inherited.

<sup>3</sup> This was true also of the great gold and silver smiths of Europe. Compare Benvenuto Cellini's account of art and artists of that period. Art historians could obtain a much better insight into the conditions under which the art of Europe during that period flourished by familiarizing themselves with the living art of the workshops of Japan.



on a most charming garden. A little waterfall murmured in one corner and emptied its waters into a deep pool in which great golden carp sluggishly swam about. The garden was inclosed by a high hedge and tall trees that completely shut out the busy world beyond. Although we were in the middle of the city, the illusion of distance was perfect. Here and there the hedge had been cut away just enough to give a glimpse of a distant range of mountains or a picturesque old temple or pagoda. We walked through the garden, crossed a little bridge consisting of one roughly hewn slab of stone which spanned the dry bed of a brook, artificially constructed with water-worn stones so ingeniously placed as to make it seem nature itself. Presently we caught a glimpse of the workshop with its busy workers. All the beauty of this garden was spread out before their eyes, and the master, who seemed to read my thoughts, asked me whether I did not think it likely that these workers in beautiful forms and combination of harmonious colors would be favorably influenced and assisted by their inspiring surroundings. Who could not but agree with him? We returned to his house, where he told me something of his life, and my admiration for the man increased. He employed only a few

assistants and executed but a limited quantity of work. He was ever striving to improve the quality of his ware, and proudly pointed out the contrast between his former efforts and his present work. A few years ago he told me he had sent a collection of his cloisonné to the Paris Exposition, where he had received a medal and had been fortunate enough to dispose of the greater portion of his stock at very good prices. Thus he was, for the first time in his life, in possession of a considerable amount of money.

Some of his friends advised him to enlarge his workshop, employ more men, and conduct his business on a larger scale. "It was a great temptation," he said, "and I would undoubtedly have become rich; but I felt that work of this kind could not be turned out in great quantities and be good. I could not go on improving, and I would derive but little satisfaction in turning out unsatisfactory work. So I decided to continue as before, and I have never regretted it. All that money," he added quietly, "went to make this garden."

These are motives and ideas worthy of a golden age; and in sentiments such as these, operating through centuries of seclusion, lies the true secret of Japan's artistic greatness.

*Theodore Wores.*



## IN THE ORCHARD.

THE autumn leaves are whirled away;  
The sober skies look down  
On faded fields and woodlands gray,  
And the dun-colored town.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,  
In sad-hued gown and hood  
Slow passes, with a peaceful smile,  
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene, and dove-like eyes  
Are downward bent; her face,  
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,  
Is sweet with nameless grace.

The frolic wind beside her blows;  
The sear leaves dance and leap;  
With hands before her clasped, she goes  
As in a waking sleep.

To her the ashen skies are bright,  
The russet earth is fair;  
And never shone a clearer light,  
Nor breathed a softer air.

O wizard love! whose magic art  
Transmutes to sun the shade,  
Thine are the beams that fill the heart  
Of this meek Quaker maid.

*James B. Kenyon.*

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

## CABINET CHANGES—LINCOLN REELECTED—CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### CABINET CHANGES.



THE principal concession in the Baltimore platform made by the friends of the Administration to its opponents was the resolution which called for harmony in the Cabinet; and although no method was specified by which such harmony could be attained, it was no secret that the convention requested, and, so far as its authority went, required, that the Cabinet should be rendered homogeneous by the dismissal of those members who were stigmatized as conservatives. The President at first took no notice, either publicly or privately, of this resolution, and it was with something akin to consternation that the radical body of his supporters heard of the first change which occurred in his Cabinet after the convention adjourned. The resignation of Mr. Chase, whom the extreme radicals regarded as in some sort their special representative in the Government, took them entirely by surprise. The demonstration made by Mr. Wade and Mr. Davis some weeks later increased the feeling of restlessness among them, and brought upon the President a powerful pressure from every quarter to induce him to give satisfaction to the radical demand by the dismissal from the Cabinet of Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, who had gradually attracted to himself the hostility of all the radical Republicans in the country. The unpopularity into which Mr. Blair had fallen among the radicals was one of those incidents that recall the oft-repeated simile that compares political revolutions to Saturn devouring his offspring. Mr. Blair was one of the founders of the Republican party. After graduating at West Point and serving for a year in the Seminole war, he resigned his commission in the army and began to practice law in St. Louis. He immediately gained high distinction in his profession, and became, while yet a young man, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He returned to Maryland, and in 1855 was appointed solicitor of the United States in the Court of Claims. The repeal of

the Missouri Compromise made a Republican of him. President Buchanan removed him from office in 1858 on account of his zealous antislavery attitude. He was counsel for the plaintiff in the famous Dred Scott case, and presided over the Republican convention of Maryland in 1860. With the exception of his brother Frank in Missouri, and Cassius M. Clay in Kentucky, he was beyond question the most prominent opponent of the extension of slavery in all the Southern States. The immediate cause which occasioned his loss of caste among the radical antislavery men was the quarrel which sprung up between his family and General Frémont in Missouri. In this also he had the mortification of feeling that he had nursed the pinion that impelled the steel. The reputation of General Frémont was the creation of the Blairs. It was at their solicitation that the President appointed the Pathfinder a major-general in the regular army, and gave him command of the important department of Missouri. So late as the 24th of August, 1861, General Frémont relied upon Montgomery Blair for all the support and assistance he required in Washington. The Postmaster-General, writing to him on that date, spoke of the President and his colleagues with the indiscreet frankness of confidential friendship. "Chase," he said, "has more horror of seeing treasury notes below par than of seeing soldiers killed, and therefore has held back too much, I think. I do not believe at all in that style of managing the Treasury." He goes on lamenting his lack of influence in the Government in a style which reminds us of Mr. Chase himself.

This, I can see [he says], is partly my own fault. I have been too obstreperous, perhaps, in my position, and men do not like those who have exposed their mistakes beforehand and dun them with them afterwards. The main difficulty is, however, with Lincoln himself. He is of the Whig school, and that brings him naturally not only to incline to the feeble policy of the Whigs, but to give his confidence to such advisers. It costs me a great deal of labor to get anything done, because of this inclination in the mind of the President, or leading members of the Cabinet, including Chase, who never voted a Democratic ticket in his life. But you have got the people at your back, and I am doing all I

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.



can to cut red tape and get things done. I will be more civil and patient than heretofore, and see if that will work.

No man can be sufficiently sure of friends to write them such letters as this. A few months later Frémont was Blair's deadliest enemy, and these letters, being printed, came up like impertinent ghosts between the Postmaster-General and his colleagues at the Cabinet table.

In the beginning of this quarrel the Blairs were unquestionably right; but being unjustly assailed by the radicals, the natural pugnacity of their dispositions would not permit them to rest firmly planted on their own ground. They entered upon a course of hostility that was at first confined to their factious enemies, but which gradually broadened and extended till it landed them both in the Democratic party. Montgomery Blair was doubtless unconscious of his progress in that direction. He thought himself the most zealous of Republicans until the moment that he declared himself the most zealous of Democrats. Every admonition he received but increased the heat and energy with which he defended himself. The Union League of Philadelphia, towards the close of 1863, left out his name in the resolutions by which they elected all the rest of the Cabinet honorary members of the League. He chose to consider Mr. Winter Davis responsible for some attacks made upon him, and desired to defeat him in Maryland. The President, who had certainly no cause to show personal favor to Mr. Davis, said that as he was the choice of the Union men of Maryland he merited and should receive what friendly support the Administration could give him. Mr. Blair made a speech in Rockville touching upon the subject of reconstruction, and indulged in vigorous and somewhat acrid allusions to some of his leading Republican assailants. This brought upon him, and upon Mr. Lincoln, over his shoulders, much vehement criticism. It was in relation to this speech that the President said:

The controversy between the two sets of men represented by Blair and by Sumner is one of mere form and little else. I do not think Mr. Blair would agree that the States in rebellion are to be permitted to come at once into the political family and renew their performances, which have already so bedeviled us, and I do not think Mr. Sumner would insist that when the loyal people of a State obtain supremacy in their councils and are ready to assume the direction of their own affairs they should be excluded. I do not understand Mr. Blair to admit that Jefferson Davis may take his seat in Congress again as a representative of his people. I do not understand Mr. Sumner to assert that John Minor Botts may not. So far as I understand Mr. Sumner, he seems in favor of Congress taking from the Executive the power it at present exercises over

insurrectionary districts and assuming it to itself; but when the vital question arises as to the right and privilege of the people of these States to govern themselves, I apprehend there will be little difference among loyal men. The question at once is presented, in whom is this power vested? and the practical matter for discussion is how to keep the rebellious population from overwhelming and outvoting the loyal minority.<sup>1</sup>

It was about this time that the President wrote the letter of kindly and sensible advice to General Frank Blair which we have given in another place; a letter which, when published many months afterwards, gave great and lasting offense to the enemies of Blair in Congress and in the country. Although General Blair at this time retired from the contest for the speakership, the Postmaster-General continued, with equally bad taste and judgment, to oppose the nomination of Mr. Colfax for that place. Upon Colfax going to him in person and demanding the motive of his hostility, Mr. Blair was so indiscreet as to give as a reason for his opposition that Colfax was running as a Chase candidate.<sup>2</sup>

The opposition to Blair was not confined to the radical demonstrations in the Baltimore convention and out of it. Some of the most judicious Republicans in the country, who were not personally unfriendly to Blair, urged upon the President the necessity of freeing himself from such a source of weakness and discord. Even in the bosom of the Government itself a strong hostility to Mr. Blair made itself felt. While Mr. Chase remained in the Cabinet there was always a condition of smoldering hostility between the two men. Mr. Blair's enmity to Mr. Seward also became more and more violent in its expression, and his relations with Mr. Stanton were subject to a strain which was hardly endurable. There was still, however, so much in his character and antecedents that was estimable, the President had so deep a regard for both the Blairs, and especially for their father, that he had great reluctance to take any action against the Postmaster-General. In the middle of July, after the termination of Early's raid upon Washington, General Halleck, exasperated by the report of stringent and sarcastic remarks which Mr. Blair, under the provocation of the destruction by rebels of his property in the suburbs of Washington, had made, in reference to the laxity or poltroonery of the defenders of the capital, addressed an angry note to the Secretary of War, saying that he wished to know "whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States.

1 J. H., Diary, Nov. 1.

2 J. H., Diary, Nov. 21.



If so," said General Halleck, "the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet." Mr. Stanton sent this letter of Halleck's to the President without comment. The President, on the same day, replied in his most masterful manner. After summarizing Halleck's letter, he said:

Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge is necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation at so severe a loss is sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed.<sup>1</sup>

Not satisfied with this, the President, when the Cabinet came together, made them this impressive and oracular little speech:

I must myself be the judge how long to retain in and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter.<sup>2</sup>

This, we are inclined to think, is one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a President. The tone of authority is unmistakable. Washington was never more dignified; Jackson was never more peremptory.

The feeling against Mr. Blair and the pressure upon the President to remove him increased throughout the summer. Henry Wilson wrote on the 5th of September, "Blair every one hates. Tens of thousands of men will be lost to you or will give a reluctant vote on account of the Blairs." The President's mail was filled with such appeals as this; but through the gloom and discouragement of midsummer he declined to act. There was a moment, as we have seen, when he lost heart in the campaign, and believed that the verdict of the country would be against him. Yet even then he refused to make the concession to the radical spirit which he was assured from every quarter would result so greatly to his advantage; but with the victories which came later in the season, and with the response of the country to the infamy of the surrender of the Chicago convention, there came a great and inspiring change of public opinion, and before the

month of September ended the assured triumph of the Union cause became evident to one so capable as was Mr. Lincoln to discern and appreciate the signs of the times. He felt that it was his duty no longer to retain in his Cabinet a member who, whatever his personal merits, had lost the confidence of the great body of Republicans. He had learned also during the long controversy more than he had ever known before of the violent and unruly candor of the Postmaster-General. Exasperated by the attacks made upon him, there were no limits to Mr. Blair's jealousy and suspicion. He wearied the President by insisting upon it that all the leading Republicans were Lincoln's enemies. After Chase left the Cabinet he insisted that Seward and Stanton were in league against Lincoln; that Stanton went into the Cabinet to break down the Administration by thwarting McClellan, and that Seward was coquetting with the Copperheads. Mr. Lincoln listened to these denunciations with growing fatigue and impatience. He protested against them. He said once to Mr. Blair, in the presence of another, "It is much better not to be led from the region of reason into that of hot blood by imputing to public men motives which they do not avow."<sup>3</sup> Towards the end of September the President, reasonably sure of his reelection, and feeling that he ought not any longer to delay complying with the demand of a party which was giving him so earnest and loyal a support, wrote this letter to the Postmaster-General:

You have generously said to me more than once that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me it was at my disposal. The time is come. You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction of mine with you personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any other friend; and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the General Post-office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Blair accepted his dismissal in a manner which was to have been expected from his manly and generous character. He called upon the President at once, not pretending to be pleased at what had happened, but assuming that the President had good reasons for his action, and refraining from any demand for explanation. He went immediately to Maryland and busied himself in speaking and working for the Union cause, and for the reelection of Mr. Lincoln. He made a

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln to Stanton, July 14, 1864. MS.

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln. MS.

<sup>3</sup> J. H., Diary.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln to Blair, September 23, 1864.



speech a few days later in New York, at a great war meeting, in which he said that the action of the President in asking his resignation was suggested by his own father. All the family received this serious reverse in the temper of fighting men ready for all the chances of battle, and of bold players whose traditional rule of conduct when the cards go against them is, "Pay and look pleasant." General Blair wrote to his father that he was sure in advance that his brother had acted for the good of the country, and in the interest of the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, in which he says "the safety of the country is involved."

I believe [he continued] that the failure to elect Mr. Lincoln would be the greatest disaster that could befall the country, and the sacrifice made by the judge to prevent this is so incomparably small that I feel it would not cost him a pang to make. . . . He leaves the Cabinet with an untarnished name, and a reputation of having administered the department with the greatest ability and success; and so far as worldly considerations go, it is better for him to go out than to remain in the Cabinet. As to the future I have no fear. If Mr. Lincoln's reelection is secured, no matter what his personal disposition may be towards us, or what his political necessities may compel him to do, if the country is saved and restored, those who have served it in its trials will some day be rewarded for the patriotism they have shown by a higher power than that of the President.

After the death of Judge Taney, Mr. Blair for a while indulged the hope that he might be appointed Chief-Justice, a position for which his natural abilities, his legal learning, his former judicial service, and his large acquaintance with the more important matters which would come before the court eminently fitted him; but the competition of Mr. Chase was too strong for any rival, however worthy, and he was chosen, to the bitter disappointment of the Blairs. Even this did not shake their steadfast loyalty to the Union cause, nor their personal fidelity and friendship to the President. Immediately after his second inauguration Mr. Lincoln offered Montgomery Blair his choice of the Spanish or the Austrian mission, an offer which was peremptorily though respectfully declined.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Blair's successor in the Cabinet, ex-Governor William Dennison of Ohio, had been selected beforehand. The President informed him of his appointment in a curt telegram, and directed him to proceed to Washington as soon as possible. Mr. Dennison had rendered admirable service to the Government as governor of Ohio at the outbreak of the war. He was a gentleman of the highest character, of great ability and perfect integrity, and of peculiarly winning and gracious manners. We find

<sup>1</sup> Seward to Lincoln, March 9, 1865. MS.

among the President's papers a letter written by his intimate friend, David Davis, on the 2d of June, suggesting Governor Dennison as a proper person to preside over the Baltimore convention. Judge Davis says: "He is a pure, upright man, one of your most devoted friends. If, during this or your subsequent administration, you think it your duty to modify your Cabinet, in my judgment you could not get a wiser counselor than Governor Dennison." This, so far as we know, was the first, perhaps the only, suggestion made to the President in favor of Mr. Dennison for a place in the Cabinet. The claim of localities always had a disproportionate weight in his mind. When Mr. Chase resigned Mr. Lincoln appointed Governor Tod in his place, and after Tod had declined he was glad to find an opportunity to call another Ohio statesman into his Cabinet.

The reconstruction of the Cabinet went on by gradual disintegration rather than by any brusque or even voluntary action of the President. Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General, before the end of the year 1864 grew weary, not only of the labors of his official position, but also of the rapid progress of the revolution of which he had been one of the earliest advocates. Although heartily devoted to the cause of freedom and emancipation, he was wedded, by constitutional temperament and lifelong habit, to the strictest rules of law and precedent. Every deviation from tradition pained him inexpressibly. The natural and unavoidable triumph of the radical party in St. Louis politics, and to a certain extent in those of the nation, seemed to him the herald of the trump of doom. He grew tired of it all, and expressed to the President his desire for retirement. If he had not himself wished to retire, the President would probably not have suggested it; he was greatly displeased at an announcement made by Simon Cameron, as if upon his authority, that in the event of reelection he would call around him fresh and earnest antislavery men. Mr. Lincoln, on hearing of this indiscreet and injurious statement, said, "They need not be so savage about a change in the Government. There are now only three left of the original Cabinet." He put a vacant judgeship at the disposition of the Attorney-General; but Mr. Bates declined it, not without some petulant remarks about the "uselessness of a legal system in a State dominated by the revolutionary spirit which then ruled in Missouri." He said he could not work in harmony with the radicals, whom he regarded as enemies of law and order; there was no such thing as a patriotic and honest American radical; some of the transcendental Republican Germans were honest enough in their moon-struck theorizing, but the



Americans impudently and dishonestly arrogated to themselves the title of unconditional loyalty, when the whole spirit of their faction was contempt of and opposition to the law. "While the present state of things continues in Missouri there is no need of a court; so says Judge Treat, and I agree with him." Considering the subject of a successor to Mr. Bates, the President, his mind still hampered by the consideration of locality, weighed for several days the names of all the leading men of Missouri who were in any way fitted for the place, but found good reasons for rejecting them all. One of his secretaries said to him, "Why confine yourself to Missouri? Why not go to the adjoining State and take Judge Holt?" The President looked up with some surprise and said: "Why, that would be an excellent appointment. I question if I could do better. I had always intended, though I had never mentioned it to any one, that if a vacancy should occur on the Supreme Bench in any Southern district I would appoint him; but giving him a place in the Cabinet would not hinder that."

Mr. Bates tendered his resignation at last on the 24th of November.

Heretofore [he said], it has not been compatible with my ideas of duty to the public and fidelity to you to leave my post of service for any private considerations, however urgent. Then the fate of the nation hung in doubt and gloom; even your own fate, as identified with that of the nation, was a source of much anxiety. Now, on the contrary, the affairs of the Government display a brighter aspect; and to you, as head and leader of the Government, all the honor and good fortune that we hoped for has come. And it seems to me, under these altered circumstances, that the time has come when I may, without dereliction of duty, ask leave to retire to private life. In tendering the resignation of my office of Attorney-General of the United States (which I now do) I gladly seize the occasion to repeat the expression of my gratitude, not only for your good opinion which led to my appointment, but also for your uniform and unvarying courtesy and kindness during the whole time in which we have been associated in the public service. The memory of that kindness and personal favor I shall bear with me into private life, and hope to retain it in my heart as long as I live. Pray let my resignation take effect on the last day of November.

A few days before the end of November the President offered the place of Attorney-General to Joseph Holt; but Mr. Holt, with that modesty and conscientiousness which formed the most striking trait of his noble character, believed that the length of time which had elapsed since he had retired from active service at the bar had rendered him unfit for the preparation and presentation of cases in an adequate manner before the Supreme Court, and therefore declined the appointment. The President was

not at first inclined to accept this as a sufficient reason for declination; but on the 30th of November Mr. Holt wrote a letter formally reiterating his refusal to accept the appointment.

After the most careful reflection [he said] I have not been able to overcome the embarrassments referred to at our last interview, and which then disinclined me to accept, as they must now determine me respectfully to decline, the appointment tendered in terms at once so generous and so full of encouragement. In view of all the circumstances, I am satisfied that I can serve you better in the position which I now hold at your hands than in the more elevated one to which I have been invited. I have reached this conclusion with extreme reluctance and regret; but having reached it, and with decided convictions, no other course is open to me than that which has been taken. I beg you will be assured that I am and shall ever be most grateful for this distinguished token of your confidence and good-will. In it I cannot fail to find renewed incentives to the faithful and zealous performance of the public duties with which you have already charged me.

Failing to secure Mr. Holt, the mind of the President turned naturally enough to another Kentuckian, Mr. James Speed, an able and accomplished lawyer, a man of high professional and social standing in his State, and the brother of the most intimate friend of the President's youth, Joshua F. Speed. Mr. Holt warmly recommended Mr. Speed. He said:

I can recall no public man in the State, of uncompromising loyalty, who unites in the same degree the qualifications of professional attainments, fervent devotion to the Union and to the principles of your administration, and spotless purity of personal character. To these he adds—what I should deem indispensable—a warm and hearty friendship for yourself, personally and officially.

Soon after the opening of the new year Mr. Fessenden was again elected to the Senate from Maine, and resigned his office as Secretary of the Treasury. In his letter of resignation he said:

I carry with me great and increased respect for your personal character and for the policy which has marked your administration of the Government at a period requiring the most devoted patriotism and the highest intellectual and moral qualities for a place so exalted as yours. Allow me also to congratulate you upon the greatly improved aspect of our national affairs, to which, and to the auspicious result of our prolonged struggle for national life, now, as I sincerely believe, so near at hand, no one can claim to have so largely contributed as the chosen Chief Magistrate of this great people.

The place thus vacated instantly excited a wide and spirited competition of recommendations. The principal bankers of Chicago joined in recommending Hugh McCulloch of Indiana, who had made a remarkably favorable official record as Comptroller of the Currency



in the supervision of the national banks ; Governor Morgan was strongly presented by nearly the entire State of New York, though a few of the so-called radicals of that State joined with the great mass of the people of New England in recommending Governor Andrew, whose splendid executive qualities no less than his fiery zeal and patriotism had endeared him to the earnest antislavery people throughout the country. Both branches of the Maine legislature recommended ex-Vice-President Hamlin to take the place vacated by his distinguished colleague. Mr. Jay Cooke, who was carrying on with such remarkable success at that time the great funding operations of the Treasury Department, reinforced with his recommendation the demand of the Western politicians and bankers for Mr. McCulloch. Mr. Montgomery Blair, who still retained his friendly and confidential relations with the President, wrote to him on the 22d of February, saying that Mr. Hamlin did not wish his claim to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury urged upon the President ; that Mr. Morgan positively refused the appointment. He supplemented these two important bits of information with the characteristic and irrelevant suggestion that Mr. Seward should leave the Cabinet, that Sumner should take his place, and that Governor Andrew might then succeed Sumner in the Senate. He also added that it would be a good thing to encourage Garibaldi to drive the French from Mexico. The President concluded to nominate Governor Morgan, who declined the honor. Mr. McCulloch was then appointed ; upon which Mr. Usher, on the 8th of March, desiring, as he said, to relieve the President from any possible embarrassment which might arise from the fact that two members of the Cabinet were from the same State, resigned his place as Secretary of the Interior. The President indorsed the resignation, "Accepted, to take effect May 15, 1865." Before that date should arrive tremendous changes were to take place in the Government of the United States.

#### LINCOLN REELECTED.

FROM the moment the Democratic convention named its candidates the stars in their courses seemed to fight against them. During the very hours when the streets of Chicago were blazing with torches, and the air was filled with the perfervid rhetoric of the peace men rejoicing over their work, Hood was preparing for the evacuation of Atlanta ; and the

same newspapers which laid before their readers the craven utterances of the Vallandigham platform announced the entry of Sherman into the great manufacturing metropolis of Georgia—so close together came bane and antidote. The convention had declared the war was a failure, and demanded that the Government should sue for terms of peace. Lincoln's reply three days afterwards was a proclamation announcing to the country "the signal successes that Divine Providence has recently vouchsafed" the people at Mobile and Atlanta, and calling for "devout acknowledgment to the Supreme Being in whose hands are the destinies of nations." He also tendered, by proclamation, the national thanks to Farragut, Canby, and Granger, and to General Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of their respective commands, and ordered that national salutes of one hundred guns should be fired on successive days from all the arsenals and navy yards in the United States in honor of these glorious victories. Thus, amid the prayers and thanksgivings of a grateful people, and the thunder and smoke of great guns uttering from their iron throats the general joy, the presidential campaign began. The darkest hour had come just before the dawn, and the light broadened on the political campaign from beginning to end.<sup>1</sup>

One of the earliest speeches of the autumn was made by Mr. Seward at his home in Auburn, New York.<sup>2</sup> He spoke avowedly without authority from the President, yet, as well from his intimacy with Mr. Lincoln as from his commanding place in the Administration, his speech demanded and received great attention. He said :

While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies and laid down their arms the war will instantly cease ; and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also ; and all the moral, economical, and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others, which shall then be existing between individuals and States and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil war began, or whether they grew out of it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitration of courts of law and to the councils of legislation.

Referring to the Chicago declaration in favor of the immediate cessation of hostilities, and

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Dr. Thompson, calling on the President soon after this, congratulated him on the improved aspect of politics, and asked him whether he attributed it in greater part to the Chicago platform or

to the victory at Atlanta. "I should say the victory," Mr. Lincoln answered ; "at least, I should prefer to have that repeated."

<sup>2</sup> September 3, 1864.



the paralyzing effect on the action of the Government which would follow the success of the Democrats upon such a platform, he asked, in that contingency, "Who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power?"<sup>1</sup> The opposition journalists immediately seized upon this as a threat that the Administration was determined to keep itself in power whatever might be the verdict of the people, and this clamor went on until the President, as we shall show, put an effectual quietus upon it.

Mr. Lincoln himself took little part in the contest. He was forced, from time to time, to assist with his presence charitable demonstrations in favor of the sick and wounded soldiers; and being always obliged on these occasions to say a few words, he acquitted himself of these necessary tasks with dignity and discretion. He made no personal reference to his opponents, and spoke of his enemies North and South with unflinching charity and moderation. Regiments of soldiers returning to their homes after their term of service was over sometimes called upon him, and in brief and pithy speeches he thanked them for calling, and always added a word or two of wise or witty political thought. Speaking to an Ohio regiment, he defined in one phrase the essential character of our republican government with more accuracy and clearness than ever Jefferson had done:

I wish it might be more generally and universally understood what the country is now engaged in. We have, as all will agree, a free government, where every man has a right to be equal with every other man. In this great struggle this form of government, and every form of human rights, is endangered if our enemies succeed. . . . There is involved in this struggle the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. . . . When you return to your homes, rise up to the height of a generation of men worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced.

To another regiment he said:

I happen, temporarily, to occupy this house. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has done. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence—that you

may all have equal privileges in the race of life with all its desirable human aspirations—it is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright. . . . The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel.

Being invited to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo, the President at first thought of writing a letter, and we find among his papers the following fragment in his own manuscript:

Yours inviting me to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo is received. Much is being said about peace, and no man desires peace more ardently than I. Still I am yet unprepared to give up the Union for a peace which, so achieved, could not be of much duration. The preservation of our Union was not the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It was commenced for precisely the reverse object—to destroy our Union. The insurgents commenced it by firing upon the *Star of the West* and on Fort Sumter, and by other similar acts. It is true, however, that the Administration accepted the war thus commenced for the sole avowed object of preserving our Union; and it is not true that it has since been, or will be, prosecuted by this Administration for any other object. In declaring this I only declare what I can know, and do know, to be true, and what no other man can know to be false.

In taking the various steps which have led to my present position in relation to the war, the public interest and my private interest have been perfectly parallel, because in no other way could I serve myself so well as by truly serving the Union. The whole field has been open to me where to choose. No place-hunting necessity has been upon me urging me to seek a position of antagonism to some other man, irrespective of whether such position might be favorable or unfavorable to the Union.

Of course, I may err in judgment; but my present position in reference to the rebellion is the result of my best judgment, and, according to that best judgment, it is the only position upon which any executive can or could save the Union. Any substantial departure from it insures the success of the rebellion. An armistice—a cessation of hostilities—is the end of the struggle, and the insurgents would be in peaceable possession of all that has been struggled for. Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horsepower and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it. Nor is it possible for any administration to retain the services of these

<sup>1</sup> Ten days later, when Mr. Seward had returned to Washington, he said, in answer to a serenade: "The Democracy of Chicago, after waiting six weeks to see whether this war for the Union is to succeed or fail, finally concluded that it would fail, and therefore went in for a nomination and platform to make it a sure thing by a cessation of hostilities and an abandonment of the contest. At Baltimore, on the contrary, we

determined that there should be no such thing as failure, and therefore we went in to save the Union by battle to the last. Sherman and Farragut have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations, and the elections in Vermont and Maine prove the Baltimore nominations stanch and sound. The issue is thus squarely made up—McClellan and disunion, or Lincoln and Union."



people with the express or implied understanding that upon the first convenient occasion they are to be reënslaved. It cannot be, and it ought not to be.

After he had written thus far he seems to have changed his mind as to the good taste or the expediency of aiding even thus far in his own canvass. He therefore laid his letter aside and wrote a brief note<sup>1</sup> declining to address the meeting, on the ground, first, that it would be a breach of precedent, and, secondly, that if he once began to write letters it would be difficult to discriminate between meetings having equal claims.

Although the dignity and self-control with which Mr. Lincoln held himself aloof from the work of the canvass has been generally acknowledged, there is one incident of the campaign which was the object of severe criticism at the time. Governor Johnson, in accordance with the request of the State convention of Tennessee, had issued a proclamation<sup>2</sup> specifying the manner in which the vote for presidential electors should be taken, the qualification of voters, and the oath which they should be required to take. The Democratic candidates on the electoral ticket of that State, regarding themselves aggrieved by these requirements of the convention and the governor, united in a protest against this proceeding, and one of their number, a Mr. Lellyet, was sent to present the protest in person.<sup>3</sup> In the account of his interview with the President, which he published in the newspapers, Mr. Lellyet said that the President told him "he would manage his side of this contest in his own way, and the friends of General McClellan could manage their side in theirs." It is not impossible that, in a moment of irritation at the presentation of a petition which was in itself an insinuation that he was making a selfish and corrupt use of his power, the President may have treated Mr. Lellyet with scant courtesy; but he took the protest, nevertheless, and told him he would answer it at his convenience. There is certainly nothing of malice or of petulance in the grave and serious tone of the reply which the President sent a few days later to the McClellan electors of Tennessee. He informed them that he had had no communication whatever with Governor Johnson on the subject of his proclamation; that he had given to the subject such consideration as was in his power in the midst of so many pressing public duties.

My conclusion is [he said] that I can have nothing to do with the matter, either to sustain the plan as the convention and Governor Johnson have initiated it, or to revoke or modify it as you demand. By the Constitution and laws the President is charged

with no duty in the conduct of a presidential election in any State; nor do I, in this case, perceive any military reason for his interference in the matter.

The movement set on foot by the convention and Governor Johnson does not, as seems to be assumed by you, emanate from the National Executive. In no proper sense can it be considered other than as an independent movement of at least a portion of the loyal people of Tennessee.

I do not perceive in the plan any menace of violence or coercion towards any one. Governor Johnson, like any other loyal citizen of Tennessee, has the right to favor any political plan he chooses, and, as military governor, it is his duty to keep the peace among and for the loyal people of the State. I cannot discern that by this plan he purposes any more.

But you object to the plan. Leaving it alone will be your perfect security against it. Do as you please on your own account, peacefully and loyally, and Governor Johnson will not molest you, but will protect you against violence so far as in his power.

I presume the conducting of a presidential election in Tennessee in strict accordance with the old code of the State is not now a possibility.

It is scarcely necessary to add that if any election shall be held, and any vote shall be cast in the State of Tennessee for President and Vice-President of the United States, it will belong not to the military agents, nor yet to the Executive Department, but exclusively to another department of the Government, to determine whether they are entitled to be counted in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the United States. Except it be to give protection against violence, I decline to interfere in any way with any presidential election.<sup>4</sup>

The McClellan electors thereupon withdrew from the contest; Lincoln and Johnson electors were chosen, but their votes were not counted by Congress.

The most important utterance of the President during the campaign was a speech which he made on the evening of the 19th of October, in which he referred to the construction which had been placed on the remarks of the Secretary of State at Auburn, already quoted. He thought the distorted and unjust conclusions which had been drawn from Seward's remarks had gone far enough and that the time had come to put an end to them, and he seized, for that purpose, the occasion of a serenade from a party of loyal Marylanders who were celebrating in Washington the victory which the party of emancipation had gained in the elections in their State. He said a few words of congratulation upon that auspicious event, and then added:

A word upon another subject. Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that if I shall be beaten at the election I will, between then and the end of my constitutional term, do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago convention

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln to Schermerhorn, Sept. 12, 1864. MS.

<sup>2</sup> Sept. 30, 1864.

<sup>3</sup> Oct. 16, 1864.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln to William B. Campbell *et al.*, Oct. 22, 1864.



adjourned, not *sine die*, but to meet again, if called to do so by a particular individual, as the intimation of a purpose that if their nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point.

I am struggling to maintain government, not to overthrow it. I am struggling especially to prevent others from overthrowing it. I therefore say that if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March; and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected therefor, in November, shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March; and that, in the interval, I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship.

This is due to the people both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberty, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are still resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them.<sup>1</sup>

During the progress of the campaign Mr. Lincoln was frequently called upon to assist his friends, to oppose his enemies, and to exercise his powerful influence in appeasing discords in different States and districts. He interfered as little as possible, and always in the interests of the party at large, rather than in those of individuals. He took no account of the personal attitude of candidates towards himself. In the case of those who were among his intimate friends he would go no further than to demand that Government officers should not work against them. When Mr. Arnold of Chicago, who had incurred the hostility of Mr. Scripps, the postmaster at that place, complained of the opposition of that official and called upon the President to put a stop to it, the President would do nothing more than to order the offending postmaster to content himself with the exercise of his own rights as a citizen and a voter and to allow his subordinates to do the same. The postmaster answered, as was natural, that this was precisely what he had been doing, and that this was the source of Mr. Arnold's complaint; that the congressman wanted his active official assistance, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Although Arnold was an intimate and valued friend of the President, he declined to exercise any further pressure upon the postmaster, and Mr. Arnold soon afterwards withdrew from the contest. After candidates had been regularly

and fairly nominated, the President had no hesitation in doing all in his power to conciliate hostilities and to unite the party in support of them. He tolerated in these cases no factious or malicious opposition on the part of his office-holders, and he laid his hands most heavily upon those injudicious friends of his own who attempted to defeat the reelection of Republican congressmen who had not been especially friendly to him. A large number of the leading Republicans in Roscoe Conkling's district had declared their intention to oppose him. Mr. Conkling's friends appealed to the President, claiming that the Republican opposition to him had its rise and origin among friends of the Secretary of State. The President commended their complaint to the attention of Mr. Seward, and answered for himself: "I am for the regular nominee in all cases, and no one could be more satisfactory to me as the nominee in that district than Mr. [Roscoe] Conkling. I do not mean to say there are not others as good as he in the district, but I think I know him to be at least good enough."<sup>2</sup> Being informed of some hostility on the part of the custom-house officials in New York against Frederick A. Conkling, he wrote similar admonitions to them. The postmaster of Philadelphia being accused of interference against William D. Kelley, the President sent for him, and following his custom in grave matters, he read to him a reprimand which he had committed to paper in the following words:

Complaint is made to me that you are using your official power to defeat Judge Kelley's renomination to Congress. I am well satisfied with Judge Kelley as a member of Congress, and I do not know that the man who might supplant him would be as satisfactory; but the correct principle, I think, is that all our friends should have absolute freedom of choice among our friends. My wish, therefore, is that you will do just as you think fit with your own suffrage in the case, and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than as he thinks fit with his. This is precisely the rule I inculcated and adhered to on my part when a certain other nomination now recently made was being canvassed for.<sup>3</sup>

The reform of the civil service had not at that time been formulated by its friends, nor even adopted in principle by the country at large, yet it would be difficult even in the light of this day to improve upon this statement of its essential principle as applied to the conduct of office-holders. The postmaster, of course, promised exact obedience; but later in the summer the President was informed, on authority that he credited, that of the two or three hundred employees in the post-office not one of them was openly in favor of the renomination of Judge Kelley. Upon learning

<sup>1</sup> Autograph MS.

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln to Ward Hunt, Aug. 16, 1864. MS.

<sup>3</sup> June 20, 1864. MS.



this, Mr. Lincoln wrote to an influential friend in Philadelphia, stating these facts and adding:

This, if true, is not accidental. Left to their free choice, there can be no doubt that a large number of them, probably as much or more than half, would be for Kelley. And if they are for him and are not restrained they can put it beyond question by publicly saying so. Please tell the postmaster he must find a way to relieve me from the suspicion that he is not keeping his promise to me in good faith.<sup>1</sup>

The postmaster felt at last the hand of iron under the velvet glove, and Kelley was renominated and reelected, as he has been ever since—to the honor and advantage of his district and State.

The summer was full of brief panics and flurries among the politicians, and they were continually rushing to Mr. Lincoln to urge him to action or inaction in the interests of the canvass. We believe there is no instance in which he yielded to these solicitations. A matter of especial difficulty was the draft for half a million of men which had been issued on the 18th of July. Leading Republicans all over the country, fearing the effect of the draft upon the elections, begged the President to withdraw the call or suspend operations under it. Mr. Cameron, so late as the 19th of October, after the State elections had been secured, advised against the draft in Philadelphia. Mr. Chase on the same day telegraphed from Ohio, which had been carried triumphantly by the Republicans a few days before, recommending the suspension of the draft for three weeks—Chief-Justice Taney having died a week before. Judge Johnston of Ohio reports that he was with the President when a committee came from Ohio to request him to suspend the draft until after the elections, and that Mr. Lincoln quietly answered, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" But these solicitations were not all in the same direction. General Sherman telegraphed from the field, "If the President modifies the draft to the extent of one man, or wavers in its execution, he is gone forever; the army would vote against him." The politicians and the general probably exaggerated in equal measure; the army would not have rejected him if he had seen fit to suspend the draft; and the people stood by him in his refusal to do it. He went so far in compliance with the earnest request of the Union people in Indiana as to write to Sherman expressing his sense of the importance of allowing as many of the Indiana soldiers as possible to go home to vote. Most of the other States which voted in October allowed their soldiers to vote in the field. Indiana had not

passed the necessary legislation for this purpose. The draft was steadily proceeding in that State, and, in the opinion of the leading men there, was endangering the success of the Union party in the elections. "Anything you can safely do," Mr. Lincoln wrote, "to let her soldiers, or any part of them, go home and vote at the State election will be greatly in point. They need not remain for the presidential elections, but may return to you at once."<sup>2</sup> He was careful, however, not to urge General Sherman to any course of action which he might consider injurious. "This is," he added, "in no sense an order, but is merely intended to impress you with the importance, to the army itself, of your doing all you safely can, yourself being the judge of what you can safely do." There were also reports from Missouri that Rosecrans was inclined to deny the soldiers the right of attending the elections, on the assumed ground that they would get drunk and make disturbance. The President, on being informed of this, quoted to Rosecrans the following words from the letter which he had written to Schofield: "At elections see that those, and only those, are allowed to vote who are entitled to do so by the laws of Missouri, including as of those laws the restrictions laid by the Missouri convention upon those who may have participated in the rebellion." This," said Lincoln, "I thought right then and think right now, and I may add I do not remember that either party complained after the election of General Schofield's action under it. Wherever the law allows soldiers to vote, their officers must also allow it."<sup>3</sup>

The opposition to Mr. Lincoln within the ranks of his own party did not entirely die away, even after the Chicago nomination and the changed political prospect which immediately followed it. So late as the 20th of September Thurlow Weed wrote to Mr. Seward that

The conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln collapsed on Monday last. It was equally formidable and vicious, embracing a larger number of leading men than I had supposed possible. Knowing that I was not satisfied with the President, they came to me for coöperation; but my objection to Mr. Lincoln is that he has done too much for those who now seek to drive him out of the field. Their last meeting was early last week at the house of Dudley Field, which was attended by Greeley, George Wilkes, Tilton, Opdyke, Noyes, and twenty-five others of the same stripe.

He also stated that a circular had been sent to leading Republicans in other States inquiring as to the feasibility of making another nomination for President at that time; that the malcontents, finding themselves in solitude, had concluded to break up operations and try to control the regular State convention.

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln to McMichael, Aug. 5, 1864. MS.

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln to Sherman, Sept. 19, 1864. MS.

<sup>3</sup> Lincoln to Rosecrans, Sept. 26, 1864. MS.



After every semblance of open hostility had disappeared everywhere else in the country the fire of faction still kept it alive in Missouri. A singular state of things existed there. The radical party had almost entirely absorbed the Union sentiment of the State; the conservative party, the President's friends, had almost ceased to exist. The incumbents of the Government offices, a few of the intimate personal friends of Blair, still stood out against the radicals; and so long as this attitude was maintained the radicals, while working vigorously for their State and local tickets, refused to avow themselves in favor of Lincoln. So far as can be ascertained the only reason for this absurd position was that the "Clay Banks," as the conservatives were called, wished the radicals to declare for Lincoln as a pretext by which they could join the vast majority of their party, and the radicals spitefully refused to allow them this accommodation. Mr. Fletcher, the radical candidate for governor, refused during the greater part of the campaign to make any public statement that he would vote for Lincoln. His reason for this, privately given, was that he feared such an announcement would alienate from his support a large number of the more furious anti-Lincoln Germans. At last, however, he concluded to declare for the regular Republican presidential ticket, and a meeting was appointed for the purpose; but, to the astonishment of the moderate Union men, he went no further at this meeting than to say he would not vote for McClellan, and in explanation of this singular performance he told the President's private secretary<sup>1</sup> that he had found at the hotel where his speech was made a letter of the "Clay Bank" committee offering their support on condition of his declaring for Lincoln, and that he would not be coerced into it. The President sent messages to the moderate Unionists expressing his desire that the absurd and futile quarrel should come to an end, and they, to do them justice, desired nothing more. The only condition of their support which they made was that candidates should declare themselves for Lincoln, which they in turn would have been willing to do if it were not that the "Clay Banks" requested it.

So far as practical results went the party was united enough [Mr. Nicolay reported]; it seems to be well understood that, with the exception of very few impracticables, the Union men will cast their votes for you, for the radical congressmen, for the emancipation candidates, for the State legislature and the State convention, so that in practice nearly everybody is right and united, while in profession everybody is wrong or at cross purposes.

This was surmised while the clatter of faction fighting was going on, and was abundantly

proved by the result. While the radical candidate for governor only claimed that he would be elected by a majority of ten thousand, which claim by many of his party was considered sanguine, when the votes were counted it was found that Lincoln had carried the State by the immense majority of forty thousand.

The electoral contest began with the picket firing in Vermont and Maine in September, was continued in what might be called the grand guard fighting in October, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and the final battle all along the line took place in November. Vermont and Maine were carried by good Republican majorities, the canvass in the latter State having been managed by James G. Blaine with a dash and energy which gave a presage of his future career. Before the October elections came on, auguries of Republican success had become so significant and universal that there was little doubt in the best-informed political circles of the result. The President, however, was too old a politician to be sure of anything until the votes were counted, and it was not without some natural trepidation that on the evening of the 11th of October he walked over to the War Department to get from the telegraphic instruments the earliest intimations of the course of the contest. The first dispatch he received contained the welcome intelligence of the election of Rutherford B. Hayes and his Republican colleague from the hard-fought Cincinnati districts. Next came dispatches announcing a Republican majority in Philadelphia and indicating a similar result in the State of Pennsylvania. The news continued very much in the same strain during the evening, and the President in the lull of dispatches read aloud to Stanton and Dana selected chapters of the Nasby papers. As the votes of the soldiers in the different camps in the vicinity of Washington began to be reported they were found to be nearly unanimous in favor of the Republican candidate, the proportion among Western troops being generally that of ten to one: among the Eastern troops, although there was everywhere a majority, it was not so large. Carver Hospital, by which Lincoln and Stanton passed every day on their way to the country, gave the heaviest opposition vote reported—about one out of three. Lincoln turned to the Secretary and said, "That's hard on us, Stanton! They know us better than the others." The sum of the day's work was of enormous importance. Indiana indicated a gain of thirty thousand in two years. Governor Morton and the entire Republican ticket were elected by twenty thousand majority, with the gain of four congressmen. Pennsylvania, whose representatives in

<sup>1</sup> Nicolay to Lincoln, Oct. 18, 1864. MS.



Congress had been equally divided, now changed their proportion to fifteen against nine, and made her legislature strongly Republican in both branches, with popular majorities ranging from ten to fifteen thousand. The Unionists carried Ohio by a majority of over fifty-four thousand and effected a complete revolution in her representation in Congress; for while in 1862 she had elected fourteen Democrats and five Republicans, she now sent to Washington seventeen Republicans and two Democrats. But the success of the day which lay nearest to the heart of the President was the adoption in Maryland of the new State constitution abolishing slavery forever on her soil. The majority was a very slender one, the vote of the soldiers in the field being necessary to save emancipation; but it served, and the next month the Union majority was greatly increased.

It would seem strange that after this decisive victory there should have been any room left for hope or confidence on the side of the opposition or for anxiety and panic among Republican politicians; but alternating fits of confidence and despondency are inseparable from all long-continued political campaigns, and even after these overwhelming successes we find the Democratic speeches and papers full of boasting, and the private correspondence of the most experienced Republican leaders full of tremor and apprehension. The President, however, had passed through his moment of despondency, and from this time to the end entertained no shadow of doubt of the result. Mr. Washburne wrote to him on the 17th of October from Galena: "It is no use to deceive ourselves about this State. Everything is at sixes and sevens; no head or tail to anything. There is imminent danger of our losing the State"; and more in the same strain. The President laid away the letter, writing on the envelope the single word, "Stamped." Ten days later Washburne had recovered his spirits, and wrote, "John Logan is carrying everything before him in Egypt." Earlier in the campaign Mr. Washburne, desiring to do all in his power to forward the Union cause, had written to Grant asking permission to print a letter from him in favor of Lincoln. Grant replied that he had no objection to this, but he thought that "for the President to answer all the charges the opposition would bring against him would be like setting a maiden to work to prove her chastity." A friend of Mr. Seward communicated to him about the same time an astonishing mare's nest, in which he claimed to have discovered that the opposition policy for the presidential campaign would be to abstain from voting. The Secretary submitted this letter to the

President. To Mr. Lincoln, with his life-long observation of politics, this idea of abstention from voting seemed more amusing than threatening. He returned the letter to the Secretary with this indorsement: "More likely to abstain from stopping when once they get at it."

As the time drew near for the election in November a flight of rumors of intended secessionist demonstrations in the principal States of the North covered the land. The points of danger which were most clearly indicated were the cities of Chicago and New York. We have related in another place the efficient measures taken to prevent any outbreak in Chicago, with the arrest and punishment of the conspirators. The precautionary measures in other States prevented any attempt at disorder. To preserve the public peace in the city of New York and to secure the guarantee of a fair and orderly election there, General Butler was sent with a considerable force of troops to that city. He issued an order on the 5th of November declaring that troops had been detailed for duty in that district sufficient to preserve the peace of the United States, to protect public property, to prevent disorder, and to insure calm and quiet. He referred to the charge made by the opposition that the presence of Union troops might possibly have an effect upon the free exercise of the duty of voting at the ensuing election. He hotly repudiated this accusation.

The armies of the United States [he said] are ministers of good and not of evil. . . . Those who fear them are accused by their own consciences. Let every citizen having the right to vote act according to the inspiration of his own judgment freely. He will be protected in that right by the whole power of the Government if it shall become necessary.

He denounced energetically the crime of fraudulent voting, but did not assume to himself the duty of separating the tares from the wheat. He simply warned the evil-intentioned that fraudulent voting would be detected and punished after the election was over. Governor Seymour had been, as usual, much exercised for fear of executive usurpation at the polls, and had issued a proclamation on the 2d of November urging the avoidance of all measures which would tend to strife or disorder. He called upon sheriffs of counties to take care that every voter should have a free ballot in the manner secured to him by the constitutional laws, and to exercise the full force of the law and call forth, if need be, the power of their districts against the interference of the military in the vicinity of the polling-places.

There was by no means a unanimous agreement among even the supporters of the Administration as to the expediency of sending



General Butler to New York at this time. The action was taken by Mr. Stanton on his own responsibility. Thurlow Weed disapproved of it, and up to the day of election thought, on the whole, the proceeding was injurious, in spite of Butler's admirable general order; but Butler acted under the circumstances with remarkable judgment and discretion. He devoted the days which elapsed between his arrival and the election to making himself thoroughly acquainted with the city, with its police arrangements, and the means at his disposal to preserve order. Every hour was occupied with a careful study of maps, of police arrangements, of telegraphic communication between his headquarters and every region of the city, and in consultations with general officers, the creation of an improvised engineer department, and the planning of a system of barricades in case of a widespread insurrection. But the object to which he gave special attention, and in which he most thoroughly succeeded, was the avoidance of any pretext for any charge of interference with the rights of citizens at the polls. On the morning of the 8th of November, although the city was absolutely in the hands of the disciplined military force which had been sent to guard it, not a soldier was visible to the thousands of voters who thronged the streets; but everybody knew that they were there, and the result was, as Butler telegraphed to Lincoln at noon on election day, "the quietest city ever seen."

To Mr. Lincoln this was one of the most solemn days of his life. Assured of his personal success, and devoutly confident that the day of peace and the reestablishment of the Union was not far off, he felt no elation and no sense of triumph over his opponents. His mind seemed filled with mingled feelings of deep and humble gratitude to the vast majority of his fellow-citizens who were this day testifying to him their heartfelt confidence and affection, and of a keen and somewhat surprised regret that he should be an object in so many quarters of so bitter and vindictive an opposition. He said to one of his secretaries: "It is singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should always, except once, have been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time; but always, except that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."<sup>1</sup>

In the evening he went over, as was his custom, to the War Department. The night was rainy and dark. As he entered the telegraph room he was handed a dispatch from Mr. Forney claiming 10,000 Union majority in Philadelphia. The figures were so far above his estimate that he said, "Forney is a little ex-

citable." A moment after a dispatch came from Mr. Felton in Baltimore, "15,000 in the city, 5000 in the State. All hail, free Maryland!" A moment after there came messages from Boston announcing majorities for Mr. Hooper and Mr. Rice of something like 4000 each. The President, astonished, asked if this was not a clerical error for 400, but the larger figures were soon confirmed. Mr. Rice afterwards, in speaking of these astounding majorities in districts where there was never the least charge made of irregularity at the polls, quoted an explanation made by a constituent of his, with no irreverent intention, "The Almighty must have stuffed the ballot boxes."

The entrance of General Eckert, who came in covered with mud from a fall in crossing the street, reminded the President of an incident of his defeat by Douglas. He said: "For such an awkward fellow, I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a rather dexterous man to throw me. I remember the evening of the day in 1858 that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself was something like this—dark, raining, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed and was slippery. Both my feet slipped from under me, but I recovered myself and lit clear; and I said to myself, 'It is a slip, and not a fall.'"

Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, indulged in some not unnatural exultation over the complete effacement of Henry Winter Davis from Maryland politics. Mr. Davis had assailed the navy with a peculiarly malicious opposition for two years for no cause that Mr. Fox could assign except that he was a brother-in-law of Montgomery Blair. The President would not agree with him. "You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I," he said. "Perhaps I have too little of it; but I never thought it paid. A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me I never remember the past against him." All the evening the dispatches kept the same tenor of widespread success—in almost all cases above the estimates. The October States showed increased majorities, and long before midnight the indications were that the State of New York had cast her ponderous vote for Lincoln, and made the verdict of the North almost unanimous in his favor, leaving General McClellan but 21 electoral votes, derived from New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, 212 being cast for Lincoln and Johnson.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the President left the War Department. At the



door he met a party of serenaders with a brass band who saluted him with music and cheers, and, in the American fashion, demanded a speech. He made a brief response, saying that he did not pretend that those who had thought the best interests of the nation were to be subserved by the support of the present Administration embraced all the patriotism and loyalty of the country. He continued:

I do believe, and I trust without personal interest, that the welfare of the country does require that such support and indorsement be given.

I earnestly believe that the consequence of this day's work (if it be as you assume, and as now seems probable) will be to the lasting advantage, if not to the very salvation, of the country. I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election. But, whatever it may be, I have no desire to modify this opinion, that all who have labored to-day in behalf of the Union organization have wrought for the best interest of their country and the world, not only for the present, but for all future ages.

I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity.

For several days the torrent of congratulations came pouring in. Frank Blair wrote from Georgia, where he was leading an army corps under Sherman to the sea: "The vote in this army to-day is almost unanimous for Lincoln. Give Uncle Abe my compliments and congratulations." Grant paused for a moment in his labors in the investment of Richmond to express his sense of the vast importance and significance of the election. He thought a tremendous crisis in the history of the country had been met and triumphantly passed by the quiet and orderly conduct of the American people on the 8th of November.

The manner in which the President received these tumultuous demonstrations of good-will was so characteristic that it seems to us worthy of special attention. He was absolutely free from elation or self-congratulation. He seemed to deprecate his own triumph and to sympathize rather with the beaten than the victorious party. He received notice that on the night of the 10th of November the various Republican clubs in the District of Columbia would serenade him. Not wishing to speak extempore on an occasion where his words would receive so wide a publication, he sat down and hastily wrote a speech which, while it has not received the world-wide fame of certain other of his utterances, is one of the weightiest and wisest of all

his discourses. He read it at the window which opens on the north portico of the Executive Mansion, a secretary standing beside him lighting the page with a candle. "Not very graceful," he said, "but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things."<sup>1</sup> There was certainly never an equal compliment paid to a serenading crowd. The inmost philosophy of republican government was in the President's little speech.

It has long been a grave question [he said] whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion has brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion has added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men who have passed through this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesired strife, has done good, too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's vote. It shows, also, to an extent yet unknown, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

But the rebellion continues; and, now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have? And now let me close by asking three



hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen, and their gallant and skillful commanders.<sup>1</sup>

In this lofty and magnanimous spirit he received all the addresses of congratulation that came in upon him in these days. To a delegation from Maryland who ascribed it to his rare discretion that Maryland was then a free State he replied with deep appreciation of their courtesy, and he added: "Those who differ from and oppose us will yet see that defeat was better for their own good than if they had been successful." He not only had no feeling of malicious triumph himself, he had no patience with it in others. When Mr. Raymond, who represented his special friends in New York, wrote a letter breathing fire and vengeance against the officials of the custom-house, who, he said, had come near defeating him in the race for Congress, the President merely observed that it was "the spirit of such letters as that which created the factious malignity of which Mr. Raymond complained." To all those who begged for a rigorous and exemplary course of punishment for political derelictions in the late canvass his favorite expression was, "I am in favor of short statutes of limitation in politics." He rejected peremptorily some suggestions of General Butler and the War Department having in view the punishment of flagrant offenders in New York: "We must not sully victory with harshness." His thoughtful and chivalrous consideration for the beaten party did not, however, prevent him from feeling the deepest gratitude for those who had labored on his side. He felt that the humblest citizen who had done his duty had claims upon him. Hearing that Deacon John Phillips of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, a man who had already completed his 104th year, and had voted at every presidential election since the foundation of the Government, had taken the pains to go to the polls to vote for him, the President wrote him a grateful letter of thanks.

The example [he said] of such devotion to civic duties in one whose days have already been extended an average life-time beyond the Psalmist's limit cannot but be valuable and fruitful. It is not for myself only, but for the country which you have in your sphere served so long and so well, that I thank you.

The venerable man, who had attained his majority in the midst of the war of the Revolution, and who had arrived at middle age before this century opened, answered in a note which greatly pleased and moved the President, as coming from one of the oldest men living on the earth.

I feel that I have no desire to live [he said] but to see the conclusion of this wicked rebellion and the power of God displayed in the conversion of the nations. I believe, by the help of God, you will finish the first, and also be the means of establishing universal freedom and restoring peace to the Union. That the God of mercy will bless you in this great work, and through life, is the prayer of your unworthy servant,  
JOHN PHILLIPS.

There is one phrase of the President's speech of the 10th of November which we have quoted which is singularly illustrative, not only of the quick apprehension with which he seized upon facts of importance, but also of the accuracy and method with which he ascertained and established them. Within a few hours after the voting had closed he was able to say that the election had shown that "we have more men now than we had when the war began." A great bundle of papers which lies before us as we write, filled with telegrams from every quarter annotated in his own neat handwriting, with a mass of figures which would have dismayed an ordinary accountant, shows the importance which he attached to this fact and the industry with which he investigated it. In his message to Congress a few weeks later he elaborated this statement with the utmost care. He showed from the comparative votes in 1860 and in 1864 a net increase of votes during the three years and a half of war of 145,551. The accomplished statisticians of "The Tribune" almanac in the following month, after the closest study of the official returns, expressed their surprise "at the singular accuracy of the President's figures."

An extract from his annual message to Congress gives the best summing up of the results of the election that has ever been written.

The purpose of the people within the loyal States to maintain the integrity of the Union was never more firm nor more nearly unanimous than now. The extraordinary calmness and good order with which the millions of voters met and mingled at the polls give strong assurance of this. Not only all those who supported the Union ticket so called, but a great majority of the opposing party also, may be fairly claimed to entertain and to be actuated by the same purpose. It is an unanswerable argument to this effect, that no candidate for any office whatever, high or low, has ventured to seek votes on the avowed that he was for giving up the Union. There have been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best mode of advancing the Union cause; but on the distinct issue of Union or no Union the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people. In affording the people the fair opportunity of showing one to another and to the world this firmness and unanimity of purpose, the election has been of vast value to the national cause.

On the day of election General McClellan

<sup>1</sup> Autograph MS.



resigned his commission in the army, and the place thus made vacant was filled by the appointment of General Philip H. Sheridan, a fit type and illustration of the turn in the tide of affairs, which was to sweep from that time rapidly onward to the great and decisive national triumph.

#### CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY died on the 12th day of October, 1864, during the public rejoicings that hailed the success of the Union party at the autumnal elections. He was a man of amiable character, of blameless life, of great learning, of stainless integrity; yet such is the indiscriminating cruelty with which public opinion executes its decrees, that this aged and upright judge was borne to his grave with few expressions of regret, and even with a feeling not wholly suppressed that his removal formed a part of the good news which the autumn had brought to the upholders of the Union. Toil-some and irreproachable as his life had been, so far as purity of intentions were concerned, it was marked by one of those mistakes which are never forgiven. In a critical hour of history he had made a decision contrary to the spirit of the age, contrary to the best hopes and aspirations of the nation at large. Before he had assumed the grave responsibilities of Chief-Justice he had not been insensible to those emotions and sympathies which animated the majority of his countrymen in later years. So early as 1818 he had spoken of slavery as a blot on our national character, and expressed the confident hope that it would effectually though gradually be wiped away. "Until it shall be accomplished, until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence," he said, "every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery and better to the utmost of his power the wretched condition of the slave." But when he assumed public office he became a part of the machinery of his party. He accepted its tenets and carried them unflinchingly to their logical result, so that to a mind so upright and straightforward in its operations there seemed nothing revolting in the enunciation of the dismal and inhuman propositions of the Dred Scott decision. His whole life was therefore read in the light of that one act, and when he died, the nation he had so faithfully served according to his lights looked upon his death as the removal of a barrier to human progress. The general feeling found expression in the grim and profane witticism of Senator Wade, uttered some months before, when it seemed likely that the Chief-Justice would survive the ad-

ministration of Mr. Lincoln: "No man ever prayed as I did that Taney might outlive James Buchanan's term, and now I am afraid I have overdone it."

The friends of Mr. Chase immediately claimed that the place thus vacated belonged to him. They not only insisted that he was best fitted of all the public men in the country for the duties of that high office; that the great issues of the war would be safest in his hands; that the rights of the freedmen would be most secure with an ardent and consistent abolitionist; that the national currency would be best cared for by its parent; they also claimed that the place had been promised him by the President, and this claim, though not wholly true, was not without foundation. Several times during the last year or two the President had intimated in conversation with various friends of Mr. Chase that he thought favorably of appointing him Chief-Justice if a vacancy should occur. These expressions had been faithfully reported to the Secretary, and promptly entered by him in his diary at the time.<sup>1</sup> When Mr. Curtin was a candidate for reelection as governor of Pennsylvania, John Covode came to Mr. Chase and told him if Curtin was elected governor he would shape matters in Pennsylvania so as to secure its delegates in the presidential convention, but that the majority of the loyal men in Pennsylvania preferred Mr. Chase. Mr. Chase replied that no speculations as to Governor Curtin's future course could excuse the loyal men from supporting him now; that the future must take care of itself; that he, Mr. Chase, was not anxious for the Presidency; that there was but one position in the Government which he would really like to have, if it were possible to have it without any sacrifice of principle or public interest, and that was the chief-justiceship. At this Mr. Covode expressed himself satisfied, and went away resolved to permit the renomination of Curtin, which, it may be said in passing, he could have done nothing to prevent. Mr. Chase's eyes seemed pretty constantly fixed upon the bench in the intervals of his presidential aspirations. For a few days after his resignation his feelings against the President were of such bitterness that he seems to have given up that prospect. He was on the verge of open revolt from the party with which he had been so long associated. In his diary of the 6th of July he says:

Pomeroy says he means to go on a buffalo hunt and then to Europe. He cannot support Lincoln, but won't desert his principles. I am much of the same sentiments, though not willing now to decide what duty may demand next fall. Pomeroy remarked that on the news of my resignation reaching



the Senate, several of the Democratic senators came to him and said, "We'll go with you now for Chase." This meant nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing Administration, but might mean much if the Democrats would only cut loose from slavery, and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. If they would do that I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.

A few days later he wrote recounting his efforts for the public good, and added:

My efforts were stoutly resisted outside, and had not earnest sympathy inside of the Administration. They were steadily prevailing, however, when a sense of duty to myself and the country also compelled me to resign.

A few malignant opponents of Mr. Lincoln still continued to write to Mr. Chase and keep alive in his mind the fancy of a possible nomination to the Presidency. His weakness before the people had been signally shown by an ill-judged attempt to secure him the nomination for Congress in Cincinnati, but in spite of this he still responded readily to suggestions from factious partisans. To one writing from Michigan he replied that he was now a private citizen and expected to remain such.

No one [he said] has been authorized to use my name in any political connection, except that I said I should not feel at liberty to refuse my services to the citizens of my congressional district if spontaneously and unanimously demanded. I think now that I erred in saying this; but it seemed right at the time. No such movement as the one you suggest seems to me expedient so far as I am concerned. Whether it would be expedient or patriotic in reference to some other name, I am not able to judge. I see only, as all see, that there is a deplorable lack of harmony, caused chiefly, in my judgment, by the injudicious course of some of Mr. Lincoln's chief advisers, and his own action on their advice.<sup>1</sup>

Even to comparative strangers he could not write without speaking slightly of the President. To one he said: "I fear our good President is so anxious for the restoration of the Union that he will not care sufficiently about the basis of representation." To another, with a singular and unusual lack of dignity, he said: "Some seem to think that a man who has handled millions must be rich, and so I should be if I could have retained for myself even one per cent. of what I saved to the people; but I would not exchange the consciousness of having kept my hands free from the touch of one cent of public treasure for all the riches in the world." Mr. Chase

was, of course, absolutely and unquestionably honest, but that virtue is not so rare in public men that one should celebrate it in himself. He passed the heat of the midsummer in the White Mountains. During his absence his tone of bitter and sullen comment towards the President and his associates in the Cabinet continued,<sup>2</sup> but after the fall of Atlanta, and the evident response of the country to the Chicago nominations, his tone underwent a sudden change. He announced himself at last in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln. In his diary of the 17th of September, after he had returned to Washington, he said:

I have seen the President twice. . . . His manner was cordial and so were his words; and I hear of nothing but good-will from him. But he is not at all demonstrative, either in speech or manner. I feel that I do not know him, and I found no action on what he says or does. . . . It is my conviction that the cause I love and the general interests of the country will be best promoted by his reelection, and I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends in securing it.

He continues in his usual tone of self-portraiture:

I have been told that the President said he and I could not get along together in the Cabinet. Doubtless there was a difference of temperament, and on some points of judgment I may have been too earnest and eager, while I thought him not earnest enough and too slow. On some occasions, indeed, I found that it was so. But I never desired anything else than his complete success, and never indulged a personal feeling incompatible with absolute fidelity to his administration.

He repeats over and again in his letters and diaries that he never really desired the Presidency; that he seized the first opportunity of withdrawing from the canvass. From Washington he went to Ohio, where he brought himself at last to make an open declaration of his preference for Mr. Lincoln as against McClellan; he voted for the Republican ticket at the election in October, and sent a telegram to the President that the result was "all right in Ohio and Indiana."

The death of Chief-Justice Taney occurred immediately afterwards, and the canvass for a successor on the part of the friends of Mr. Chase began without a moment's delay. Mr. Sumner was particularly ardent and pressing. "A Chief-Justice is needed," he wrote to the President, "whose position on the slavery question is already fixed and will not need argument of counsel to convert him." A mass

<sup>1</sup> Chase to Charles S. May, August 31, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Bowles wrote September 4, 1864: "Do you notice that the 'Antislavery Standard' and the 'Liberator,' the representatives of the old abolitionists, are both earnest for Lincoln? Yet a new crop of rad-

icals have sprung up, who are resisting the President and making mischief. Chase is going around, peddling his griefs in private ears and sowing dissatisfaction about Lincoln. Oh, how little great men can be!" [*"Life and Times of Samuel Bowles,"* Vol. I., p. 413.]



of solicitations of the same character came in upon the President, and they were reënforced inside the Cabinet by the earnest influence of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Stanton; and although these and other friends of Mr. Chase were so strongly encouraged by Mr. Lincoln's response that they had no hesitation in assuring him that he would without doubt be made Chief-Justice, the President gave no decided intimation of his purpose. It is altogether probable that he intended from the first to appoint him, but he resolved at the same time to say nothing about it until he was ready to act. He said to his secretary, "I shall be very 'shut pan' about this matter." When one day his secretary brought him a letter from Mr. Chase in Ohio, he said, "What is it about?" "Simply a kind and friendly letter," the secretary answered. Mr. Lincoln, without reading it, replied, with his shrewd smile, "File it with his other recommendations."

So reticent was Mr. Lincoln in regard to his purpose that the enemies of Mr. Chase, who were especially abundant and active in Ohio, endeavored to prevent his nomination by the presentation of strong and numerous signed protests against it. The President received them not too affably, and while he listened respectfully to all they had to say in regard to the merits of the case, he sternly checked them when they began to repeat instances of Mr. Chase's personal hostility to himself. He treated with the same contempt a more serious statement which he received from New York that Mr. Cisco, who had personally declared for McClellan, gave as his reason for such a course that Secretary Chase had told him that Mr. Lincoln was incompetent and unfit for the position he held, though he added that Mr. Chase on his return to Washington had informed him that he then considered it his public duty to support Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. Strangely enough from the Treasury Department itself came an earnest protest against the late Secretary. The venerable Judge Lewis, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, protested that he was not a man of large legal or financial knowledge; that his selfishness had gradually narrowed and contracted his views of things in general; that he was amazingly ignorant of men; that it was the opinion in the department that he really desired towards the end of his term of office to injure and as far as possible to destroy the influence and popularity of the Administration. By his constant denunciation of the extravagance of disbursements, and his tone of malevolent comment against every act of the President, he clearly indicated his desire to excite popular discontent and grumbling against the Government. Judge Lewis said that with the exception of a

few sycophants the entire department was relieved by the change. Even Mr. Field, for whose sake he gave up his place, expressed himself as gratified by it. To all these representations Mr. Lincoln made no reply. He was equally silent as to the merits of other distinguished jurists whose names were mentioned to him. He had the highest esteem and regard for Mr. Evarts; he had great confidence in the legal learning and weight of character of Judge Swayne; he had a feeling of hearty friendship for Mr. Montgomery Blair, and although he had thought proper in the preceding autumn to ask for his resignation, the intimate and even affectionate relations which he maintained towards the ex-Postmaster-General encouraged him and his friends to believe that he would receive the appointment. The late Vice-President Wilson, shortly before his death,<sup>1</sup> said that Blair met him one day near the War Department and solicited his good word, saying that Chase would certainly not be nominated. Wilson was startled by Blair's confident tone and went at once to the President, to whom he reiterated the arguments already used in favor of Mr. Chase's nomination, saying that the President could well afford to overlook the harsh and indecorous things which Chase had said of him during the summer. "Oh! as to that," replied Lincoln, "I care nothing. Of Mr. Chase's ability and of his soundness on the general issues of the war there is, of course, no question. I have only one doubt about his appointment. He is a man of unbounded ambition, and has been working all his life to become President. That he can never be; and I fear that if I make him Chief-Justice he will simply become more restless and uneasy and neglect the place in his strife and intrigue to make himself President. If I were sure that he would go on the bench and give up his aspirations and do nothing but make himself a great judge, I would not hesitate a moment."

So strong was this impression upon Mr. Lincoln's mind that he half formed the intention of sending for Mr. Chase and saying frankly to him that the way was open to him to become the greatest Chief-Justice the Supreme Court had ever had if he would dismiss at once and forever the subject of the Presidency from his mind. But speaking on the subject with Senator Sumner, he saw, in a moment's conversation how liable to misconception and misapprehension such action would be. In his eagerness to do what he thought best for the interests of both Mr. Chase and the country, he lost sight for an instant of the construction which Mr. Chase would inevitably place upon such a proposition coming from his twice-successful rival. Convinced as he was of Chase's

<sup>1</sup> April, 1874. Conversation with J. G. N.



great powers, and hoping rather against his own convictions that once upon the bench he would see in what direction his best prospects of usefulness and fame rested, he concluded to take all risks, and on the 6th of December nominated him to the Senate for Chief-Justice. He communicated his intention to no one, and wrote out the nomination in full with his own hand. It was confirmed at once without reference to a committee. Mr. Chase on reaching home the night of the same day was saluted at his door under his new title by his daughter, Mrs. Sprague. He at once sent the President a note, saying:

Before I sleep I must thank you for this mark of your confidence, and especially for the manner in which the nomination was made. I will never forget either, and trust you will never regret either. Be assured that I prize your confidence and goodwill more than any nomination to office.

The appointment was received with the greatest satisfaction throughout the Union. Although the name of Mr. Chase had been especially pressed upon the President by the public men who represented the most advanced antislavery sentiment of the North, the appointment when once made met with little opposition from any quarter. Mr. Chase, in a long life of political prominence and constant controversy, had won the universal respect of the country, not only for his abilities, but also for his courage, his integrity, and a certain solid weight of character of which his great head and massive person seemed a fitting embodiment. He had placed his portrait on the lower denominations of the legal-tender notes, saying with his customary heavy pleasantry, "I had put the President's head on the higher priced notes, and my own, as was becoming, on the smaller ones." His handsome face and features had thus become more familiar in the eyes of the people than those of any other man in America; and though neither then nor at any other period of his life did he become what could be called universally popular, the image of him became fixed in the general instinct as a person of serious importance in the national life. The people who gave themselves the trouble to reason about the matter said it was impossible that an original abolitionist should be untrue to the principles of freedom, or that the father of the national currency should ever disown his own offspring; while those who thought and spoke on impulse took it for granted that such a man as Mr. Chase should never for any length of time be out of the highest employment.

After all, the fears of the President in regard to the Chief-Justice were better founded than his hopes. Mr. Chase took his place on the

bench with a conscientious desire to do his whole duty in his great office, to devote his undoubted powers and his prodigious industry to making himself a worthy successor of the great jurists who before him had illustrated the bench, but he could not discharge the political affairs of the country from his mind. He still considered himself called upon to counteract the mischievous tendencies of the President towards conciliation and hasty reconstruction. His slighting references to him in his letters and diaries continued from the hour he took his place on the bench. When the fighting had ended around Richmond, and on the capitulation of Lee the fabric of the Southern Confederacy had fallen about the ears of its framers like a house of cards, the Chief-Justice felt himself called on to come at once to the front, and he wrote from Baltimore to the President:

I am very anxious about the future, and most about the principles which are to govern reconstruction, for as these principles are sound or unsound so will be the work and its results. You have no time to read a long letter nor have I time to write one, so I will be brief. And first as to Virginia.<sup>1</sup>

He advised the President to stand by the Peirpoint government. As to the other rebel States, he suggested the enrollment of the loyal citizens without regard to complexion.

This, you know [he said], has long been my opinion. . . . The application of this principle to Louisiana is made somewhat difficult by the organization which has already taken place, but happily the Constitution authorizes the legislature to extend the right of suffrage. . . . What reaches me of the condition of things in Louisiana impresses me strongly with the belief that this extension will be of the greatest benefit to the whole population.

He advised, as to Arkansas, an amendment of the Constitution, or a new convention, the members to be elected by the loyal citizens, without distinction of color. "To all the other States," he said, "the general principle may be easily applied." He closed by saying: "I most respectfully, but most earnestly, commend these matters to your attention. God gives you a great place and a great opportunity. May he guide you in the use of them." But the same day the President delivered from a window of the White House that final speech to the people which he had prepared without waiting for the instructions of the Chief-Justice, and the day after Mr. Chase wrote again from Baltimore reviewing the record of both, reminding the President of his former errors from which Mr. Chase had tried to save him, discussing

<sup>1</sup> Chase to Lincoln, April 11, 1865.



in full the Louisiana case, of which the President had made so masterly and luminous a presentation in his speech, insinuating that if the President were only as well informed as he was he would see things very differently.<sup>1</sup> Almost before the ink was dry on this unasked and superfluous sermon the President was dead. The Chief-Justice, writing to a friend in Ohio, said: "The schemes of politicians will now adjust themselves to the new conditions. I want no part in them."<sup>2</sup> He retained his attitude at the head of the extreme Republicans until about the time of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Over this famous trial he presided with the greatest dignity and impartiality; with a knowledge of law which was never at fault, and with a courage which rose superior to all the threats and all the entreaties of his friends. But his action during the trial and its result alienated him at once from the great body of those who had been his strongest supporters, while it created a momentary appearance of popularity among his life-long opponents. His friends began to persuade him, and he began to think, that he might be the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. He commenced writing voluminous letters to leading Democrats expressing his indifference to the nomination, but at the same time saying he had always been a Democrat, was a Democrat still, and that the course which the Democracy ought to adopt would be to embrace true Democratic principles and declare for universal suffrage in the reconstruction of the Union. He did not flinch for an instant from his position on this important question. He said: "I believe I could refuse the throne of the world if it were offered me at the price of abandoning the cause of equal rights and exact justice to all men."<sup>3</sup> Following his inveterate habit of taking a subjective view of the world of politics, he thought it possible that the Democratic party might be converted in the twinkling of an eye by virtue of his broad and liberal views. He cherished this pleasant delusion for several months. Whenever an obscure politician called upon him or wrote to him from some remote corner of the country, expressing a desire that he should be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, he would say, "Such indications . . . afford ground for hope that a change is going on in the views and policy of the Democratic party which warrants good hopes for the future."<sup>4</sup> There was for a moment a vague

impression among the leading Democrats that as it was hopeless to make a campaign with one of their own party against the overwhelming popularity of General Grant, it might be worth while to try the experiment of nominating the Chief-Justice with the hope of diverting a portion of the Republican vote, and a correspondence took place between August Belmont and Mr. Chase in relation to that subject. Mr. Chase wrote:

For more than a quarter of a century I have been, in my political views and sentiments, a Democrat, and I still think that upon questions of finance, commerce, and administration generally, the old Democratic principles afford the best guidance.<sup>5</sup>

But he stoutly asserted, even in the face of this temptation, his belief in universal suffrage, though he coupled it with universal amnesty, and said:

If the white citizens hitherto prominent in affairs will simply recognize their [the negroes'] right of suffrage, and assure them against future attempts to take it from them, I am sure that those citizens will be welcomed back to their old lead with joy and acclamation. . . . and a majority, if not all, the Southern States may be carried for the Democratic candidates at the next election.

He repeated this sanguine statement in his correspondence with other leading Democrats, but the negotiation came to nothing; the Democratic convention met in New York, and Mr. Chase's name, mentioned by accident, gained a roar of cheers from the assembly and one-half of one vote from a California delegate. He professed his entire indifference to the result, and took no further interest in the canvass. An injudicious Republican politician in New York asked him to address a Grant meeting. He declined, of course, stating that he could not unreservedly support the Republican ticket, and that this was not the time for discrimination in a public address. "The action of the two parties has obliged me to resume with my old faith my old position, . . . that of Democrat, by the grace of God, free and independent." When his old enemy, General Blair, came to the front in the progress of the canvass and rather overshadowed the more conservative Seymour, the Chief-Justice intimated<sup>6</sup> that men of his way of thinking would be constrained to the support of General Grant.

But if the political attitude of Mr. Chase in his later years was a subject of amazement

<sup>1</sup> "I most earnestly wish you could have read the New Orleans papers for the past few months. Your duties have not allowed it. I have read them a good deal; quite enough to be certain that if you had read what I have your feelings of humanity and justice would not let you rest till all loyalists are made equal

in the right of self-protection by suffrage." [Chase to Lincoln, April 12, 1865.]

<sup>2</sup> Chase to Ashley, April 16, 1865.

<sup>3</sup> Chase to Barney, May 29, 1868.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Chase to Belmont, May 30, 1868.

<sup>6</sup> In a letter to Col. Brown of Kentucky, Sept. 29, 1868.

and sorrow to his ardent supporters, his decisions upon the bench were a no less startling surprise to those who had insisted upon his appointment as the surest means of conserving all the victories of the war. He who had sustained Mr. Stanton in his most energetic and daring acts during the war now declared such acts illegal; he who had continually criticized, not always loyally, the conduct of the President for what he considered his weak reverence for the rights of States, now became the earnest champion of State rights; and finally the man to whose personal solicitations a majority of Congress had yielded in passing the legal-tender act, without which he said that the war could not have been successfully carried on, from his place on the bench declared the act unconstitutional. But so firm

was the impression in the minds of the people of the United States of the great powers and perfect integrity, the high courage, the exalted patriotism of this man, that when he died, worn out by his tireless devotion to the public welfare, he was mourned and praised as, in spite of all errors and infirmities, he deserved to be. Although his appointment had not accomplished all the good which Mr. Lincoln hoped for when he made it, it cannot be called a mistake. Mr. Chase had deserved well of the Republic. He was entitled to any reward the Republic could give him; and the President, in giving to his most powerful and most distinguished rival the greatest place which a President ever has it in his power to bestow, gave an exemplary proof of the magnanimity and generosity of his own spirit.

## LIFE.

I AM o'er-weary picturing the strife;  
 This is a solemn fate — to ride to death  
 Lashed through the hurrying fatal lists of life,  
 Strengthless to cease, begging for one short breath,  
 Yet spurned for answer by a Power that thrusts  
 Its spurs into the soul. Upon the brow  
 Stand beads of blood; the very javelin rusts  
 From tears; the drooping form can scarce but bow  
 To earth. "One moment, Power, one resting-space,  
 Have mercy!" "On, on, on!" the stern reply.  
 I urge, "I once have triumphed, is not grace  
 For victory?" "Have on! Thy grace am I!"  
 "Is there no pause, no rest, however brief?"  
 "On to the fight! Thy death is thy relief."

*Louise Morgan-Smith.*

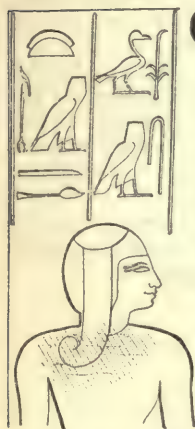
## TO GEORGE KENNAN.

UNFLINCHING Dante of a later day,  
 Thou who hast wandered through the realms of pain  
 And seen with aching breast and whirling brain  
 Woes which thou wert unable to allay,  
 What frightful visions hast thou brought away:  
 Of torments, passions, agonies, struggles vain  
 To break the prison walls, to rend the chain—  
 Of hopeless hearts too desperate to pray!  
 Men are the devils of that pitiless hell!  
 Men guard the labyrinth of that ninefold curse!  
 Marvel of marvels! Thou hast lived to tell,  
 In prose more sorrowful than Dante's verse,  
 Of pangs more grievous, sufferings more fell,  
 Than Dante or his master dared rehearse!

*Nathan Haskell Dole.*



# THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS, AND HIS SON, IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR MONUMENTS.



S. PRINCE KHAMUS, DECEASED.  
(FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

ONLY in its later books does the Bible distinguish the different rulers of Egypt by their proper names. The word "Pharaoh" was a title rather than a personal appellation, and was borne by the reigning king, each one in turn down the long line of sovereigns.

A change of Pharaohs silently occurs in the biblical story between the second and the third chapters of the Book of Exodus. In Chapter II. we read :

Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. (Ver. 15.)

And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died : and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. (Ver. 23.)

From which it is clear that one Pharaoh had passed off the stage — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Oppression." But in Chapter III. we read how God called unto Moses out of the midst of the burning bush, and said :

Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt. (Ver. 10.)

From this it is equally clear that another Pharaoh had entered upon the scene — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Exodus." Everybody being acquainted with the peculiar names of such great personages, the writer of the Book of Exodus phrased his recital after the manner of that modern monarchic formula, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

Not long ago we were astounded to see the tomb open and give up, among its treasures, the first of these two sovereigns, the person, carefully embalmed, of the Pharaoh of the Oppression — to behold his imperishable features after so long a time restored to view, and to find how remarkably faithful those portrait-statues were which his artists had carved when he was in the bloom of youth or in the prime of manhood. Nor, perhaps,

have we forgotten how the monuments stand ready to unlock the mystery in regard to that daughter of his who saved the life of the foundling Moses.

And still, if we were to choose between the Pharaoh of the Oppression and the Pharaoh of the Exodus, or were asked, "Out of the several Pharaohs mentioned in the Bible, which one above all others would you most wish to learn more about, in fact, whatever the archaeology of Egypt can teach us?" with scarcely a moment's hesitation we would answer, "The Pharaoh of the Exodus." That one who replied, "Who is the Lord, that I should hearken unto his voice to let Israel go?" ; that one who required straw as well as bricks of the already burdened and groaning Hebrews; that one before whom the contest by enchantments took place, until the magicians gave up, exclaiming, "This is the finger of God" ; that one who recalled his consent the instant the evils were removed; that one who, under all the signs and wonders and plagues of Jehovah, hardened his heart up to the very entrance of death into his dwelling to lay low his cherished first-born son, the heir to the throne; that one who repented having thrust out the bondsmen, and pursued after them, and overtook them encamping by the sea; that one, in fine, upon whose hosts the sea returned to its flow, till there remained not so much as one of them.

Do, then, the antiquities of Egypt really and in like manner illustrate the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Did he cause statues to be made of himself which show just how he looked? Have the inscriptions anything to tell us about his history also? Do his monuments bear out the many particulars of the biblical relation concerning his resistance to the God of Israel, and his disastrous defeat? Do they clear up the mystery of his first-born son, who was smitten on that fatal midnight when the Lord passed through the land and entered at every door whose posts were not sprinkled with blood?

These are natural questions, which we are eager to have answered in detail. Why not make a second search among the monuments?

Many households among us are accustomed to go to a painter or a photographer once in a while, or even every year, to put on record both faces and numbers of the family group. This custom, however, prevailed in the days of Rameses as well as in our own. He intended



1. FAMILY GROUP OF RAMESES II. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

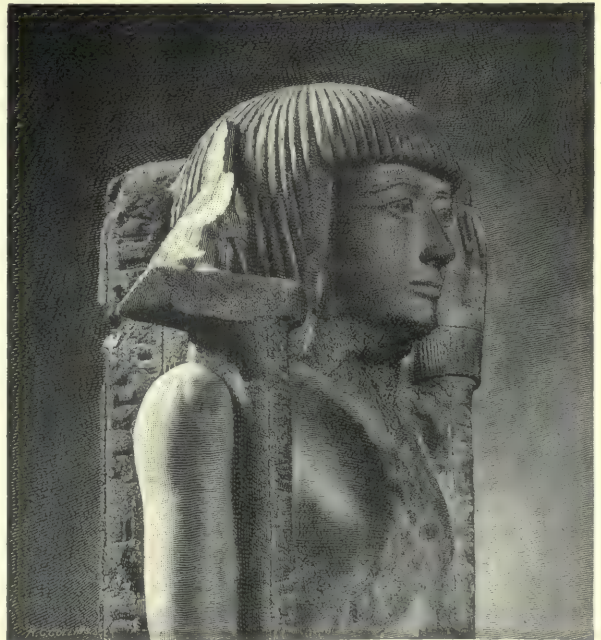
merely to parade his religious zeal; but, all unexpectedly by him, we, for certain reasons, are exceedingly curious to look in upon his domestic circle, and he himself has drawn aside the curtain for us in a manner bearing upon our present inquiry.

Among several such family representations he caused one to be engraved in everlasting rock on the bank of the Nile between Syene and Philæ (illustration 1). He is paying reverence to the ram-headed deity Khnum; and in this religious act he is followed first by the "Royal Wife," Queen, and mother "Isi-never-t," holding a scourge as an emblem of sovereignty in one hand and a lotus flower in the other; then by his "Royal Son Khamus," displaying the lock of a prince and wearing the leopard-robe of a priest; and, next in order, by "the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son Rameses, Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe"; then by "the great Royal Daughter, great Royal Wife, Bint-antha, Queen," holding sistrums of different patterns in her hands; and last of all in the procession, on the extreme lower left, by a "Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah" by name.

Of the three brothers here por-

trayed the eldest, Rameses, died early, probably at the head of the soldiers of which he was commander, and on the field of battle. Then the succession fell on Khamus, the priest, who lived long to bear the honor. He gained great renown as high-priest of the god Ptah at Memphis, residing in the great temple dedicated to this deity there, and devoting himself so strictly to sacerdotal duties as somewhat to neglect the affairs of state—so his fond father thought. In this holy pursuit he sought to restore the olden worship of the Apis-bulls, then regarded as the living type of Ptah-Sokharis; and he carried out the enlargement and decoration of their burial-place, the Serapeum, by works which inscriptions of that time describe as splendid, and for which they overload their author with thankful praise. From illustration 2 we may catch a glimpse of him as he actually appeared when presenting himself in public, with his insignia of regency—a standard in each hand.

However, as we have seen the Great Rameses enduring to the age of nearly one hundred years, Khamus proved unequal to the task of outliving him. He had received the powers and authority of active regent when he must have been not far from five and twenty years old, in the thirtieth year



2. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF KHAMUS, AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



of his father's reign: he died in the fifty-fifth year of his father's reign, at about fifty years of age, having governed in behalf of his father a quarter of a century. And yet, because he had not reached the throne at the time of his death, the monuments represent him as a prince and nothing more, still wearing the side-lock of juniority.

Illustration 3, which is used as an initial to this article, reproduces one of these, where the death-sign, appended to his name above his head, consists of two characters reading "ma-kheru," generally translated "the justified," or "proclaimed righteous," at the judgment-seat of Osiris, the god of Hades, thus declaring the faithful departed to be "triumphant," very much as we are accustomed to do down to this very day: its real signification, therefore, was "deceased."

After Khamus had departed this life the right of inheritance descended to the youngest depicted in the family group above given, Mer-en-ptah: the last became the first. His name, Mer-en-ptah, signifying "beloved by the god Ptah," or, according to the Memphitic dialect, Mer-en-phthah, is generally reduced or anglicized to Menephtah. He could not have been so very much younger than his elder brother, for he served as a similar regent for his father during no less than twelve years — from the fifty-fifth to the sixty-seventh, when at last the latter yielded up the scepter he had held so long.

When Menephtah actually became king he assumed the throne-name Hotep-hi-ma, "Trusting in Ma," together with the epithets Bai-en-ra, "Soul of Ra," and Mer-amen, "Beloved by the god Amen."

Doubtless he caused many statues of himself to be wrought in stone, but comparatively few of them have survived destruction. We are not bewildered by several equally good, or presenting their subject in various aspects, as in the case of Rameses; and yet there is one of the son so far superior to others of himself, even excelling in some respects any of the father, as to command attention and choice above all others. In order to see this pre-eminent pattern of Menephtah, executed during the best period and in the highest style of Egyptian art, we must ascend the Nile to Thebes. There the Tombs of the Kings shelter a memorial of him which is simply faultless in accurate design, nice chiseling, and complete preservation. It is a bas-relief, maintaining his presence in his own sepulcher, where he would naturally wish to leave behind the finest personation of himself that the most accomplished artists of his day could produce. A plaster-cast of it in Berlin, made by Dr. Richard Lepsius, has been specially photographed for illustra-



4. BAS-RELIEF OF KING MENEPHTAH AT THEBES.  
(FROM A CAST IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.)

tion 4, which, therefore, is a perfect copy of the original sculpture. How easily we detect

in the outline of this profile, in the contour of the face, in the shape of each separate feature, all the characteristic traits of the Rameses family, affected only by the personal element. A masterpiece of ancient art, we find it worthy of all praise as a delineation, either of the man when he was really handsome, or of that glorious form which the proud king desired to own and the foolish people were inclined to ascribe to their ruler, or, still again, perhaps of that blending of human personality with real divinity which alone could qualify him for acceptance with the deity Ra, though probably all of these aims entered into its design. His majesty stands before us in the attitude of worshipping the god Ra-Harmakhis—indeed, in the very gesture of demonstrating, not merely likeness to, but veritable identity with, the god himself, the hieroglyphics beneath his outstretched hand affirming:

He adores the Sun, he worships the Hor of the solar horizons.

In so doing he displays no lack of vanity, not to say presumption, judging him by our own notion of the manner appropriate to one who is venturing into the presence of the Supreme Being. He is shod with sandals, clad in a light transparent robe, furnished with the asp-bordered apron, decked with a royal uræus, and crowned with the atef-tiara. Overhead his panegyric reads:

Lord of the Two Lands, Mer-amen Bai-en-ra,  
Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma,  
Crowned by Amen with dominion of the world,  
Cherished by the Sun in the great abode.

Doubtless the artist in this transcendent figure sought not only to show forth the particular act of adoration, but to exalt Menephtah ideally to a phase worthy of the reception and society of the gods.

Yet, after many centuries have fled, we, whose feelings are cooler and judgments truer, looking on the changeless face of this bas-relief find less to laud sincerely. Apart from the superhuman element revealing itself through both physical and spiritual beauty, Menephtah betrays both softness and weakness. He is calm and cold: he would stir no heart, waken no love. Even art has not detected the slightest trace of nobility of character, for art could not well heighten a quality totally wanting.

Unless we happen to stop and reflect, we naturally fancy the successor of a king as youthful, or at least adolescent. But a recent instance serves to place in an exacter light the several stages of years reached by other members of a royal family when an aged emperor dies: the crown-prince of Germany had turned

the meridian of life when the Emperor William died, his great deeds were done, his glory was earned, and his career was so much of a memory that his actual reign must have been brief; and his son, in turn, the heir-apparent, now emperor, who possibly might have become active regent in advance of the throne, is the grandchild of the aged departed monarch. So it was when Rameses the Great died in Egypt, three and thirty centuries ago. As already learned, Menephtah was an old man when he became king—certainly not less, and probably more, than sixty years of age.

Soon after ascending the throne he began to exhibit a singular and not altogether scrupulous trait. As if long denied the privilege of writing his name upon a royal shield, he went about gratifying his impatience and vanity by imposing his cartouch upon the monuments of his predecessors. He did not stop to consider—or, what is more likely, he did not have honor enough to care—whether or no the contrast of his own rough work by the side of the finely wrought hieroglyphics of earlier kings would forever cry out to his shame.

Presently in this disgraceful business he ventured a step further and appropriated to himself a royal statue at Memphis. This was a standing image of Amen-em-hat III., the chief king in the twelfth dynasty, and, as a specimen of early art, one of exceptional excellence. Notwithstanding, though he left the remainder of the figure untouched, he went to its face and remorselessly blotted out the features it bore by remodeling them into his own likeness. Thus the portrait of the archaic king is lost to us, but a true view of Menephtah, when advanced in life, is gained.

Again, as he little foresaw, or cared less, the result is an incongruity. Those immense feet, those sturdy limbs, that heavy frame, the stiff pose of the subject, are characteristic of a style nearly a thousand years earlier, and therefore already antique; but the art of the face is in the perfect style of a Rameside age. Here, in illustration 5, we are looking upon the real Menephtah. Here we still further perceive how as a son he resembled his father. Recalling the peculiar cast of Rameses II. in his portrait-figures at Tanis, at Memphis, at Thebes, at Abû-Simbel, we detect at once certain traits of descent in this strongly pronounced physiognomy—the retreating brow, the arched nose, the high cheek-bones, and the jutting chin. Even the searching eye and the stern expression of countenance seem to share the spirit of Rameses' later pictures. All the softness of the Theban bas-relief has vanished. How insensible the heart must have been to correspond with that brow! How pitiless—nay, how destitute of human sympathy—are the angular lines





5. STATUE OF KING MENEPHTAH AT MEMPHIS. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

of that stony face! His very looks frown oppression; his lips breathe bondage. If a favor were to be asked of that forbidding visage, what answer would surely be forecast — yes, or no? Soul, talent, refinement, every element that makes man attractive, all are absent; superstition, arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, distrust, fear, all are present in force. Or, what emotions would be inevitably inspired by these lineaments? Respect, affection, loyalty? or, hatred, repulse, revolt, flight? Such a presentment is precisely what we would expect from Menephtah's bearing towards Israel in Egypt. If an attempt were to be made, even by an artist of genius, to invent a face which should unite all the qualities of disposition developed by the trials of Menephtah rehearsed in the Bible, the best surely would fall short of this realistic historical carving.

However much Menephtah may have resembled his predecessor Rameses II. in other respects, he did not in the possession of a numerous family. Menephtah had only one son, and, strangely, that son was the fruit of his old age. How the elderly progenitor's heart must have been gladdened by that child, that long-awaited, often wished-for, only boy! And now, because the boon of his tutelary deity, Set,—“the giver of life,”—the offspring was called Seti; and because the sum of his father's joy, the one object of his father's love, he was called Menephtah.

As the lad grew up the father perceived the filial features developing into a duplicate of his own. And when the lad increased into youth, still the father had only to look on his face, as in a mirror, to behold a reflection of himself. Inasmuch as words would fail to show this remarkable likeness as effectively as sight, let us place their pictures side by side and study them comparatively (illustrations 6 and 7).

Both the monuments and the records of Menephtah suddenly become silent after the eighth year of his reign, and remain so a long while—in fact, until just before his





6. DETAIL OF THE THEBAN BAS-RELIEF.

7. SETI-MENEPHTAH IN EARLY LIFE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. M. F. PETRIE.)

death. Certain papyri were indorsed with this eighth year, one of which contains a letter, written by an Egyptian in Syria to a friend at Raamses, after this tenor:

At the moment of writing I am alive and well, so do not be anxious about me; but I want to hear the news as to your welfare every day, and I may add that I expect very soon to rejoin you at Pa-Rameses Mer-amen.

An undertone of apprehension pervades these lines, which is stated plainly in another communication:

Such is the state of affairs with us to-day; but no one knows what will happen to-morrow.

Just here we may recall the fact that the nomadic Shasu were admitted within the lines of Egypt during this eighth year of Menephtah's sole rule.

Of course Menephtah laid his burdens on foreigners only. As a natural result, by and by, history relating what happened "to-morrow," the foreigners in Egypt could endure his cruelty no longer, and, unitedly rising, threw off the yoke of Pharaoh. We learn this from Josephus ("Against Apion," I., 26), who took it from Manetho. A priest at Heliopolis, bearing the name of "Son of Osiris," either stirred up the movement or was elected to be the leader of the rebels; perhaps he, too, was secretly a Semite, for would foreigners trust a real Egyptian? And what is more significant, the revolters were supported in their mutiny by a force of many thousand Jebusites, regarded as descendants of the Shepherds who four centuries back had been expelled from this country.

The area of this uprising extended from

Heliopolis to Avaris, near Zoan, the latter becoming the stronghold of the opposition. Thus the revolt covered the Land of Goshen. Whether or not the Hebrews were concerned in this movement, we are not told; but it is not impossible that they were, and that an unwritten page of history is concealed under the concluding words of the second chapter of Exodus:

And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge of them. (Vers. 24, 25.)

Now if 600,000 Hebrews and 200,000 men of Jebus were combined in the strike, to say nothing of the Shasu or other foreigners possibly involved in it, Menephtah had a heavy task before him to quell it. Apparently he found this to be the case, for, the story goes on:

He then passed out with the rest of the Egyptians, three hundred thousand of the most warlike of them, against the enemy, who met them. Yet he did not join battle with them; but thinking that would be to fight against the gods, he returned back and came to Memphis.

When the enemy is found to number two to one, other things being equal, no doubt a graceful retreat is better than hopeless valor. Menephtah, furthermore, had reached the age of three score years and ten, an age when courage, as well as vigor, usually gives out. And so, quietly taking his young son with him, he withdrew his whole army up the Nile into Ethiopia, where he wearily wore away twelve long years of exile.

At the end of this sojourn he was eighty or



more years of age, and had been a king twenty years. His son, Seti-Menephtah, in his eighteenth year had grown to be a robust youth. Evidently the father was now too far along in life to do what he had never done before—fight; and if ever the royal pair should return to their realm, it would depend on the spirit and power of the son. During this term of banishment we can scarcely fancy the latter otherwise engaged than in training for this end, and exercising himself in every art of

before. Somewhere in Lower Egypt a final battle was now accepted upon the united challenge of the rebels and the Shepherds, by which the rebels were completely re-subdued and the Jebusites again driven out to the very bounds of Syria.

Either on his way down the Nile, or shortly afterward, Seti-Menephtah visited at Abū Simbel a colossal statue of his grandfather, *Rameses II.*, and inscribed upon one side of it the purpose of his pilgrimage, which was:

In order to render homage to the one who had given him valor.

This was a marked reflection upon his father; but let that pass. At the same time, perhaps, he engraved a tablet on the rock there to commemorate his victories over foreigners—quite likely the very foreigners thus chased back to Syria; in which, as reproduced in illustration 8, he is seen dispatching an Asiatic with a heavy mace, the god *Amen-Ra* standing by in the act of giving him a scimiter, the legend describing him as

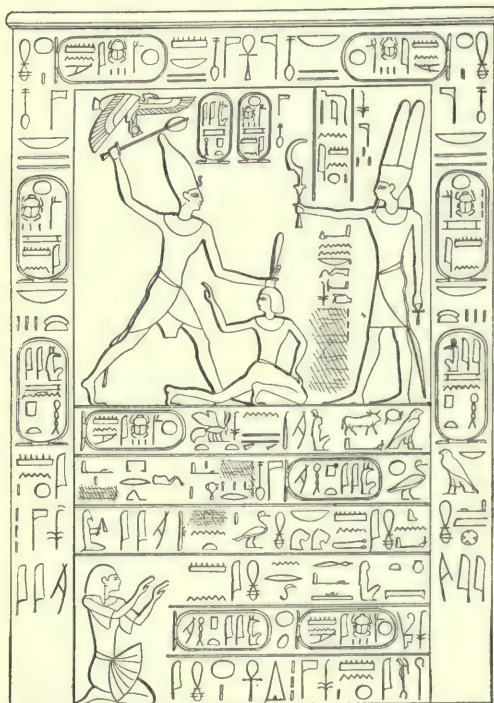
Warlike and valiant, like the goddess *Ament*.

Also the door-post of his sepulcher, inscribed while he was living, praises him as

The Defender of Egypt, and the Chastiser of the Libyans.

Upon this tablet, as elsewhere, we find that he had already begun to use the double cartouch, *Ra-user-kheperu* *Mer-amen*, and *Seti Mer-en-ptah*. No doubt this was done by agreement between his father and himself. When they came to take their departure from Ethiopia, the very attempt of which depended on the lead and chivalry of the son, the latter, both by the father's desire and by the consent of the army, must have become regent, and probably a regent in more than the usual sense of the word. The father remained real king and retained the throne,—he was to be consulted on all important questions, his wish was to be law, his will supreme, his indorsement was essential as to policy,—but the son was to execute. Moreover, by the results of that brilliant march to the sea the son had earned a share in the dominion, and was entitled to participation in the government of the emancipated country.

Then, too, *Seti-Menephtah* was the first-born son of his father, the heir-apparent or crown-prince; no brother existed to become a rival; and the cartouches were to belong to him soon by virtue of sole possession of the throne. He was then physical strength itself, the very synonym of health, waking into the morning of life: no cloud marred the horizon, nothing, thought he or his father,—nothing on earth or in heaven,



8. SETI-MENEPHTAH TRIUMPHING OVER FOREIGNERS. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

war that might qualify him to be the capable and heroic leader of his Egyptians on the return march to their homes.

At length, in the thirteenth year of their Ethiopian residence, the prince being educated for the fray and the Egyptians eager to recover their land, they all started forth down the Nile, the king of Ethiopia perhaps sending along his troops as auxiliaries.

This return journey was one of success from beginning to end. *Seti-Menephtah* distinguished himself at every point by a personal prowess that was irresistible: under his masterly generalship triumph followed closely upon the heels of victory. His opponents either were struck with instant death, or crushed under a heavier oppression, or driven before a wave of revolution and military glory that contrasted strangely with the imbecility of a dozen years



9. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

whether of men or from the gods,—could prevent his wearing the double crown of Egypt alone in the near future. Such was his destiny—in universal human expectation.

Under this arrangement two years passed serenely away. Seti as regent and prospective king pursued the occupations of war by securing the country against the Libyans on the west, and by fortifying the Fountains of Water on the east. He cultivated the arts of peace by fostering authors, both of poetry and of literature, and sculptors, who carved him in stone with exceptional skill and elegance. Their three renowned statues of him now embellish the museums of London, Paris, and Turin. From the first of these illustration 9 is taken, showing us, as successfully as any modern artist could hope to do, just how this distinguished young warrior looked. He carried a frank brow rising just off the line of the nose, a gracefully curved eyebrow, a broad eyelid, a large pensive eye, the arched nose of the Ramesses, full lips, and a delicately molded chin. Altogether his face was singularly genial and

winning. Apparently he was inclined to muse, and smile when his thoughts were far away, as if he were gazing on some vision, either of beauty that engaged his soul or of loveliness that wakened emotions of the heart. Or was he dreaming of the Elysian Fields, that seemed to tempt him hence?

At Thebes he built a little temple, carved the walls of sanctuaries and pylons with bas-reliefs and hymns, set up doorways, obelisks, sphinxes, and stela, and even began his own sepulchral chambers on the west of the Nile. But the last date he placed upon any of his works was that of the second year of his executive reign, or when he was about twenty years of age.

Meanwhile, the children of Israel? Their interval of respite from toil was over, and the return of the task-master renewed their bondage with tenfold severity. If they had been concerned in the recent protest against that oppression which Egypt laid upon foreign races who kept their ethnic caste and faith, as a consequence their slavery was made more





10. SETI-MENEPHTAH AS REGENT. (FROM THE STATUE IN THE TURIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAVRE G. B. BERRA.)

onerous than before. And such seems to have been the case, causing an outcry from the sufferers that ascended unto heaven; a cry that brought Jehovah down to visit his people and declare, "I know their sorrows."

To royal father and son a cloud now rose on the horizon. A new commotion was visible among the servile Hebrews. One man, about equal in age to the venerable Menephtah, joined by another, his brother somewhat younger and just returned from Midian, were observed to be going round among the bondmen advising them to rest from their burdens and inciting them to some sort of concerted movement. Presently they ventured into the presence of the monarch himself, and announced their proposal to be no less than freedom — withdrawal of their entire community from Egypt, or, in the words of the deity of their worship, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Let my people go."

What? "To get up out of the land?" Why, that was the very aim Rameses had sought to defeat by rigorous service, together with the drowning Nile, eighty years ago, and the very contingency Menephtah had guarded against seventeen years ago by strengthening the walls and garrisons of Heliopolis. Naturally these two representatives of the Hebrews were told that the proposition could not be thought of. "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, loose the people from their works? get you unto your burdens."

We cannot follow the contention step by step. Enough that the king proved to be stubborn beyond all influence, that the cloud grew portentous and broke in a storm of disorders without parallel in natural history, and that this series of marvels culminated in an unprecedented tragedy. In the dead of night the spiritual God of Israel, whom Menephtah "knew not," went out into the midst of Egypt and left not a single house in which there was not one dead, "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon"; and "even unto the first-born of the maid-



servant behind the mill." Those words disclose an exigency just then obtaining—that a regent shared the throne with the king; they show that this regent (10) was the king's first-born son; they imply with great exactness that conjunction of circumstances to which we have been independently led; in short, they define Seti-Menephtah to the very letter.

The God of Israel could make no exception; had he done so, even the tenth plague would have failed of its purpose. Therefore this singular child on whom the hopes of the empire and the dynasty centered, this fearless and accomplished warrior who had redeemed his country, this unfolding flower of humanity whom to regard was to commend, to love, to celebrate, must be sacrificed to soften the heart of an obdurate father. When he fell asleep that fatal night he woke in those scenes, so far away yet so close at hand, on which he had been wont to brood and dream by day.

Where Seti-Menephtah was at the moment is not clear from the sacred narrative: he may have been at Zoan or at Raamses, where he had commanded the cavalry of the army. If at the former, the horror-stricken father knew the worst immediately; if at the latter, the warning he had received from Moses, together with dire analogy all around, told him the heartrending truth as well as messengers could have told him. Though the country was in confusion, the embalmers would be in duty bound first to minister their last offices unto the king's son; and when at length the imposing ceremonies were over, hands of



11. ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEY.)

genuine grief laid a fallen favorite to repose in the gloom of that sepulcher he himself had already started in the valley of the Tombs of the Kings (11). This he had opened at the very end of the valley and foot of the mountain. The chamber in which the casket of stone was to stand, the intended final resting-place of its excavator, had not been reached. It was on account of such unfinished design that, early in the present century, Champollion wrote:

This poor sepulchral hall was only a corridor in the plan, whose extremity lies still in rough rock; and it became the room of the sarcophagus, or the funeral chamber, by the accident of the death of the Pharaoh.<sup>1</sup>

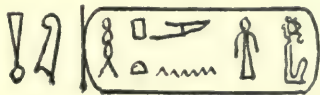
"Accident"? Yes, rather a most unexpected, sudden, shocking, inscrutable providence.

In this beginning of a royal tomb some portions of that sarcophagus, in the rosy granite of Syene, were found lying scattered upon the floor; one (12), from the lower part of the lid carved in effigy, retained the cartouch concluding a legend upon its surface; another (13), upon

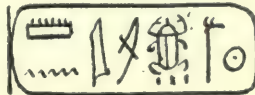
<sup>1</sup> "Notices Descriptives," Vol. I., p. 463.



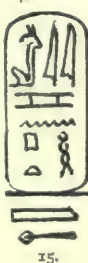
12.



13.



14.



15.





16. BAS-RELIEF OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A CAST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

the edge of the lid, preserved a similar record entire, both testifying to the *decease* of Seti-Menephtah; where the hands folded upon the breast the prenominal cartouch (14) was

ness all these carriage; how and flitting the smile upon that almost girlish cheek; how replete with hope the countenance,

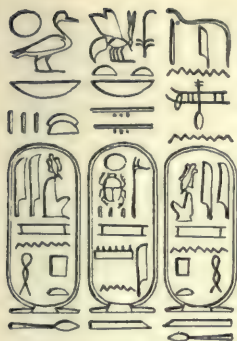
carved, surmounted by the symbols of "the Osiris royal," signifying identity with Osiris now, "Thy Spirit is that of Osiris"; and the nominal cartouch (15) concluded an inscription in the same apartment running along the platform of the wall on the right.

Yet, though the royal sarcophagus has been broken to pieces, and the royal mummy has disappeared, happily the image of the prince on the throne, thus cut down without warning, had not long before been carefully imprinted upon the wall of the corridor, just inside the entrance. Turning again to the notes of Champollion:

First corridor, wall on the left, second tableau, sculptured but not painted, and as fresh as if it had just left the hand of the sculptor: the king Menephtah III., coiffé and wearing the atef-crown, offers wine to the god Nefer-tum.

Once more the same Providence that had occasion to deal so severely with both father and son has with extraordinary care shielded from harm this bas-relief of the son all through the centuries, in order that we might see him exactly as he was in life (illustration 16). This figure, regarding either design or engraving, is a masterpiece of beauty. Nothing from antiquity can exceed it in natural form and attitude: more of life, spirit, and sweet expression could scarcely be thrown into stone. The artist who conceived and wrought this gem had real genius, and carried his technical skill to the highest point of attainment. His fine appreciation of spiritual traits underlying physical features, and his delicate power of bringing them out of the wall, were simply marvelous. How full of youthlike tenderlineaments; how noble that carriage; how bright the look of that eye, and flitting the smile upon that almost girlish cheek; how replete with hope the countenance,





17.

as the offerer of wine holds out his cups to the god! The graver of this iconograph knew how to soften rock, away back in those days of high antiquity.

Yet our object lies outside of all this. The lesson we are to learn from these lines is, that this royal ruler was very young when he died. Underneath the

royal cartouches memorializing the personage of this relief, the signs for *deceased*, "ma-keru," are not only present, they are repeated (17): their date, therefore, must be very nearly that of his death. Had this cavo-rilievo been sculptured any length of time before his death, these signs for *deceased* would be absent. Inasmuch as in this instance there was no need to make the subject younger than he was actually, or more divine, Seti-Menephtah could not have been more than twenty years of age when he was brought low instantly, here to be committed to his "eternal home." A portrait-statue of Seti-Menephtah in middle life or in old age does not exist.

In this light we begin to recognize the true relation of Seti-Menephtah to his father and his true position in time. Under the name of Seti II., he is generally supposed to have been chronologically the successor of his father, and the two years of his reign are generally assumed to have been years of sole authority. On the contrary, the above-related natural version of his brief career is indicated by the monuments to be the right one: let us no longer neglect or misjudge their testimony.

A deep mystery always has hung over the death of Pharaoh's son. Who was he? How old may he have been? Left he absolutely no trace behind?

I venture to assert that his disappearance will ever continue to be completely shrouded in darkness so long as we fail to give proper heed to the light of the monuments. And I invite attention to the fact that the antiquities of Egypt, the best among authorities, stand ready to teach us:

1. That Seti-Menephtah was the first-born son of his father. 2. That his father lived to an advanced age. 3. That the son's administration was

merely one of regency in behalf of his father. 4. That the son died early, before his father died.

It follows that Seti-Menephtah corresponds to the biblical (1) First-born son (2) of a living Pharaoh, (3) who sat on his throne, (4) but died suddenly, before his father died. Both the Egyptian monuments and the Hebrew Scriptures describe a situation embracing four distinct premises: the four premises are identical in both accounts; the logical conclusion, therefore, must be that they relate to the same personage, for, in the nature of things, two series of such identical particulars would not occur apart once in many ages.

Let us give a few moments to the careful study of the following contemporary Egyptian monuments:

1. *Some Mural Tablets in the Grottoes of Gebel Silsilis.* Menephtah imitated his father in having pictures of his family circle drawn upon ever-enduring rock.

One of these tablets presents to us the group of Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, and Nehesi. It is graven on the west wall of the Grand Speos, or Temple hewn out of a mountain, and (Cham-pollion, "Monuments," II., cxiv.) exhibits King Menephtah in the ceremony of offering an image of the divinity Ma to the god Amen-Ra and the goddess Maut: he is attended by his wife



18. PORTRAIT OF NEHESI, THE PRIME MINISTER. (FROM A STATUE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



the Queen Isi-nefer-t, and by an officer named Nehesi. The latter is explained by adjacent hieroglyphs to be

Viceroy over the Two Lands, Fan-bearer at the right of the King, Chief over the priests of all the gods, having admittance to the King's presence, knowing his counsel, Mayor of the city and Governor of the Nome, pa-Nehesi *deceased*.

His office, therefore, was equivalent to that of Privy Councillor and Prime Minister. A sitting statue of him now in London (illustration 18) reveals the fact that he had served in a similar capacity under Rameses II., so

Crown Prince of the Palace over the Two Countries, Chief of millions, Head over hundreds of thousands, He who stands in closest relationship to the good god, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him, of Royal [birth], the Chief of the Soldiers, the very great [Regent in behalf of] him.

Menephtah's Royal Son alive ! By the time this rock-engraving was executed so many years had been added to the offspring of Isi-nefer-t that he began to be included in his parents' acts of devotion to the gods.

A third tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, Seti-Menephtah, and Nehesi (20). Its vignette embraces two scenes by means of two registers. In the lower register Menephtah offers an image of a sphinx to the deity Horus and the divinity Ma : here, as in the last tablet, he is attended by

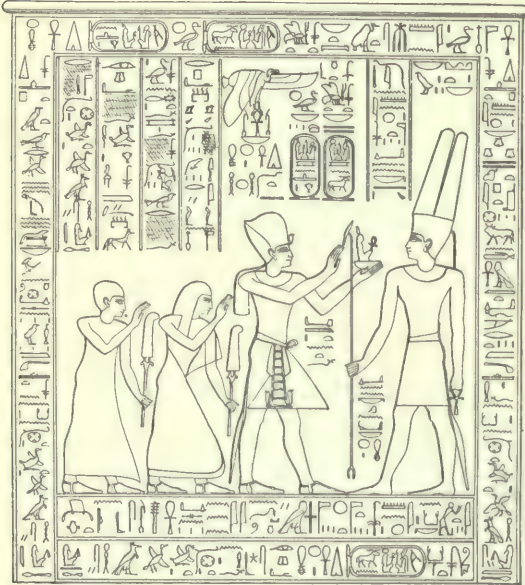
The Heir to the Throne, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him,

who is closely followed by his *ka*—his "double," or "life"—and remotely by the Privy Councillor, the King's Lion, Nehesi *deceased*.

But we are impatient to learn the name of that royal son ; will not this monument identify him for us at last ?

Observe that in the upper register King Menephtah, offering once more an image of Ma to Amen-Ra and Ptah, is attended by the royal wife and mother, Queen Isi-nefer-t, followed by

The Heir to the Throne of the whole Land, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the great Royal Son (the *sam*) of his body begotten, beloved of him, [Set]ti-Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.



19. KING MENEPHTAH, HIS ROYAL SON, AND NEHESI.  
(FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

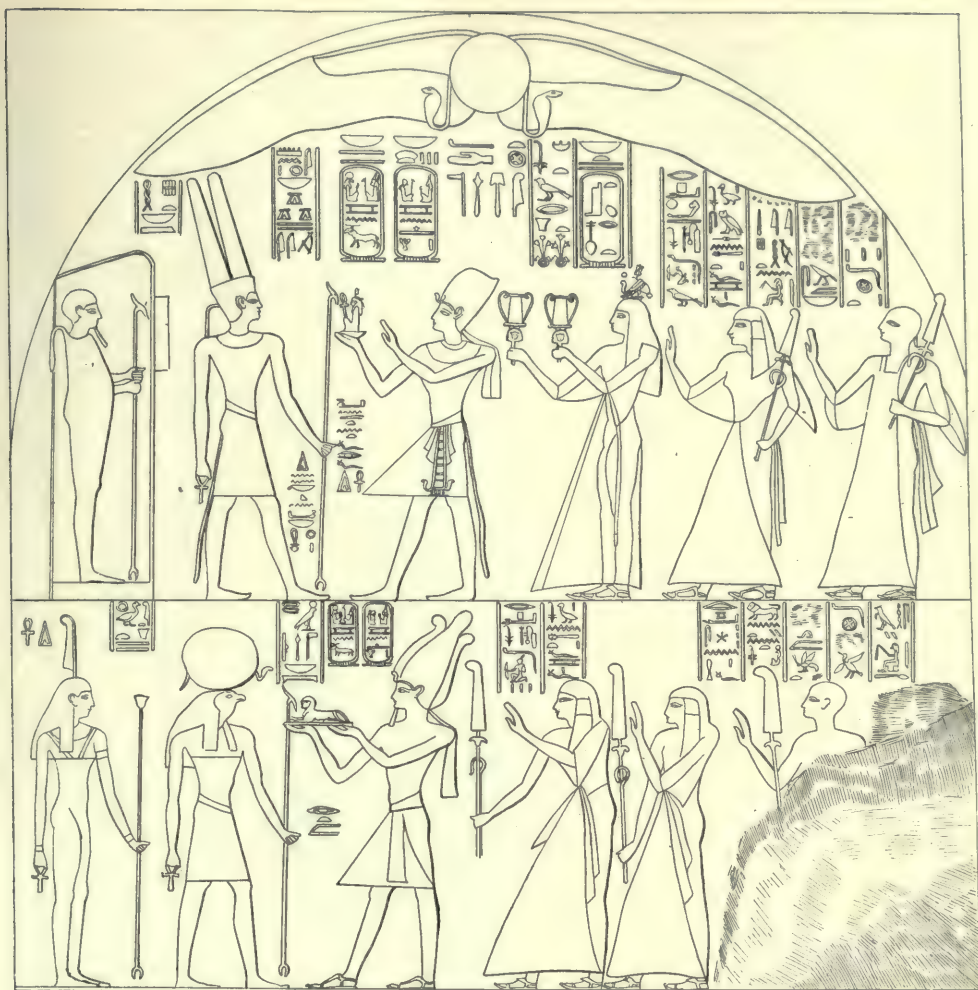
that he simply held over in both duty and rank under King Menephtah, by whom he was evidently greatly esteemed ; but he had passed away prior to the date of this sculpture—the second year in the reign of Menephtah. Isi-nefer-t wears the vulture-head-dress of maternity, but as yet her offspring was too young to be brought into this scene of worship.

A second tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, his royal son, and Nehesi. As outlined in illustration 19, it depicts Menephtah again tendering an image of Ma to the deity Amen-Ra ; as before, the Privy Councillor to his Majesty, Nehesi *deceased*, finds his place last in the series ; now, however, the middle place, immediately behind Menephtah, is occupied, not by Isi-nefer-t the Queen, wife, and mother, but by

And last of all by Nehesi. In other terms, this royal son of Menephtah was his only son ; as only son and heir to the throne, he was his eldest son ; as only son and eldest son, he was his "first-born" ; the name of this first-born son was Seti-Menephtah, and at the era of this rock-engraving he was already dead ! Menephtah and Isi-nefer-t both survive. They are still reigning, and performing the religious duties of king and queen ; but they are childless. The scene represented is one in which their beloved offspring, the *sam* or priest of Ptah, Seti-Menephtah, did engage in, with them, until quite recently ; but the acknowledgment is made that he does so in person no longer—"the late Seti-



Seti Menephtah



20. VIGNETTE OF MURAL TABLET AT GEBEL SILSILIS. (FROM CHAMPOLLION'S "MONUMENTS.")

Menephtah." He is retained in the group because he was so dearly loved, and because there was no brother to be put in his place. At the beginning of Seti's name, over the back of his head, the figure of the god Set was defaced by iconoclasts some time after the death of both son and father. Champollion, deeming the obliterated character to be no part of the name, read what was spared as Ptah-Amen:

This stela teaches us that the wife of this Pharaoh was called *Isénofré*, as his mother was, and that his eldest son was called *Pbthamen*. ("Letters," p. 156.)

But Dr. Richard Lepsius detected the sign under its disfigurement, and correctly reproduced it in his *Königsbuch*:

The Royal Son, the *sam*, Seti-Menephtah (21).

Even if there was no other proof, this monument is quite sufficient of itself to establish the fact that Seti-Menephtah's rule occurred during the lifetime of his father, and that his father, King Menephtah, continued to reign after the son had ceased to help him rule.

This last tablet states that King Menephtah's object in going up the Nile to Silsilis, above Thebes, at this epoch was with pride to publish in the Upper Country the achievement of having reared a temple in honor of the god Amen-Ra at Heliopolis, in the Lower Country. The other monuments which deserve our attention as pertaining to Seti-Menephtah were originally all stationed at Zoan in Lower Egypt.

2. *The Sides of a Statue of Rameses*. This statue is a standing image of Rameses II. holding within his arms two standards, the one on



the right-hand side terminating in a head of the goddess Maut, the other in a head of the goddess Hathor (illustration 22). It was a colossus, between eleven and twelve feet high, carved out of syenite. It has lost its atef-crown, but, cared for now in the Palace of Gizeh, it retains the solar disk, the peculiar wig, the false beard, the kilt hanging from the belt by means of a lion-headed clasp and ending in a row of hooded asps. It was sculptured in fairly good style; but round upon the left side the statue carries an irrelevant supplement, executed in a very different and rather bad manner (23).

Sketched in slight relief, a prince has not yet put off the recurved side-lock as a badge of infancy; he wears the leopard-robe as a badge of that order of priests of Ptah at Memphis called *sam*; and he shows by the plume in his hand that he enjoyed the high rank of Fan-bearer at the right of the king. The inscription identifies this young prince as

The Heir to the Throne over the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.

Round on the right side of the statue this inscription occurs in more complete form (24):

All life, permanence, purity, and health to the Heir of the Throne over the Two Lands, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, the *sam*, . . .  
[Mer]-en-ptah *deceased*.

On the left standard may be found (25):

All life, stability, and health to the Heir of the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-[pta]h.

And on the right standard (26):

All victory and might to the Heir to the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.

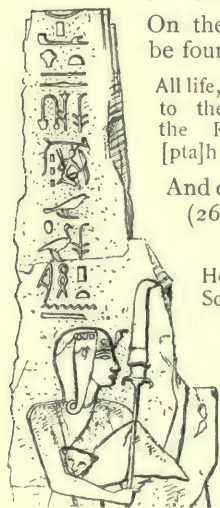
How singular! Who was this royal son "Menephtah *deceased*" when a prince? Was it Menephtah, son of Rameses II.? Impossible; for that Menephtah lived to be king, and to attain nearly as great an age as the illustrious Sesostris. Fur-



22. RAMESSES II. AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE PALACE OF GIZEH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEBAH.)

thermore, this colossus embodies Rameses II. at early manhood, while yet a regent under his father Seti I.: whereas, until long after this stage of life, Khamus was heir to the throne, not Menephtah. Besides, the style of the new figure is so unlike that of the colossus that it must be referred to another hand at a later period.

The solution is not far to seek. This bas-relief pictures Menephtah the son of King Menephtah; and, as we have just seen, the father had no other son bearing his name save Seti-Menephtah. All these titles are precisely those of Seti-Menephtah in the third tablet at Silsili, particularly the sacerdotal "*sam*" and the military "Chief of the Soldiers." It must



23. LATER SCULPTURE UPON LEFT SIDE OF RAMESSES STATUE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEY.)

have been the son of Rameses II., Menephtah, when king, who was the author of this meager bas-relief upon his father's statue, and this fully accounts for its misplacement and poor quality. It is a work of pathos: he did it with a trembling hand, for the Heir to his Throne—his hope, his dependence, his joy, his lovely boy—was dead.

Why, then, did he not insert Seti before the "Menephtah" of these inscriptions?

At that time, and for the people of all Egypt in those days, it was wholly unnecessary. Everybody understood who was meant without it.

3. *The Sides of a Statue of Menephtah.* Of course Menephtah must needs imitate his father Rameses in all things, and among all things in setting up a similar image of himself. His was not so much of a colossus perhaps, being scarcely ten feet high, but it was cut of equally fine pale rose-granite of Syene. The standards he tipped with the images of

the gods after whom he was named, the right with Ptah-Tutanen, the left with Amen. He assumed a similar wig, upon which an atef-crown was placed; he put on the conventional beard; and from his belt he let fall an apron displaying his own titles with the same ornaments his father had used. This statue was discovered by Mariette Bey in the course of his excavations at San nearly thirty years ago, who describes what he saw and read on the sides of the statue in the following terms:

Upon the left side of the base there has been afterwards cut the figure, standing erect, of a personage holding an ostrich plume in his hand. The legend reads: "The Heir upon the throne of Seb (formula designating the heir to the crown), the Governor of the Two Countries for his father, the Royal Son Setimeri-en Ptah, *the justified*."<sup>1</sup>

As in the third tablet of Silsilis, so in the present legend, the full or double name, Seti-Menephtah, appears: its author or engraver did not leave the "Seti" out this time.

But how remarkably alike these side-scenes upon the statues of the kings Rameses and Menephtah are! They

must have been the work of one and the same author, and that author could not have been Rameses in this instance; he must, therefore, have been King Menephtah in both cases.

Compare now the two accounts—one recorded in the Scriptures, the other recorded on this Egyptian stone:

## THE BIBLE.

The Lord smote  
The first-born of  
Pharaoh,  
That sat on his  
throne.

## THE MONUMENT.

He who governed  
Egypt,  
In behalf of his  
father:  
Seti-Menephtah *deceased*.

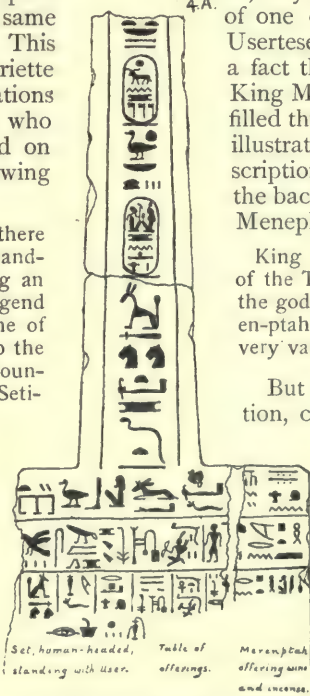
The parallel is absolute. We have already found how Seti-Menephtah, supplying what his father lacked, became conqueror by force of arms, and then active governor of the land. The Egyptian epigraphist confesses all that the sacred narrator affirms, and surpasses him by revealing the full name of the smitten one.

4. *The Back of a Throne of Usertesen surviving at San.* To the open court of the Great Temple, Usertesen I., one of the earliest kings in the twelfth dynasty, contributed two colossi. They were seated figures, in black granite, very highly polished. Upon the back of one of these, still remaining at San, Usertesen had not engraved anything—a fact that did not escape the notice of King Menephtah, who at different times filled this field with inscriptions, copied in illustration 27. The first or vertical inscription, in large characters, covering the back of the pilaster, pertains to King Menephtah himself, and reads:

King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of the Two Countries Bai-en-ra Beloved of the gods, Son of Ra, Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma, Beloved of Set the very valiant forever.

But the second or horizontal inscription, covering the back of the throne with small characters, does not pertain to King Menephtah, but to another person, the first two lines running:

[Heir] to the double throne of Seb, inheriting the sovereignty of the Two Lands, Chief of officers, Administrator of the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.



<sup>1</sup> "Notice des Principaux Monuments à Boulaq," p. 292.

27. BACK OF USERTESEN'S STATUE AND THRONE. (FROM TANIS I. EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.)



And the last line describes the offering of incense and wine to the deity Set the very valiant by

Sutek the very valiant: His loving Adorer, the Heir to the Throne over the Two Countries, the Royal Scribe, Chief Sealer, Chief Soldier, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.

The picture underlying these words, not reproduced by Mr. Petrie, but long ago described by Mariette Bey,

Represents the adoration of Sutekh. by a Prince named Menephtah.

The god, clothed in Egyptian fashion, wears upon

us still to read the formula, "Heir upon the throne of Seb," which distinguishes more particularly the prince named to succeed the reigning king. . . . The uræus which he bears upon his brow would seem to indicate that at this moment Prince Menephtah was already associated upon the throne with his father. ("Notice," etc., pp. 283, 284.)

In thus speaking, Mariette refers to King Menephtah when a prince, and to the throne of Rameses II. But Menephtah the father is excluded from consideration by the twice-told tale "dead." Again the truth is, King Menephtah's son, Seti-Menephtah, is meant.

5. *The Back of a Throne of Usertesen removed to Berlin.*

Because set up along an avenue the seated colossus of Usertesen I. just described required a mate for company on the opposite side of the way: the throne of this companion was, many years ago, carried away to Berlin, where it silently relates to every visitor its story of the tragedy enacted in Egypt centuries ago (28). Menephtah found the back of this second throne untouched in like manner; and the temptation to fill it up with the decorations of his own glory was too great for him to resist.

His first act was to cover nearly the whole of its surface with his titles and escutcheons in two series.

In the course of time, however, he changed his mind: something happened that led him to recast a portion of his first work. His second act was, esteeming the lower set of titles as of least account, to chisel them away, thus lowering this portion of the back to the depth of two or three inches.

For what purpose?

To inscribe a new name and a new record there, more in the vein of his newly acquired mood. It was, for the most part, a repetition of what Mariette has described from the San throne. On the right we now look upon

Sutekh, the great god, Lord of heaven.

And on the left we behold his worshiper, decked with the recurved lock of a prince and with the royal uræus, in the act of offering



28. BACK OF USERTESSEN'S THRONE. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. FROM A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

his head a pointed miter from which depends a kind of long waved ribbon ending in a fork, like the tail of the animal symbolical of Sutekh. This same fork is placed at the extremities of the two little horns with which the forehead of the god is armed.

As to the other personage, he stands erect in the posture of adoration, and exhibits the grand costume of Egyptian princes, with the uræus upon his brow. . . . A fragment of inscription permits



incense and a libation of wine to the god, the adjacent hieroglyphs describing him as

His loving Adorer, his Son, beloved of him, rejoicing in his service, of Royal Birth, the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.

But all these titles are the peculiar distinctions of Seti-Menephtah. And it was only natural that *he* should be represented as professing relationship to, and delight in the service of, that god whose name he bore. The change that had befallen the father and reigning King Menephtah was the untimely death of his matchless son, so very dear to his heart and already exalted so near to his own rank and seat.

6. *The Tablet of Four Hundred Years.* All the foregoing monuments are, in some measure, introductory to, and serve as so many keys for unlocking the purpose of, the longest witness in this series. A double obscurity has always surrounded the Tablet of Four Hundred Years.

After discovering it within the inmost shrine of the Great Temple, under a heap of similar stelæ and mural inscriptions, for the most part broken to fragments, Mariette Bey concealed it on the site, near by, so they say; and when he died he carried the secret of its hiding-place with him into the other world.

But its subject-matter has always been a riddle. A confusion lurks under an evident combination—in its vignette of two unrelated pictures, and in its record of two unconnected stories, pertaining to two different persons.

Referring to illustration 29, the first of these occupies the left-hand side of the vignette *a*, and the first seven lines of the horizontal inscription. Here the vignette sketches an apotheosized forefather, Aa-peh-peh, under the form of the deity Sutekh, or Set, holding a scepter in one hand, the symbol of life in the other; wearing the white crown, rendered quite odd by a forked horn in front, and from its apex by a long waving streamer, likewise forked at the end. Here Rameses II. is the actor, as well as the epigraphist of this part of the tablet, identified by his cartouches and defined by the intermediate hieroglyphics as

Giving wine to his beloved god that He may make him a giver of life.

The upper seven horizontal lines of the record explain the meaning of these sketches of god and king, and reveal the original simple purpose of the tablet to be, on the part of Rameses, to acknowledge and honor the Shepherd king Set Aa-peh-peh, who lived four hundred years before, as the father of Rameses' fathers: the great king hereby seeks to immortalize an act of ancestor worship. Literally, this part of the legend runs as follows:

LINE 1. The living Horus, the living Sun, the powerful Bull beloved of Ma, Lord of the Festivals of Thirty years like his father Ptah, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Giver of life,

2. Lord of the Vulture and Uræus Diadems, Protector of Egypt, Chastiser of Provinces, Sun born of the gods, Possessor of Lands, the Hawk of gold, Rich in years, Greatest of the Victors,

3. King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Chieftain enriching the Lands with memorials of his name.

4. The sun has shone as the king liked, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen.

5. His Majesty ordered that a great Tablet of granite should be made in the great name of the Father of his fathers

6. (The King of Upper Egypt, Ra-mer-en-ma, Son of Ra, Mer-en-ptah-Seti, being firm and prosperous forever, like Ra every day)

7. In the Four Hundredth year, on the fourth day of the month Messori, of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Set Aa-peh-peh, Son of Ra, beloved of him, Nubti Set, beloved of Harmakhis, who is forever and forever.

No regnal year of Rameses II. is supplied, to serve as a date for the monument, because, as line 6 shows, the reign of Rameses had not yet begun; this stela was set up when he was acting as a regent only at Zoan, in Lower Egypt, while his father, Seti I., was still living at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and continuing to rule as king firmly and prosperously over the land.

But the second personage is the one in whom our special interest lies: he is treated on the right-hand side of the vignette and in the lower portion of the horizontal inscription *b, b*. By a fracture of the slab his portrait and head are lost; but the two vertical lines of hieroglyphics expressing a petition in his behalf, addressed also to the deity Sutekh on the left, *a*, imperfectly read:

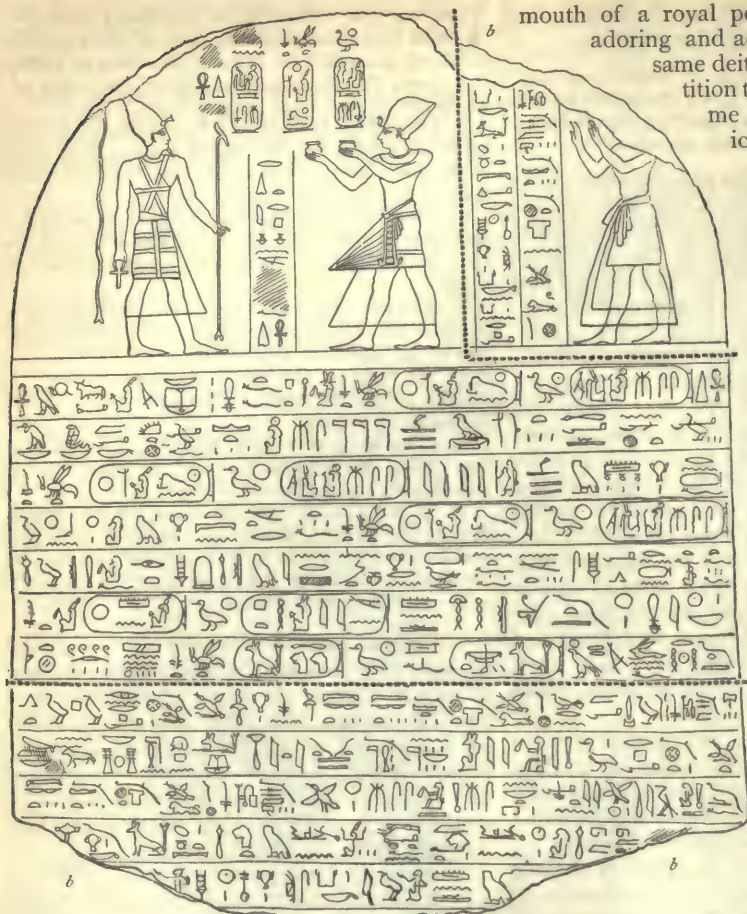
. . . Thy service, O Set, son of Nut, Grant thou a long time in thy service to the *ka* of the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry, Controller of Provinces, and Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier.

Here the single fact that the prayer is offered for the benefit of the *ka* of the person prayed for would indicate that we have in these words a petition for the welfare of some one no longer in life. Who was he? Already we encounter some of the titles familiar as those belonging to the subject of our study; but the last five lines of the horizontal inscription offer many more:

LINE 8. Having come [before the god represented at *a* in the vignette]—

The Heir to the Throne, Governor of the Nome, Fan-bearer at the King's right hand, Commander





29. THE TABLET OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. (FROM THE REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE.)

of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Chief of the Matsu, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry,

9. The processional priest of the fête Bai-nebtat, High-priest of Set, Officer of Uati, Ruler of Lands, Superintendent of the priests of all the gods, Prince Seti deceased, Son, Heir to the Throne, Mayor of the City, Governor of the Nome,

10. The Commander of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry of Pa-Rameses, the Prince deceased born of the Lady of the House, Chantress superior of Ra, Princess deceased,—

He says:

11. Hail to thee, Set, son of Nut, valiant in the boat of millions of years, overthrowing enemies at the prow of the boat of Ra! Great are thy bellowings in . . .

12. . . . Grant thou me a long time in thy service to follow thy person. I have been placed in . . .

Here we have another prayer, an echo of the one written in the vignette, put into the

mouth of a royal personage, represented as adoring and addressing one and the same deity with Rameses. Its petition to the deity Set, "Grant me a long time in thy service," reflects the cultus

drawn upon the last monument, and recalls the words of its adorer of the same god, Sutekh, "Happy" or "Blessed in his service." This personage is plainly named the "Prince Seti deceased."

By such designation Seti I., the father of Rameses II., cannot be meant, because this Prince Seti, when alive, is said to have been commander of the cavalry stationed at Pa-Rameses, the biblical town Raames built by the children of Israel for Rameses II., which therefore was not in existence in the days of Seti I., father of Rameses. Hence the "Prince Seti" must designate Seti II., the son of Menephtah the King. Seti I. also would be excluded by

the anachronism involved in the office "Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier," if this frontier fortress, Tsar, was the biblical town Zoan, shown with equal surety by its ruins to have been the creation of Rameses II. A superintendent of Zoan could be only a son or a grandson of Rameses the Great; and so, as his name was Seti, he must have been Seti-Menephtah.

Here, too, we have most of the titles belonging to Seti-Menephtah, already met with—"Heir to the Throne," "Son," "Prince"; and, in addition to these, he is said to have occupied many offices which together would be held only by one on the road to the throne—"Fan-bearer," "Royal Scribe," "Governor," "Commander," "Priest," etc. Indeed, he is declared to have been born of a royal wife, a "Princess," the "Lady of the House." In Egypt the right to the throne descended through the mother; accordingly the mother, from among whose sons the heir was to be selected, must be of the royal line. If the king married out-



side of a royal family the children were ineligible to the crown.

Here also we have apparently the last of King Menephtah's works. Since the tablets described under 1 of this series were placed on the walls of the Speos at Silsilis, this "Princess," the royal wife and mother, had departed; she, too, had gone before to recover her lost boy. The queen was no more, and the heir to the throne was not. What lament could be greater? These are the words of one bereaved indeed. Who inscribed those mortuary strokes? Manifestly, he who had both consort and prince to mourn—Menephtah the King, the desolate survivor. No possibility now remained of another heir or successor in his line to perpetuate his dynasty.

Either Menephtah found the parts of the vignette on the right and the bottom of the tablet (*b*, *b*) without tracing, or he made them so, and then he engraved them between his tears.

Such is the resolution of the "peculiarity," the incongruity, of the Tablet of Four Hundred Years. He who wrote his name upon several monuments of other rulers, his predecessors at Zoan,—he who bequeathed to us a statue composed of the body of Amen-em-hat and the face of Menephtah,—he it was who has caused us to puzzle over a tablet presenting the original worship of Rameses II., supplemented by an imitation of it imputed to Seti-Menephtah his son, who, because no longer with him on earth, was conceived to be entering the presence of an ancestral deity in the world of the gods. So overmastering was Menephtah's misery that he could not refrain from draughting and rehearsing the honors of his painfully absent child upon every monument, no matter whose, that offered an opportunity.

Upon three of these six memorials the youth referred to has been called Menephtah, upon two Seti-Menephtah, and upon one Seti: no argument is required to show that they all refer to one and the same individual.

Every one of the six, at its end, has confessed just such an unlooked-for death in youth as the Bible attributes to the first-born of Pharaoh and the tomb at Thebes concedes.

Four reasons ascribe the authorship of all these retrospective sketches to Menephtah the King.

*First.* He was the last survivor of the whole family.

*Second.* No one except Menephtah would have done such things: Amen-meses and Siphtah who followed, descendants of other or irregular lines, were usurpers, rivals, anti-kings, full of antagonism to the house of Menephtah. They would have struck out, effaced, covered up by their own cartouches and claims to

the throne, had they done anything; whereas this sort of regretful work reveals the parental hand. Menephtah was now left a broken-down old man. The high expectation cherished two short years ago, that this vigorous youth would shortly become the sole wearer of Egypt's crown in spite of earth and heaven, the Lord had extinguished in a moment of time. The bright hope was blasted, and in its seat was bitter grief. The stricken father was beside himself: we can fairly hear him moan, not unlike David over Absalom, "O my son Menephtah, my son, my son Menephtah! would God I had died for thee, O Seti, my son, my son!" By day he sought him and by night he missed him. Stooping under the blow, his faltering limbs led him to those spots where his boy had lived, had fought, had worshiped. What wonder if, in this aberration of distress, this agony of loneliness, he should exhibit a weakness for wandering among the monuments of Zoan to picture on them the image that was ever before his eyes, and to remind the people,—who by no means needed to have their memory quickened,—in words that wept, of the lad who was once alive. He would have the world remember his loved one till the world itself should die.

*Third.* Whatever had been conferred on the son now reverted to the father. Seti-Menephtah had been real ruler and nominal sovereign; the plan that these were to be permanent and finally merge into kingship had been frustrated by a higher power. Both the crown and the government had fallen back wholly upon Menephtah; his reign was continuing as before, and, on account of the absence of other heirs, it must continue till he should die. Then the question must have arisen, How is Seti's brief regency, accompanied by his assumption of kingly prerogative, to be regarded? What would have been reckoned as part of another reign under the nineteenth dynasty could not now be counted. Officially it must be treated as if it had never happened, it must be recognized as such no longer; indeed, measures must be taken to show that he lived and died while yet a prince and not as a king. Accordingly he was represented on the monuments, after his death, just as Khamus was (illustration 3), a deceased prince, distinguished by the side-lock of a royal infant who had not reached the throne as sole ruler after the death of the king.

*Fourth.* The juxtaposition on the monuments 3, 4, and 5 above-described, of the cartouches and inscriptions of Menephtah the King to those of Seti-Menephtah the son, indicates synchronism.

To the six monumental witnesses of Seti-Menephtah's minority, already considered, another might be added from the papyri. Having



been Chief of the Scribes, where now are his fellows? Have those whom he cherished in his court, and the poets who sought his favor when living, nothing to say of him when dying? Did no others in the realm share the heartache of the father?

They wrote his elegy, and voiced a universal wail when they sang

#### THE DIRGE OF SETI-MENEPHTAH.

O Fan-bearer at the right of the king,  
Crown-prince in the grand hall of Seb,  
Royal Scribe of truth!  
Thy mouth and thy lips were full of health:  
Thou wast in favor with the king all thy life.  
O Horus, friend of things that are just!  
Thou shalt dwell a thousand years on the earth,  
Thou reposest upon the mountain  
Whose mistress is on the west of Thebes, in the  
necropolis.  
Thy soul is renewing itself among the living,  
And mingling among the perfected spirits.  
Descending into the divine bark, thou art not re-  
pulsed,  
Thou passest even to the jaws of the tomb;  
Thou art judged before the deity [Osiris;  
Thou art *proclaimed righteous*].

Observe that the poets neither call him king nor imply that he had been such, but only "Fan-bearer" and "Crown-prince," and that after having passed the portal of the tomb and been weighed in the balance of the judgment hall of Osiris, they had no more to wish for him than all the beatitudes of the Egyptian Paradise. They assure him of a thousand years on earth by embalment, which insured against a second death. And by "the living" they meant the departed, who were supposed scarcely to begin, and not to enjoy, life until they reached the Elysian Fields.

Menephtah, his father, owed his promotion to the throne not to personal merit, but to the removal of most of his elder brothers by death on the field of battle: it is safe to infer that he had kept himself far away from all such dangerous ground. On reaching the throne he had grown too old to learn how to wield the sword or to direct others in actual combat.

But he was an adept in the science of magic, and a believer in the great significance of dreams, visions, and the oracles of the gods. And whenever he was driven into a corner he managed to make superstition avail to extricate him without bodily harm.

When the Libyans, with their allies, were crossing his boundaries and marching on Memphis, he ought to have been at the head of the troops and in the forefront of the defensive works. But as the opposing expedition was about to set out, lo! by night he had a dream, which he naively related, to this effect:

Then his Majesty saw in a dream as it were a statue of the god Ptah standing in front of him so as to prevent the king from advancing. It was as high as . . . and it said to him, "Remain where you now are"; and giving him a scimiter, "Put away anxiety from your heart."

Thereupon his Majesty asked, "What am I to do?" And the god replied, "Let the cavalry in great numbers advance in front of the infantry to the cultivated land in the defiles of the nome of Pa-ari-sheps." And so it was done: Menephtah, the incompetent king, trembling with fear, held back clinging to the bank of the Nile, while his army, commanded by his generals, sallied out and won the victory without him.

Later, the goddess Isis appeared to him in another dream, complaining that her temple had been demolished; and this led to that rebellion of his foreign population that drove him to Ethiopia.

From the face of the combined forces of rebels and Jebusites he turned back, as he professed because, forsooth, after a priest had prophesied they were to conquer Egypt and hold it thirteen years, to contend with them would be to fight against the gods; whence, also, the return from Ethiopia at the end of twelve years.

Such inexperience in warfare and such shrinking from exposure to personal harm has some bearing on what he would do in the Exodus at the crossing of the sea: analogy indicates at least a probability.

Had his son been living, the father, now about eighty years of age, certainly again would not have left the bank of the Nile. But the warrior Seti-Menephtah lay motionless on his bier in the palace; and the cavalry, requiring a leader, must now be led forth by the venerable king himself. Though blinded by the shadow of death, though bleeding from his fresh wound of bereavement, though frenzied with rage against those who had brought calamity on him, he made ready his chariot, and all the chariots of Egypt, "The Cavalry of Pa-Rameses," and his army, and pursued after escaping Israel. When Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel were sore afraid.

Did he follow them into the midst of the sea, leading his forces after him?

If he did, it was the first time in all his life that he led an attack. Judging from his constitutional cowardice and his record of absence from every field of hostilities, we may be sure he would have had another revelation from heaven sooner than risk his person by such a collision in such a place. For this, too, his feebleness unfitted him, and recent events had unnerved him. Undoubtedly, having brought his host up to the fugitives, remaining in camp

himself he sent his forces forward into the depths to bring Israel back.

And there, standing on the beach at the break of day, he saw the returning waters engulf his troubled, baffled, mighty yet impotent hosts, and, as the day wore on, toss them up at his feet.

Why should we expect the father to perish with the son? For him to live was the greater penalty; shall the less be required? Imagine him, as he furtively fled back to Zoan, unattended by a single one of the gallant charioteers who rode out with him, utterly crushed under multiplied horrors, to linger and suffer out a retributive existence.

Just how long he continued to linger and suffer is unknown. His remaining days were devoted to the pardonable diversion of inscribing upon the monuments at Zoan mementos of him who was his pride, so darkly slain by the mysterious God of the Hebrews. For the sake of these we indulge no regrets that he was spared the sea. No doubt, too, during his last years he was diligently engaged in completing his sepulcher at Thebes. Though not to finish it entirely, he lived long enough to make it in extent and in style of decoration second only to the magnificent tomb of Seti I., his grandfather. Yet his mummy was not there as far back as classic times, when tourists from Italy and Greece left memoranda of pilgrimage in numbers on the spot.

Reference has been made to a single date recorded shortly before King Menephtah's decease. It was observed by Dr. Heinrich Brugsch at Thebes in 1853, and made note of as follows:

Here we meet with the ruins of a temple belonging to the era of Amenhotep III., containing many cartouches of the kings both of earlier and later time; and the remnants of a statue of Menephtah Hotephima, carved out of black granite, with its inscription whose highest date may be the year 33, the lowest not less than the year 25 of this king. ("Reiseberichte," s. 194.)

As we have followed his career, the Exodus and the death of his son must have occurred in the twenty-second or the twenty-third year of his reign: accordingly, if he died in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, he had only two or three years more to live after those critical events; but if he endured to the thirty-third year of his reign, he had about ten to wear away. He must have been between eighty-five and ninety-five years old when at length he was rejoined to his idol.

After the crossing of the sea, Israel chanted words of a song familiar to us:

I will sing unto the Lord,  
For he hath triumphed gloriously:  
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

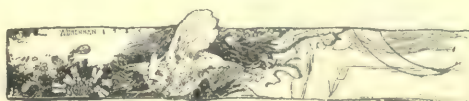
Not long afterward, when the aged king died, a poem was composed by an Egyptian courtier, eulogistic in character, not familiar to us and deeply interesting as the contemporary elegy: at about the same time and over closely connected events the Hebrews sang a pæan of triumph, but the Egyptians,

#### THE DIRGE OF MENEPHTAH.

Amen gave thy heart pleasure,  
He gave thee a good old age,  
A lifetime of pleasure followed thee:  
Blessed was thy lip, sound thine arm,  
Strong thine eye to see afar.  
Thou hast been clothed in linen;  
Thou hast guided thy horse and chariot  
Of gold with thy hand,  
The whip in thy hand, yoked were the steeds;  
The Syrians and the Negroes marched before thee.  
A proof of what thou hast done—  
Thou hast proceeded to thy boat of acacia wood,  
A boat made of it before and behind;  
Thou hast approached the Beautiful Tower  
Which thou thyself made.  
Thy mouth was full of wine, beer, bread, and flesh:  
Cattle were slaughtered and wine opened.  
The sweet song was made before thee:  
The chief anointer anointed thee with balsam.  
The superintendent of thy fields brought birds,  
The fishermen brought fish;  
Thy galleys came from Syria laden with good things;  
Thy stable was full of horses;  
Thy female slaves were strong.  
Thine enemies were placed fallen:  
Thy word no one opposed.  
Thou hast gone before the gods, the victor, *the departed.*

It is often asserted that the Egyptians naturally would not confess a misfortune, and that their antiquities afford no trace of the first-born son of Pharaoh brought low under the last of those ten judgments which liberated Israel. But may not such statements themselves be fallible? As in the example of the Oppressor's daughter, may not the monumental concealment of his son's son, who died for the freedom of God's chosen people, be due rather to our dullness of vision? Is not their ingenuous testimony on record, and waiting only for our unerring discernment?

John A. Paine.





## “ALBEMARLE” CUSHING.

JOY in rebel Plymouth town, in the spring of 'sixty-four,  
When the *Albemarle* down on the Yankee frigates bore,  
With the saucy Stars and Bars at her main;  
When she smote the *Southfield* dead, and the stout *Miami* quailed,  
And the fleet in terror fled when their mighty cannon hailed  
Shot and shell on her iron back in vain,  
Till she slowly steamed away to her berth at Plymouth pier,  
And their quick eyes saw her sway with her great beak out of gear,  
And the color of their courage rose again.

All the summer lay the ram,  
Like a wounded beast at bay,  
While the watchful squadron swam  
In the harbor night and day,  
Till the broken beak was mended, and the weary vigil ended,  
And her time was come again to smite and slay.

Must they die, and die in vain,  
Like a flock of shambled sheep?  
Then the Yankee grit and brain  
Must be dead or gone to sleep,  
And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory  
Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,  
But a sailor thoroughbred,  
“With a dozen volunteers  
I will sink the ram,” he said.  
“At the worst 't is only dying.” And the old commander, sighing,  
“'T is to save the fleet and flag — go ahead!”

Bright the rebel beacons blazed  
On the river left and right;  
Wide awake their sentries gazed  
Through the watches of the night;  
Sharp their challenge rang and fiery came the rifle's quick inquiry,  
As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;  
Ready hands to quarters sprung  
The *Albemarle* awoke and stirred,  
And her howitzers gave tongue;  
Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,  
When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,  
Doubly girt with boom and chain?  
Face the shrapnel's iron hail?  
Dare the livid leaden rain?  
Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yankee's beauty  
See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain!

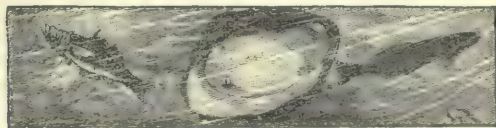
High the victors' taunting yell  
 Rings above the battle roar,  
 And they bid her mock farewell  
 As she seeks the farther shore,  
 Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap and springing  
 Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the Southron captain, stirred  
 By the spirit of his race,  
 Stops the firing with a word,  
 Bids them yield, and offers grace.  
 Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! we are here to fight!" and so  
 Swings the dread torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled  
 With a wounded, gaping side,  
 But her steady cannon pealed  
 Ere she settled in the tide,  
 And the Roanoke's dull flood ran full red with Yankee blood,  
 When the fighting *Albemarle* sunk and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the *Albemarle* fell,  
 And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and well,  
 Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.  
 For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!  
 Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,  
 And the hero's laurels live on his grave.  
 Link their Cooke's with Cushing's name; proudly call them both our own;  
 Claim their valor and their fame for America alone —  
 Joyful mother of the bravest of the brave!

*James Jeffrey Roche.*



## THE POET.

HE 's not alone an artist weak and white  
 O'er-bending scented paper, toying there  
 With languid fancies fashioned deft and fair,  
 Mere sops to time between the day and night.  
 He is a poor torn soul who sees aright  
 How far he fails of living out of the rare  
 Night-visions God vouchsafes along the air;  
 Until the pain burns hot, beyond his might.  
 The heart-beat of the universal will  
 He hears, and, spite of blindness and disproof,  
 Can sense amidst the jar a singing fine.  
 Grief-smitten that his lyre should lack the skill  
 To speak it plain, he plays in paths aloof,  
 And knows the trend is starward, life divine.

*Richard E. Burton.*



# THE HISTORY OF THE KARA POLITICAL PRISON.



WHEN Colonel Kononovich (Kon-on-o'vitch) resigned his position as governor of the Kara (Kah-rah') penal establishment, in 1881, his place was taken by Major Potulof (Po'too-loff), who had previously been connected in some official capacity with the prison administration of the Nerchinsk (Ner'-chinsk) silver mines. Shortly after Potulof assumed command, all of the male political convicts, who then numbered about one hundred, were transferred to the new political prison erected by Colonel Kononovich at the Lower Diggings, where they were divided into gangs of twenty-five men each and shut up in four large *kameras* (kah'me-rah's). Their life, as described in letters surreptitiously written by some of them to their friends,<sup>1</sup> was hard and hopeless, but not absolutely intolerable. They were allowed to exercise every day in the court-yard, they were permitted to receive small sums of money from their friends, they had in the prison a fairly good library consisting of books purchased by them or sent to them from European Russia, and they could amuse themselves occasionally by working with carpenter's or blacksmith's tools in a small shop situated in one corner of the court-yard. On the other hand, they were living under very bad sanitary conditions; some of them were kept night and day in handcuffs and leg-fetters; two or three of them were chained to wheelbarrows; those who still had possession of their mental faculties were forced to listen constantly to the babbling or the raving of their insane comrades; they were no longer allowed to diversify their monotonous existence by work in the gold placers; they were deprived of the privilege of enrollment in the free command at the expiration of their terms of probation; they were forbidden to communicate with their relatives; and their whole world was bounded by the high serrated wall of the prison stockade. That their life was a terribly hard one seems to have been admitted, even by the most indifferent of Siberian officials. In March, 1882, Governor-General Anuchin (An-noo'-chin) made a "secret" report to the Tsar with

regard to the state of affairs in Eastern Siberia, in the course of which he referred to the political convicts at Kara as follows:

In concluding this part of my report [upon the prisons and the exile system], I must offer, for the consideration of your Imperial Majesty, a few words concerning the state criminals now living in Eastern Siberia. On the 1st of January, 1882, they numbered in all 430 persons, as follows:

a.	Sent to Siberia by decree of a court and now	
1.	In penal servitude . . . . .	123
2.	In forced colonization . . . . .	49
3.	In assigned residences [na zhivot] . . .	41
b.	Sent to Siberia by administrative process and now	
1.	In assigned residences [na zhitelstvo].	217
	Total . . . . .	430 <sup>2</sup>

All of the state criminals belonging to the penal-servitude class are held at the Kara gold mines under guard of a foot company of the Trans-Baikal [By-kahl'] Cossacks consisting of two hundred men. The sending of these criminals to work with the common convicts in the gold placers is impossible.<sup>3</sup> To employ them in such work in isolation from the others is very difficult, on account of the lack of suitable working-places, their unfitness for hard physical labor, and the want of an adequate convey. If to these considerations be added the fact that unproductive hard labor, such as that employed in other countries merely to subject the prisoner to severe physical exertion, is not practiced with us, it will become apparent that we have no hard labor for this class of criminals to perform; and the local authorities who are in charge of them, and who are held to strict accountability for escapes, are compelled, by force of circumstances, to limit themselves to keeping such state criminals in prison under strict guard, employing them, occasionally, in work within the prison court, or not far from it. Such labor has not the character of penal servitude, but may rather be regarded as hygienic. Immunity from hard labor, however, does not render the lot of state criminals an easy one. On the contrary, complete isolation and constant confinement to their own limited circle make their life unbearable. . . . There have been a number of suicides among them, and within a few days one of them, Pozen, has gone insane. A number of others are in a mental condition very near to insanity. In accordance with an understanding that I, have with the

<sup>1</sup> I have in my possession a number of these letters, and many of the facts set forth in the following pages have been derived from them. Although the letters themselves must be regarded, of course, as *ex-parte* testimony, they were not intended to excite public sympathy, nor to affect public opinion, since it was not supposed by the writers that they would ever obtain publicity.

<sup>2</sup> It is a noteworthy fact, frankly admitted by the Governor-General, that out of 430 political offenders banished to Eastern Siberia, 217—or more than half—

had been sent there without trial, and without even a pretense of judicial investigation. I submit this officially stated fact for the attentive consideration of the advocates of a Russo-American extradition treaty.

<sup>3</sup> The Governor-General does not say why this was "impossible," nor does he try to explain the fact that although the politicals were constantly sent to the gold placers under Colonel Kononovich's management, no evil results followed, and not a single attempt was made to escape.



Ministry of the Interior, all sufferers from mental disorder will be removed, if possible, to hired quarters in the town of Chita [Chee'tah],<sup>1</sup> since there are in Siberia no regular asylums for the insane, and all the existing institutions of that kind in European Russia are full.<sup>2</sup>

It is a fact perhaps worthy of remark that the life of the political convicts at Kara, which Governor-General Anuchin describes as "unbearable," was made unbearable by the direct and deliberate action of the Government itself. Anuchin caused to be erected in front of the prison windows the high stockade that hid from the prisoners the whole outside world and turned their place of confinement into a huge coverless box; while the Minister of the Interior, apparently without the least provocation, abolished the free command, and ordered the "complete isolation" which resulted in the suicide and insanity that the Governor-General seems to deplore. The condition of the state criminals was not "unbearable" under the administration of Colonel Kononovich. It became unbearable as a consequence of the orders that forced the latter's resignation.

It was hardly to be expected that young and energetic men would quietly submit to a state of things that was officially recognized as "unbearable," and that was gradually driving the weakest of them to suicide or insanity. In April, 1882, less than a year after Colonel Kononovich's resignation, and less than a month after the delivery of Governor-General Anuchin's report to the Tsar, a few of the boldest and bravest of the state criminals at Kara made an attempt to escape by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. The excavation, which was made under the floor in one of the *kameras*, was not discovered; but owing to the marshy nature of the ground upon which the building stood, the hole quickly filled with water, and work in it was abandoned. It then occurred to some of the prisoners that they might escape by concealing themselves during the day in the small shop in one corner of the court-yard where they were allowed to work, and then scaling the stockade from its

roof at night. The most serious difficulty in the way was the evening "verification." After supper every night the prisoners in all the cells were counted, and the men concealed in the workshop would be missed before it grew dark enough to render the scaling of the stockade reasonably safe. This difficulty the prisoners hoped to overcome by making dummies to take the places of the missing men in the *kameras*. It was not customary to waken prisoners who happened to be asleep at the time of the evening verification. The officer on duty merely included them in the count without disturbing them, and as he did not enter the dimly lighted cell, but made his count from the door, he was not likely to notice the difference between the figure of a dummy and the figure of a real man lying asleep on the platform with his face to the wall. If the proposed stratagem should succeed, the men who escaped were to make their way down the valley of the Amur (Am-moor') River to the Pacific Ocean, and there endeavor to get on board of some American whaling or trading vessel. In the mean time, their comrades in the prison were to supply their places with dummies at every verification, in order to conceal their escape as long as possible and give them time enough to reach the coast before the inevitable hue and cry should be raised. Late one afternoon in April, when all necessary preparations had been made, two political convicts named Muishkin (Mwish'kin) and Khrushchef (Khroosh'cheff) concealed themselves in a large box in the prison workshop, and just before the time for the evening verification their places were taken by two skillfully constructed dummies in convict dress which were laid on the sleeping-platform in the cell that they had occupied. The substitution was not noticed by the officer who made the evening count, and at a late hour of the night Muishkin and Khrushchef crept out of the box in the workshop, climbed up on the roof, scaled the stockade without attracting the attention of the sentry, and stole away into the forest. A few days later two more men escaped in the

<sup>1</sup> Up to the time of our visit to the mines, three years and a half later, this promised removal had not been made. Inactive politicals were still living in the same *kameras* with their sane comrades, and intensifying, by their presence, the misery of the latter's existence. In East Siberian prisons generally we found little attention paid to the seclusion or care of demented convicts. In more than one place in the Trans-Baikal we were startled, as we entered a crowded prison *kamera*, by some uncared-for lunatic, who sprang suddenly towards us with a wild cry or with a burst of hysterical laughter. The reasons for this state of affairs are given, in part, by the Governor-General. There is not an insane asylum in the whole country, and it is easier and cheaper to make the prison comrades of a lunatic take

care of him than to keep him in seclusion and provide him with an attendant. For educated political prisoners, who dread insanity more than anything else, it is, of course, terribly depressing to have constantly before them, in the form of a wrecked intelligence, an illustration of the possible end of their own existence.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Governor-General Anuchin to Alexander III., Chapter V., Section 3, under the heading of "Exile Penal Servitude and the Prison Department." A copy of this report is in my possession, and I intend, ultimately, to publish it in full. The original bears, as an indorsement, in the Tsar's handwriting, the significant words, "*Grustnaya no ne novaya kartina*" ["A melancholy but not a new picture"].



same way, and at the end of two weeks the prison authorities were counting every night and morning no less than six dummies, while the six prisoners represented by these lay figures were far on their way towards the coast of the Pacific. Sometime in the course of the third week after the departure of Muishkin and Khrushchef two more dummies were laid on the sleeping-platforms in the prison kameras, and a fourth couple escaped. In getting away from the stockade, however, one of them unfortunately fell into a ditch or a pool of water, and the splash attracted the attention of the nearest sentry, who promptly fired his rifle and raised an alarm. In ten minutes the whole prison was in commotion. A careful count was made of the prisoners in all the kameras, and it was found that eight men were missing. A few days before this time a visit of inspection had been made to the prison by Mr. Galkin Vraskoi (Gal'kin Vrass'koy), chief of the Russian prison administration, and General Ilyashevich (Il-yah-shay'vitch), governor of the Trans-Baikal, and when the escape was discovered these high officials were on their way from Kara to Chita. In response to a summons from Major Potulof they hurried back to the Lower Diggings and personally superintended the organization of a thorough and widely extended search for the missing men. Telegrams were dispatched to all the seaport towns along the coast of the Pacific, as well as to all points on the Amur that could be reached by telegraph; descriptions and photographs of the fugitives were mailed to police officials throughout Eastern Siberia; orders were issued to arrest all suspicious or unknown persons; and searching parties of natives, stimulated by the promise of reward, scoured the forests in all parts of the Trans-Baikal. It was impossible, of course, for men who were unfamiliar with the country, who had neither guides, maps, nor compasses, and who were enfeebled by long imprisonment, to elude, for any great length of time, so persistent and far-reaching a pursuit. Although two of them, Muishkin and Khrushchef, made a journey of more than a thousand miles, and actually reached the seaport town of Vla-

divostok, every one of the fugitives was ultimately recaptured and brought back to Kara in handcuffs and leg-fetters.<sup>1</sup>

In the mean time the prison authorities at Kara were making preparations to "give the political convicts a lesson"<sup>2</sup> and "reduce the prison to order." This they purposed to do by depriving the prisoners of all the privileges that they had previously enjoyed; by taking away from them books, money, underclothing, bed-clothing, and every other thing not furnished by the Government to common criminals of the penal-servitude class; by distributing them in small parties among the common-convict prisons at Ust Kara, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; and by subjecting them to what are known to Russian prisoners as "dungeon conditions" (*kartsernoi polozhenie*).<sup>3</sup> Anticipating, or pretending to anticipate, insubordination or resistance to these measures on the part of the politicals, Ilyashevich and Galkin Vraskoi concentrated at the Lower Diggings six *sotnias* of Cossacks, and after ten days of inaction, intended, apparently, to throw the prisoners off their guard, ordered a sudden descent upon the prison in the night. This unprovoked attack of an armed force upon sleeping and defenseless prisoners is known in the history of the Kara political prison as "the pogróm of May 11."<sup>4</sup> Three or four hundred Cossacks with bayoneted rifles marched noiselessly into the court-yard under direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Rudenko (Roo'den-ko), filled the prison corridor, and then, throwing open suddenly and simultaneously the doors of all the kameras, rushed in upon the bewildered politicals, dragged them from their sleeping-platforms, and proceeded with great roughness and brutality to search them, deprive them of their personal property, strip them of their clothing, and hale them out into the court-yard. All the remonstrances and protests of the sufferers were answered with insults; and when some of the more impetuous of them, indignant at the unprovoked brutality of the assault, armed themselves with boards torn up from the sleeping-platforms and made an attempt to defend themselves, they were knocked down and mercilessly beaten by the

<sup>1</sup> The politicals who took part in this unsuccessful attempt to escape were Muishkin, Khrushchef, Bólo-mez, Lévehénko, Yurkófski, Díkófski, Kryzhanófski, and Minakóv.

<sup>2</sup> This was the expression used by Major Potulof in speaking to me of the events that followed the escape. It is believed by many of the politicals at Kara that the prison authorities deliberately intended to provoke them to violence, in order, first, to have an excuse for administering corporal punishment, and, secondly, artificially to create a "boont," or prison insurrection, that would divert the attention of the Minister of the Interior from their (the officials') negligence in allowing eight dangerous criminals to escape.

<sup>3</sup> A prisoner living under "dungeon conditions" is deprived of money, books, writing materials, underclothing, bed-clothing, tobacco, and all other luxuries; he is not allowed to walk for exercise in the court-yard nor to have any communication with the outside world; and he must live exclusively upon black rye-bread and water, with now and then a little of the soup or broth thickened with barley, which is known to the political convicts as "*balánda*."

<sup>4</sup> The word "pogróm" has no precise equivalent in the English language. It means a sudden, violent, and destructive attack, like one of the raids made upon the Jews by infuriated peasants in Russian towns some years ago.



Cossacks with the butt-ends of their guns. Among the prisoners most cruelly maltreated were Voloshénko, Rodiónof, Kobylánski, Bobókhof, and Orlóf. It is not necessary to go minutely into the details of this scene of cruelty and violence. I do not wish to make it out any worse than it really was, and for my purpose it is sufficient to say that before noon on the 11th of May, 1882, the bruised and bleeding political convicts, robbed of all their personal possessions and stripped of the boots and underclothing that they had bought with their own money and that they had previously been permitted to wear, set out in three parties, on foot and without breakfast, for the common-criminal prisons of Ust, Middle, and Upper Kara. They were guarded by convoys of from fifty to one hundred Cossacks, who had express instructions from Governor Ilyashevich not to spare the butt-ends of their guns. The party destined for Ust Kara, in which there was one man chained to a wheelbarrow, asked permission to stop and rest on the road, as they had had nothing to eat or drink that day and were marching a distance of fifteen versts (about ten miles). The soldiers of the convoy, however, refused to allow them to stop, and pricked them on with their bayonets. Thereupon the prisoners who were not handcuffed attacked the Cossacks with stones. An unequal contest followed, in the course of which the men who resisted were knocked down and beaten again with the butt-ends of guns, and all who were not already manacled had their hands tied securely behind their backs. Late in the afternoon, bruised, tired, hungry, and thirsty, they reached Ust Kara, and after being again carefully searched were shut up by twos in the dark and dirty "secret" cells<sup>1</sup> of the common-criminal prison, where they threw their weary bodies down on the cold, damp floors and congratulated themselves that the day was over. The parties sent respectively to the Amurski

(Am-moor'skee) prison and the prison in Middle Kara had an experience similar to that of the Ust Kara party, except that they were not beaten by their guards. Before dark the hundred or more state criminals who had occupied the kameras of the political prison were distributed in small parties among the common-criminal prisons of Ust Kara, the Lower Diggings, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; the long-term (*bez sróchni*) convicts were in both handcuffs and leg-fetters, and all were living under "dungeon conditions." In this manner Governor Ilyashevich and Mr. Galkin Vraskoi put down the "insurrection" (*boont*) that a hundred or more sleeping prisoners presumably would have raised when they awoke, taught the "insurgents" a valuable and much needed "lesson," and showed the Minister of the Interior how vigorously and successfully his subordinates could deal with a sudden and threatening emergency—and with sleeping men! The political prison had been "reduced to order," but it was the order that once "reigned in Warsaw."

For two months the political convicts lived under "dungeon conditions" in the cells of the common-criminal prisons, seeing little of one another and knowing nothing of what was happening in the outside world. Bad air, bad and insufficient food, and the complete lack of exercise soon began injuriously to affect their health; scurvy broke out among them, and in less than a month several of them, including Tikhonof (*Tee'khon-off*) and Zhukofski (*Zhoo-koff'skee*), were at the point of death,<sup>2</sup> and many more were so weak that they could not rise to their feet when ordered to stand up for verification. During all of this time the prison authorities had in their possession money belonging to these wretched convicts; but they would not allow the latter to use it, nor to direct its expenditure for the underclothing, bedding, and nourishing food of which the sick especially

<sup>1</sup> "Secret" cells in Siberian prisons are those intended for the solitary confinement of persons accused of murder or other capital crimes. They were not generally shown us in our visits to prisons, but I was permitted by Colonel Makofski to inspect the "secret" cells in the prison at Irkutsk (*Eer-kootsk'*). These had neither beds nor sleeping-platforms, and contained no furniture of any kind except a "parásha," or excrement bucket. The prisoners confined in them were forced to sleep without pillows or bed-clothing on the cold cement or stone floor, and during the day had either to sit on this floor or to stand. I saw men who had not yet been tried occupying such cells as these in the Irkutsk prison. If I had power to summon as witnesses the subordinate officials of the House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg, I could prove, in a Russian court, that even in that show prison of the Empire there were "kartsers," or disciplinary cells, where there was not so much as a "parásha," and where the floors were covered with excrement. Of course Mr. Galkin Vraskoi and Mr. Kokovtsef (*Ko-ko'v'tsef*),

the heads of the Russian prison administration, were not aware of this fact; but, nevertheless, it is a fact, unless both political prisoners and the prison officials themselves severally and independently lied to me. The political offender Dicheskulo (*Dee-chess-kool'o*) was put into such a cell as this after the riot in the house of Preliminary Detention that followed the flogging of Bogoliubof (*Bo-go-lioo-boff*). I did not see the "secret" cells in the Kara prisons, but there is no reason to suppose that they were in any better condition than the kameras that I did see and that I have described. I do not mean to have the reader draw the sweeping and mistaken conclusion that all cells, or even all "secret" cells, in Russian prisons are of this kind, nor that the higher prison officials are in all cases responsible for such a state of affairs. All that I aim to do is to make plain the conditions under which educated and delicately nurtured political offenders in Russian prisons are sometimes compelled to live.

<sup>2</sup> Tikhonof died shortly afterwards.



were in such urgent need. It was not until scurvy threatened to become epidemic that Major Khalturin (Khal-too'rin), a cruel gendarme officer from Irkutsk who had succeeded Major Potulof in the command of the political prison, consented to allow the prisoners to have bedding.

In the women's prison at Ust Kara the state of affairs was little better. The women, of course, had had nothing whatever to do with the escape, nor with the artificially created "insurrection," but they had, nevertheless, to take their share of the consequences. The new commandant, Major Khalturin, believed in strict discipline with no favors; and he regarded the permission that had been tacitly given the women to wear their own dress instead of the prison costume as an unnecessary concession to a foolish and sentimental weakness. He therefore ordered that their own clothing be taken away from them, and that they be required to put on the convict garb. Some of the women were sick and unable to change their dress, others did not believe that the order would really be enforced, and they refused to obey it, and finally the overseer of the prison resorted to violence. The scene that ensued produced such an effect upon Madame Leschern that she attempted to commit suicide.

Outside the political prison at the Lower Diggings were living a number of women who had voluntarily come to the mines in order to be near their husbands. Previous to the escape and the "pogrom" these women had been allowed to have interviews with their imprisoned husbands once or twice a week, and had received from the latter small sums of money, with the help of which they contrived to exist. After the prison had been "reduced to order" and the political convicts had been subjected to "dungeon conditions," interviews between husbands and wives were no longer permitted; and as the prisoners' money was all held in the possession of the authorities, the unfortunate women and children were soon reduced almost to starvation. Vera Rogatchëf, wife of Lieutenant Dmitri Rogatchëf, a young artillery officer then in penal servitude, was brought to such a state of destitution and despair that she finally shot herself.

On the 6th of July, 1882, eight of the political convicts, who were regarded by the Government for some reason as particularly dangerous, were sent back in chains from Kara to St. Petersburg to be immured for life in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlusselfburg.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These "dangerous" prisoners were Messrs. Gélis, Voloshénko, Butsinski, Paul Orlóf, Malávski, Popóf, Shchedrin, and Kobylánski. Nothing is known with regard to their fate. Madame Gélis, the wife of one of them, whose acquaintance I made in the Trans-

A few days later — about the middle of July — all the rest of the state criminals were brought back to the political prison at the Lower Diggings, where they were put into new and much smaller cells that had been made by erecting partitions in the original kameras in such a manner as to divide each of them into thirds. The effect of this change was to crowd every group of seven or eight men into a cell that was so nearly filled by the sleeping-platform as to leave no room for locomotion. Two men could not stand side by side in the narrow space between the edge of the platform and the wall, and the occupants of the cell were therefore compelled to sit or lie all day on the plank nares without occupation for either minds or bodies. To add to their misery, paráshas were set in their small cells, and the air at times became so offensive and polluted that, to use the expression of one of them in a letter to me, "it was simply maddening." No other reply was made to their petitions and remonstrances than a threat from Khalturin that if they did not keep quiet they would be flogged. With a view to intimidating them Khalturin even sent a surgeon to make a physical examination of one political, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether his state of health was such that he could be flogged without endangering his life. This was the last straw. The wretched state criminals, deprived of exercise, living under "dungeon conditions," poisoned by air laden with the stench of excrement-buckets, and finally threatened with the whip when they complained, could endure no more. They resolved to make that last desperate protest against cruelty which is known in Russian prisons as a "golodófka," or "hunger-strike." They sent a notification to Major Khalturin that their life had finally become unendurable, that they preferred death to such an existence, and that they should refuse to take food until they either perished or forced the Government to treat them with more humanity. No attention was paid to their notification, but from that moment not a mouthful of the food that was set into their cells was touched. As day after day passed the stillness of death gradually settled down upon the prison. The starving convicts, too weak and apathetic even to talk to one another, lay in rows, like dead men, upon the plank sleeping-platforms, and the only sounds to be heard in the building were the footsteps of the sentries, and now and then the incoherent mutterings of the insane. On the fifth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin, convinced

Baikal, told me that she was denied a last interview with her husband when he was taken away from Kara, that she never afterwards heard from him, and that she did not know whether he was among the living or the dead.



that the hunger-strike was serious, came to the prison and asked the convicts to state definitely upon what terms they would discontinue their protest. They replied that the conditions of their life were unbearable, and that they should continue their self-starvation until the excrement-buckets were taken out of their cells, until they were permitted to have books and to exercise daily in the open air, until they were allowed to direct the expenditure of their money for better food and better clothing than were furnished by the Government, and until he (Khalturin) gave them a solemn assurance that none of them should be flogged. The commandant told them that the talk about flogging was nonsense; that there had never been any serious intention of resorting to the whip, and that, if they would end their strike, he would see what could be done to improve the material conditions of their life. Not being able to get any positive assurances that their demands would be complied with, the prisoners continued the "golodófka." On the tenth day the state of affairs had become alarming. All of the starving men were in the last stages of physical prostration, and some of them seemed to be near death. Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, who had been apprised of the situation, telegraphed the commandant to keep a "skórbnoi leest," or "hospital sheet," setting forth the symptoms and condition of the strikers, and to inform him promptly of any marked change.<sup>1</sup> Every day thereafter a feldsher, or hospital steward, went through the cells taking the pulse and the temperature of the starving men. On the thirteenth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin sent word to the wives of all political convicts living at the Lower Diggings that they might have an interview with their husbands—the first in more than two months—if they would try to persuade them to begin taking food. They gladly assented, of course, to this condition, and were admitted to the prison. At the same time Khalturin went himself to the starving men and assured them, on his honor, that if they would end the hunger-strike he would do everything in his power to satisfy their demands.

<sup>1</sup> I have never been able to understand why a government that is capable, when irritated, of treating prisoners in this way should hesitate a moment about letting them die and thus getting rid of them. However, I believe it is a fact that in every case where political hunger-strikers have had courage and nerve enough to starve themselves to the point of death the authorities have manifested anxiety and have ultimately yielded. It is one of many similar inconsistencies in Russian penal administration. The Government seems to be sensitive to some things and brutally insensitive to others. It prides itself upon its humanity in expunging the death penalty from its civil code, and yet it inflicts death constantly by sentences of courts-martial in civil cases. It has abolished the knout, but it flogs

The entreaties of the wretched, heart-broken women and the promises of the commandant finally broke down the resolution of the politicals, and on the thirteenth day the first and most obstinate hunger-strike in the history of the Kara political prison came to an end.

While these events were taking place, a young married woman about twenty-four years of age, named Maria Kutitonskaya (Koo-tee-ton'ska-ya), who had been condemned to penal servitude on account of her revolutionary activity in Odessa, finished her prison term in Kara and was sent as a forced colonist to a small village called Aksha (Ak-shah'), situated in the southern part of the Trans-Baikal on the frontier of Mongolia. She had been an eyewitness of the brutalities that attended the "reduction of the political prison to order" by Rudenko and Potulof; she had seen the "lesson" given to the political convicts with the butt-ends of guns; she had herself felt the shame and misery that impelled Madame Leschern and Mrs. Rogatchéf to attempt self-destruction; she was acquainted with the causes and history of the long and desperate hunger-strike that had just ended; and, stirred to the very depths of her soul by a feeling of intense indignation, she determined, as a last resort and at the cost of her own life, to assassinate General Ilyashevich, the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and thus call the attention of the world to the cruelties practiced by his authority, and in part under his direction, at the mines of Kara. She was at this time pregnant, and was aware of her condition; she knew that it would be impossible to escape after committing the crime that she contemplated; she knew that she was about to sacrifice her own life, and probably the life also of her unborn child; but so intense were the emotions aroused by all she had seen and known at Kara, that she was ready to commit murder, and to die for it, upon the chance that the deed and its investigation would give publicity to the wrongs and outrages that she and her companions had suffered. As soon as she could get together money enough for her traveling expenses after her arrival at Aksha, she

with the plet, which, according to the testimony of Russian officers, can be made to cause death in a hundred blows. It shrinks from allowing political convicts to die of self-starvation, and yet it puts them to a slow death in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlussemburg. To the practical American intelligence it would seem to be safer, as well as more humane, to order political convicts out into the prison court-yard and have them shot, than to kill them slowly under "dungeon conditions." Society would not be half so much shocked and exasperated by summary executions as it now is by suicides, hunger-strikes, and similar evidences of intolerable misery among the political convicts in prison and at the mines.



bought a small, cheap revolver from a common-criminal colonist, ran away from her place of banishment, and, hiring horses from the peasants in the villages through which she passed, made her way towards Chita, which was the governor's place of residence. As it was not customary for young and attractive women to travel entirely alone in that part of the world, she was regarded with a good deal of interest and curiosity by the peasants, and just before she reached her destination she was arrested by a village official upon suspicion. She persuaded this man to take her to Chita and turn her over to the *ispravnik*, with whom she was personally acquainted. To the *ispravnik* she admitted frankly that she had run away from her place of exile, but said that in so doing she had not intended to escape, but merely to get an interview with the governor. After some conversation the *ispravnik* went with her to the governor's house, and leaving her in a reception room went to apprise Ilyashevich of her presence and her desire for an interview.

"Have you searched her?" inquired the governor suspiciously.

"No," replied the *ispravnik*; "I did n't think of it."

"Never mind," said Ilyashevich. "What can a woman do?" And with these words he entered the reception room where Madame Kutitonskaya, with a cocked revolver hidden under a handkerchief in her right hand, was awaiting him. As he advanced to greet her she raised the revolver, and saying, "This is for the 11th of May,"<sup>1</sup> shot him through the lungs. The wound was not mortal, but he fell to the floor and was carried to a couch by some of the servants, while the *ispravnik* seized and disarmed Madame Kutitonskaya, caused her to be bound, and sent her under strong guard to the Chita prison. Her life there was a life of terrible loneliness and misery. She was put into a cold, dirty, "secret" cell, which the district architect of the Trans-Baikal described to me as "hardly long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in." Her own dress and underclothing were taken away from her, and in place of them she was given an old prison suit that had already been worn by a common convict and was full of vermin. She lived under strict "dungeon conditions," and for three months lay without bed-clothing on the bare floor. When, as a result of such hardships and privations, she became sick, and asked for straw to lay down on the planks

where she slept, she was told by the chief of police, Mélnikof, that there was no straw for her. But for the food smuggled into her cell and the aid surreptitiously given to her by sympathetic common-criminal convicts in the same prison, she would undoubtedly have died before the meeting of the court appointed to investigate the case. After three months of this wretched existence she was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged. Then, for another whole month, she lay under sentence of death, arguing with herself, through many long, sleepless nights, the question whether or not she should make known to the authorities her pregnant condition, which had not yet become apparent. She knew that an announcement of the fact that she was with child would, in accordance with the custom in such cases, secure a long reprieve if not a commutation of her sentence; but, on the other hand, life held no hope for her, and she believed that if she allowed herself to be hanged under such circumstances, the fact of her pregnancy, which would inevitably be discovered after her death, would intensify the feeling of horror that she hoped would be excited by the series of events which had led up to the catastrophe—would give to such events even greater publicity, and would inspire all lovers of humanity and justice with a deeper and bitterer hatred of the Government. The questions that tormented her most were, first, whether, if she allowed herself to be hanged without revealing her condition, she would not be the murderer of her unborn child, and, secondly, whether that child would die when she died, or would live for a time in her dead body. This last ghastly doubt seems to have been particularly harrowing to her in her morbid mental condition, but even in the face of such reflections she finally decided to allow herself to be hanged. Early in January, 1883, the Government, without reference to her condition, of which it was still ignorant, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life<sup>2</sup> and sent her with a returning party of common-criminal exiles to the city of Irkutsk. Although it was midwinter, she was not provided with a sheepskin overcoat nor with felt boots, and she might have perished from cold on the road if the common criminals in the party had not taken pity upon her and furnished her with warm clothing at the expense of their own comfort. When she reached Irkutsk she was in such a condition that she had to be lifted

<sup>1</sup> The date of the "pogrom" in the Kara political prison.

<sup>2</sup> I was credibly informed, and in justice the fact should be stated, that this commutation of sentence was asked for by Governor Ilyashevich, whose life Madame Kutitonskaya had attempted. Whether he

felt, upon reflection, some stirrings of pity and remorse, or whether he merely wished to make a showing of magnanimity in order to throw doubt upon the reports of his cruelty at the mines and break their effect, I do not know.



out of her sleigh. As a result of this prolonged agony of mind and body, her child, a short time afterwards, was born dead in the Irkutsk prison. When we left Siberia in 1886 she was still living. All that I know of her life since that time is that it has ended.

When one of my informants first knew Madame Kutitonskaya she was a happy, careless school-girl in Odessa, and no one would have ventured to predict that in less than ten years she would develop into a woman of such extraordinary energy, courage, self-control, and firmness of purpose. There are few things more remarkable in the records of heroism than the determination of Madame Kutitonskaya to allow herself to be hanged, with a child in her womb, in order that the horror of such an execution might stir the emotions of every man and woman who heard of it, and give wider publicity to the series of events of which it was the final outcome. Such, however, is the type of character that is forged in the furnace of oppression and tempered in the cold bath of solitary confinement.

The statements that I have made with regard to the events that led to the shooting of Governor Ilyashevich are based upon conversations with the political convicts who were actors in them, and upon three independently prepared accounts in manuscript of the escape, the "pogrom," and the hunger-strike. The story of the attempted assassination, and of Madame Kutitonskaya's life in prison, is from one of her letters, written after her arrival in Irkutsk. The brief transcript of her intentions, thoughts, and reflections while lying under sentence of death in Chita was obtained from an exiled lady who had many long talks with her in the Irkutsk prison, and whose acquaintance I subsequently made. The whole story, in its main outlines, is known to political exiles throughout Siberia, and I heard it in half a dozen different places. All the efforts that I dared make to get at the Government's side of the case were unsuccessful. The officials to whom I applied for information—with a few exceptions—either manifested such a disinclination to talk that I could not pursue the subject, or else made preposterous attempts to deceive me. A young surgeon in the Irkutsk prison whom I questioned about Madame Kutitonskaya was so frightened that he got rid of me as soon as possible and never dared return my call. The *ispravnik* of Nerchinski Zavod (Ner'chin-skee Zah-vod'), who went to Kara with some of the recaptured fugitives after the escape, described the political convicts to me as "lofki moshenniki" (clever rogues) who were not deserving of either sympathy or respect. Most of them, he said, were "priests' sons, or seminarists who had been ex-

pelled from school." Lieutenant-Colonel Novikov (No'vee-koff), who was for three years or more commander of the Cossack battalion at the mines of Kara, assured me that the political convicts were mere "malchishki" (miserable insignificant boys), without any definite aims or convictions; that out of one hundred and fifty of them that he had known at Kara only three or four had any education, and that Madame Kutitonskaya's attempt to assassinate Governor Ilyashevich was "a mere crazy freak"—that "she did n't know herself what she did it for." The attentive reader will see that I have had no difficulty in making my choice between such preposterous statements as these and the clear, coherent, and detailed narratives of the political convicts themselves. If my history of the Kara political prison is one-sided, it is simply because the other side either refused to give me information, or was too ignorant to state its own case with any show of plausibility.

How far from the real truth were the statements made to me by officials with regard to the character of the political convicts at Kara I purpose to show by giving brief biographies of three or four of the men and women who took an active part in the series of events that I have tried to describe, or who were identified with the later history of the political prison. One of the ablest and most distinguished of them was Anna Pavlovna Korba (Kor-bah'), whose portrait, made from a photograph taken before her exile, will be found on page 741. She was the daughter of a Russian nobleman named Paul Mengart, and was born in the province of Tver, near Moscow, in 1849. She was carefully educated under the direction of her mother, a cultured and deeply religious woman, and at the early age of eighteen or nineteen she was married to a Swiss gentleman residing in Russia named Victor Korba. Her beauty and accomplishments made her greatly sought after in society, her husband was wealthy and was proud of her social success, and for a time she lived the life of a woman of the great world. This life, however, could not long satisfy a young girl of bright mind and serious character, and in 1869, when she was only twenty years of age, she made an attempt to fit herself for something better. A school for the higher education of the daughters of the nobility was opened about that time in connection with a boys' college in St. Petersburg, and Madame Korba at once enrolled herself as a student, with the intention of finally completing her education in one of the institutions for women at Zurich or in Paris. In 1870 her husband failed in business: she was forced to abandon the hope of finishing her collegiate training abroad, and a short time



afterwards went with her husband to reside in the small provincial town of Minsk, where he had obtained employment. Here she began her career of public activity by organizing a society and raising a fund for the purpose of promoting popular education and aiding poor students in the universities. Of this society she was the president. In 1877 the Russo-Turkish war broke out and opened to her ardent and generous nature a new field of benevolent activity. As soon as wounded Russian soldiers began to come back from Bulgaria, she went into the hospitals of Minsk as a Sister of Mercy, and a short time afterwards put on the uniform of the International Association of the Red Cross, and went to the front and took a position as a Red Cross nurse in a Russian field hospital beyond the Danube. She was then hardly twenty-seven years of age. What she saw and what she suffered in the course of that terrible Russo-Turkish campaign can be imagined by those who have seen the paintings of the Russian artist Verestchagin. Her experience had a marked and permanent effect upon her character. She became an enthusiastic lover and admirer of the common Russian peasant, who bears upon his weary shoulders the whole burden of the Russian state, but who is cheated, robbed, and oppressed, even while fighting the battles of his country. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the education and the emancipation of this oppressed class of the Russian people. At the close of the war she returned to Russia, but was almost immediately prostrated by typhus fever contracted in an overcrowded hospital. After a long and dangerous illness she finally recovered and began the task that she had set herself; but she was opposed and thwarted at every step by the police and the bureaucratic officials who were interested in maintaining the existing state of things, and she gradually became convinced that before much could be done to improve the condition of the common people the Government must be overthrown. She soon afterwards became a revolutionist, joined the party of "The Will of the People," and participated actively in all the attempts that were made between 1879 and 1882 to overthrow the autocracy and establish a constitutional form of government. On the 5th of June, 1882, she was arrested and thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk, and some months later was tried before the Governing Senate upon the charge of being a terrorist. At the end of the trial she was asked if she had any last words to say in her own defense, and she replied as follows:

"I do not admit my guilt. I will, however, admit that I belong to the revolutionary party, — the party of the Will of the People, — and that

I believe in its principles and share its views. As for an organization that chooses and prefers a path of bloodshed, I do not know any such organization, and I doubt whether any such organization exists. Such a party may arise in time, if the revolutionary movement extends, but if I be living when the time comes, I will not belong to it. If the party of the Will of the People adopts the policy of terror, it is not because it prefers terrorism, but because terrorism is the only possible method of attaining the objects set before it by the historical conditions of Russian life." These are sad and fateful words, and they bear a prophecy of terrible calamity: "Gentlemen—Senators! You are well acquainted with the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire. You are aware that no one has a right to advocate any change in the existing Imperial form of Government, or even to think of such a thing. Merely to present to the Crown a collective petition is forbidden—and yet the country is growing and developing, the conditions of social life are becoming day by day more and more complicated, and the moment approaches when the Russian people will burst through the barriers from which there is no exit."

The presiding judge, interrupting: "That is your personal opinion."

Madame Korba, continuing: "The historical task set before the party of the Will of the People is to widen these barriers and to obtain for Russia independence and freedom. The means for the attainment of these objects depend directly upon the Government. We do not adhere obstinately to terrorism. The hand that is raised to strike will instantly fall if the Government will change the political conditions of life. Our party has patriotic self-control enough not to take revenge for its bleeding wounds; but, unless it prove false to the Russian people, it cannot lay down its arms until it has conquered for that people freedom and well-being. As a proof that the aims of our party are wholly peaceful, I beg you to read the letter written to Alexander III. soon after the 1st of March.<sup>1</sup> You will see from it that we desire only reforms, but reforms that shall be sincere, complete, and vital."

MADAME KORBA'S last words did not soften towards her the hearts of her judges, and of course she did not expect that they would. She was found guilty, and was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and forced colonization in Siberia for life at the expiration of her penal term. At the date of my last advices from the mines of Kara she was still living, but she was greatly broken, and there was little probability

<sup>1</sup> The date of the assassination of Alexander II.





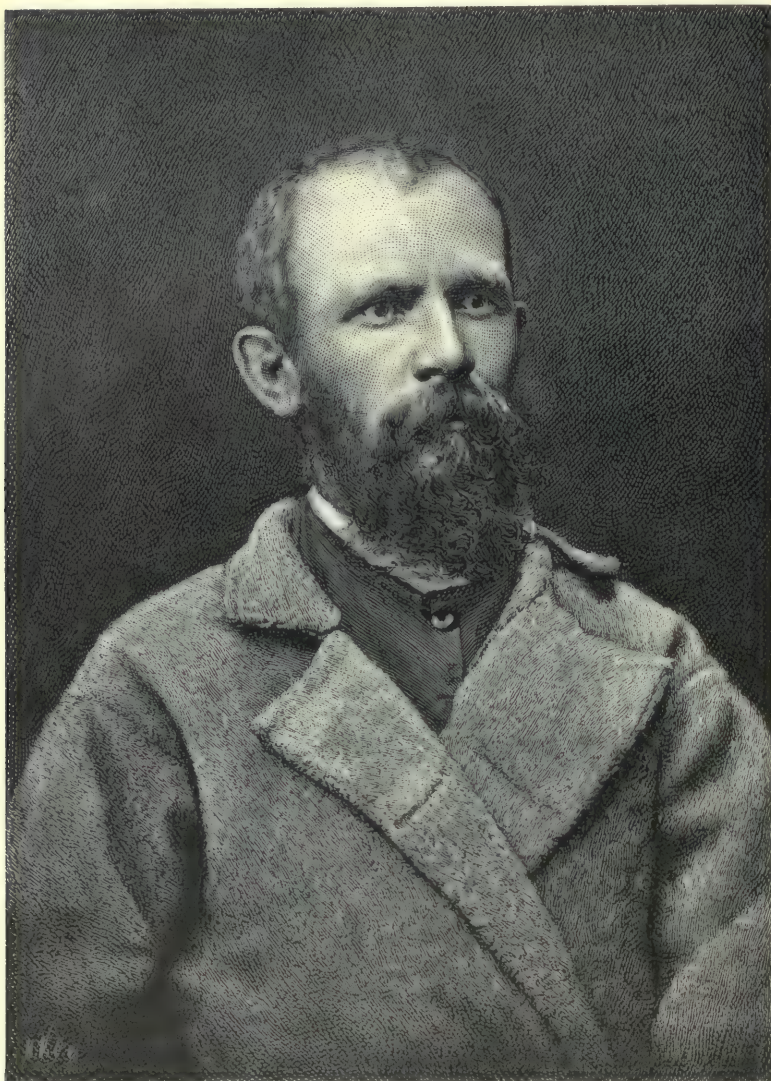
ANNA PAVLOVNA KORBA.

that she would long endure the hardships and privations of penal servitude.

Among the male political convicts at the mines of Kara whose careers most interested me was Hypolyte Muishkin, whose portrait was engraved from a police photograph taken while he was in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. In the year 1864 a well-known author and political economist named Chernishefski (Chernee-shef'skee), whose famous novel "What is to be Done?" has recently been translated into English, was tried in St. Petersburg as a revolutionist and banished to Siberia. He was at first sent to the Alexandrofski central prison, near Irkutsk, but ultimately he was transferred to the small town of Villuisk (Vil-lloo'isk), in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk (Yah-kootsk'), where he lived many years under the strictest police surveillance. When the modern revolutionary movement began, in 1870, it was the dream of all the ardent young Russian revolutionists to rescue Cher-

nishefski from Siberian exile and enable him to escape from the Empire to some place where he could continue his work unmolested. Several attempts were made to liberate him, but they all failed, and the project was finally abandoned as impracticable. In 1875 a young student in the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg named Hypolyte Muishkin conceived the idea of going to Siberia in the disguise of a captain of gendarmes and presenting himself boldly to the *ispravnik* in Villuisk with forged orders from the gendarmerie directing him (Muishkin) to take charge of the exile Chernishefski and carry him to St. Petersburg for incarceration in the castle of Schlusselfburg. Such transfers of dangerous political exiles from Siberia to the Russian fortresses were not at that time uncommon, and Muishkin felt confident that he should accomplish his purpose. He went as a private traveler to Irkutsk, resided there several months, succeeded in getting into the corps of gendarmes as a sub-





HYPOLYTE MUISHKIN.

ordinate officer, and in a short time made himself so useful that he was generally trusted and was given the freedom of the office. He provided himself with the necessary blanks, filled them up with an order accrediting him as a gendarme officer intrusted with the duty of taking the exile Chernishefski to St. Petersburg, forged the signatures, affixed the proper seals, provided himself with the uniform of a captain of gendarmes, and then resigned his position in the gendarmerie upon the pretext that he had received news that made it necessary for him to return at once to European Russia. He disappeared from Irkutsk, and as soon as he deemed it prudent to do so he set out for Villuisk with the uniform of a gendarme officer in his satchel, and a forged order in his

pocket directing the ispravnik of Villuisk to turn over the exile Chernishefski to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. Muishkin was an accomplished conspirator, an eloquent talker, and a man of fine personal presence, and when he presented himself in the uniform of a gendarme officer to the ispravnik at Villuisk he was received at first with unquestioning deference and respect. He stated his business, said that it had been decided to imprison Chernishefski in the castle of Schlüsselburg, and produced the order directing the ispravnik to turn over the distinguished exile to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. The plot came very near succeeding, and probably would have succeeded if Muishkin had had money enough to bring with him two or three confederates in



the disguise of soldiers or gendarmes and in the capacity of escort. It is very unusual for a commissioned officer to travel in Siberia without at least one soldier or Cossack to look after his baggage, to see about getting post-horses promptly, and to act generally in the capacity of body-servant. The absence of such a man or men was especially noticeable and unusual in this case, for the reason that Muishkin was to take charge of an important and dangerous political offender. This absence of an escort was the first thing that excited the *ispravnik's* suspicion. It seemed to him very strange that a gendarme officer should be sent there after Chernishefski without a guard of two or three soldiers to help him take care of the dangerous prisoner, and the more he thought about it the more suspicious the whole affair appeared to him. After a night's reflection he decided not to turn over Chernishefski to this gendarme officer without the sanction of the governor of the province, who resided in Yakutsk, and at breakfast the next morning he told Muishkin that Governor Chernaiyef (Cher-ny'yef) was his—the *ispravnik's*—immediate superior, and that without an order from the governor he did not feel justified in surrendering an exile of so much importance as the political economist Chernishefski. He proposed, therefore, to send a courier to Yakutsk with Muishkin's papers, and to await the return of this courier before taking any action.

"Very well," replied Muishkin coolly. "I did not suppose that it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the governor before complying with the orders of the imperial police; but if such consent is indispensable, I will go to Governor Chernaiyef myself and get it."

When Muishkin set out for Yakutsk, the *ispravnik*, whose suspicions had meanwhile grown stronger, said to him, "It is not proper for an officer of your rank to travel about without any escort, and if you will permit me to do so I will send with you a couple of Cossacks." Muishkin could not object, and the Cossacks were sent—the *ispravnik* instructing them that they were on no account to lose sight of this gendarme officer, because there was something suspicious about him, and it was not certain that he really was what he pretended to be. As soon as Muishkin had gone the *ispravnik* wrote a letter to the governor, apprising him of his suspicions, and sent it by another Cossack, with directions to get ahead of Muishkin if possible and deliver it before the latter reached his destination. The Cossack overtook Muishkin on the road, and in the course of conversation among the soldiers the fact transpired that the third Cossack had a letter from the *ispravnik* to the

governor. Muishkin knew then that the game was lost, and at the first favorable opportunity he attempted to escape by dashing suddenly into the woods. The Cossacks, in pursuance of their instructions, endeavored to keep him in sight; but he drew his revolver, fired at them, wounded one of them, and finally made his escape. For nearly a week he wandered around in the great primeval forests that border the river Lena; but at last, half dead from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, he was captured. After some months of imprisonment in Irkutsk he was sent under strong guard to St. Petersburg and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. For nearly three years he lay in a bomb-proof casemate of the Trubetskoi (Troo-bet-skoy') bastion awaiting trial, and all that I know of this part of his life I learned from an exile in Siberia who occupied a cell in the fortress near him. This gentleman said that Muishkin was often delirious from fever, excitement, or the maddening effect of long solitary confinement, and that he frequently heard his cries when he was put into a strait-jacket or strapped to his bed by the fortress guard.

In October, 1878, Muishkin was finally tried with "the 193" before a special session of the Governing Senate. All of the political prisoners brought to the bar on the occasion of this famous trial insisted that the public should be admitted to hear the proceedings, and that they—the prisoners—should be allowed to have their own stenographer. The Government refused to accede to either of these demands, and, as a consequence, most of the politicals refused to make any defense or to take any part in the proceedings. At the end of the trial Muishkin, when asked if he had any last words to say, made a fiery speech denouncing the secrecy of the trial and declaring that they did not desire nor expect to escape punishment, but thought they had a right to ask that they be tried in open court and that their case be laid before the people through the press. As soon as Muishkin began to attack the Government he was ordered by the presiding judge to be silent, and when he refused, and insisted upon his right to be heard, the gendarmes were directed to remove him from the courtroom. The last words he uttered before he was choked into silence and dragged out were: "This court is worse than a house of ill-fame; there they sell only bodies, but here you prostitute honor, and justice, and law!" For his original offense, aggravated by this outrageous insult to the court, Muishkin was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and was shortly afterwards incarcerated in the central convict prison at Kharkoff (Khar'-koff?). I have not space for





MADAME KAVALSKAYA.

even the briefest description of the sufferings of the political convicts in that prison. The story has been written by one of them and published surreptitiously in Russia under the significant title, "Last Words over the Coffin of Alexander II." I hope sometime to translate and republish this document, and I need only say now that I have the names of six politicals who went insane in that prison during the short time that it was used as a place of confinement for such offenders. Muishkin was put into a small cell in the lower story that had formerly been occupied by the distinguished political Prince Tsitsianof (Tsit-see-an'off). His courage and energy soon led him to meditate plans of escape, and before the end of the first year he had made a dummy to lie in his place on the sleeping-platform, and with only his hands and a small piece of board had dug a tunnel out under the prison wall, disposing of the earth that he removed by packing it into a space between the floor of his cell and the ground. He had also made himself a suit of clothing to put on in place of the prison costume after he should make his escape. Prince Tsitsianof, who had occupied the cell before him, was a scientist, and during his term of imprisonment had been allowed to have some large maps. These maps had been left as old rubbish on the oven, and Muishkin had soaked the paper off from the muslin on which they were mounted and had made out of the cloth a shirt and a pair of trousers. His preparations for escape were virtually complete, and he

was only waiting for a favorable opportunity, when one of the prison officials came to his cell at an unusual hour to speak to him. Muishkin happened to be down in his tunnel, while the dummy was lying in his place on the bed as if he were asleep. The official soon discovered that the lay figure was not the prisoner, an alarm was raised, the mouth of the tunnel was found, and Muishkin was dragged out like a rat from its hole. He was then put into another cell, from which escape was impossible. At the expiration of two or three months, fearing that he was about to become insane, he determined to do something for which he would be shot. He asked and obtained permission to attend service in the prison church one Sunday, and while there contrived to get near the governor of the prison; and as the latter turned around, after kissing the cross in the hands of the priest, Muishkin struck him in the face. For this offense he would, under ordinary circumstances, have been shot; but just at that time the attention of the Minister of the Interior was attracted to the Kharkoff central prison by the large number of deaths and cases of insanity among the politicals, and Professor Dobroslavin (Do-bro-slah'vin), a sanitary expert from St. Petersburg, was sent to the prison to make an investigation. He reported that it was not fit for human habitation, said that the cases of death and insanity among the political convicts were not surprising, and recommended that all the prisoners of that class



MADAME BOGOMOLETS.



be removed. In the face of this report it was presumed that Muishkin was insane, or at least in an abnormal mental condition, at the time when he struck the governor of the prison, and he was not even tried for the offense. Shortly afterwards he was sent, with all his fellow-prisoners, to the mines of Kara. While they were in the city of Irkutsk on their way to the mines, one of the party, a man named Leo Dmokhoffski (Dmo-khoff'skee), died. All the convicts in the party were permitted to attend the funeral in the prison church, and at the conclusion of the brief services Muishkin felt impelled to say a few words over the body of his comrade. He referred to the high moral character of the dead man and his lovable personality, quoted a verse from the Russian liberal poet Nekrassoff (Ne-krass'off), and said, "Out of the ashes of this heroic man, and of other men like him, will grow the tree of liberty for Russia." At this point he was stopped by the chief of police and at once taken back to his cell. For making what was regarded as a revolutionary speech within the sacred precincts of a church and in the presence of the "images of the Holy Saints of the Lord" he was condemned to fifteen years more of penal servitude. In talking to me about Muishkin, some of his comrades described him as "a born orator who never made but two speeches in his life; one of them cost him ten years of penal servitude, and the other fifteen." Muishkin himself said, after reaching the mines of Kara, that there was only one thing in his life which he regretted, and that was his speech over the dead body of his comrade Dmokhoffski in Irkutsk. The world could not hear it, it did no good, it was merely the gratification of a personal impulse, and it added so many years to his term of penal servitude that, even if he should live out that term, he would be too old, when finally released, to work any more for the cause of Russian freedom.

Muishkin was one of the first of the eight prisoners who escaped from the Kara political prison in April, 1882, and he was recaptured, as I have said, in this seaport town of Vladivostok, to which American vessels come every summer. In 1883 he was sent back to St. Petersburg with a party of other "dangerous" politicals and incarcerated in the castle of Schlusselfburg. He was shot there in 1885 for striking the prison surgeon.

In January, 1882, about three months before the escape of the eight convicts from the political prison at Kara, two married women, Madame Kavalskaya (Kah-vahl'ska-ya) and Madame Bogomolets (Bo-go-mo'lets), escaped from prison while passing through Irkutsk on their way to the mines. They were recaptured before they could get out of the city, and

when they were brought back to their cells they were subjected to the customary personal search. These searches are always made by men, even when the prisoners are women, but in most cases they are conducted with decency and with the forms of respect. On this occasion, however, Colonel Soliviof (Sol-o-vee-off'),



SHCHEDRIN.

an adjutant of the Governor-General, and a man of disreputable personal character, who happened to be in the prison when Madame Kavalskaya and Madame Bogomolets were brought back, conducted the search himself, and in the course of it not only insulted the women but caused them to be stripped naked in his presence. He then had the audacity to go to a kamera in which were confined a number of male political convicts and boast of his exploit, remarking contemptuously, "Your political women are not much to look at." Among the convicts in the cell was a school-teacher named Shchedrin (Shched-rin') who, exasperated beyond endurance by the recital and the insulting taunt, sprung towards Soliviof, and, calling him a "despicable coward and liar," struck him in the face. For this insult to an officer, and for an attempt that he had made to escape, Shchedrin, upon his arrival at Kara, was chained to a wheelbarrow. In July, 1882, he, with the other "dangerous" political convicts named on page 736, was sent to St. Petersburg to be incarcerated in the castle of Schlusselfburg. He was not released from the wheelbarrow, even when put into a vehicle; but as the roads were rough, and as he was





A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT AN OROZHANNI ENCAMPMENT.

constantly being bruised by the jolting of the barrow against him, it was finally found necessary to unchain him and lash the wheelbarrow on behind. Lieutenant-Colonel Vinokurof (Vin-o-koor'off), inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, told me that he saw Shchedrin, with the wheelbarrow still lashed to his vehicle, passing through the province of Tobolsk.

After the hunger-strike in the Kara political prison in the summer of 1882 the life of the

<sup>1</sup> I have not been able to obtain a complete list of the prisoners who died, committed suicide, or went insane in the Kara political prison between 1879 and 1886, but I know of the following cases:

*Deaths* (all except one from prison consumption): Ishutinof, Krivoshein, Zhukof, Popeko, Madame Lissofskaya, Tikhonof, Rogatchéf, Dr. Veimar, Miss Arm-

prisoners became a little more tolerable. They were again allowed to have books, money, and some warm clothing of their own, and they were permitted to walk two hours a day in the court-yard. The sanitary conditions of their life, however, continued to be very bad, little attention was paid to the sick, and the death rate was abnormally high.<sup>1</sup>

Between the resignation of Colonel Kononovich in 1881 and the appointment of Captain Nikolin in 1885 there were seven changes

feldt, and Madame Kutitonskaya. *Suicides*: Semyonofski (shot himself), Rodin (poisoned himself), Uspenski (hanged himself). *Insane*: Matveivich, Zubkofski, Pozen, and Madame Kavalskaya (the last named recovered). At the time of our visit to the mines eight out of the eleven women in the women's political prison were sick.

of commandment<sup>1</sup> and the prison was managed in a hit-or-miss sort of way, according to the caprice of the man who was at the head of it. At one time the prisoners were allowed books, daily walks, money, and communication with their relatives, while at another time

cupied only by law. The best of the commandants, according to the testimony of the prisoners, was Burlei. Khalturin was brutally cruel, Shubin was a man of little character, and Manaiyef was not only a drunkard, but a thief who destroyed hundreds of the prisoners' let-



PEASANTS THRESHING OUT GRAIN ON THE ICE.

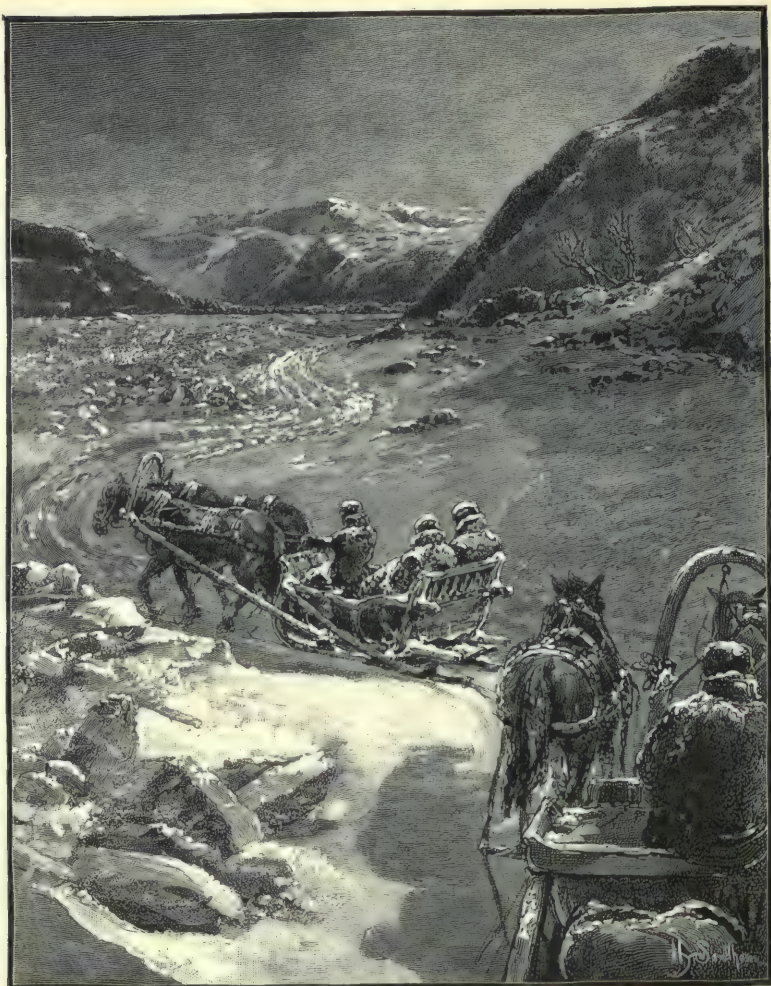
all these privileges were taken away from them. The partitions that were erected in the *kameras* to reduce the size of the cells in 1882 were removed in 1884. The free command, which was abolished in 1881, was reëstablished in 1885. With every new officer there was a change in the regulations, and official whim or impulse took the place that should be oc-

<sup>1</sup> Kononovich, Potulof, Khalturin, Burlei, Shubin, Manaiyef, Burlei (a second time), and Nikolin.

ters and embezzled nineteen hundred rubles of money sent to them by their relatives and friends in European Russia. All of these officers were from the gendarmerie in Irkutsk. On the 16th of January, 1884, the political prison was put under the exclusive control of the imperial police, and early in 1885 Captain Nikolin was sent from St. Petersburg to take command of it.

Every word that Colonel Kononovich said to Assistant Minister of the Interior Durnova





RETURNING FROM KARA ON THE ICE OF THE SHILKA RIVER.

in 1881 with regard to the management of the political prison was shown by the subsequent course of events to be true. The Government forced an honest and humane man to resign and sent, one after another, half a dozen cruel or incapable men to take his place, and it reaped, in tragedies and scandals, the harvest that might have been expected. It is still pursuing, as I shall show in a subsequent paper, the same course, and it may look for the same results. It is sowing the wind, and sometime, in the not distant future, it will reap the whirlwind.

On the 12th of November, Mr. Frost and I, with glad hearts, turned our faces at last homeward. As we drove, with Major Potulof, out of the dreary settlement known as the Lower Diggings, two political convicts in long gray overcoats, who were walking towards the prison at a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the road, saw and

recognized us, and as we passed they stopped, removed their caps, and made towards us what the Russians call a "waist bow"—a bow so low that the body is bent at right angles from the waist. It was their last mute farewell to the travelers who had shown them sympathy and pity, and it is the last remembrance I have of the mines of Kara.

We spent that night in the house of the overseer of the Ust Kara prison at the mouth of the river, and on the following morning remounted our horses for another ride across the mountains to Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk). Major Potulof opened a bottle of white Crimean wine after we had climbed into our saddles, and, pouring out a glassful for each of us and for himself, said, "Here's to the beginning of a journey to America!" We drank the stirrup-cup with bright anticipations of a return to home and friends, thanked Major Potulof for his kindness and hospitality, promised to



apprise him by telegraph of our safe arrival at Stretinsk, and rode away into the mountains.

The country lying along the Shilka in the vicinity of Kara is inhabited, away from the river, only by a tribe of half-wild nomads, known to the Russians as "Orozhánni." They acknowledge allegiance to the Russian Government, pay taxes, and are nominally Christians; but they rarely come into the Russian settlements, unless brought there by a desire to exchange their furs or reindeer for knives, kettles, or tobacco. The Russian priest at Kara visits them from time to time to conduct religious services, and the picture of an Orozhánni encampment during one of these services, on page 746, is from a photograph made and given to me by a political exile in Nerchinsk.

For two days after leaving Kara we rode on horseback across the rugged, forest-clad mountains that skirt the river Shilka, suffering constantly from cold, hunger, and fatigue. On the third day we reached Boti (Bo-tee'), the village

from which we had taken our horses, and found most of the population engaged in threshing out grain with flails on the ice. The peasants manifested great pleasure at seeing us, and said we had been gone so long that they had almost given us up for lost. The excitement and anxiety of our life at Kara and the hardships of our ride across the mountains in a temperature below zero had so exhausted my strength that when we reached Boti my pulse was running at 120 and I could hardly sit in the saddle. I should not have been able to ride on horseback another day. Fortunately we found the river at Boti solidly frozen and were able to continue our journey in sledges on the ice. Late on the night of November 16, tired, half-starved, and deadly cold, we reached the town of Stretinsk and found food, shelter, and rest in the little cabin of the young peasant Zablikof (Zah'blee-koff), where we had left most of our baggage when we set out on horseback for the mines of Kara.

George Kennan.

## ATTALIE BROUILLARD.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

IN EIGHTEEN FIFTY-FIVE.



THE strange true stories we have thus far told have all been matter of public or of private record. Pages of history and travel, law reports, documents of court, the testimony of eye-witnesses, old manuscripts and letters, have insured to them the full force and charm of their reality. But now we must have it clearly and mutually understood that here is one the verity of which is vouched for stoutly, but only by tradition. It is very much as if we had nearly finished a strong, solid stone house and would now ask permission of our underwriters to add to it at the rear a small frame lean-to.

It is a mere bit of lawyers' table-talk, a piece of after-dinner property. It originally belonged, they say, to Judge Collins of New Orleans, as I believe we have already mentioned; his by right of personal knowledge. I might have got it straight from him had I heard of it but a few years sooner. His small, iron-gray head, dark, keen eyes, and nervous face and form are in my mind's eye now, as I saw him one day on the bench interrupting a lawyer at the bar and telling him in ten words what the lawyer was trying to tell in two hundred and fifty.

That the judge's right to this story was that

of discovery, not of invention, is well attested; and if he or any one else allowed fictitious embellishments to gather upon it by oft telling of it in merry hours, the story had certainly lost all such superfluities the day it came to me as completely as if some one had stolen its clothes while it was in swimming. The best I can say is that it came un mutilated, and that I have done only what any humane person would have done—given it drapery enough to cover its nakedness.

To speak yet plainer, I do not, even now, put aside, abridge, or alter a single *fact*; only, at most, restore one or two to spaces that indicate just what has dropped out. If a dentist may lawfully supply the place of a lost tooth, or an old beau comb his hair skillfully over a bald spot, then am I guiltless. I make the tale not less, and only just a trifle more, true; not more, but only a trifle less, strange. And this is it:

In 1855 this Attalie Brouillard—so called, mark you, for present convenience only—lived in the French quarter of New Orleans; I think they say in Bienville street, but that is no matter; somewhere in the *vieux carré* of Bienville's original town. She was a worthy woman; youngish, honest, rather handsome, with a little money—just a little; of attractive dress, with good manners, too; alone in the world, and—a quadroon. She kept furnished rooms to



rent — as a matter of course; what would she do?

Hence she was not so utterly alone in the world as she might have been. She even did what Stevenson says is so good, but not so easy, to do, "to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation." For instance there was Camille Ducour. That was not his name; but as we have called the woman A. B., let the man be represented by C. D.

He, too, was a quadroon; an f. m. c.<sup>1</sup> His personal appearance has not been described to us, but he must have had one. Fancy a small figure, thin, let us say, narrow-chested, round-shouldered, his complexion a dull clay color spattered with large red freckles, his eyes small, gray, and close together, his hair not long or bushy, but dense, crinkled, and hesitating between a dull yellow and a hot red; his clothes his own and his linen last week's.

He is said to have been a shrewd fellow; had picked up much practical knowledge of the law, especially of notarial business, and drove a smart trade giving private advice on points of law to people of his caste. From many a trap had he saved his poor clients of an hour. Out of many a danger of their own making had he safely drawn them, all unseen by, though not unknown to, the legitimate guild of judges, lawyers, and notaries out of whose professional garbage barrel he enjoyed a sort of stray dog's privilege of feeding.

His meetings with Attalie Brouillard were almost always on the street and by accident. Yet such meetings were invariably turned into pleasant visits in the middle of the sidewalk, after the time-honored Southern fashion. Hopes, ailments, the hardness of the times, the health of each one's "folks," and the condition of their own souls could not be told all in a breath. He never failed, when he could detain her no longer, to bid her feel free to call on him whenever she found herself in dire need of a wise friend's counsel. There was always in his words the hint that, though he never had quite enough cash for one, he never failed of knowledge and wisdom enough for two. And the gentle Attalie believed both clauses of his avowal.

Attalie had another friend, a white man.

JOHN BULL.

THIS other friend was a big, burly Englishman, forty-something years old, but looking older; a big pink cabbage-rose of a man who had for many years been Attalie's principal lodger. He, too, was alone in the world.

And yet neither was he so utterly alone as he might have been. For he was a cotton

buyer. In 1855 there was no business like the cotton business. Everything else was subservient to that. The cotton buyer's part, in particular, was a "pretty business." The cotton *factor* was harassingly responsible to a whole swarm of planter patrons, of whose feelings he had to be all the more careful when they were in his debt. The cotton *broker* could be bullied by his buyer. But the *buyer* was answerable only to some big commercial house away off in Havre or Hamburg or Liverpool, that had to leave all but a few of the largest and most vital matters to his discretion. Commendations and criticisms alike had to come by mail across the Atlantic.

Now, if a cotton buyer of this sort happened to be a bachelor, with no taste for society, was any one likely to care what he substituted, out of business hours, for the conventional relations of domestic life? No one answers. Cotton buyers of that sort were apt to have very comfortable furnished rooms in the old French quarter. This one in Attalie's house had the two main rooms on the first floor above the street.

Honestly, for all our winking and tittering, we know nothing whatever against this person's private character except the sad fact that he was a man and a bachelor. At forty-odd, it is fair to suppose, one who knows the world well enough to be the trusted agent of others, thousands of miles across the ocean, has bid farewell to all mere innocence and has made choice between virtue and vice. But we have no proof whatever that Attalie's cotton buyer had not solemnly chosen virtue and stuck to his choice as an Englishman can.

All we know as to this, really, is that for many years here he had roomed, and that, moved by some sentiment, we know not certainly what, he had again and again assured Attalie that she should never want while he had anything, and that in his will, whenever he should make it, she would find herself his sole legatee. On neither side of the water, said he, had he any one to whom the law obliged him to leave his property nor, indeed, any large wealth; only a little money in bank — a very indefinite statement. In 1855 the will was still unwritten.

There is little room to doubt that this state of affairs did much interest Camille Ducour — at a distance. The Englishman may have known him by sight. The kind of acquaintance he might have had with the quadroon was not likely to vary much from an acquaintance with some unknown neighbor's cat on which he mildly hoped to bestow a pitcher of water if ever he caught him under his window.

Camille mentioned the Englishman approvingly to three other friends of Attalie, when, with what they thought was adroitness, they turned conversation upon her pecuniary wel-

<sup>1</sup> Free man of color.



fare. They were Jean d'Eau, a slumberous butcher; Richard Reau, an embarrassed baker; and one — Ecswyze, an illiterate but prosperous candlestick-maker. These names may sound inexact, but *can you prove* that these were not their names and occupations? We shall proceed.

These three simple souls were bound to Attalie by the strong yet tender bonds of debit and credit. She was not distressingly but only interestingly "behind" on their well-greased books, where Camille's account, too, was longer on the left-hand side. When they alluded inquiringly to her bill, he mentioned the Englishman vaguely and assured them it was "good paper to hold," once or twice growing so extravagant as to add that his (Camille's) own was hardly better!

The tradesmen replied that they had n't a shadow of doubt. In fact, they said, their mention of the matter was mere jest, etc.

#### DUCOUR'S MEDITATIONS.

THERE were a few points in this case upon which Camille wished he could bring to bear those purely intellectual—not magical—powers of divination which he modestly told his clients were the secret of all his sagacious advice. He wished he could determine conclusively and exactly what was the mutual relation of Attalie and her lodger. Out of the minutest corner of one eye he had watched her for years.

A quadroon woman's lot was a hard one; any true woman would say that, even while approving the laws and popular notions of necessity that made that lot what it was. The law, popular sentiment, public policy, always looked at Attalie's sort with their right eye shut. And according to all the demands of the other eye Camille knew that Attalie was honest, faithful. But was that all; or did she stand above and beyond the demands of law and popular sentiment? In a word, to whom was she honest, faithful; to the Englishman merely, or actually to herself? If to herself actually, then in case of his early death,—for Camille had got a notion of that, and had got it from Attalie, who had got it from the Englishman,—what then? Would she get his money, or any of it? No, not if Camille knew men—especially white men. For a quadroon woman to be true to herself and to her God was not the kind of thing that white men—if he knew them—rewarded. But if the case was not of that sort, and the relation was what he *hoped* it was, and according to his ideas of higher law it had a right to be, why, then, she might reasonably hope for a good fat slice—if there should turn out, after all, to be any fat to slice.

Thence arose the other question—had the Englishman any money? And if so, was it much, or was it so little as to make it hardly worth while for the Englishman to die early at all? You can't tell just by looking at a man or his clothes. In fact, is it not astonishing how quietly a man—of the quiet kind—can either save great shining stacks of money, or get rid of all he makes as fast as he makes it? Is n't it astonishing? Being a cotton buyer did not answer the question. He might be getting very large pay or very small; or even none. Some men had got rich without ever charging anything for their services. The cotton business those days was a perfectly lovely business—so many shady by-paths and circuitous labyrinths. Even in the law—why, sometimes even he, Camille Ducour, did not charge anything. But that was not often.

Only one thing was clear—there ought to be a written will. For Attalie Brouillard, f. w. c., could by no means be or become the Englishman's legal heir. The law mumbled something about "one-tenth," but for the rest answered in the negative and with a black frown. Her only chance—but we shall come to that.

All in a tremor one day a messenger, Attalie's black slave girl, came to Camille to say that her mistress was in trouble! in distress! in deeper distress than he could possibly imagine, and in instant need of that wise counsel which Camille Ducour had so frequently offered to give.

"I am busy," he said, in the creole-negro *patois*, "but—has anybody—has anything happened to—to anybody in Madame Brouillard's house?"

"Yes," the messenger feared that "*ce Michié qui poté soulié jaune*—that gentleman who wears yellow shoes—is ill. Madame Brouillard is hurrying to and fro and crying."

"Very loud?"

"No, silently; yet as though her heart were breaking."

"And the doctor?" asks Camille, as he and the messenger are hurrying side by side out of Exchange alley into Bienville street.

"— was there yesterday and the day before."

They reach the house. Attalie meets her counselor alone at the top of the stairs. "*Li bien malade*," she whispers, weeping; "he is very ill."

"— wants to make his will?" asks Camille. All their talk is in their bad French.

Attalie nods, answers inaudibly, and weeps afresh. Presently she manages to tell how the sick man had tried to write, and failed, and had fallen back exclaiming, "Attalie—Attalie—I want to leave it all to you—what little—" and did not finish, but presently gasped out, "Bring a notary."



"And the doctor?"

"— has not come to-day. Michié told the doctor if he came again he would kick him downstairs. Yes, and the doctor says whenever a patient of his says that he stops coming."

They reach the door of the sick man's bed-chamber. Attalie pushes it softly, looks into the darkened chamber and draws back, whispering, "He has dropped asleep."

Camille changes places with her and looks in. Then he moves a step across the threshold, leans forward peeringly, and then turns about, lifts his ill-kept forefinger, and murmurs while he fixes his little eyes on hers:

"If you make a noise, or in any way let any one know what has happened, it will cost you all he is worth. I will leave you alone with him just ten minutes." He makes as if to pass by her towards the stair, but she seizes him by the wrist.

"What do you mean?" she asks, with alarm.

"Hush! you speak too loud. He is dead."

The woman leaps by him, slamming him against the banisters, and disappears within the room. Camille hears her loud, long moan as she reaches the bedside. He takes three or four audible steps away from the door and towards the stairs, then turns, and darting with the swift silence of a cat surprises her on her knees by the bed, disheveled, unheeding, all moans and tears, and covering with passionate kisses the dead man's — hands only!

To impute moral sublimity to a white man and a quadroon woman at one and the same time and in one and the same affair was something beyond the powers of Camille's small soul. But he gave Attalie, on the instant, full credit, over credit it may be, and felt a momentary thrill of spiritual contagion that he had scarcely known before in all his days. He uttered not a sound; but for all that he said within himself, drawing his breath in through his clenched teeth, and tightening his fists till they trembled, "Oho-o!—Aha!—No wonder you postponed the writing of your will day by day, month by month, year in and year out! But you shall see, my fine Michié White man—dead as you are, you shall see—you'll see if you shan't!—she shall have the money, little or much! Unless there are heirs she shall have every picayune of it!" Almost as quickly as it had flashed up, the faint flicker of moral feeling died out; yet the resolution remained. He was going to "beat" a dead white man.

#### PROXY.

CAMILLE glided to the woman's side and laid a gentle yet commanding touch upon her.

"Come, there is not a moment to lose."

"What do you want?" asked Attalie. She neither rose nor turned her head, nor even let go the dead man's hand.

"I must make haste to fulfill the oft-repeated request of my friend here."

"Your friend!" She still knelt, and held the hand, but turned her face, full of pained resentment, upon the speaker behind her. He was calm.

"Our friend; yes, this man here. You did not know that I was his secret confidential adviser? Well, that was all right; I told him to tell no one. But now I must carry out his instructions. Madame Brouillard, this man wished to leave you every cent he had in the world."

Attalie slowly laid her lips on the big cold hand lying in her two hot ones and let the silent tears wet all three. Camille spoke on to her averted form:

"He may never have told you so till to-day, but he has often told me. 'I tell you, Camille,' he used to say, 'because I can trust you: I can't trust a white man in a matter like this.' He told you? Yes; then you know that I speak the truth. But one thing you did not know; that this intention of his was the result of my earnest advice.—Stop! Madame Brouillard—if you please—we have no time for amazement or questions now; and less than none for expressions of gratitude. Listen to me. You know he was always afraid he would die some day suddenly? Yes, of course; everybody knew that. One night—our meetings were invariably at night—he said to me, 'Camille, my dear friend, if I should go all of a sudden some day before I write that will, *you know what to do.*' Those were his exact words: 'Camille, my dear friend, *you know what to do.*'" All this was said to the back of Attalie's head and neck; but now the speaker touched her with one finger: "Madame, are your lodgers all down town?"

She nodded.

"Good. And you have but the one servant. Go tell her that our dear friend has been in great suffering but is now much better, quite free from pain, in fact, and wants to attend to some business. Send her to Exchange alley, to the office of Eugene Favre. He is a notary public"—He murmured some further description. "Understand?"

Attalie, still kneeling, kept her eyes on his in silence, but she understood; he saw that.

"She must tell him," he continued, "to come at once. But before she goes there she must stop on the way and tell three persons to come and witness a notarial act. Now whom shall they be? For they must be white male residents of the parish, and they must not be

insane, deaf, dumb, blind, nor disqualified by crime. I will tell you: let them be Jean d'Eau—at the French market. He will still be there; it is his turn to scrub the market to-day. Get him, Richard Reau, and old man Ecswyzee. And on no account must the doctor be allowed to come. Do that, Madame Brouillard, as quickly as you can. I will wait here."

But the kneeling figure hesitated, with intense distress in her upturned face: "What are you going to do, Michié Ducour?"

"We are going to make you sole legatee."

"I do not want it! How are you going to do it? How?"

"In a way which he knows about and approves."

Attalie hid her shapely forehead again on the dead hand. "I cannot leave him. Do what you please, only let me stay here. Oh! let me stay here."

"I see," said Camille, with cold severity, "like all women, you count the foolish sentiments of the living of more value than the reasonable wish of the dead." He waited a moment for these words to take effect upon her motionless form, and then, seeing that—again like a woman—she was waiting and wishing for compulsion, he lifted her by one arm. "Come. Go. And make haste to get back again; we are losing priceless time."

She went. But just outside the door she seemed to halt. Camille put out his freckled face and turtle neck. "Well?"

"O Michié Ducour!" the trembling woman whispered, "those three witnesses will never do. I am in debt to every one of them!"

"Madame Brouillard, the one you owe the most to will be the best witness. Well? What next?"

"O my dear friend! what is this going to cost?—in money, I mean. I am so afraid of lawyers' accounts! I have nothing, and if it turns out that he has very, very little—It is true that I sent for you, but—I did not think you—what must you charge?"

"Nothing!" whispered Camille. "Madame Brouillard, whether he leaves you little or much, this must be for me a labor of love to him who was secretly my friend, or I will not touch it. He certainly had something, however, or he would not have tried to write a will. But, my dear madame, if you do not right here, now, stop looking scared, as if you were about to steal something instead of saving something from being stolen, it will cost us a great deal. Go. Make haste! That's right!—Ts-s-st! Hold on! Which is your own bedroom, upstairs?—Never mind why I ask; tell me. Yes; all right! Now, go!—Ts-s-st! Bring my hat up as you return."

She went downstairs. Camille tiptoed quick-

ly back into the death chamber, whipped off his shoes, ran to a small writing-table, then to the bureau, then to the armoire, trying their drawers. Locked they were, every one. He ran to the bed and searched swiftly under pillows and mattresses—no keys. Never mind. He wrapped a single sheet about the dead man's form, stepped lightly to the door, looked out, listened, heard nothing, and tripped back again.

And then with all his poor strength he lifted the bulk, still limp, in his arms, and with only two or three halts in the toilsome journey, to dash the streaming sweat from his brows and to better his hold so that the heels should not drag on the steps, carried it up to Attalie's small room and laid it, decently composed, on her bed.

Then he glided downstairs again and had just slipped into his shoes when Attalie came up hastily from below. She was pale and seemed both awe-struck and suspicious. As she met him outside the door grief and dismay were struggling in her eyes with mistrust, and as he coolly handed her the key of her room indignation joined the strife. She reddened and flashed:

"My God! you have not, yourself, already?"

"I could not wait, Madame Brouillard. We must run up now, and do for him whatever cannot be put off; and then you must let me come back, leaving my hat and shoes and coat up there, and—you understand?"

Yes; the whole thing was heartless and horrible, but—she understood. They went up.

#### THE NUNCUPATIVE WILL.

IN their sad task upstairs Attalie held command. Camille went and came on short errands to and from the door of her room, and was let in only once or twice when, for lifting or some such thing, four hands were indispensable. Soon both he and she came down to the door of the vacated room again together. He was in his shirt sleeves and without his shoes; but he had resumed command.

"And now, Madame Brouillard, to do this thing in the very best way I ought to say to you at once that our dear friend—did he ever tell you what he was worth?" The speaker leaned against the door-post and seemed to concern himself languidly with his black-rimmed finger-nails, while in fact he was watching Attalie from head to foot with all his senses and wits. She looked grief-stricken and thoroughly wretched.

"No," she said, very quietly, then suddenly burst into noiseless fresh tears, sank into a chair, buried her face in her wet handkerchief, and cried, "Ah! no, no, no! that was none of



my business. He was going to leave it all to me. I never asked if it was little or much."

While she spoke Camille was reckoning with all his might and speed: "She has at least some notion as to whether he is rich or poor. She seemed a few minutes ago to fear he is poor, but I must try her again. Let me see: if he is poor and I say he is rich she will hope I know better than she, and will be silent. But if he is rich and she knows it, and I say he is poor, she will suspect fraud and will out with the actual fact on the spot." By this time she had ceased, and he spoke out:

"Well, Madame Brouillard, the plain fact is he was—as you may say—poor."

She looked up quickly from her soaking handkerchief, dropped her hands into her lap, and gazing at Camille through her tears said, "Alas! I feared it. That is what I feared. But ah! since it makes no difference to him now, it makes little to me. I feared it. That accounts for his leaving it to me, poor *milatraise*."

"But would you have imagined, madame, that all he had was barely three thousand dollars?"

"Ah! three thousand—ah! Michié Ducour," she said between a sob and a moan, "that is not so little. Three thousand! In Paris, where my brother lives, that would be fifteen thousand francs. Ah! Michié Ducour, I never guessed half that much. Michié Ducour, I tell you—he was too good to be rich." Her eyes stood full.

Camille started busily from his leaning posture and they began again to be active. But, as I have said, their relations were reversed once more. He gave directions from within the room, and she did short errands to and from the door.

The witnesses came: first Jean d'Eau, then Richard Reau, and almost at the same moment the aged Ecswyzee. The black maid led them up from below, and Attalie, tearless now, but meek and red-eyed, and speaking low through the slightly opened door from within the Englishman's bed-chamber, thanked them, explained that a will was to be made, and was just asking them to find seats in the adjoining front room, when the notary, aged, bent, dark-goggled, and as insensible as a machine, arrived. Attalie's offers to explain were murmured away by his wrinkled hand, and the four men followed her into the bed-chamber. The black maid-of-all-work also entered.

The room was heavily darkened. There was a rich aroma of fine brandy on its air. The Englishman's little desk had been drawn up near the bedside. Two candles were on it, unlighted, in small, old silver candlesticks. Attalie, grief-worn, distressed, visibly agitated, moved close to the bedside. Her sad figure suited the place with poetic fitness. The notary

stood by the chair at the desk. The three witnesses edged along the wall where the curtained windows glimmered, took seats there, and held their hats in their hands. All looked at one object.

It was a man reclining on the bed under a light covering, deep in pillows, his head and shoulders much bundled up in wrappings. He moaned faintly and showed every sign of utmost weakness. His eyes opened only now and then, but when they did so they shone intelligently, though with a restless intensity, apparently from both pain and anxiety.

He gasped a faint word. Attalie hung over him for an instant, and then turning quickly to her maid, who was lighting the candles for the notary and placing them so they should not shine into the eyes of the man in bed, said:

"His feet—another hot-water bottle."

The maid went to get it. While she was gone the notary asked the butcher, then the baker, and then the candlestick-maker if they could speak and understand English, and where they resided. Their answers were satisfactory. Then he sat down, bent low to the desk, and wrote on a blank form the preamble of a nuncupative will. By the time he had finished, the maid had got back and the hot bottle had been properly placed. The notary turned his goggles upon the reclining figure and asked in English, with a strong creole accent:

"What is your name?"

The words of the man in the bed were an inaudible gasp. But Attalie bent her ear quickly, caught them, and turning repeated:

"More brandy."

The black girl brought a decanter from the floor behind the bureau, and a wine-glass from the washstand. Attalie poured, the patient drank, and the maid replaced glass and decanter. The eyes of the butcher and the baker followed the sparkling vessel till it disappeared, and the maker of candlesticks made a dry swallow and faintly licked his lips. The notary remarked that there must be no intervention of speakers between himself and the person making the will, nor any turning aside to other matters; but that merely stopping a moment to satisfy thirst without leaving the room was not a vitiate turning aside and would not be, even if done by others besides the party making the will. But here the patient moaned and said audibly, "Let us go on." And they went on. The notary asked the patient's name, the place and date of his birth, etc., and the patient's answers were in every case whatever the Englishman's would have been. Presently the point was reached where the patient should express his wishes unprompted by suggestion or inquiry. He said faintly, "I will and bequeath"—



The servant girl, seeing her mistress bury her face in her handkerchief, did the same. The patient gasped audibly and said again, but more faintly:

"I will and bequeath—some more brandy."

The decanter was brought. He drank again. He let Attalie hand it back to the maid and the maid get nearly to the bureau when he said in a low tone of distinct reproof:

"Pass it 'round." The four visitors drank.

Then the patient resumed with stronger voice. "I will and bequeath to my friend Camille Ducour"—

Attalie started from her chair with a half-uttered cry of amazement and protest, but dropped back again at the notary's gesture for silence, and the patient spoke straight on without hesitation—"to my friend Camille Ducour, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars in cash."

Attalie and her handmaiden looked at each other with a dumb show of lamentation; but her butcher and her baker turned slowly upon her candlestick-maker, and he upon them, a look of quiet but profound approval. The notary wrote, and the patient spoke again:

"I will everything else which I may leave at my death, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard."

"Ah!" exclaimed Attalie, in the manner of one largely, but not entirely, propitiated. The maid suited her silent movement to the utterance, and the three witnesses exchanged slow looks of grave satisfaction. Mistress and maid, since the will seemed to them so manifestly and entirely finished, began to whisper together, although the patient and the notary were still perfecting some concluding formalities. But presently the notary began to read aloud the instrument he had prepared, keeping his face buried in the paper and running his nose and purblind eyes about it nervously, like a newborn thing hunting the warm fountain of life. All gave close heed. We need not give the document in its full length, nor his creole accent in its entire breadth. This is only something like it:

"Dthee State of Louisiana," etc. "Be h-it known dthat on dthees h-eighth day of dthee month of May, One thousan' h-eight hawndred and fifty-five, dthat I, Emile Favre, a not-arie pewblic een and for dthe State of Louisiana, parrish of Orleans, duly commission-ed and qualeefi-ed, was sue-mon-ed to dthe domee-ceel of Mr. [the Englishman's name], Number [so-and-so] Bienville street; . . . dthat I found sayed Mr. [Englishman] lyingue in heez bade in dthee rear room of dthee second floor h-of dthee sayed house . . . at about two o'clock in dthee h-afternoon, and beingue inform-ed by dthee sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthat he *dix*-red too make heez weel, I,

sayed not-arie, sue-mon-ed into sayed bed-chamber of dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthe following nam-ed *witnesses* of lawfool h-age and residents of dthe sayed cittie, parish, and State, to wit: Mr. Jean d'Eau, Mr. Richard Reau, and Mr. V. Deblicux Ecswyzee. That there *up-on* sayed Mr. [Englishman] being seek in bodie but of soun' mine, which was *happarent* to me not-arie and dthe sayed *witnesses* by heez lang-uage and h-actions then and there in dthe presence of sayed *witnesses* dictated to me not-arie dthe following as heez laz weel and *testament*, weech was written by me sayed not-arie as *dictated* by the sayed Mr. [Englishman], to wit:

"My name ees [John Bull]. I was born in," etc. "My father and mother are dade. I have no chil'ren. I have never had annie brawther or seester. I have never been married. Thees is my laz weel. I have never made a weel befo'. I weel and *bickweath* to my fran' Camille Ducour dthe sawm of fifteen hawndred dollars in cash. I weel h-everything else weech I may leave at my daith, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard, leevingue at Number," etc. "I appoint my sayed fran' Camille Ducour as my *testamentary executor*, weeth-out bon', and grant heem dthe seizin' of my h-estate, h-and I dir-ect heem to pay h-all my juz debts.

"Thees weel and testament as thus *dictated* too me by sayed *testator* and weech was wreeten by me not-arie by my h-own han' jus' as *dictated*, was thane by me not-arie rade to sayed Mr. [Englishman] in an *audible* voice and in the presence of dthe aforesayed three *witnesses*, and dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] *diclar-ed* that he well awnder-stood me not-arie and persever-ed een *diclar-ing* the same too be his laz weel; all of weech was don' at one time and place weethout *inter'up-tion* and weethout turningue aside to other acts.

"Thus done and passed," etc.

The notary rose, a wet pen in one hand and the will—with his portfolio under it for a tablet—in the other. Attalie hurried to the bedside and stood ready to assist. The patient took the pen with a trembling hand. The writing was laid before him, and Attalie with a knee on the bed thrust her arm under the pillows behind him to make a firmer support.

The patient seemed to summon all his power to poise and steady the pen, but his hand shook, his fingers loosened, and it fell upon the document, making two or three blots there and another on the bed-covering, whither it rolled. He groped faintly for it, moaned, and then relaxed.

"He cannot sign!" whispered Attalie, piteously.

"Yes," gasped the patient.



The notary once more handed him the pen, but the same thing happened again.

The butcher cleared his throat in a way to draw attention. Attalie looked towards him and he drawled, half rising from his chair :

"I t'ink — a li'l' more cognac" —

"Yass," murmured the baker. The candlestick-maker did not speak, but unconsciously wet his lips with his tongue and wiped them with the back of his forefinger. But every eye turned to the patient, who said :

"I cannot write — my hand — shakes so."

The notary asked a formal question or two, to which the patient answered "yes" and "no." The official sat again at the desk, wrote a proper statement of the case, and then read it aloud. The patient gave assent, and the three witnesses stepped forward and signed. Then the notary signed.

As the four men approached the door to depart the baker said, lingeringly, to Attalie, smiling diffidently as he spoke :

"Dat settin' still make a man mighty dry, yass."

"Yass, da's true," said Attalie.

"Yass," he added, "same time he dawn't better drink much *water* dat hot weader, no." The butcher turned and smiled concurrence ; but Attalie, though she again said "yass," only added good-day, and the maid led them and the notary downstairs and let them out.

#### MEN CAN BE BETTER THAN THEIR LAWS.

AN hour later, when the black maid returned from an errand, she found her mistress at the head of the stairs near the Englishman's door, talking in suppressed tones to Camille Ducour, who, hat in hand, seemed to have just dropped in and to be just going out again. He went, and Attalie said to her maid that he was "so good" and was going to come and sit up all night with the sick man.

The next morning the maid — and the neighborhood — were startled to hear that the cotton buyer had died in the night. The physician called and gave a certificate of death without going up to the death chamber.

The funeral procession was short. There was first the carriage with the priest and acolytes ; then the hearse ; then a carriage in which sat the cotton buyer's clerk, — he had had but one, — his broker, and two men of that singular sort that go to everybody's funeral ; then a carriage occupied by Attalie's other lodgers, and then, in a carriage bringing up the rear, of course, were Camille Ducour and Madame Brouillard. She alone wept, and, for all we have seen, we yet need not doubt her tears were genuine. Such was the cortège. Oh ! also, in his private vehicle, driven by himself,

was a very comfortable and genteel-looking man, whom neither Camille nor Attalie knew, but whom every other attendant at the funeral seemed to regard with deference. While the tomb was being sealed Camille sidled up to the broker and made bold to ask who the stranger was. Attalie did not see the movement, and Camille did not tell her what the broker said.

Late in the next afternoon but one Camille again received word from Attalie to call and see her in all haste. He found her in the Englishman's front room. Five white men were sitting there with her. They not only looked amused, but plainly could have looked more so but for the restraints of rank and station. Attalie was quite as visibly frightened. Camille's knees weakened and a sickness came over him as he glanced around the group. For in the midst sat the stranger who had been at the funeral, while on his right sat two, and on his left two, men, the terror of whose presence we shall understand in a moment.

"Mr. Ducour," said the one who had been at the funeral, "as friends of Mr. [Englishman] we desire to express our satisfaction at the terms of his last will and testament. We have had a long talk with Madame Brouillard ; but for myself, I already knew his wish that she should have whatever he might leave. But a wish is one thing ; a will, even a nuncupative will by public act, is another and an infinitely better and more effective thing. But we wish also to express our determination to see that you are not hindered in the execution of any of the terms of this will, whose genuineness we, of course, do not for a moment question." He looked about upon his companions. Three of them shook their heads gravely ; but the fourth, in his over-zeal, attempted to say "No," and burst into a laugh ; whereupon they all broadly smiled, while Camille looked ghastly. The speaker resumed :

"I am the custodian of all Mr. [Englishman's] accounts and assets. This gentleman is a judge, this one is a lawyer, — I believe you know them all by sight, — this one is a banker, and this one — a — in fact, a detective. We wish you to feel at all times free to call upon any or all of us for advice, and to bear in mind that our eyes are ever on you with a positively solicitous interest. You are a busy man, Mr. Ducour, living largely by your wits, and we must not detain you longer. We are glad that you are yourself to receive fifteen hundred dollars. We doubt not you have determined to settle the affairs of the estate without other remuneration, and we not merely approve but distinctly recommend that decision. The task will involve an outlay of your time and labor for which fifteen hundred dollars will be a gen-

erous, a handsome, but not an excessive remuneration. You will be glad to know there will still be something left for Madame Brouillard. And now, Mr. Ducour,"—he arose and approached the pallid scamp, smiling benevolently,—"*remember* us as your friends, who will *watch* you"—he smote him on the shoulder with all the weight of his open palm—"with no *ordinary* interest. Be assured you

shall get your fifteen hundred, and Attalie shall have the rest, which—as Attalie tells me she has well known for years—will be about thirty thousand dollars. Gentlemen, our dinner at the lake will be waiting. Good-day, Mr. Ducour. Good-day, Madame Brouillard. Have no fear. Mr. Ducour is going to render you full justice,—without unnecessary delay,—in solid cash." And he did.

G. W. Cable.



HEN Mynheer van Steen in Sippken spoke of the great De Keyser of Rotterdam he seemed to melt together in abject humility.

There were two things about which he grew almost poetic: a young herring of the first precious batch, young, unsophisticated, tender, for which his Majesty of Holland gives a gratuity of five hundred guilders, and — Mynheer de Keyser.

Such a herring nestling beside a pickled onion brought tears to his eyes, and he would say, as he gulped down the tenderest part, "If Mynheer de Keyser were only here!" It was understood if the illustrious man ever did come to Sippken the festivities would be worthy of the distinguished visitor and of Mynheer van Steen, who was great not only in the grocery business and as a tobacco grower, but he was besides Burgomeister of Sippken. It was Mynheer de Keyser who bought his tobacco and sold him his groceries, and in his day Nicodemus de Keyser had turned his guilders to so good an account that Van Steen grew quite faint in the contemplation of that rather un-

steady signature, representing, as it did, fabulous wealth.

Mevrouw van Steen had faded out of the world after bringing Jufrow Mettje into existence, the only change for Mynheer being that in future he played his nightly games of cards with his sister, Aunt Jetta. They played for a penny a game, and when he had bad cards he lost his temper, but Aunt Jetta was always placid. Never was the purple bow stirred that rested lightly on the parting of her brown front.

Early in life Aunt Jetta had resigned herself to playing cards with her brother and listening to glowing accounts of how Mynheer de Keyser would be received should he ever come to Sippken.

"How I long to see him!" Mynheer cried with enthusiasm. For forty years he had lived and trusted the great man simply by mail. "A man so rich must be good and wise," he exclaimed; and he meant it, did Mynheer van Steen. The good, the true, and the beautiful were all represented to him by his ideal of Mynheer de Keyser.

One day Mynheer received a joyful shock. It made the sheet of letter-paper in his hand rattle, for the illustrious De Keyser, after certain orders relative to tobacco, added, without false



sentiment, postage being dear, that having heard much of the charms of Jufrow Mettje van Steen and being lonely in his big house on the Boompjes Graacht, he would do himself the honor of offering her his hand in marriage.

Mynheer sank back in his leathern arm-chair in ecstasy; then he rang a hand-bell, and Aunt Jetta appeared.

"Mynheer de Keyser —"

"Dear me, dead?" Aunt Jetta suggested placidly.

"Dead!" Here he laughed. "Well, hardly. Prepare yourself for joyful news. Jetta, Mynheer de Keyser desires to marry again."

"Marry again?" Aunt Jetta repeated, and flushed.

"Marry, yes, marry. Be joyful — he wishes to marry our Mettje."

Aunt Jetta folded her hands and was distinctly icy in her joy.

"Call Mettje!" And Mynheer strode along the polished floor until his felt slippers flapped up and down in agitation.

"How sweet it sounds! — Mynheer de Keyser. Some day — yes, some day I may hope to say to him, 'Nicodemus.' There, call Mettje. Imagine her joy."

"Joy! Hump! Think of his age. Joy? Seventeen and seventy! Well, hardly."

So short did Mynheer stop in his career that for a second his coat-tails lay outspread in the air.

"Jetta, a De Keyser has no age. He is always beautiful, good, and young. As long as he lasts he is always a princely match. If he had only one leg — in fact, no legs — he would still be more than desirable. Mynheer has, God be praised! all his faculties, and therefore — Jetta, don't stand staring; call Mettje."

Mettje looked in at the door and gave a doubtful glance at the family group.

"If, child, you had a wish granted to you, what should it be?" Mynheer asked solemnly, and beat time with his forefinger on Mynheer de Keyser's letter.

Mettje leaned her slim back against the door and considered.

"There are two things."

"But, my dearest child, it can be but one thing."

"Very well, then" — with a sign of resignation: "as much apple-sauce as I can possibly eat."

"My innocent child! I knew you would not venture. There, prepare yourself for exceeding joy. A part of this letter relates to you. I will read it: how simple, yet how impressive! 'The last invoice of tobacco was hardly up to —' No, that is n't it. 'Five hundred pounds of better quality.' I am so agitated, I really can't find it. In short, Mettje, he does you the honor to offer you his hand in marriage."

"What?" Jufrow van Steen cried and laughed until her brown eyes glistened with tears. "Marry me? I marry Mynheer de Keyser? Why then I shall have to call him — ha! ha! — Nicodemus."

"True," her father assented respectfully. To him there could be nothing ludicrous about a De Keyser.

"How old is Mynheer?" she asked with sudden gravity.

"Well — in the prime of life, child: seventy or thereabouts."

"He might live ten or fifteen years longer, eh, papa?"

"Twenty," her papa assented briskly.

"Ah, dear me! that is just the trouble."

"What — what?"

Trouble! You — you don't dare to say, suggest — where is your joy? where is your gratitude?"

"As for joy, papa, no matter about that"; and Mistress Mettje shrugged her pretty shoulders. "You can say to him, please, that Jufrow van Steen is deeply grateful, and having no choice whatever in the matter she accepts his offer with — with temperate rapture."

Mynheer's suitable and respectful reply was forwarded to Rotterdam by "Trekschuit" (canal-boat) at the rate of about six miles a day, which is as fast as the wings of love can in Holland carry a declaration of passion.



"AUNT JETTA FOLDED HER HANDS AND WAS DISTINCTLY ICY IN HER JOY."

## II.

A HUNDRED years ago it was a matter of some expense to send a letter; therefore Mynheer van Steen sensibly prefaced his answer with certain business commissions, after which he expressed his joy at the honor Mynheer conferred on the Van Steen family by desiring to marry Mistress Mettje.

It was young Laurens de Keyser who carelessly broke open the five ponderous seals that hid so much information; then he whistled so long and so loud that the nine other clerks paused in the scratching of their several goose-quills to look up in marked disapproval. The truth was that the only son of De Keyser was a black sheep, criminally indifferent to the whole East India trade. Instead of writing at his desk he preferred to stroll along the canals, his hands in his breeches pockets, his cocked hat on the back of his head, gathering information from every vagabond in Rotterdam. Slowly and stately Mynheer de Keyser's great merchantmen sailed down the Boompjes Graacht and anchored at his very front door, and the sight of strange creatures all nimbleness, earrings, and grins, and the pungent smell of the sea, suggesting unknown lands, filled Laurens de Keyser's mind with wild longings for—he hardly knew what.

"Let me see the world, father, sow my wild oats, come back and be a worthy progenitor of the De Keyzers," Laurens urged. This being an innovation on family traditions, young Laurens staid where he was, and became a thorn in Mynheer's flesh.

Instead of writing in the ponderous ledgers, he drew fantastic pictures of young females on the precious office paper—young females not without interest to the other clerks, but at sight of whom Mynheer de Keyser and his head bookkeeper shuddered. If it be added that Laurens owned a guitar and sang songs which made the respectable echoes of the old house moan and quake to have to perpetuate anything so lively, it will be acknowledged that as a De Keyser he was a failure.

He smiled as he folded up Mynheer's letter and murmured, "A nice young person you must be, Mistress Mettje." Then full of visions of compromise he knocked at his father's door.

"What do you want, Laurens? More money, more time for idleness, eh?"

The great De Keyser sat in a cubby-hole surrounded by dusty shelves laden with fly-

blown bottles of ancient samples of everything under heaven. Mynheer sat at a shabby desk beside a window that had an unwashed view of brick area, and one other chair constituted the furniture of this apartment.



"THE GREAT DE KEYSER SAT IN A CUBBY-HOLE."

"By no means, father. Here is a letter from Mynheer van Steen."

"About what?"

"Herrings, currants, brown sugar, and"—here Laurens looked encouragingly at his father—"well, yes, and love."

"Love? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Now, father, let us take it easily and comfortably." And to begin Laurens sat himself astride the chair, folded his arms on the back, and smiled.

"It seems, my dear father, while I am pinning for freedom you are seeking bondage—every one to his taste! It is not every son who would gracefully, nay joyously, receive a new mother, but I will do so if—"

"If what?"

"If you will let me go away from here. Give me a little freedom. I have never seen





METTJE.

the world. I know nothing, I hear nothing. In a general way, I suppose, God made the world for a De Keyser to trade in, and he made people for a De Keyser to trade with. But, father," he added confidently, "I am so deadly tired of being a De Keyser; I should like a change."

"And this is the son I have brought into the world!" was all Mynheer could utter.

Laurens nodded and sighed. "I wish sometimes you had brought some one else into the world."

"And you dare to suggest a bargain with me? Your freedom for mine, indeed! I wish you to understand that if I choose to marry again you have nothing whatever to say about it."

"But, father, if I go away you will have plain sailing, and if I stay she might draw comparisons — and, after all, father, you have been younger."

"Younger! That I have lived to see this day!"

"I am very glad of it, I am sure, but supposing that Mevrouw should fall in love with — me?"

Mynheer turned livid with rage. "Go to the devil! Leave my house! I can get on without you; see if you can get on without me!"

"Do you really mean it, father?" And Laurens rose to his feet.

"Go to the devil!"

"Ultimately perhaps, but I mean to stop at one or two places on the way. Good-by, father"; and young Laurens stepped briskly over the threshold and departed from out of the presence of Mynheer.

### III.

THERE had been times of great public commotion in Sippken. The Spaniards in their day had clattered over the highway, and Duke Alva had passed a night in the old town house in the market-place; but even these circumstances were not so remarkable as to see a young and able-bodied man sitting on a milking-stool in the meadow sketching one of Mynheer van Steen's cows. That any one should do anything but milk a cow was so absurd that the cow was apparently struck by it, for she paused in the chewing of her cud to contemplate the artist. In this she was joined by a small urchin sent to recover the milking-stool, followed by the dairy-maid, a buxom wench in clogs, and on her head a tight, white cap with gold ornaments dangling against her temples.

"Quick, Peter, fetch the Jufrow," she whispered in open-mouthed wonder.

The message reached Mistress Mettje thus: "Quick, Jufrow! something is happening to Brigitta the cow in the meadow."

Mynheer was just taking his afternoon nap when Mettje roused him:

"Father, come down to the meadow; something has happened to our Brigitta." And before he could ask a question she was gone.

Mynheer yawned grievously, took down a rusty old sword, put on his cocked hat, and passed majestically through the kitchen garden to the meadow where danger threatened Brigitta the cow.

"What are you doing to my cow, young man?" he asked, heroically. For the first time the villain looked up at sight of Mynheer and his drawn sword.

"Making a picture of her—if you don't mind."

"Picture of a cow? Bless my soul, what nonsense! What 'll you do with it, eh?"

"Look at it, Mynheer."

"Look at the picture of a cow! What for? You can't cook it or milk it."

"Perhaps I might sell it."

"Sell it! Who'd buy a picture of a cow when he can buy a real one? Listen, Mettje, sell a picture of a cow!" And here he laughed loud and long, while the artist turned hastily about and discovered three hitherto unperceived critics—a small urchin, a fat servant, and the very sweetest young maid in the world, who gazed at him in the most charming surprise. He had a glimpse of brown eyes and chestnut hair, all gold in the ripples, a silver-gray gown dashed with blush-roses, a narrow black velvet about the white throat, and a full sleeve that showed the fairest round arm.

To be laughed at in her presence was not to be borne. He sprung to his feet, kicked over the milking-stool, clutched his sketch, and with a hasty "Pardon my trespassing, Mynheer" turned away just as Mynheer added, with renewed enjoyment:

"Mettje, paint a cow; sell a painted cow! O Nicodemus de Keyser, what would you say to this?"

The artist of the cow turned to catch a last glimpse of young Mettje. He saw the dimple fade out of her cheek, and she sighed.

"Mettje! Sippken! Mynheer de Keyser, to be sure," he thought, filled with wonder and resentment. "Are you Mynheer van Steen?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Truly. I am Hendrick van Steen, Burgomeister of Sippken, young man. But I don't think you have done Brigitta any lasting harm; so do not be alarmed."

"Then you must know old De Keyser of Rotterdam."

"I know the great Mynheer de Keyser," he replied solemnly, resenting the familiarity of this painter of cows. "May I ask who you are, sir?"

"Well, I—I am his son's very—yes, his very dearest friend."

"A very unworthy young man he is, I have heard—Mettje, don't pull at my coat. Still, he is a De Keyser. Assuch he will be related to us some day through my daughter Mettje here, the promised wife of Mynheer de Keyser."

The artist of the cow bowed low and Mettje blushed and dropped a shy courtesy, while the dairy-maid admired this slim and limber young Mynheer.

"And what may your name be, young man?"

"My name, Mynheer? Oh, yes, I—I quite forgot. It is Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam, at your service."

It appeared that Zachary Jansen had a letter of introduction to Mynheer from Laurens De Keyser, and he brought it to him the very next day. "He is my best and dearest friend, and any kindness you may show to him you show to me," the letter read.

Sippken was a sleepy, prosperous Dutch town eddying about a grass-grown marketplace where stood the town pump. The canal that flowed through Sippken to Rotterdam was bordered on each side by a neat row of linden trees and the tidiest of houses, each with a different gable and all having green front doors and brass knockers. An occasional canal-boat, pulled by a heavy, plodding horse, touched the stillness with a suggestion of life. A sybarite could yearn for no greater comfort than to sail on a *trekschuit* with its cozy cabin, lace cur-



"SELL A PICTURE OF A COW!"

tains to the windows, plants on the sills, easy chairs on deck, and a faint line of smoke curling out of a chimney to promise culinary possibilities.

"Haste hastens life," Mynheer liked to say; nevertheless as a rich Dutch merchant he set up a canal-boat of his own with a big, philosophic horse to trundle it down the stream, and so resigned himself to travel at the rate of a mile an hour and hoped it might not be tempting Divine Providence. However, Mynheer had never dallied with the Fates farther than



six miles beyond Sippken. On that occasion, well wrapped up, with a glass of hot grog at his elbow, a bottle of gin on the table, a pipe in his mouth, and a box of hot charcoal under his feet, so had he traveled down the canal all alone to Arndt. Having seen that the rest of the world was a good deal like Sippken he returned and never again succumbed to wild yearnings for change; but it was owing to his heroic energy that he was unanimously chosen Burgomeister of Sippken in the face of no less a rival than Nicholas de Groot.

## IV.

ZACHARY JANSEN was invited to visit Mynheer van Steen, and old Jaspar went over to



JASPAR.

the "Blue Elephant" to fetch his belongings. He returned with a varied collection, among them even a guitar tied with blue ribbons, which caused considerable consternation to the maid who did the chamberwork: even Mettje was perplexed until Aunt Jetta explained. Out of the ashes of remembrance she produced a faint glow.

"I once knew a young Mynheer who played on just such a thing under my window," she sighed.

"What for?" Mettje asked in surprise.

"To tell me, my dear child, that—ah—that he loved me."

"Does playing on that always mean that a young Mynheer is in love?" Mettje spoke with evident anxiety.

"Yes, nearly always."

"Why did he play outside of the window? He might have taken cold."

"He never did recover." And Aunt Jetta sighed heavily.

"Of what, poor aunt?"

"You see, child, your grandfather was deaf, a man of violent passion, sudden purpose, and he lived only for his tulips. One night he thought he heard something move among them—"

"Dear Aunt Jetta!"

"He turned the watering-pot on them—on him. He was drenched—he died."

"From the shock, dear Aunt Jetta, that night?"

"Not quite." Aunt Jetta heaved a sigh. "It was thirty years after, but I always felt sure it was the cause of his death." And she dusted the guitar and felt a gentle interest in young Zachary.

"I wonder if any one has played before Billa's window?" Mettje mused.

Billa de Groot was her dearest friend and the most enterprising young person in Sippken. She had been to Rotterdam, from which she brought fashions that made Sippken groan. One day a coffin-shaped box came by canal-boat and was borne into the De Groot house. Immediately after awful sounds broke the stillness, so that worthy burghers in passing paused and shook their heads. It was said that these sounds had a great deal to do with defeating Nicholas de Groot's heart desire to be Burgomeister of Sippken.

Mynheer de Groot had little to say in his own house, and that saved him a great deal of exertion. He liked to smoke his long clay pipe, sit at the window and watch the canal-boats pass, and he rejoiced to think that he was not in one. Mynheer was not so grateful for what he had in life as for what he avoided. Sometimes when he had the energy he wished some one would kindly marry Jufrow Billa and take her and her piano away; and just when it did seem to him as if no one would relieve him of Billa, the maid one afternoon ushered Mynheer van Steen into the sitting-room.

"What?" Mynheer de Groot murmured.

"Yes," said Mynheer van Steen. Then there was a long pause during which Billa's father took a short nap, from which he was aroused by these extraordinary words: "Will you bestow on me the hand of Jufrow Billa? I shall be very lonely if ever Mettje gets married."

"Do you mean it?" Mynheer de Groot asked tremulously. Mynheer van Steen to marry Billa—and the piano. "My dear friend, my dearest friend, take her, and God bless you"; and he spoke hurriedly for the first time in his life. Then it occurred to them to notify Jufrow Billa of her good fortune.

The piano was still sounding overhead. The two old gentlemen shuddered at the harmonies, and Mynheer gazed at the bold suitor with a wan smile.

"Don't be alarmed. I have no fear. We will change all that. The late *Mevrouw van Steen* obeyed me like a—a lamb."

Mynheer de Groot vanished, the piano stopped with a crash, but in hardly more than a moment he reappeared, quivering, undone; even his lower lip trembled.

"What ails you? Where is your daughter?"

"My dear, dear friend." Here he dropped into the nearest chair and groaned.

"What—speak out."

"It—it—cannot be."

"What are you talking about?"

"Billa—dear God in heaven, that I should have to say it! Billa—will—not."

What, he, Hendrik van Steen jilted—tossed aside by a fool of a girl?

Mynheer spoke never a word more, but he seized his cocked hat and cane, slammed the door behind him and vowed vengeance, and the first thing he did was to be elected *Burgomeister* of Sippken in opposition to Nicholas de Groot.

#### V.

MYNHEER ZACHARY was a great acquisition, and he made himself infinitely agreeable. As he had great tact and unlimited spare time, he talked with Mynheer about investments, herrings, and De Keyser; with Aunt Jetta about poetry and cooking (for she loved both); and he helped Jufrow Mettje to water the plants and cut the fruit in the kitchen garden.

Dare to say there is no sentiment in a kitchen garden! Did not Mettje sit on the bench under a peach tree and stare at a fat yellow pumpkin and feel that her heart was breaking?

Strange to say, every afternoon before this, while the *Burgomeister* took his afternoon nap and Aunt Jetta's front reposed on a bust without features, Mettje with her garden basket on her arm met Zachary in the kitchen garden and he helped her to gather—the vegetables. No sentiment, indeed! Why, a field of vegetables is as full of poetry as the desolate moors. O Teltower turnips and tender carrots, Brussels sprouts, poetry of cabbage, melons in golden ripeness, and great black grapes with a purple blush! Pumpkins heavy but precious, yellow pears mellowing in the sun, and peaches as rosy as Mettje's cheeks. No sentiment, indeed! There was even shadow to bring the sunlight into relief, for Mettje's heart was heavy for Zachary. Well, Zachary did not come.

Mynheer van Steen, who abhorred music, was awakened the very next afternoon by the

tinkle of a guitar. At first he thought it was an aggressive fly, but at last he traced the obnoxious sound to Mynheer Zachary's chamber overhead, and when that sinner strolled in for his afternoon cup of tea Mynheer remarked that he should advise his young friend to cultivate the acquaintance of Billa de Groot, as she made just the same damnable noise.

Then the awful secret was divulged, and Mettje heard it.

"Jufrow de Groot, my old friend from Rotterdam? I have seen her very often since I came here. She played to me yesterday afternoon."

Here Mettje's hand shook so as she passed the tea-cup to Zachary that it played a tune of its own on the saucer. So while she had waited in vain in the kitchen garden he was leaning over that dreadful box on spindle legs and gazing into Billa's eyes!

Here Mettje hid behind the tea-kettle and was very wretched. Just then Zachary asked for more tea, and as he held out his cup he tried very artfully to touch her slim fingers with his own. I do not say that he had never before succeeded, only this time Mettje drew herself up with great dignity. But when she returned the cup he looked so reproachfully, so beseechingly at her, that she wished she had taken firmer hold of the saucer even at the risk of meeting the hurried touch of his hand, for it fell with a crash and inundated the tea-caddy, the cookies, the dish of rock-candy, and the sacred tea-cloth, and just then the maid came in with a letter which she placed at Mynheer's side on the window-sill. Then like a crack of doom sounded his voice:

"Mettje, my child, rejoice. Mynheer de Keyser is coming next week. In the meantime he sends you the expression of his profound esteem."

With one accord Mettje's eyes met Zachary's. She forgot her anger and pain, everything but that this was the end, and the roses faded out of her cheeks and her lips trembled.

"Aha, young man, you will meet Mynheer under particularly pleasing circumstances. He shall help you at my recommendation." And all day long Mynheer went about the house murmuring, "Nicodemus, Nicodemus de Keyser, my son-in-law." He put his nose into every pot and pan, and was discovered shining the little mirror in the guest room with the tail of his dressing-gown. In short, his one thought was to make everything worthy of the illustrious advent of Nicodemus de Keyser.

In the midst of the expectant joy young Zachary's face wore a look of profound gloom, so that at last the *Burgomeister* remonstrated.

"What ails you, young man? Be happy; Mynheer de Keyser is coming."



Here Zachary groaned, and leaned against the table and played a tattoo on the shining mahogany. "The truth is, I must go away."

"Oh, is that all?"

"All!"

"Well, you could not expect to stay forever: the best of friends must part." At this juncture Mynheer burst into a gruff "Haw! haw!" while Zachary stared at him in surprise.

"Young man, do you think that I am a fool? Don't you suppose I know that something ails you? Shall I guess?"

"Guess!"

"Think I am blind, eh? Well, not of late

sentiment. I know the young person, and I have reason to believe that her father is dying to get rid of her. He loves her, of course, but still she is too lively for him. Here is your chance."

"But, Mynheer, I have neither money nor position."

"Bah! He has enough for all. Listen. What is done cannot be undone."

"I know, but I do not see the connection."

"She is his only child; he will forgive her even if she marries you against his will. He must relent — I will intercede." And Mynheer slapped his honest breast.



"I AM NICODEMUS DE KEYSER."

years! Young man, you are — ha! ha! — in love."

"In love, Mynheer?"

"Such things have happened before — it's no crime." And here he wagged his old head.

"You are right"; and Zachary appeared resigned. "I am in love."

"So while she played 'Bang, bang, bang' and you 'Twang, twang, twang,' Cupid flew between, eh? Why to Heaven, you fool, don't you speak to her — marry her?"

Zachary seated himself in the nearest chair and contemplated his worthy friend.

"Marry her? That's not so easy."

"Does n't she know?"

Zachary shook his head.

"Of course she knows; I thought so. Then, in Heaven's name, of what are you afraid?"

"Well, of — her father."

"Of her father? A nice lover you! Don't be a milksop! There, we'll speak without

Zachary leaned back and gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

"So you advise me to — to —"

"I advise nothing. All I say is, the inevitable cannot be undone, and he will relent."

"But the going — that is not so easy."

"Listen, Zachary. I will give you a proof of my friendship. You shall have my *trekschuit*, Jasper, and the horse whenever you wish. Jasper shall ask no questions; he rarely speaks, and he never thinks."

"My more than father! Who would have thought to find so much sentiment in so serious a man?"

"Sentiment? I believe you. Wait until you see the *trekschuit* and the little cupboards for rum and gin, and a charcoal stove. Nothing wanting — all my own inventions. True sentiment remembers that man must eat and drink. God bless you, my boy. The boat shall be ready whenever you are."

This being a true history, I must confess that no sooner was Zachary in the corridor than he seemed to shake to pieces with suppressed laughter, while on the other side of the door Mynheer sank back in his arm-chair and roared until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks.

"And so the piano was too much for you, Nicholas de Groot? Now we shall see how you like that other damnable instrument; and this time, Mynheer, it is—ha! ha!—forever."

The next day Zachary confided to his benevolent friend that he was ready.

"Ah, you sly dog, when do you want the *trekschuit*? You see I am a man of my word."

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Five o'clock!" Mynheer cried in dismay. "Why, old Jaspar never got up at five o'clock in his life. He could n't and he would n't."

"Shall my life's happiness wreck on old Jaspar?" Zachary demanded with some resentment.

"Why at five? Make it nine."

"We shall get no start. If we go at five no one but you will know, and when they miss us about ten o'clock, why, don't you see there is n't a horse in Sippken fast enough to overtake us?"

"That is true. I will do more. I will bribe Jaspar: he shall have a new snuff-box. But one thing I cannot do: I cannot see you off."

"God forbid!" Zachary cried in alarm. "That would n't do at all."

"Well, then, God be with you! We've all been young in our day. Aha, you sly rogue, you!"

## VI.

THE eventful day dawned like any other day except that Mettje had a headache, so Aunt Jetta said. Mynheer shook his head in disapproval and ate his breakfast in silence. He ate five meals in marked displeasure, and after a hearty supper he and Aunt Jetta sat down for their nightly game of cards.

"I am glad, Jetta, when Mynheer de Keyser takes the child off my hands," he cried irritably.

"Did it ever occur to you that Mynheer is a little old for Mettje?"

"Old? Jetta, do you want to make me angry?" And down he flung his cards.

"Yes, old," Aunt Jetta repeated stoutly. "There, take up your cards and play."

"I tell you a De Keyser is never old."

"Very well, then; he has been younger. She will never love him."

"Love—love? Did I ever love Mevrouw? Never! But did n't we live in peace and comfort?"

"You did."

"Will you hold your tongue, Jetta?"

VOL. XXXVIII.—100.

"There, yes, I'll stop. Take up your cards and play."

Mynheer obeyed, though boiling with rage; but as he had good cards the wrath in his face gave way to a look of pleasing excitement; in the midst of which some one knocked with the knocker against the front door.

"Some one to see Mynheer," the maid announced briefly.

"This is no time to come. Can't see any one." And Mynheer did not even look up from his cards.

"Shall I tell him to wait, Mynheer?"

"Tell him to go to the devil. No, tell him to wait. I am busy just now."

"He looks accustomed to waiting," the handmaid volunteered, and departed. Mynheer played on. Half an hour passed, the luck began to turn, and Mynheer lost his temper. The door opened once more. "If you please, Mynheer, he is still waiting. He would be glad if—"

"Get out! Tell him pretty soon. Impudent beggar. Beggar, is n't he?"

"Probably, Mynheer. He is shabby enough."

"Tell him to come to-morrow," Mynheer commanded petulantly, and continued to play until there came another knock at the door.

"Come in, and be hanged!" he roared, and dashed his cards on the table until everything shook.

On the threshold appeared a little old man in shabby clothes, faded and snuff-strewn. He held a cocked hat under his arm, and he looked inquiringly at Mynheer.

"How dare you disturb me? What do you want? Did n't I tell you to come to-morrow? Am I to have no peace in life—am I always to be pestered? What—what—who—who?" Mynheer gasped, deprived of breath.

The little ancient man came a step nearer. "I am anxious to speak to you. I have something of importance to say and to find out—"

"The old story!" Mynheer cried, in unrepresed scorn. "What is your name?"

"Pardon my forgetfulness. I forgot—as people always know me. I am Nicodemus de Keyser of Rotterdam."

Mynheer van Steen was prostrated. Even Aunt Jetta stared at the stranger quite aghast.

"I came sooner than you expected for certain reasons."

"Heavenly powers!" moaned Mynheer van Steen. Here he revived, leaped to his feet, flung his arms about the struggling visitor, and kissed him on the top of his wig.

"Nicodemus de Keyser, the great, the rich De Keyser, so to receive a De Keyser!" Whereupon he thrust him into his own arm-chair, placed a cricket under his feet, then with a flash of inspiration he cried:



"Call Mettje. She is longing to see Mynheer. Hurry, Jetta!"

"Hendrik, do not forget that she is ill," Aunt Jetta remonstrated, and folded her hands on her knees; but the great De Keyser interposed shortly, "First disagreeables, then pleasures. Sit down, Mynheer; you make me nervous. I have reasons for coming without notice and not giving my name. You may know that I have a son."

Mynheer bowed with respectful commiseration.

"He has run away. We parted in anger. He was traced to Sippken. Has he been here? I must see him — speak to him."

"No, he has not been here; only a very pleasing young friend of his who brought me a warm letter of introduction from your son. To be recommended by a De Keyser is sufficient; this humble abode has been his home for three weeks. Perhaps you may know him — Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam."

"Never heard of him. Where is he now?"

"Ha! ha! a sly young dog. I have reason to believe that he has gone on a pleasure excursion, in what I guess to be rather pleasant company. You understand, Mynheer; but boys will be boys — ha, ha!"

"Describe this reprobate to me, you old fool!" Mynheer de Keyser roared.

Mynheer van Steen quaked. A terrible illumination broke upon him, and it was Aunt Jetta who placed a neat silhouette before Mynheer de Keyser.

"That is Zachary: he had it cut for me at the 'kirmess' last week," she explained.

"As I thought — my son."

Mynheer van Steen grew faint with rage as he thought how he had helped Jufrow de Groot to a De Keyser, no matter how unworthy.

"And is it this young man who is taking a country excursion with — oh!" the indignant father cried, and strode up and down the room.

"Call Mettje! She must come, Jetta; I tell you she must come," Mynheer cried. He would lighten the blow by producing a counter attraction. "Yes, you shall see Mettje! Forget this wretched young man. I will fetch her."

"Hendrik, consider she is ill." And Aunt Jetta barred the way.

"Let me pass!"

"Then in God's name!" And the old lady sunk into the nearest chair and grasped the arms for support.

"Something awful is going to happen. O Mynheer de Keyser! consider, be merciful. She was too young for you."

"What are you all talking about! Are you all mad?" But before she could explain

Mynheer burst into the room, an open letter in one hand and a dripping candle in the other.

"Mynheer de Keyser," was all he could say as he fell into a chair and dropped the candle on the floor. "Read."

"My dear father," Mynheer de Keyser read, "forgive me — I love him — I cannot live without him — when this reaches you I — I shall be the happiest girl in Holland, for I shall be the wife of Laurens de Keyser."

"Mynheer van Steen, how is this? You knew that my son had eloped with your daughter?"

"Oh no, no!" Mynheer groaned. "It is a horrible mistake. I thought — I had reason to think he loved Jufrow de Groot. It was she I suspected — and she has been missing all day"; and he held his head in his hands and rocked to and fro.

Just then Jaspar looked cheerfully in at the door. "I've come back, Mynheer. Mynheer Zachary sends his love and his best thanks. He said it was the happiest day of his life; so did the Jufrow."

"Jufrow — what Jufrow?"

"Why, Jufrow Mettje, of course."

"Blockhead! And you let your master's daughter run away in a boat with this villain and you did n't try to bring her back, even if — if you had to knock him down?"

This was too much for old Jaspar.

"Did n't you tell me to take no notice?" he demanded in righteous resentment. "Did you not say to me, 'Whatever you see or hear, Jaspar, don't be surprised. Don't ask questions, don't notice the young folks. It is all right.' And I will say it was pretty hard not to be surprised when I saw Mynheer Zachary lift Jufrow Mettje into the boat. She was all rosy red and ready to cry, but young Mynheer kissed her and I heard him say: 'It's all your dear father's doing. If it had n't been for him we never should have got away. So you see it is God's will, Mettje.' So she wiped her eyes and was very happy."

"It's all a lie!" Mynheer shouted, but Jaspar's composure was not to be ruffled.

"And, if you please, here's a letter from Mynheer Zachary," he added, and departed.

The letter was addressed to Mynheer de Keyser when he should arrive in Sippken.

"Later, Mynheer, you will explain to me your connection with this wretched affair," he said sternly, and then he opened the letter.

My dear father [Laurens wrote], you were very unwise not to take my advice. Had you granted me my wish, Mettje, instead of being my dear wife, as she will be when this reaches you, would have been my revered mother. If you knew my enchanting Mettje you would understand that I prefer her

in her present character. You must know I strayed to Sippken out of sheer idleness, and I was besides curious to see the young person who was willing to be my step-mother. The first thing I did was to fall in love with her. It is not my fault: it is Mettje's, and even you will forgive when you see her. After all, she remains in the family, and that is a great thing. Above everything thank Mynheer van Steen for the happiness he has conferred upon us. Without his aid Mettje and I would still be pining in Sippken, and instead we are sitting side by side in the snug cabin in the world, and Mettje's head is on my shoulder. O father, if you could only see the roses in Mettje's cheeks! Tell Mynheer that the cupboards were all he described—he was too thoughtful! The gin was particularly good—good as the advice and help of Jufrow de Groot, which, next to his own, helped to support Mettje and me in this trial. Had I not already chosen Mettje, I might have followed his excellent counsel and taken Jufrow de Groot, but even Mettje thought we'd best not change our plans. It is the loveliest morning that ever dawned—made just for Mettje and me. As soon as I have sealed this letter I shall send it back by Jasper and the boat. Father, don't say that I did not warn you! I said she might fall in love with me—and I have just asked her. She looked up at me with her brown eyes and then she hid her sunny head on my breast and said—Father, pray forgive the blots, for I dropped the pen to—no matter! You were once young yourself and courted *Mevrouw*, my dear mother, and you know how it is. Forgive me, and some day open your heart again. You have had your romance, probably; forgive me mine. If you only knew what I have to live for now you would believe me when I say that from this day I shall be another man.

LAURENS DE KEYSER.

Mynheer de Keyser slowly folded the letter and gazed in profound scorn at the Burgomeister. The pause that followed was simply appalling, but Aunt Jetta broke it.

"Mynheer de Keyser," she began quite calmly, "believe me you have escaped a great misfortune. What did you, an old man, want of a young wife? She would have ruined the last of your life. Be grateful that your son saw her before it was too late for you both. You cannot be heart-broken, for you have never seen my niece. To be sure, your son has run away with a pretty girl, but under other circumstances this marriage would have been satisfactory to you. Therefore take my advice,

forgive and forget. Return to Rotterdam and receive those children with open arms, and rejoice that your son has chosen the wife of his heart. As for you, brother,"—and Aunt Jetta turned sharply upon him where he sat crushed and subdued,—“you seem the victim of a mistake. I will not try to guess why you wished the charming Billa to run away with a young man of whom you know nothing. As it was Mettje, however, who went instead, I will tell you that I also helped her to escape from a fate an older person would have welcomed.” Here Aunt Jetta courtesied and Mynheer de Keyser bowed low. “Consider that, as Laurens says, she remains in the family; and so if Mynheer will graciously forgive, you certainly should, for,” Aunt Jetta concluded dryly, “it was all your fault.”

“If Mynheer de Keyser will forgive,” the Burgomeister faltered.

“After all,” said the great De Keyser, “it might have been worse, for I shall not have to worry in future about getting him married. Your sister,” he concluded, in an admiring undertone, “is a very sensible person.”

Indeed, in the course of a week he found her so much to his taste that when he returned to Rotterdam it was in company with a new *Mevrouw* de Keyser. To be sure, not the one he went in search of; but, as he said with great satisfaction to Laurens, when that young man returned from his wedding journey with *Mevrouw* Mettje, it was all right, for they had remained in the family. Thereupon he pinched Mettje's cheeks until the child glowed like a peach, and he pinched his own *Mevrouw* de Keyser's until she glowed like a winter apple. In the course of time Mynheer Laurens became a famous merchant, and he ended as Burgomeister of Rotterdam. From being slim he grew portly, and when he was in good humor he liked to talk of his travels. The best journey he had ever taken was, he always declared, on a *trekschuit*. “Eh, *Mevrouw* Mettje?” he would cry, and to her last day *Mevrouw* always hung her head and blushed.

“What is your opinion, Mettje? Were you ever sorry?”

“No, Mynheer—if you were not.”

*Anna Eichberg King.*





# THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

## IV.



HERE was one individual in Hillsborough who did not give the cold shoulder to Judge Bascom on his return, and that was the negro Jesse, who had been bought by Major Jimmy Bass some years before the war from Merriwether Bascom, a cousin of the Judge.

Jesse made no outward demonstration of welcome; he was more practical than that. He merely went to his old master with whom he had been living since he became free, and told him that he was going to find employment elsewhere.

"Why, what in the nation!" exclaimed Major Bass. "Why, what's the matter, Jess?"

The very idea was preposterous. In the Bass household the negro was almost indispensable. He was in the nature of a piece of furniture that holds its own against all fashions and fills a place that nothing else can fill.

"Dey ain't nothin' 't all de matter, Marse Maje. I des took it in my min', like, dat I 'd go off some'r's roun' town en set up fer myse'f," said Jesse, scratching his head in a dubious way. He felt very uncomfortable.

"Has anybody hurt your feelin's, Jess?"

"No, suh! Lord, no suh, dat dey ain't!" exclaimed Jesse, with the emphasis of astonishment. "Nobody ain't pester me."

"Ain't your Miss Sarah been rushin' you roun' too lively fer to suit your notions?"

"No, suh."

"Ain't she been a-quarrelin' after you about your work?"

"No, Marse Maje; she ain't say a word."

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of common sense are you gwine off fer?" The major wanted to argue the matter.

"I got it in my min', Marse Maje, but I dunno ez I kin git it out straight." Jesse leaned his cane against the house, and placed his hat on the steps, as if preparing for a lengthy and elaborate explanation. "Now den, hit look dis way ter me, des like I 'm gwine ter tell you. I ain't nothin' but a nigger, I know dat mighty well, en nobody don't hafter tell me. I 'm a nigger, en you a white man. You're a-settin' up dar in de peazzer, en I 'm a-stan'in' down yer

on de groun'. I been wid you a long time; you treat me well, you gimme plenty vittles, en you pay me up when you got de money, en I hustle roun' en do de bes' I kin in de house en in de gyarden. Dat de way it been gwine on; bofe un us feel like it all sati'factual. Bimeby it come over me dat maybe I kin do mo' work dan what I been a-doin' en git mo' money. Hit work roun' in my min' dat I better be layin' up somepin' n'er fer de ole 'oman en de chillun."

"Well!" exclaimed Major Bass with a snort. It was all he could say.

"En den ag'in," Jesse went on, "one er de ole fambly done come back 'long wid his daughter. Marse Briscoe Bascom en Miss Milledred dey done come back, en dey ain't got nobody fer ter he'p um out no way; en my ole 'oman she say dat ef I got any fambly feelin' I better go dar whar Marse Briscoe is."

For some time Major Jimmy Bass sat silent. He was shocked and stunned. Finally Jesse picked up his hat and cane and started to go. As he brushed his hat with his coat-sleeve his old master saw that he was rigged out in his Sunday clothes. As he moved away the major called him:

"Oh, Jess!"

"Suh?"

"I allers knowed you was a durned fool, Jess, but I never did know before that you was the durndest fool in the universal world."

Jesse made no reply, and the major went into the house. When he told his wife about Jesse's departure, that active-minded and sharp-tongued lady was very angry.

"Indeed, and I 'm glad of it," she exclaimed as she poured out the major's coffee; "I 'm truly glad of it. For twenty-five years that nigger has been laying around here doing nothing, and we a-paying him. But for pity's sake I 'd 'a' drove him off the lot long ago. You may n't believe it, but that nigger is ready and willing to eat his own weight in vittles every week the Lord sends. I ain't sorry he's gone, but I 'm sorry I did n't have a chance to give him a piece of my mind. Now, don't you go to blabbing it around, like you do everything else, that Jesse has gone and left us to go with old Briscoe Bascom."

Major Bass said he would n't, and he did n't, and that is the reason he expressed surprise

when Joe-Bob Grissom informed him that Jesse was waiting on the old Judge and his daughter. Major Jimmy was talkative and fond of gossip, but he had too much respect for his wife's judgment and discretion to refuse to toe the mark, even when it was an imaginary one.

The Bascom family had no claim whatever on Jesse, but he had often heard his mother and other negroes boasting that they had once belonged to the Bascoms, and his fondness for the family was the result of both tradition and instinct. He had that undefined and undefinable respect for people of quality that is one of the virtues, or possibly one of the failings, of human nature. The nearest approach to people of quality, so far as his experience went, was to be found in the Bascom family, and he had never forgotten that he had belonged to an important branch of it. He held it as a sort of distinction. Feeling thus, it is no wonder that he was ready to leave a comfortable home at Major Jimmy Bass's for the privilege of attaching himself and his fortunes to those of the Judge and his daughter. Jesse made up his mind to take this step as soon as the Bascoms returned to Hillsborough, and he made no delay in carrying out his intentions.

Early one morning, not long after Judge Bascom and his daughter had settled themselves in the modest little house which they had selected because the rent was low, Mildred heard some one cutting wood in the yard. Opening her window blinds a little, she saw that the ax was wielded by a stalwart negro a little past middle age. Her father was walking up and down the sidewalk on the outside with his hands behind him, and seemed to be talking to himself.

A little while afterwards Mildred went into the kitchen. She found a fire burning in the stove, and everything in noticeably good order, but the girl she had employed to help her about the house was nowhere to be seen. Whereupon the young lady called her—

"Elvira!"

At this the negro dropped his ax and went to the kitchen.

"Howdy, Mistiss?"

"Have you seen Elvira?" Mildred asked.

"Yes 'm, she wuz hangin' roun' yer when I come roun' dis mornin'. I went in dar, ma'm, en I see how de kitchen wuz all messed up, en den I sent her off. She de mos' no 'countest nigger gal what I ever laid my two eyes on. I'm name' Jesse, ma'm, en I use' ter b'long ter de Bascom fambly when I wuz a boy. Is you ready fer breakfus, Mistiss?"

"Has my father—has Judge Bascom employed you?" Mildred asked. Jesse laughed as though enjoying a good joke.

"No 'm, dat he ain't! I des come my own se'f, kaze I know'd in reason you wuz gwine ter be in needance er somebody. Lord, no 'm, none er de Bascoms don't hafter hire me, ma'm."

"And who told you to send Elvira away?" Mildred inquired, half vexed and half amused.

"Nobody ain't tell me, ma'm," Jesse replied. "When I come she wuz des settin' in dar by de stove noddin', en de whole kitchen look like it been tore up by a harrycane. I des shuck her up, I did, en tell her dat if dat de way she gwine do, she better go 'long back en stay wid her mammy."

"Well, you are very meddlesome," said Mildred. "I don't understand you at all. Who is going to cook breakfast?"

"Mistiss, I done tell you dat breakfus is all ready en a-waitin'," exclaimed Jesse in an injured tone. "I made dat gal set de table, en dey ain't nothin' ter do but put de vittles on it."

It turned out to be a very good breakfast, too, such as it was. Jesse thought while he was preparing it that it was a very small allowance for two hearty persons. But the secret of its scantiness cropped out while the Judge and his daughter were eating.

"These biscuits are very well cooked. But there are too many of them. My daughter, we must pinch and save; it will only be for a little while. We must have the old Place back; we must rake and scrape, and save money and buy it back. And this coffee is very good, too," he went on; "it has quite the old flavor. I thought the girl was too young, but she's a good cook—a very good cook indeed."

Jesse, who had taken his stand behind the Judge's chair, arrayed in a snow-white apron, moved his body uneasily from one foot to the other. Mildred, glad to change the conversation, told her father about Jesse.

"Ah, yes," said Judge Bascom, in his kindly, patronizing way; "I saw him in the yard. And he used to belong to the Bascoms? Well, well, it must have been a long time ago. This is Jesse behind me? Stand out there, Jesse, and let me look at you. Ah, yes, a likely negro; a very likely negro indeed. And what Bascom did you belong to, Jesse? Merriwether Bascom! Why, to be sure; why, certainly!" the Judge continued with as much animation as his feebleness would admit of. "Why, of course, Merriwether Bascom. Well, well, I remember him distinctly. A rough-and-tumble sort of man he was, fighting, gambling, horse-racing, always on the wing. A good man at bottom, but wild. And so you belonged to Merriwether Bascom? Well, boy, once a Bascom always a Bascom. We'll have the old Place back, Jesse, we'll have it back: but we must pinch ourselves; we must save."



Thus the old Judge rambled on in his talk. But no matter what the subject, no matter how far his memory and his experiences carried him away from the present, he was sure to return to the old Place at last. He must have it back. Every thought, every idea, was subordinate to this. He brooded over it and talked of it waking, and he dreamed of it sleeping. It was the one thought that dominated every other. Money must be saved, the old Place must be bought, and to that end everything must tend. The more his daughter economized the more he urged her to economize. His earnestness and enthusiasm impressed and influenced the young girl in a larger measure than she would have been willing to acknowledge, and unconsciously she found herself looking forward to the day when her father and herself would be able to call the Bascom Place their own. In the Judge the thought was the delusion of old age, in the maiden it was the dream of youth; and pardonable, perhaps, in both.

Their hopes and desires running thus in one channel, they loved to wander of an evening in the neighborhood of the old Place—it was just in the outskirts of the town—and long for the time when they should take possession of their home. On these occasions Mildred, by way of interesting her father, would suggest changes to be made.

"The barn is painted red," she would say. "I think olive green would be prettier."

"No," the Judge would reply; "we will have the barn removed. It was not there in my time. It is an innovation. We will have it moved a mile away from the house. We will make many changes. There are hundreds of acres in the meadow yonder that ought to be in cotton. In my time we tried to kill grass, but this man is doing his best to propagate it. Look at that field of Bermuda there. Two years of hard work will be required to get the grass out."

Once while the Judge and his daughter were passing by the old Place they met Prince, the mastiff, in the road. The great dog looked at the young lady with kindly eyes, and expressed his approval by wagging his tail. Then he approached and allowed her to fondle his lion-like head, and walked by her side, responding to her talk in a dumb but eloquent way. Prince evidently thought that the young lady and her father were going in the avenue gate and to the house, for when they got nearly opposite, the dog trotted on ahead, looking back occasionally, as if by that means to extend them an invitation and to assure them that they were welcome. At the gate he stopped and turned around, and seeing that the fair lady and the old gentleman were going by, he dropped his bulky body on the ground in a disconsolate

way and watched them as they passed down the street.

The next afternoon Prince made it a point to watch for the young lady; and when she and her father appeared in sight he ran to meet them and cut up such unusual capers, barking and running around, that his master went down the avenue to see what the trouble was. Mr. Underwood took off his hat as Judge Bascom and his daughter drew near.

"This is Judge Bascom, I presume," he said. "My name is Underwood. I am glad to meet you."

"This is my daughter, Mr. Underwood," said the Judge, bowing with great dignity.

"My dog has paid you a great compliment, Miss Bascom," said Francis Underwood. "He makes few friends, and I have never before seen him sacrifice his dignity to his enthusiasm."

"I feel highly flattered by his attentions," said Mildred, laughing. "I have read somewhere, or heard it said, that the instincts of a little child and a dog are unerring."

"I imagine," said the Judge, in his dignified way, "that instinct has little to do with the matter. I prefer to believe"—He paused a moment, looked at Underwood, and laid his hand on the young man's stalwart shoulder. "Did you know, sir," he went on, "that this place, all these lands, once belonged to me?" His dignity had vanished, his whole attitude changed. The pathos in his voice, which was suggested rather than expressed, swept away whatever astonishment Francis Underwood might have felt. The young man looked at the Judge's daughter and their eyes met. In that one glance, transitory though it was, he found his cue; in her lustrous eyes, proud yet appealing, he read a history of trouble and sacrifice.

"Yes," Underwood replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "I knew the place once belonged to you, and I have been somewhat proud of the fact. We still call it the Bascom Place, you know."

"I should think so!" exclaimed the Judge, bridle up a little; "I should think so! Pray what else could it be called?"

"Well, it might have been called Grasslands, you know, or The Poplars, but somehow the old name seemed to suit it best. I like to think of it as the Bascom Place."

"You are right, sir," said the Judge with emphasis; "you are right, sir. It is the Bascom Place. All the powers of earth cannot strip us of our name."

Again Underwood looked at the young girl, and again he read in her shining but apprehensive eyes the answer he should make.

"I have been compelled to add some con-



veniences—I will not call them improvements—and I have made some repairs, but I have tried to preserve the main and familiar features of the Place.”

“But the barn there; that is not where it should be. It should be a mile away—on the creek.”

“That would improve appearances, no doubt; but if you were compelled to get out at four or five o’clock in the morning and see to the milking of twelve or fifteen cows, I dare say you would wish the barn even nearer than it is.”

“Yes, yes, I suppose so,” responded the Judge; “yes, no doubt. But it was not there in my time—not in my time.”

“I have some very fine cows,” Underwood went on. “Won’t you go in and look at them? I think they would interest Miss Bascom, and my sister would be glad to meet her. Won’t you go in, sir, and look at the old house?”

The Judge turned his pale and wrinkled face towards his old home.

“No,” he said, “not now. I thank you very much. I—somehow—no, sir, I cannot go now.”

His hand shook as he raised it to his face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

“Let us go home, daughter,” he said after a while. “We have walked far enough.” He bowed to young Underwood, and Mildred bade him good-bye with a troubled smile.

Prince went with them a little way down the street. He walked by the side of the lady, and her pretty hand rested lightly on the dog’s massive head. It was a beautiful picture, Underwood thought, as he stood watching them pass out of sight.

“You are a lucky dog,” he said to Prince when the latter came back, “but you don’t appreciate your privileges. If you did you would have gone home with that lovely woman.” Prince wagged his tail, but it is doubtful if he fully understood the remark.

# V.

ONE Sunday morning as Major Jimmy Bass was shaving himself, he heard a knock at the back door. The major had his coat and waistcoat off and his suspenders were hanging around his hips. He was applying the lather for the last time, and the knocking was so sudden and so unexpected that he rubbed the shaving-brush in one of his eyes. He began to make some remarks which, however appropriate they may have been to the occasion, could not be reported here with propriety. But in the midst of his indignant monologue he remembered that the knocking might have proceeded from some of Mrs. Bass’s lady friends who frequently

made a descent on the premises in that direction for the purpose of borrowing a cupful of sugar or coffee in a social way. These considerations acted as powerful brakes on the conversation that Major Bass was carrying on with some imaginary foe. Holding a towel to his smarting eye, he peeped from his room door and looked down the hall. The back door was open, but he could see no one.

“Who was that knocking?” he cried. “I’ll go one eye on you anyways.”

“T ain’t nobody but me, Marse Maje,” came the response from the door.

“Is that you, Jess?” exclaimed the major. “Well, pleg-take your hide to the pleg-taked nation! A little more an’ you ’d ’a’ made me cut my th’oat from year to year; an’ as it is, I ’ve jest about ’got enough soap in my eye fer to do a day’s washin’.”

“Is you shavin’ yourse’f, Marse Maje?” asked Jesse, diplomatically.

“That I am,” replied the major with emphasis. “I allers was independent of white folks, an’ sence you pulled up your stakes an’ took up wi’ the quality I ’m about independent of the niggers. An’ it ’s mighty quare to me,” the major went on, “that you ’d leave your high an’ mighty people long enough fer to come a-bangin’ an’ makin’ me put out my eyes. Why, ef I ’d ’a’ had my razor out, I ’ll be boun’ you ’d made me cut my th’oat, an’ much good may it ’a’ done you.”

“Name er goodness, Marse Maje,” protested Jesse, “what make you go on dat a-way? Ef I ’d ’a’ knowed you wuz busy in dar I ’d ’a’ set out yer in de sun en waited twel you got thoo.”

“Yes,” said the major in a sarcastic but somewhat mollified tone, “you ’d ’a’ sot out there an’ got to noddin’, an’ then bimeby your Miss Sarah would ’a’ come along an’ ketched you there, an’ I ’ll be boun’ she ’d ’a’ lammed you wi’ a chunk of wood; bekaze she don’t ’low no loafin’ in the back yard sence you been gone. I don’t know what you come fer,” the major continued, still wiping the lather out of his eye, “an’ nuther do I keer; but sence you are here you kin come in an’ finish shavin’ me, fer to pay fer the damage you ’ve done.”

Jesse was apparently overjoyed to find that he could be of some service. He bustled around in the liveliest manner, and was soon mowing the major’s fat face with the light but firm touch for which he was noted. As he shaved he talked.

“Marse Maje,” he said, “does you know what I come fer dis mornin’?”

“I ’ve been tryin’ to think,” replied the major; “but I could n’t tell you ef I was a-gwine to be hung fer it. You are up to some devilment, I know mighty well, but I wist I may die ef I ’ve got any idee what it is.”



"Now, Marse Maje, what make you talk dat a-way?"

"Oh, I know you, Jess, an' I've been a-knowin' you a mighty long time. Your Miss Sarah may n't know you, Jess, but I know you from the groun' all the way up."

Jesse laughed. He was well aware that the major's wife was the knowing one of that family. He had waited until that excellent lady had issued from the house on her way to church, and it was not until she was out of sight that he thought it safe to call on the major. Even now, after he had found the major alone, the negro was somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of explaining the nature of his business; but the old man was inquisitive.

"Oh, yes, Jess!" the major went on, after pausing long enough to have the corner of his mouth shaved — "oh, yes! I know you, an' I know you've got somethin' on your min' right now. Spit it out."

"Well, I'll tell you de trufe, Marse Maje," said Jesse, after hesitating for some time; "I tell you de Lord's trufe, I come yer atter somepin' ter eat."

Major Bass caught the negro by the arm, pushed the razor carefully out of the way, and sat bolt upright in the chair.

"Do you mean to stan' up there, you triffin' rascal," the major exclaimed, "an' tell me, right before my face an' eyes, that you've come a-sneakin' back here atter vittles? Why n't you stay where the vittles was?" Major Bass was really indignant.

"Wait, Marse Maje; des gimme time," said Jesse, nervously strapping the razor on the palm of his hand. "Des gimme time, Marse Maje. You fly up so, suh, dat you git me all mixed up wid myse'f. I come atter vittles, dat the Lord's trufe; but I ain't come atter 'em fer myse'f. Nigger like me don't stay hongry long roun' whar folks know 'em like dey does me."

"Well, who in the name of reason sent you then?" asked the major.

"Nobody ain't sont me, suh," said Jesse.

"Well, who do you want 'em fer?" insisted the major.

"Marse Judge Bascom en Miss Mildred," replied Jesse, solemnly.

Major Jimmy Bass fell back in his chair in a state of collapse, overcome by his astonishment.

"Well!" he exclaimed as soon as he could catch his breath. "Ef this don't beat the Jews an' the Gentiles, the Scribes an' the Pharisees, then I ain't a-settin' here. Did they tell you to come to this house fer vittles?"

"No, suh; *dat* dey ain't—*dat* dey ain't! Ef Miss Mildred wuz ter know I went anywhar on dis kin' er errun' she'd mighty nigh have a fit."

"Well, *well*, WELL!" snorted the major.

"I des come my own se'f," Jesse went on. He would have begun shaving again, but the major waved him away. "Look like I 'bleege' ter come. You'd 'a' come yo'se'f, Marse Maje, druther dan see dem folks pe'sh deyse'f ter deff. Dey got money, but Marse Judge Bascom got de idee dat dey hafter save it all fer ter buy back de ole Place. Dey pinch deyse'f day in en day out, en yistiddy when Miss Mildred say she gwine buy somepin' fer Sunday, Marse Judge Bascom he say no; he 'low dat dey mus' save en pinch en buy back de ole home. I done year him say dat twel it make me plum sick. An' dar dey is naturally starvin' deyse'f."

"Miss Mildred," continued Jesse, "got de idee dat her pa know what he talkin' 'bout; but 'twix' you en me, Marse Maje, dat ole man done about lose his min'. He ain't so mighty much older dan what you is, but he mighty feeble in his limbs, en he mighty flighty in his head. He talk funny, now, en he don't talk 'bout nothin' skacely but buyin' back de ole Place."

"Jess," said Major Bass in the smooth, insinuating tone that the negro knew so well, and that he had learned to fear, "ain't I allers treated you right? Ain't I allers done the clean thing by you?"

"Yes, Marse Maje, you is," said the negro with emphasis.

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of Moses do you want to come roun' me wi' such a tale as this? Don't you know I know you clean through? Why n't you come right out an' say you want the vittles fer yourself? What is the use of whippin' the devil 'roun' the stump?"

"Marse Maje," said Jesse, solemnly, "I'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe." By this time he had begun to shave the major again.

"Well," said Major Bass, after a pause, during which he seemed to be thinking, "suppos'n' I was to let myself be took in by your tale, an' suppos'n' I was to give you some vittles, what have you got to put 'em in?"

"I got a basket out dar, Marse Maje," said Jesse, cheerfully. "I brung it a purpose."

"Why, tooby shore, tooby shore!" exclaimed the major, sarcastically. "Ef you was as fore-handed as you is fore-thoughted you would n't be a-runnin' roun' beggin' vittles from han' to mouth. But sence you are here you'd better make haste; bekaze ef your Miss Sarah comes back from church and ketches you here, she'll kick up a purty rippit."

The major was correct. As he and Jesse went into the pantry Mrs. Bass entered the front door. Flinging her bonnet and mantilla on a bed, she went to the back porch for a

drink of water. The major heard her coming through the hallway, and, by a swift gesture of his hand, cautioned Jesse to be quiet.

"I'll vow if the place ain't left to take care of itself," Mrs. Bass was saying. "Doors all open, chickens in the dining-room, cat licking the churn-dasher, and I'll bet my existence that not a drop of fresh water has been put in the house bucket since I left this morning.

vestigate. The sight she saw in the pantry struck her speechless. In one corner stood the major, holding up one foot as if he was afraid of breaking something, and vainly trying to smile. In another corner stood Jesse, so badly frightened that very little could be seen of his face except the whites of his eyes. The tableau was a comical one. Mrs. Bass did not long remain speechless.



"WELL, WHO IN THE NAME OF REASON SENT YOU THEN?"

Everything gone to rack and ruin. I can't say my prayers in peace at home, and if I go to church one Sunday in a month there ain't no satisfaction in the sermon, because I know everything's at loose ends on this whole blessed place. And if you'd go up the street right now, you'd find Mr. Bass a-setting up there at the tavern with the other loafers, a-giggling and a-snickerling and a-dribbling at the mouth like one possessed."

The major, in the pantry, winced visibly at this picture drawn true to life, and as he attempted to change his position he knocked a tin vessel from one of the shelves. He caught at it, and it fell to the floor with a loud crash.

"The Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bass. "Is Satan and all his imps in the pantry, a-tearing down and a-smashing up things?" Not being a timid woman, she hastened to in-

"Mr. Bass!" she exclaimed, "what under the shining sun are you doing colloquing with niggers in my pantry? If you want to colloque with niggers, why, in the name of common sense, don't you take 'em out to the barn? What are you doing in there, anyhow? For mercy's sake! have you gone stark-natural crazy? And if you ain't, what brand-new caper are you trying to cut up?"

"Don't talk so loud, Sarah," said the major, wiping the cold perspiration from his face. "All the neighbors'll hear you."

"And why should n't they hear me?" exclaimed Mrs. Bass. "What could be worse than for me to come home from church in the broad daylight and find you penned up in my pantry, arm-in-arm with a nigger? What business have you got with niggers that you have to take 'em into my pantry to colloque with



'em? I'd a heap rather you 'd 'a' taken 'em in the parlor—a heap rather."

Then Mrs. Bass's eyes fell on the basket Jesse had in his hand, and this added to her indignation.

"I believe in my soul," she went on, "that you are stealing the meat and bread out of your own mouth to feed that nigger. If you ain't, what is the basket for?"

"Tut, tut, Sarah, don't you go on so; you'll make yourself the laughin'-stock of the town," said the major in a conciliatory tone.

"And what 'll you be?" continued Mrs. Bass, relentlessly; "what 'll you be—a honeyin' up with buck niggers in my pantry in the broad open daytime? Maybe you 'll have the manners to introduce me to your pardner. Who is he anyhow?" Then Mrs. Bass turned her attention to the negro.

"Come out of my pantry, you nasty, trifling rascal! Who are you?"

"'T ain't nobody but me, Miss Sa'ah," said Jesse as he issued forth.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You are the nigger that was too biggity to stay with 'em that raised you up and took care of you, and now you come back and try to steal their bread and meat! Well! I know the end of the world ain't so mighty far off."

Mrs. Bass sank into a chair, exhausted by her indignation. Then the major took the floor, so to say, and showed that if he could be frightened by his wife, he could also, at the proper time, show that he had a will of his own. He explained the situation at some length, and with an emphasis that carried conviction with it. He made no mention of Jesse in his highly colored narrative, but left his wife to infer that while she was at church praying for peace of mind and not having her prayers answered to any great extent, he was at home engaged in works of practical charity. Nothing could have been finer than the major's air of injured innocence, unless it was Jesse's attitude of helpless and abandoned humiliation. The result of it was that Mrs. Bass filled the basket with the best she had in the house, and Jesse went home happy.

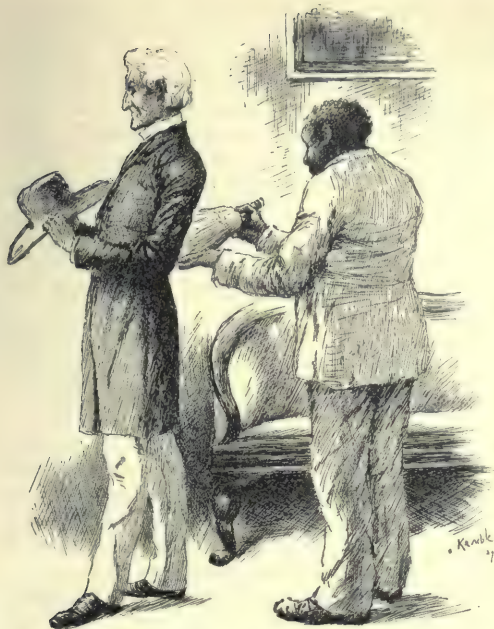
## VI.

As for the Bascoms, they seemed to be getting along comfortably in spite of the harrowing story that Jesse had told to Major Jimmy Bass and to others. As a matter of fact, the shrewd negro had purposely exaggerated the condition of affairs in the Bascom household. He had an idea that the fare they lived on was too common and cheap for the representatives of such a grand family, forgetting, or not knowing, the privations they had passed through. The

Judge insisted on the most rigid economy, and Mildred was at one with him in this. She was familiar with the necessity for it, but she could see that her father was anxious to push it to unmeasurable lengths. It never occurred to her, however, that her father's morbid anxiety to repossess the Bascom Place was rapidly taking the shape of mania. This desire on the part of Judge Bascom was a part of his daughter's life. She had heard it expressed in various ways ever since she could remember, and it was a part, not merely of her experience, but of her growth and development. She had heard the matter discussed so many times that it seemed to her nothing but natural that her father should one day realize the dream of his later years and reoccupy the old Place as proprietor.

Judge Bascom had no other thought than this. As he grew older and feebler, the desire became more ardent and overpowering. While his daughter was teaching her school, with which she had made quite a success, the Judge would be planning improvements to be added to his old home when he should own it again. Not a day passed—unless, indeed, the weather was stormy—that he did not walk in the neighborhood of the old Place. Sometimes he would go with his daughter, sometimes he would go alone, but it was observed by those who came to be interested in his comings and goings that he invariably refused to accept the invitation of Mr. Underwood to enter the house or to inspect the improvements that had been made. He persisted in remaining on the outside of the domain, content to wait for the day when he could enter as proprietor. He was willing to accept the position of spectator, but he was not willing to be a guest.

The culmination came one fine day in the fall, and it was so sudden and so peculiar that it took Hillsborough completely by surprise, and gave the people food for gossip for a long time afterwards. The season was hesitating as to whether summer should return or winter should be introduced. There was a hint of winter in the crisp morning breezes, but the world seemed to float summerwards in the glimmering haze that wrapped the hills in the afternoons. On one of these fine mornings Judge Bascom rose and dressed himself. His daughter heard him humming a tune as he walked about the room, and she observed also, with inward satisfaction, that his movements were brisker than usual. Listening a little attentively, she heard him talking to himself, and presently she heard him laugh. This was such an unusual occurrence that she was moved to knock at his door. He responded with a cheery "Come in!" Mildred found him shaved and dressed, and she saw that there was a great



"JESSE WAS CALLED IN TO BRUSH THE JUDGE'S HAT AND COAT."

change in his appearance. His cheeks, usually so wan and white, were flushed a little and his eyes were bright. He smiled as Mildred entered, and exclaimed in a tone that she had not heard for years:

"Good-morning, my daughter! And how do you find yourself this morning?"

It was the old manner she used to admire so when she was a slip of a girl — a manner that was a charming combination of dignity and affection.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, "you must be feeling better. You have positively grown younger in a night."

The Judge laughed until his eyes sparkled. "Yes, my dear, I am feeling very well indeed. I never felt better. I am happy, quite happy. Everything has been made clear to me. I am going to-day to transact some business that has been troubling me a long time. I shall arrange it all to-day — yes, to-day."

The change that had come over her father was such a relief to Mildred that she asked him no questions. Now, as always, she trusted to his judgment and his experience. Jesse, however, was more critical. He watched the Judge furtively and shook his head.

"Mistiss," he said to Mildred when he found an opportunity, "did you shave master?"

"Why, what a ridiculous question!" she exclaimed. "How could I shave him? It makes me shiver merely to touch the razors."

"Well, Mistiss," Jesse insisted, "ef I ain't shave him, en you ain't shave him, den who

de name er goodness is done gone en done it?"

"He shaved himself of course," Mildred said. "He is very much better this morning. I noticed it the moment I saw him. I should think you could see it yourself."

"I seed somepin' nuther wuz de matter," said Jesse. "Somepin' 'bleege' ter be de matter when I put him ter bed las' night des like he wuz a baby, ma'm, en now yer he is gwine roun' des ez spry ez de nex' one. Yessum, somepin' 'bleege' ter be de matter. Yistiddy his han's wuz shakin' same like he got de polzy, ma'm, en now yer he is shavin' hisse'f; dat what rack my min'."

"Well, I hope you are glad he is so well, Jesse," said Mildred in an injured tone.

"Oh, yessum," said Jesse, scratching his head. "Lor', yessum. Dey ain't nobody no gladder dan what I is; but it come on me so sudden, ma'm, dat it sorter skeer me."

"Well, it does n't frighten me," said Mildred. "It makes me very happy."

"Yessum," replied Jesse, deferentially. He made no further comment; but after Mildred had gone to attend to her school duties he made it his business to keep an eye on the Judge, and the closer the negro watched, the more forcibly was he struck by the great change that a night had made in the old man.

"I hear talk 'bout folks bein' conjured inter sickness," Jesse said to himself, "but I ain't never hear talk 'bout dey bein' conjured so dey git well."

Certainly a great change had come over Judge Bascom. He stood firmly on his feet once more. He held his head erect, as in the old days, and when he talked to Jesse his tone was patronizing and commanding, instead of querulous and complaining. He seemed to be very fastidious about his appearance. After Mildred had gone to her school, Jesse was called in to brush the Judge's hat and coat and to polish his shoes. The Judge watched this process with great interest, and talked to the negro in his blandest manner. This was not so surprising to Jesse as the fact that the Judge persisted in calling him Wesley; Wesley was the Judge's old body-servant who had been dead for twenty years. It was Wesley this and Wesley that so long as Jesse was in the room, and once the Judge asked how long before the carriage would be ready. The negro parried this question, but he remembered it. He was sorely puzzled an hour afterwards, however, when Judge Bascom called him and said:

"Wesley, tell Jordan he need not bring the carriage around for me. I will walk. Jordan can bring your mistress when she is ready."

"Well," exclaimed Jesse, when the Judge



disappeared in the house, "dis bangs me! What de name er goodness put de ole man Jerd'n in his min', which he died endurance er de war? It's all away beyant me. Miss Mildred oughter be yer wid her pa right now, yit, ef I go atter her, dey ain't no tellin' what he gwine do."

Jess cut an armful of wood, and then made a pretense of washing dishes, going from the kitchen to the dining-room several times. More than once he stopped to listen, but he could hear nothing. After a while he made bold to peep into the sitting-room. There was nobody there. He went into the Judge's bedroom; it was empty. Then he called—"Marster! oh, Marster!" but there was no reply. Jesse was in a quandary. He was not alarmed, but he was uneasy.

"Ef I run en tell Miss Mildred dat Marster done gone som'ers," he said to himself, "she'll des laugh en say I ain't got no sense; en I don't speck I is, but it make my flesh crawl fer ter hear folks callin' on dead niggers ter do dis en do dat."

Meanwhile the Judge had sallied forth from the house, and was proceeding in the direction of the Bascom Place. His step was firm and elastic, his bearing dignified. The acquaintances whom he met on his way stopped and looked after him when they had returned his Chesterfieldian salutation. He walked rapidly, and there was an air of decision in his movements that had long been lacking. At the great gate opening into the avenue of the Bascom Place the Judge was met by Prince the mastiff, who gave him a hospitable welcome, and gravely preceded him to the house. Miss Sophie, Mr. Underwood's maiden sister, who was sitting in the piazza, engaged on some kind of feminine embroidery, saw the Judge coming, too late to beat a retreat, so she merely whipped behind one of the large pillars, gave her dress a little shake at the sides and behind, ran her hands over her hair, and appeared before the caller cool, calm, and collected.

"Good-morning, madam," said the Judge in his grand way, taking off his hat.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Sophie. "Have this chair?"

"No, no," said the Judge, smiling blandly, and waving his hand. "I prefer my own chair—the large rocker with the cushion, you know. It is more comfortable."

Somewhat puzzled, Miss Sophie fetched a rocker. It had no cushion, but the Judge seemed not to miss it.

"Why, where are the servants?" he asked, his brows contracting a little. "I could have brought the chair."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Sophie, "if I

were to sit down and expect the negroes to wait on me, I'd have a good many disappointments during the day."

"Yes," said the Judge, "that is very true; very true. Where is Wesley?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Sophie replied. "Is he a white man or a negro?"

"Wesley?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, he's a nigger; he's my body-servant."

"Is n't this Judge Bascom?" Miss Sophie inquired, regarding him curiously.

"Yes, certainly, madam," responded the Judge.

"Well, I've seen a negro named Jesse following you and your daughter about," said Miss Sophie. "Perhaps you are speaking of Jesse."

"No, no," said the Judge. "I mean Wesley—or, maybe you are only a visitor here. Your face is familiar, but I have forgotten your name."

"I am Francis Underwood's sister," said Miss Sophie, with some degree of pride.

"Ah, yes!" the Judge sighed—"Francis Underwood. He is the gentleman who has had charge of the place these several years. A very clever man, I have no doubt. He has done very well, very well indeed; better than most men would have done. Do you know where he will go next year?"

"Now, I could n't tell you, really," Miss Sophie replied, looking at the Judge through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "He did intend to go North this fall, but he's always too busy to carry out his intentions."

"Yes," said Judge Bascom; "I have no doubt he is a very busy man. He has managed everything very cleverly here, and I shall wish him well wherever he goes."

Miss Sophie was very glad when she heard her brother's step in the hall; not that she was nervous or easily frightened, but there was something in Judge Bascom's actions, something in the tone of his voice, some suggestion in his words, that gave her uneasiness, and she breathed a sigh of relief when her stalwart brother made his appearance.

Francis Underwood greeted his guest cordially—more cordially, Miss Sophie thought, than circumstances warranted; but the beautiful face of Mildred Bascom was not stamped on Miss Sophie's mind as it was on her brother's.

"I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience," said the Judge, after they had talked for some time on commonplace topics—"very sorry. I have put the matter off until at last I felt it to be a solemn duty I owed my family to come here. Believe me, sir," he continued, turning to the young man with some emotion—"believe me, sir, it grieves me to trouble

you in the matter, but I could no longer postpone coming here. I think I understand and appreciate your attachment —”

“Why, my dear sir,” cried Francis Underwood in his heartiest manner, “it is no trouble at all. No one could be more welcome here. I have often wondered why you have never called before. Don’t talk about trouble and inconvenience.”

“I think I understand and appreciate your attachment for the Place,” the Judge went on as though he had not been interrupted, “and it embarrasses me, I assure you, to be compelled to trouble you now.”

“Well,” said Francis Underwood, with a hospitable laugh, “if it is no trouble to you, it certainly is none to me. As my neighbors around here say, when I call on them, ‘Just make yourself at home.’”

Judge Bascom rose from his chair trembling. He seemed suddenly to be laboring under the most intense excitement.

“My home?” he almost shrieked — “make myself at home! In God’s name, man, what can you mean? It *is* my home! It has always been my home! Everything here is mine — every foot of land, every tree, every brick and stone and piece of timber in this house. It is *all* mine, and I will have it! I have come here to assert my rights!”

He panted with passion and excitement as he looked from Francis Underwood to Miss Sophie. He paused, as if daring them to dispute his claims. Miss Sophie, who had a temper of her own, would have given the Judge a piece of her mind, but she saw her brother regarding the old man with a puzzled, pitying expression. Then the truth flashed on her, and for an instant she felt like crying. Francis Underwood approached the Judge and led him gently back to his chair.

“Now that you are at home, Judge Bascom,” he said, “you need not worry yourself.”

“I tell you it is *mine*!” the Judge went on, beating the arm of his chair with his clenched fist; “it is mine. It has always been mine, and it will always be mine.”

Francis Underwood stood before the old man, active, alert, smiling. His sister said afterwards that she was surprised at the prompt gentleness with which her brother disposed of what promised to be a very disagreeable scene.

“Judge Bascom,” said the young man, swinging himself around on his boot heels, “as your guest here, allow me to suggest that you ought to show me over the place. I have been told you have some very fine cows here.”

Immediately Judge Bascom was himself again. His old air of dignity returned, and he became in a moment the affable host.

“As my guests here,” he said, smiling with

pleasure, “you and the lady are very welcome. We keep open house at the Bascom Place, and we are glad to have our friends with us. What we have is yours. I suppose,” he went on, still smiling, “some of our neighbors have been joking about our cows. We have a good many of them, but they don’t amount to much. They have been driven to the pasture by this time, and that is on the creek a mile and a half from here. I wonder where Wesley is! I think he is growing more worthless every year. He ought to be here with my daughter. The carriage was sent for her some time ago.”

“I will see if he is in the yard,” said Underwood, and his sister followed him through the hall.

“Mercy!” Miss Sophie exclaimed when they were out of hearing; “does the old Judge purpose to swarm and settle down on us?” She had an economical turn of mind. “What in the world is the matter with him?”

“I pity him from the bottom of my heart,” said Francis Underwood, “but I am sorrier for his daughter. Everything seems to be blotted out of his mind except the notion that he is the owner of this Place. We must humor him, sister, and we must be tender with the daughter. You know how to do that much better than I do.”

Miss Sophie frowned a little. The situation was a new and trying one, but she had been confronted with emergencies before, and her experience and her strong common sense stood her in good stead now. With a woman’s promptness she decided on a line of action at once sympathetic and effectual. The buggy was ordered out and young Underwood went for a physician.

Then, when he had returned, Miss Sophie said he must go for the daughter, and she cautioned, with some severity of manner, as to what he should say and how he should deport himself. But at this Francis Underwood rebelled. Ordinarily he was a very agreeable and accommodating young fellow, but when his sister informed him that he must fetch Mildred Bascom to her father, he pulled off his hat and scratched his blonde head in perplexity.

“What could I say, sister?” he protested. “How could I explain the situation? No; it is a woman’s work, and you must go. It would be a pretty come-off for me to go after this poor girl and in a fit of awkwardness frighten her to death. It is bad enough as it is. There is no hurry. You shall have the carriage. It would never do for me to go; no one but a woman knows how to be sympathetic in a matter of this kind.”

“I never knew before that you were so bashful,” said Miss Sophie, regarding him keenly. “It is a recent development.”



"It is not bashfulness, sister," said Underwood, coloring a little. "It is consideration. How could I explain matters to this poor girl? How could I prevail on her to come here without giving her an inkling of the situation, and thus frighten her, perhaps unnecessarily?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Sophie, who, as an experienced spinster, was not always ready to make concessions of this kind. "At any rate I'll go for Miss Bascom, and I think I can manage it without alarming her; but the matter troubles me. I hope the poor old Judge will not be a dangerous guest."

"There is not the slightest fear of that," said

Francis Underwood. "He is too feeble for that. When I placed my hand on his shoulder just now he was all of a tremble. He is no stronger than a little child, and no more dangerous. Besides, the doctor is with him."

"Well," said Miss Sophie with a sigh, "I'll go. Women are compelled to do most of the odd jobs that men are afraid to take up; but I shiver to think of it. I shall surely break down when I see that poor child."

"No," said her brother, "you will not. I know you too well for that. We must humor this old man, and that will be for me to do; his daughter must be left to you."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Joel Chandler Harris.

## SAINT-MÉMIN'S PORTRAIT OF MARSHALL.<sup>1</sup>



THE fine engraving of Chief Justice Marshall's portrait which embellishes the present number of this magazine is made from a crayon by Saint-Mémin taken in March, 1808, when the Chief-Justice was at the zenith of his powers, in the fifty-third year of his age. It is probably the most exact presentation of his face and bust that was ever made. Saint-Mémin was peculiarly gifted in the art of making accurate likenesses. He was a native of Dijon, the capital of ancient Burgundy, and was the last male descendant of a distinguished and honorable family named Févret, the ordinary surname of Saint-Mémin being undoubtedly taken from some family estate, as was the custom in France. His full name was Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin. He was born March

12, 1770, his father being a counselor of the Parliament of Dijon, and his mother a beautiful and wealthy creole of San Domingo. He had a natural genius for design and the finer mechanic arts; and though bred at a military school in Paris and destined for the army, he could not resist the temptation to cultivate his favorite pursuits. His regiment (of the Guards) being re-formed on the breaking out of the Revolution, he with the other officers was discharged from service, and soon after the family was obliged to seek safety by retiring to Switzerland. Saint-Mémin, however, joined the army of the princes, which was hovering on the Rhine, and while there still employed himself in making sketches of its beautiful scenery. After the disbandment of this army, he and his father conceived the project of going to San Domingo in order to look after Madame Saint-Mémin's property, and to avoid the accusation of being emigrants from the territory

<sup>1</sup> The other portraits of Chief-Justice Marshall which have come to my knowledge are the following:

1. A silhouette by Saint-Mémin in possession of Mrs. M. L. Smith, residing near the Alexandria Seminary.

2. An elaborate half-length portrait was taken by Rembrandt Peale in 1825, and was presented to Chief-Justice Chase by the New York Bar Association, and by him bequeathed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and is now in the robing-room of the court at the Capitol. Although a fine painting, this portrait has not been recognized as a good likeness by those who knew the Chief-Justice.

3. A full-length portrait was taken by Hubard, a French artist, at Richmond, 1830, and is considered by the Marshall family as an excellent likeness. It is now in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

4. A full-length miniature in a sitting posture by the same artist is at Markham, Va., in possession of the family of the late Edward C. Marshall, and a replica at Leedstown, Va., belongs to the family of James K. Marshall.

5. A portrait taken by Henry Inman at Washington in 1831, from which many copies have been taken and engravings made — among others, the bank-note engraving made by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The original is in possession of the Philadelphia Law Association.

6. A very fine portrait by Jarvis, formerly owned by Hon. I. E. Morse of New Orleans, now by Mr. Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court.

7. A full-length portrait by Harding, owned by the Boston Athenæum, a replica of which is in the Harvard Law School.

8. A large painting, representing the Chief-Justice at full length, seated, was made some years since by a Mr. Washington, not from life, but as an eclectic portrait from several others, and is now in the court-house at Warrenton, Va. A copy of it made ten or twelve years since by Mr. Brooke of Washington was purchased by Congress, and is now in the robing-room of the Supreme Court. Of course it cannot have much value as a portrait, whatever may be its merits as a painting.



of France. They went by way of Holland, England, Canada, and the United States, and arrived at New York in 1793. There they found many fugitives from San Domingo, whose reports rendered aid from that quarter very doubtful — although the father finally sailed for the island, but took the fever immediately upon landing and died. Young Saint-Mémin was thus thrown upon his own resources, and for a while boarded with a fellow-countryman who had sought an asylum in America. Struck with the beauty of New York and its harbor and the surrounding scenery, he made a most accurate sketch of it, which was greatly admired, and he was advised to have it engraved and offered to the public. He obtained an introduction to the public library, where by the aid of the encyclopedia he mastered the principles of engraving and made a highly finished copper-plate of his sketch. So successful was this his first effort in that line that he was advised to devote himself to the art of making and engraving portraits. Chrétien, in 1786, had invented an instrument which he denominated the "physionotrace," by which the profile outline of a face could be taken with mathematical precision, both as to figure and dimensions. Saint-Mémin constructed such an instrument for himself and employed it with great success, filling in the outline with crayon, generally black on a pink ground. His portraits were greatly admired for their faithfulness, and became very much in vogue. He executed no less than 818 from 1793 to 1810, visiting for the purpose most of the Atlantic cities from New York to Charleston. For the moderate sum of thirty-three dollars he furnished to each sitter a full-sized portrait of the bust, a copper-plate of the same engraved in miniature (reduced from the portrait by another instrument called a "pantograph"), and twelve proofs.

These miniatures were of medallion size, circular in form and about two inches in diameter, with the face nearly the size of a quarter-dollar. He kept two or three proofs for his own portfolio, and after his return to France in 1814 he made up two complete sets, which after his death (which occurred in 1852) were sent to this country for sale. One of them is in the possession of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; the other was purchased by Mr. Elias Dexter of New York, who photographed the engravings and published them with an introduction containing a memoir of Saint-Mémin and a short biographical sketch of the persons whose portraits are contained in the collection. The memoir is merely a translation of an address before the Academy of Dijon made by M. Guignard after Saint-Mémin's decease. During the latter portion of

his life, from 1817 to 1852, he was Director of the Museum of Dijon, one of the most valuable depositories of works of art in France.

The original portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall of which the accompanying engraving is a copy is owned by Mr. Thomas Marshall Smith of Baltimore, whose mother was a daughter of the Chief-Justice's eldest son, and the portrait has always remained in the family. It is regarded by them as the very best likeness ever taken of their honored ancestor. Mr. Smith has recently allowed a full-sized photograph of it to be taken by Rice of Washington for the Supreme Court, reserving the copyright. The engraving in *THE CENTURY* is made from this excellent photograph, and, with the exception of the dozen miniatures struck off by Saint-Mémin, is the only engraving ever made from the portrait.

John Marshall is one of those purely American characters of whom we may well be proud. Born on the 24th of September, 1755, in Fauquier County, Va., a region then comparatively new, he enjoyed few of the educational facilities which existed in the older portions of the State. This was made up, however, in great degree, by one of the happiest and most intellectual of homes. His father, Colonel Thomas Marshall, was an intimate friend and old schoolmate of Washington, and was associated with him in the surveys of the Fairfax estates, which embraced a large portion of northern and north-western Virginia. His mother was Mary Keith, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of the parish, and educated in the choicest English literature of that day. The home was a constant and regularly organized school. The best English poets and historians were made as familiar as household words, and the mathematical and other sciences were not neglected. Mr. Justice Story, who probably had it from the Chief-Justice himself, relates that at the age of twelve John, who was the eldest of the children, had transcribed the whole of Pope's "Essay on Man" and some of his "Moral Essays," and had committed to memory many of the most interesting passages of that poet. When he had become sufficiently advanced a private tutor was procured to initiate him into the mysteries of classical lore. Rev. James Thompson, an Episcopal clergyman from Scotland, was employed for this duty. At fourteen John went to Westmoreland County to attend the school of Rev. Mr. Campbell, where his father and Washington had been students and where he staid for a year. He then returned home and continued his classical studies under Mr. Thompson. His outdoor recreations were hunting and fishing, of which he was exceedingly fond. At eighteen he began the study of law by reading Blackstone's Com-



mentaries, then a new book. But soon the Revolution broke out and Thomas Marshall and his son John joined the troops raised by Virginia, the former as colonel of a regiment, the latter as lieutenant in a different regiment, and both served in the field the greater portion of the war, John being promoted to a captaincy in 1777. He was at the battles of Trenton, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and nearly all the important engagements of the army of Washington's immediate command. Though so young, being only twenty when the war began, he became exceedingly popular with his brother officers, as well as with his men, and his sound common sense and good judgment led to his often being selected to decide disputes between them and also to act as judge-advocate. He was thus brought into personal contact with General Washington and Colonel Hamilton, who afterwards became his warmest friends. At this time he is described as being the picture of health, six feet high, straight, slender, of dark complexion, with a round face and piercing black eye, and a countenance beaming with intelligence and good nature. He had an upright but not high forehead, terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, and his temples were fully developed, indicating strong memory and great power of combination.

Being sent home at the close of 1779 to aid in raising new recruits, he had an opportunity, of which he availed himself, to attend the law lectures of George Wythe (afterwards Chancellor) and those of Professor (afterwards Bishop) Madison on natural philosophy. This was all the collegiate education he ever enjoyed. When the courts were opened, after the capture of Cornwallis, he began the practice of law, and in January, 1783, married Mary Willis Ambler, with whom he lived in devoted affection for nearly fifty years. He now took up his permanent residence in Richmond, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. It was not long before he became a leader of the Virginia bar. His wonderful strength of logic and clearness of statement made him almost irresistible in argument, and his industry and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties secured him a very large practice. He was frequently sent to the legislature, which, as he lived at the capital, he could attend without material prejudice to his business; and he was as eminent in debate on important political questions as he was at the bar. In the latter sphere his services were sought in all the important causes of the day, many of which involved public questions growing out of the war and its attendant consequences. Among other clients he was employed by the celebrated Beaumarchais to sue the State of Virginia for

supplies furnished during the war, and obtained a large judgment against the State under a law at that time existing which allowed such suits. He was one of the leading counsel in the great case of the debts due to British subjects which had been paid to the State during the war under a statute authorizing such payments to be made. In the department of public law he became especially proficient, and probably had no superior in the country.

In his political views Marshall was firm and decided. He was always in favor of a Federal Government clothed with adequate power to maintain itself and the national dignity and credit, and when the new Constitution was proposed he was one of its most ardent supporters. Being elected to the State convention which met in 1788 to consider its adoption, his calm and powerful arguments interposed a successful resistance to the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry, who was opposed to the Constitution. His services in finally securing its ratification were second only to those of Madison himself. After the Federal Government was organized he was ever the powerful champion of Washington's administration, both in the legislature and in popular assemblies. He sustained the financial and other measures of the first Congress, by which the Government was made a reality and set in motion. He defended Jay's treaty, and compelled its opponents to abandon the charge of unconstitutionality. In 1797 General Marshall, as he was then called, was sent by President Adams, with Gerry and Pinckney, to France, and in the diplomatic contest with the corrupt and insolent Directory of that day he defended the dignity of his country in one of the ablest of state papers. On his return, in 1798, he was received with the enthusiastic approbation of all parties. His progress from New York to Richmond was an ovation.

Marshall hoped now to be permitted to devote himself to his profession. But this could not be. He had become too important a personage to be allowed to retire from public life. At the earnest personal entreaty of Washington, who was deeply interested in the success of the Federal or Constitutional party, Marshall consented to run for Congress, and was elected, though his district (Richmond) was anti-Federal in its sympathies. In the session of 1799-1800 he made that memorable speech in which he so ably sustained the action of the Executive in delivering up to the British Government, under the treaty of 1794, Nash (*alias* Robbins), who was charged with piracy and murder committed on a British vessel. It was confessed by the Republican leaders that this speech could not be answered. It is still referred to as a conclusive exposition of the



public law on the subject of international obligations in regard to the extradition of criminals.

On the disruption of Mr. Adams's Cabinet, in May, 1800, General Marshall was nominated, first as Secretary of War, and then as Secretary of State. He served in the latter office during the remainder of Adams's administration, and his state papers are characterized by all his wonted clearness and power of argument. In November, 1800, Chief-Justice Ellsworth, then in Europe, resigned, and Marshall, though still holding the office of Secretary of State, was appointed in his place. It was to him an unsolicited and unexpected honor. The President first offered the place to Mr. Jay, its former occupant, but then near the close of his term as governor of New York. Mr. Jay declined the offer, desiring to retire from public life. The President meeting Marshall, who had suggested some name for the office, announced his determination to appoint a plain Virginia lawyer named John Marshall. The latter was so surprised and confused by this announcement that for a moment he could not utter a word.

The great office to which Marshall was now elevated was held until his death, which occurred on the sixth day of July, 1835, in the eightieth year of his age. He believed himself to be better fitted for the judicial function than for any other vocation. It was the great object of his ambition. He told his son that when President Adams told him that he had decided to nominate him as Chief-Justice it was the happiest moment of his life. He felt his power. He was conscious of the spirit that was in him. And yet he was one of the most modest of men. A consciousness of power is not inconsistent with true modesty. "Let me repeat it," says Lavater, "he only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, like Samson, and *tells neither father nor mother of it.*" Quiet, simple, and unassuming, Marshall was inherently great; and though conscious of his power, he did not regard it as exceptional, but as all in the ordinary course.

It is needless to say that Marshall's reputation as a great constitutional judge is peerless. The character of his mind and his previous

training were such as to enable him to handle the momentous questions to which the conflicting views upon the Constitution gave rise with the soundest logic, the greatest breadth of view, and the most far-seeing statesmanship. He came to the bench with a reputation already established — the reputation not only of a great lawyer, but of an eminent statesman and publicist; and under his lead the Supreme Court lost none of the prestige which it had enjoyed under Jay and Ellsworth. This was a matter of consequence at a period when so much depended upon the public confidence in the decisions of this tribunal upon the questions of constitutional construction which agitated the public mind. The result answered the requirements of the situation. It may truly be said that the Constitution received its final and permanent form from the judgments rendered by the Supreme Court during the period in which Marshall was at its head.

With a few modifications, superinduced by the somewhat differing views on two or three points of his great successor, and aside from the new questions growing out of the late civil war and the recent constitutional amendments, the decisions made since Marshall's time have been little more than the application of the principles established by him and his venerated associates. It must be confessed that the business of the Supreme Court at that period allowed more time for elaborate argument and judicial deliberation than at present. It has increased since Marshall's time more than sevenfold. Against forty-two cases reported in January term, 1835, more than three hundred were reported in October term, 1887. Another advantage enjoyed by the old court was the selectness and distinguished ability of its bar. Dexter, Webster, Pinckney, Ogden, Wood, Binney, Sergeant, Ingersoll, Taney, Livingston, and many others of almost equal fame are frequently named as counsel. The system of railroads and the consequent ease of communication with all parts of the country now enable the local counsel to argue their own cases, and have had the effect of lessening the elevated and eclectic character of the arguments made before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Joseph P. Bradley.





## TELEGRAPHING IN BATTLE.



**B**EFORE 1861 the value of the military telegraph had not been demonstrated. Crude experiments had been made, with poorly equipped lines, in the Crimea, in India, and by France, Spain, and Italy in different campaigns, while the Germans possessed a distinct military telegraph organization as yet untested; but it was on the very route where Morse's first message, "What hath God wrought!" announced the benefits of his invention to the

arts of peace that the telegraph was to begin its first practical use in war. The outbreak of the mob in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, culminated in the destruction of railroads, bridges, and telegraphs, and for a time Washington was isolated from the North. In this emergency the Administration called upon Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad to aid the military operations of General Butler in re-opening communication. Taking with him Andrew Carnegie and four of his best telegraphers, Mr. Scott attacked the problem with amazing energy. Rails were relaid, bridges rebuilt, wires restrung, as if by magic; and as the nation poured its defenders towards Washington, the genius of Scott, aided by the sagacity of these assistants, guided the long trains of volunteers safely to their destination. Reaching Washington after the accomplishment of this mission, the telegraph corps was enlarged to connect important stations, as the navy yard and the arsenal, with the War Department, and to run lines to Arlington, Chain Bridge, and other outposts. The names of the four pioneers of the service were David Strouse, D. Homer Bates, Samuel Brown, and Richard O'Brien. Strouse soon succumbed to the hardships of the new service, and went home to die: he sleeps by the Juniata. Of the three others, Bates served at the War Department and Brown and O'Brien at the front throughout the war. Thus informally began the career of the corps, which grew to number

more than 1000 experts, which constructed 15,000 miles of line in the field, transmitted millions of important dispatches, regulated the movements of distant armies, as those of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, and, in short, made it possible to move vast forces as a unit over a wide territory. It will be remembered that in 1861 telegraphy was not twenty years old, and that the art of rapid operating by sound was still younger. Most of those who responded to the call for operators to serve in the field were in their teens, but they were enthusiastic, already trained to the faithful performance of duty, and ready to face danger when necessary. At Great Falls, an outpost on the Maryland side of the Potomac, the pickets were one day withdrawn, and simultaneously the Confederates began to shell the telegraph office. As steps, porch, and roof were successively shot away, the operator, Ed. Conway, reported progress to the War Department, adding that his office would "now close for repairs," and withdrew with his instrument as the enemy crossed the river.

With McDowell's advance to Bull Run, in 1861, lines were extended to Alexandria, Fairfax Station, and Fairfax Court House. Aided by a line of couriers, the progress of the first battle of Bull Run was reported to the War Department by operators at the front, who were among the last to leave the field.

They soon became veterans. A gorgeous uniform which had marked the gilt-edged, brass-button period of the telegraph service, and which had not sufficiently distinguished the operators from major-generals, was discarded, and the corps settled down to the exigencies of its novel situation, sharing the dangers and privations of the troops, keeping up communication night and day, and faithfully guarding the important military secrets intrusted for transmission.

It might be supposed that Southern sympathizers would have endeavored to interrupt Government communication by telegraph when it could so easily be done by cutting wires and cables, or by connecting them with each other or with the ground. As a matter of fact, lines in Washington were interrupted by cross connections made with fine copper wire which could not be seen from the ground; but these were so quickly detected by electrical tests and the lines were so well guarded that such attempts became too dangerous and ceased.

As we advanced southward whole sections

of wire would sometimes be torn down at night by bushwhackers and carried into the woods, and the work of repair often proved extremely hazardous. A favorite point for such exploits on the part of the Confederates was the line between Fort Monroe and Newport News. They being camped at Yorktown, and our videttes, after the Big Bethel affair, only extending to Hampton, they could strike the exposed line anywhere from there to Newport News. This they usually did at night. On one occasion, early in 1862, the chief operator at Fort Monroe went out to repair such a break, accompanied by an escort of infantry. Being well mounted he left the troops out of sight, found the wire torn down near Newport News, repaired it, and returned rapidly towards Hampton. As he passed the New Market road he received simultaneously a bullet through his coat and an order to halt from a party of cavalry charging down upon him from the direction of Yorktown. Disregarding both bullet and order, he spurred his horse forward and succeeded in reaching his escort, who poured a volley into his pursuers which caused them to wheel and retreat as rapidly as they had come.

It was on this line that the operator at Newport News reported from his point of view the phases of the fight between the *Merrimac* and our wooden ships, while shells from the former and her consorts burst around him at short range. Amid the reverberations of the heavy broadsides from our ships, which shook the massive ramparts of Fort Monroe, the writer read to the assembled officers, from the click of the instrument, this terse description: "The *Merrimac* steers straight for the *Cumberland*." "The *Cumberland* gives her a broadside." "The *Merrimac* keels over." "She seems to be sinking." A pause. "No; she comes on again." "She has struck the *Cumberland* and poured a broadside into her." "God! the *Cumberland* is sinking." Another pause and then: "The *Cumberland* has fired her last broadside." Next day the historic combat of the iron-clads occurred, and though largely within view from our ramparts, it was similarly bulletined by the same steady hand from Newport News.

Telegraphic operations began in West Virginia almost contemporaneously with those about Washington, and materially aided General McClellan in his campaign in that quarter. Operations in other States will be noted further on. By the close of the first year of the war over a thousand miles of line had been built with the armies in the different departments; the telegraph having proved itself invaluable in the strategic movement of troops in the field, and equally essential to the efficiency of

the commissariat and the prompt transportation of quartermasters' supplies.

A new era was now begun by the appointment of Colonel Anson Stager as general superintendent of all military telegraphs, with Thomas T. Eckert, afterwards Assistant Secretary of War, in immediate charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and later with other competent telegraphers in charge of the departments of West Virginia, Ohio, the Cumberland, Missouri, Tennessee, the South, and the Gulf. In these several departments material was accumulated, operators employed, and construction corps organized to build and operate lines in the field with efficiency and dispatch, so that every army, whether moving or fighting, should act in harmony with the rest.

Preparatory to McClellan's peninsular campaign a line was carried from Washington via Wilmington along the eastern shore of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia to Cape Charles and Cherrystone Inlet, whence communication was completed to Fort Monroe, first by dispatch-boats and afterwards by cable. The first attempt to lay this cable resulted in the wreck of the vessel containing it on Cape Henry, where the whole party narrowly escaped capture. A second attempt proved successful and placed McClellan in direct communication with the War Department, by a line of about two hundred miles in length. On this single wire, during McClellan's campaign, throbbed and pulsed the hurried orders for supplies, entreaties for reinforcements, fateful lists of killed and wounded, news of victory and defeat — all the tidings of glory and of horror which pertain to war.

At Cherrystone, Eastville, Cape Charles, and northward the military telegraphers enjoyed a holiday, faring on luscious oysters, shooting wild ducks, lazily riding with a cavalry escort over the line, wherein was just sufficient danger from guerrillas to give zest to life; while across the bay at the front the boys were working their instruments under fire in the trenches around Yorktown, keeping McClellan in constant communication with his generals and with Fort Monroe and Washington.

The telegraph not only worked through sea and land, but sought to establish communication in cloud-land, carrying a light wire skyward by balloon near Washington, at Pohick Church, Va., and several times on the Peninsula. Before Yorktown the operator in the clouds telegraphed to headquarters the position of Confederate intrenchments and the effect of our fire, assisting to regulate the range of our guns.

One of the first of our army to enter York-



town was operator Lathrop, who hurried to the Confederate telegraph tent to try the Richmond wire, and was blown to pieces by an ingeniously placed torpedo of the enemy. After Yorktown the construction party always kept the main line up with the troops as they marched, and the branches to corps headquarters when they halted, stringing the wire on poles or trees as the needs of the march required. The Count of Paris attests that the generals were surprised and delighted to find the telegraph at hand at the end of each day's march, giving them communication with one another and with the base of operations. The instruments of slight resistance and currents of small electro-motive force employed on the well-insulated lines of to-day would not have recorded signals, nor have overcome the "escapes" of our field lines of that time. We used "relays" of great resistance, and nitric acid batteries of the strongest kind. The operators at the front, too, were experts. Seated under fire, on a stump or a cracker-box, while troops and artillery swept by, they would send or take thousands of words of military orders, at the rate of forty words per minute, without an error. From the battle of Williamsburg to that of Fair Oaks and in the Seven Days' fighting the telegraph assisted largely in handling the several corps of the Army of the Potomac. At Gaines's Mill, Porter obtained reinforcements at the critical juncture through the promptness of his operator, who tapped the wire as our line of battle receded, and transmitted the necessary dispatches under a heavy fire which killed several of his mounted messengers.

The inner history of this campaign can best be read in the pregnant telegrams of McClellan and the Administration, found in the Official Records. These dispatches, and all succeeding ones of importance throughout the war, were transmitted over the wires in cipher, the keys of which were held only by confidential telegraph operators and were not permitted to be revealed even to commanding generals. The principle of the cipher consisted in writing a message with an equal number of words in each line, then copying the words up and down the columns by various routes, throwing in an extra word at the end of each column, and substituting other words for important names and verbs. This code was frequently changed to insure secrecy, as when a cipher operator was captured. The reader who may be curious on this subject is referred to Plum's "History of the Military Telegraph," which contains a full exposé of both the Union and the Confederate cryptographs. The Confederate ciphers were always easily solved by our experts, sharing, as they did, the faults of all ciphers constructed on an alphabetical system, while it is

believed that no instance is known of the enemy having been able to decipher a telegram in one of our ciphers. When the Army of the Potomac was recalled from the James, our lines were taken down as far back as Williamsburg. South of the James we had communication with Norfolk by cable from Fort Monroe, through Hampton Roads and thence to Suffolk, on the Nansemond. At Norfolk, in 1862, the chief operator was offered by a committee twenty thousand dollars in gold, the freedom of the Confederacy, and passage to England by blockade runner if he would anticipate a telegram expected from Mr. Lincoln granting a reprieve to a citizen condemned for shooting a Union officer. The offer was made on the day preceding that fixed for the execution and was indignantly rejected.

During 1862 nearly four thousand miles of line was built over the wide territory occupied by our forces. Of this nearly half was taken down or abandoned as the necessities of the conflict dictated; over a million important telegrams were transmitted. As much more line was constructed in the field in 1863, and again 1500 miles was abandoned, while about 2,000,000 dispatches were transmitted; and from 1863 to the close more than 6000 miles of line was built and about 5,000,000 dispatches were forwarded. While the Army of the Potomac was engaged on the Peninsula the telegraphic situation nearer Washington consisted of three principal lines radiating thence to McDowell at Fredericksburg, to Manassas Junction, extended via the Manassas Gap road to Strasburg, and a line via Harper's Ferry to Winchester, following Banks to Strasburg.<sup>1</sup>

In the retreat of Banks from Strasburg, Jackson captured both his telegraphers. One of them, while detained at Winchester to send important messages after our rear-guard had passed, finding himself surrounded, destroyed his dispatches, broke his instruments, and surrendered. Three other operators, while pushing forward a reconnaissance by locomotive on the Manassas Gap route, were captured by Jackson's men, who obstructed the track in their front and rear.

In Pope's Virginia campaign of three weeks his essential telegraph lines formed a triangle, its base extending from Washington along the Virginia side of the Potomac to Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg, its sides from the latter point to Culpeper Court House, and from Washington via the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to the same point, whence a single wire accompanied him to the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and beyond. In the retro-

<sup>1</sup> This was exclusive of the Fort Monroe line, the civil lines northward, and a network of short wires connecting fortifications and outposts.



grade movement as soon as he uncovered the apex of the telegraph triangle at Culpeper he lost the Fredericksburg wire, which became more inaccessible the farther he receded on the Orange and Alexandria route, while "Jeb" Stuart rode in and cut the line in his rear at Manassas Junction, capturing our operator, who was shot while attempting to escape. Thus was Pope entirely isolated, while Washington seemed as completely cut off from knowledge of his movements or of Jackson's as it was from the North on the 20th of April, 1861. Again the telegraphers plunged into the work of re-opening communication, this time at far greater hazard. Pushing out on the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap roads, by locomotive or by hand-car, they concealed themselves in woods and cliffs, observing the movements of the enemy's forces and of our own, and giving all the definite information which reached the Administration at that time. The field operators with Pope, too, finding their usual occupation gone, became independent scouts, reconnoitering the country, and tapping the wires wherever reached to obtain information of the enemy or to communicate news to the War Department. The earliest advices of the second battle of Bull Run, like those of the first, were given by the operators, two of them riding direct from the battlefield to the nearest line and telegraphing their own description of it to the President, who personally thanked them by telegraph. In such hazardous work a number were wounded or captured.

On one occasion an operator started out from Fairfax Station on a hand-car propelled by three contrabands to attempt to restore the line so that Pope's operators could communicate his whereabouts. Finding the line cut beyond Pohick Bridge, he spliced it and got signals from both directions. While so engaged a party of guerrillas emerged from the woods to the track and surrounded him. Bidding the negroes stand fast, he dictated a swift message over the line, which was being repeated back to him and copied as the Confederate leader leaned over his shoulder and read the significant words: "Buford has sent back a regiment of cavalry to meet the one from here and guard the line. If you are molested we will hang

every citizen on the route." The instrument ceased ticking as the operator firmly replied, ". . . — . — ." (O. K.). A painful pause ensued. The Confederate might have suspected a ruse if at the moment a gleam of sabers had not shone in the direction of Fairfax Court House. Hastily starting for the woods, the leader ex-



TELEGRAPH CAMP, BRANDY STATION, ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD (ON THE LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CULPEPER).

claimed, "Come home, boys; these yere ain't *our* niggers"; and they disappeared, while the hand-car, as if driven by forty contraband power, sped rapidly rearward. Pope's wires were not well guarded at any time.

Later in the war, in attempting to re-open this line for Sheridan, via the Manassas Gap road to Front Royal, a railroad and telegraph party while proceeding by locomotive were ambushed and five of them killed.

In the Antietam campaign McClellan had a line to Hagerstown looped via Poolesville to Point of Rocks, whence a branch extended to Harper's Ferry. Stuart cut this loop as Lee advanced, and an attempt to restore it proving disastrous to the telegraph party, Harper's Ferry remained isolated until captured. Five military operators surrendered with the troops at that point, but they escaped and at Antietam joined their comrades, who had pushed the line to the battlefield of South Mountain and on through Boonesboro' and Keedysville.

The electric tongue which had aided him on the Peninsula and in Maryland now proclaimed McClellan's victory at Antietam and again became the messenger of his humiliation. The telegraph corps revered "Little Mac," both in person and in military genius. Perhaps



none knew better than some of its members the extent and scope of his plans or had more confidence in their success. The orders for his withdrawal from the James were reluctantly transmitted, and on his removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac, in November, his chief operator telegraphed, "We are all grieved at McClellan's removal. The whole army, from major-generals down to foot orderlies, feel it. Old soldiers of the regulars wept like boys when he left."

Burnside's lines in the Fredericksburg campaign were the same as Pope's had been in August, but were less extended and less exposed. Three of the operators were captured at their posts, one of whom escaped by his wits and the others joined the considerable dele-

phone, he would have succeeded. It will undoubtedly be used with Morse telegraphy in future wars;<sup>1</sup> but the antiquated system introduced, and expected to be worked by officers unfamiliar with electricity, resulted in disastrous failure. Had the telegraphic field not been thus divided, and had General Hooker ordered the necessary lines, he would probably have had better control of his forces, particularly of Sedgwick's corps.

A swift glance southward and westward, without regard to chronological order, may indicate the value of the telegraph in other fields than the Potomac.

Military lines were not required in North Carolina until 1863, when they connected Morehead City, New Berne, Bachelor's Creek,



A FIELD EXPEDIENT.

gation of the corps already in captivity, where they suffered the usual horrors of Libby, Belle Isle, and Andersonville, and whence they communicated by many ingenious devices with their friends. A brass button by the hands of an exchanged prisoner would contain a cipher dispatch on tissue paper. A ring carved from bone and marked with a few Morse characters told us of our captured comrades.

From the beginning of the war there had been some friction between the telegraph and the signal corps. Early in 1861 the chief signal officer assumed control of the telegraph in Butler's department, from which he was immediately relieved by the Secretary of War. In 1863 he was again in the field with thirty cumbersome "magneto" machines, intended to operate a dial telegraph. The system was operated by the signal officers in the Chancellorsville campaign, and, proving inefficient, it was turned over to the telegraphers, who discarded the machines and worked with Morse instruments the short lines laid by the signal corps. Had Major Myer then had the tele-

and outposts. General Palmer credited the telegraph with having apprised him of the approach of Pickett's force against New Berne in February, 1864, and with enabling him promptly to concentrate his forces to meet the attack.

Three of his operators died of yellow fever. Plum says: "On the pay-rolls, which alone indicate that these men were in the service of their country, is written opposite their names, 'Discharged.' An eternal discharge, indeed."<sup>2</sup> Yet that epitaph comprises all of rank, reward, or pension ever tendered an operator of the military telegraph, or his family, by the United States.

In the same region, in March, 1865, the writer ran the line along with the troops in General Schofield's advance on Kinston and Goldsboro', lying in Gum Swamp—where the enemy struck us—two days and nights with the relay to his ear, transmitting dispatches. The signal corps co-operated handsomely, and ten picked cavalry-

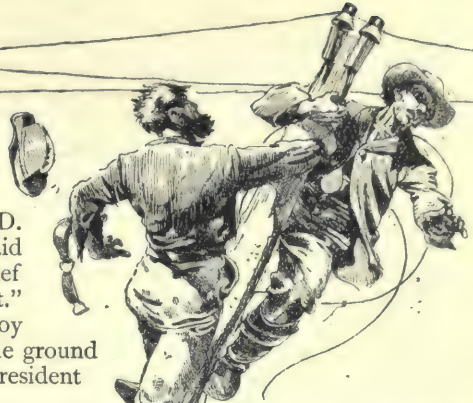
<sup>1</sup> The hand 'phone is a sensitive instrument for Morse telegraphy.

<sup>2</sup> "History of the Military Telegraph."

men rode right and left under fire with the dispatches. A whole regiment of ours was captured almost beside us.

The morning after this affair General J. D. Cox called at our post and courteously said that he wished "personally to thank the chief operator for the service rendered at the front." He seemed astonished at finding only a boy of fifteen, muddy and haggard, lying on the ground and too exhausted to care even if the President called.

The military telegraph service in South Carolina was peculiar in the preponderance of submarine cables connecting the sea islands, and in the exposure of the operators on Morris Island and vicinity to the fire of the Confederate batteries during the long siege of Charleston. On one occasion two of our men were up alternate poles stringing a wire which had just been cut by a shell when another well-aimed shot struck the pole between them and brought poles, wire, and men in a tangle to the soft sand.



Generals Gillmore and Terry which enabled them to foil a concerted attack by the enemy. Forster was captured on the third day and died in prison.

Not pausing to detail the movements of the telegraph with expeditions in Florida, we note in the Gulf Department seven military lines radiating from New Orleans under Butler and Banks, one of them reaching Baton Rouge, after its occupation, another accompanying the Red River expedition, and one connecting New Orleans and Port Hudson with field lines at the latter point during the siege. Experiments by the telegraphers in exploding powder by electricity, such as had been made at Fort Sumter and elsewhere, resulted in that department in the successful clearing of obstructions from Bayou Teche. At the close of the war about three thousand miles of military lines in the Department of Mississippi, including Texas, were turned over to commercial use.

In Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas military lines connected St. Louis with Fort Leavenworth and Fort Scott, and by February, 1864, with Fort Smith and Little Rock,

In September, 1863, a Union operator named Forster tapped the Charleston and Savannah line near Pocotaligo and sent information to from which point three wires radiated to important posts. In March, 1864, three of our builders were killed by guerrillas on the Fort

"INSULATED."



Smith line. By 1865 these lines aggregated seventeen hundred miles.

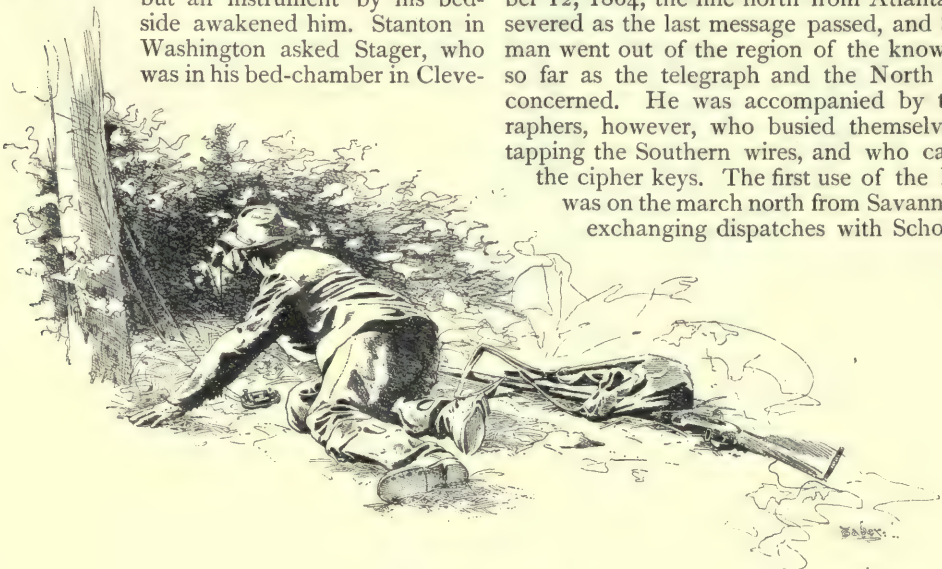
In Tennessee about a thousand miles of lines were constructed for Halleck's and Grant's operations. These, in 1862, connected St. Louis with Forts Henry and Donelson when captured, thence reaching to Nashville and on to Bowling Green, Kentucky. Nashville was connected with Decatur, Alabama, and other points. In the Shiloh campaign Buell carried a line from Nashville with him, meeting midway one from Grant, who was at Pittsburg Landing, so that Grant, Buell, and Halleck were in telegraphic communication on the eve of the unexpected battle of Shiloh. This must have been a source of reliance to Grant when the fight actually opened. During the siege of Vicksburg field lines connected Grant with all his forces, and the telegraph gave timely notice of Johnston's movements.

When Rosecrans was defeated at Chickamauga and retreated to Chattanooga, where Grant sent him timely aid; and in the concentration of Sherman and Hooker with Thomas, which culminated in the victory of Chattanooga, the telegraph was of incalculable service.

About this time Longstreet besieged Burnside at Knoxville and Grant sent Sherman swiftly to the rescue. Plum says: "After Grant had driven Bragg from Missionary Ridge he received dispatches from the advance office at Tazewell, notifying him that Burnside could not hold out longer than December 1. Secretary Stanton telegraphed for Colonel Stager to 'come to the key.' Stager had retired, but an instrument by his bedside awakened him. Stanton in Washington asked Stager, who was in his bed-chamber in Cleve-

land, Ohio, to forward news to Burnside by the most trusty means. The colonel instantly called up the chief operator in Louisville, Kentucky, and the latter the operators at four separate points nearest to Burnside. Thus it happened that in the dead of night four telegraphers, each with a cipher message notifying Burnside of the approach of Union troops, started on their perilous journey from four separate points." Some of them reached Burnside, and he held out until his army was saved. The episode has not been immortalized nor its heroes rewarded.

While Sherman was preparing his army to start from Chattanooga in the Atlanta campaign the military telegraph spread a network of additional wires in Tennessee for his use, some of them extending into Alabama and Georgia and accompanying him to Atlanta. In his "Memoirs" he says: "There was perfect concert of action between the armies in Virginia and Georgia in all 1864; hardly a day intervened when General Grant did not know the exact state of facts with me, more than fifteen hundred miles off, as the wires ran." The operations of Sherman's telegraph in the advance on Atlanta were similar to those with the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula. For instance, in front of Kenesaw, when about to hurl his whole force on Johnston's center, he says: "In order to oversee the whole and be in close communication with all parts of the army, I had a space cleared on top of a hill to the rear of Thomas's center, and had the telegraph wires laid to it." Sherman further says, speaking of the telegraph on the battlefield, "This is better far than the signal flags and torches." November 12, 1864, the line north from Atlanta was severed as the last message passed, and Sherman went out of the region of the knowable, so far as the telegraph and the North were concerned. He was accompanied by telegraphers, however, who busied themselves in tapping the Southern wires, and who carried the cipher keys. The first use of the latter was on the march north from Savannah in exchanging dispatches with Schofield,



TAPPING A WIRE.



LIGHT FIELD SERVICE.

who on the taking of Wilmington sent his dispatches in cipher by Lieutenant Cushing of the navy, who had already distinguished himself for reckless bravery. Cushing, going up the Cape Fear River in a steam launch, met Sherman's scouts near Fayetteville. Thus Sherman was informed of successful coöperation in North Carolina, and the cipher code permitted full explanation of plans of campaign between Grant, Schofield, and Sherman.

It also enabled us later, at Raleigh, to communicate over the Confederate wires with General James H. Wilson at Macon, Georgia, pending the negotiations for the surrender of Johnston.

Meantime the telegraph served Thomas in retreat and defense—covering his front during

the siege of Nashville with watchful sentinels, reporting his condition daily to Grant, and bringing constant messages from City Point and Washington.<sup>1</sup>

Taking up the electric thread with the Army of the Potomac, in 1864, Badeau attests that when Grant crossed the Rapidan in the final campaign he moved synchronously by telegraph Sherman in Georgia, Crook in the Valley, and Butler on the Peninsula, and received responses from each before night, while all the remaining forces of the Union were placed on the alert by the same agency. In addition to

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Western service the reader is referred to Plum's History, already quoted, to which the writer is much indebted for details of the Western departments.





UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION CORPS.

the main line, via the Orange and Alexandria road, accompanying Grant, keeping him in direct communication with Washington, General Eckert had at this time perfected a field telegraph system somewhat on the mountain howitzer plan. Reels of insulated cable, strong enough to resist cannon-wheels, were carried on the backs of mules paying out the wire over the field, where it was raised on lances or on trees, while compact portable electric batteries were transported in ambulances constructed for the purpose. This system was found efficient on the battlefield and at Spotsylvania Court House, where at one time operators and cable were within the enemy's lines, and in subsequent battles it was thoroughly tested. Throughout the remainder of the war General Grant received almost daily reports by telegraph from all the armies in the field, and issued his orders, in cipher, over our wires to all his lieutenants in pursuance of one comprehensive plan. With Butler's cooperative move up the Peninsula went the telegraph to Gloucester Point, West Point, and White House on the Pamunkey; and when this feint on the York was followed by the real attack on the other side of the Peninsula, the telegraph was pushed up the James as rapidly as possible; so that when Grant swung around Richmond he was met at White House and at City Point by these electric nerves. Before Grant's arrival wires were run from Bermuda Hundred to Point of Rocks, on the left bank of the Appomattox, under fire from the enemy's batteries on the right bank, to Butler's headquarters, midway between that point and Broadway Landing,

and to W. F. Smith's and Gillmore's corps. A line was run down the south bank of the James from City Point to Fort Powhatan, and another was pushed across from Jamestown Island to Yorktown, whence it completed connection by McClellan's old wire to Fort Monroe and Washington. These links were then united by a submarine cable from Jamestown Island to Fort Powhatan, some nineteen miles in the James River, and a short one across the Appomattox. The James River cable was necessitated by the incursions of guerrillas on both banks. Facilities for the manufacture of telegraph cable in this country being then deficient, a portion of the original Atlantic cable was used. It never worked well, and in September, William Mackintosh, with a construction party of ten men and an infantry escort of one hundred, made an attempt to replace the cable by a land line on the south bank, which resulted in the capture of all but two of the party, six six-mule teams, and twenty miles of wire. The party had camped at night on a tidal creek below City Point, expecting to start out in the morning, all but "Mack" and the colored cook preferring the right bank on account of its being higher ground. About daybreak the contraband heard firing and roused Mack, who thought it was only his escort killing pigs for breakfast. The old cook started to make a fire and fry some bacon, but a bullet whistling near his head demoralized him and he took to the woods. Mack then saw the raiders on the opposite bank of the creek and heard them shouting to him to surrender. Fortunately the tide was in, and while they



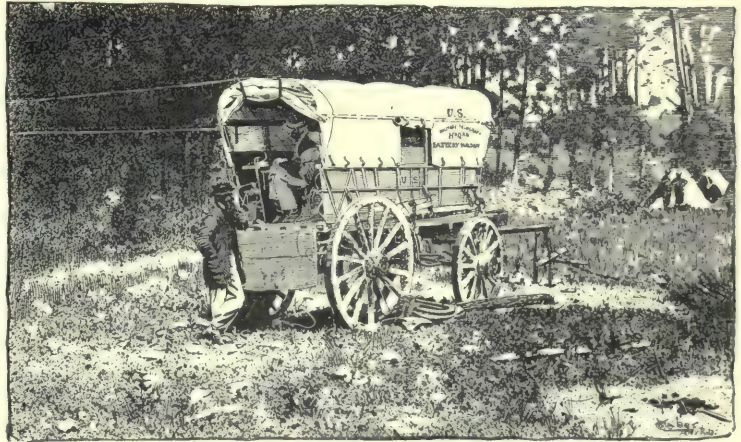
were crossing he secured his horse and set off amid a shower of bullets, closely pursued by the Confederates.<sup>1</sup> The chase was kept up for a mile by augmenting parties of cavalry who had forded the creek higher up, and was stopped only when the pursuers were confronted by a regiment of our men, who poured a volley into them and emptied a number of saddles. Mackintosh thus escaped a third term in Libby prison, he having been twice before captured and exchanged. A week after the capture of the telegraph party a "climber," barefoot and tattered, found his way back to our lines. When asked where his shoes were, he replied, "The ribils schkarred me out of me boots."

In Butler's advance on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, 7th of May, a line was carried along with the column to within sight of that road, and worked until Beauregard struck us at Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th, when General Butler ordered his chief operator to "bring the line within the intrenchments." In these trenches, one night, Maynard Huyck was awakened from sleep, not by the familiar voice of his instrument, but by the shriek of a Whitworth bolt, a six-pound steel shell, which passed through the few clothes he had doffed, then ricocheted, and exploded beyond. Congratulating himself that he was not in his "duds" at the moment, the boy turned over and slept through the infernal turmoil of an awakening cannonade until aroused by the gentle tick of the telegraph relay. We used no "sounders" in those days at the front.

In illustration of the sensibility of hearing acquired by the military operators for this one sound, the writer may be pardoned another personal incident. At Norfolk, in April, 1863, he happened to be alone in charge of the telegraph when Longstreet with a large force laid siege to Suffolk. In the emergency he remained on duty, without sleep, for three days and nights, repeating orders between Fort Monroe and the front. Towards morning on the third night he fell asleep, but was roused by the

strenuous calls of the fort and asked why he had not given "O. K." for the messages just sent. He replied that none had been received. "We called you," said the operator at the fort; "you answered, and we sent you two messages, but you failed to acknowledge them." The dispatches were repeated and forwarded, when on taking up a volume of Scott's novels, with which he had previously endeavored to keep awake, the writer was astonished to find the missing telegrams scrawled across the printed page in his own writing, some sentences omitted, and some repeated. It was a curious instance of somnambulism.

During the siege of Petersburg every salient point on the front of the armies of the Potomac and James was covered with the wires radiating from Grant's headquarters at City Point. One circuit, crossing the Appomattox, took in the intrenchments on the Bermuda Hundred front, the Tenth Corps' headquarters. Later it crossed the James at Deep Bottom by cable, included the "Crow's Nest," Dutch Gap, headquarters Army of the James, Fort Harrison when captured, and eventually Weitzel's headquarters and Kautz's cavalry on our extreme right. The second circuit followed up the south bank of the Appomattox to our advanced works, and running to the left connected Smith, Hancock, Burnside, and Warren, Sheridan on his arrival, and other commands as they arrived or were shifted on this important field as the tide of



FIELD TELEGRAPH—BATTERY WAGON.

battle ebbed and flowed, pushing farther to the left as Grant, throughout the winter and spring, deployed his forces to envelop Lee's

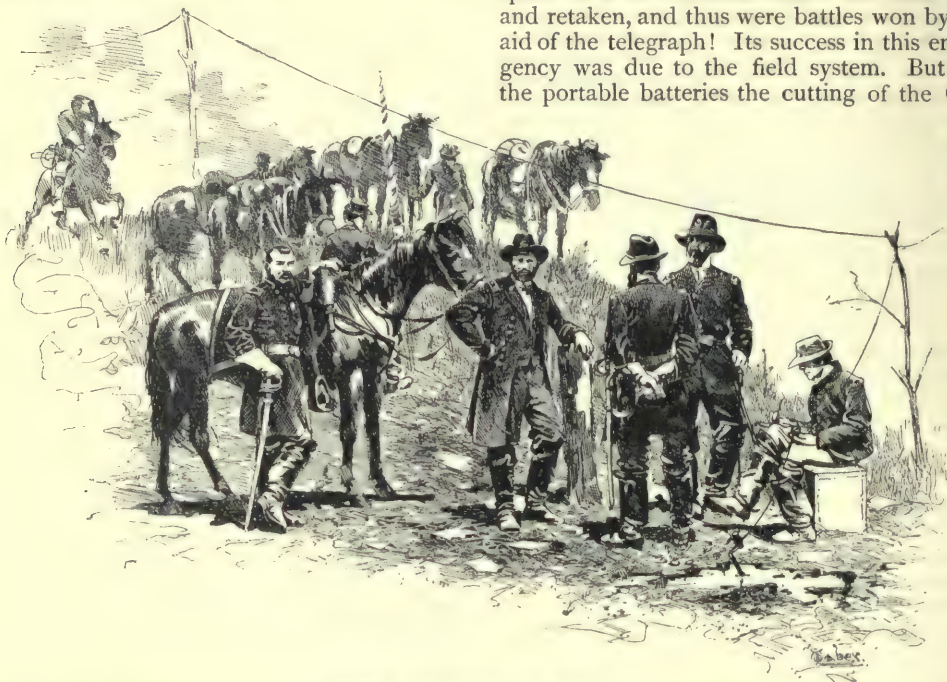
<sup>1</sup> This proved to be Hampton's famous "cattle raid," than which there stands nothing bolder or more curious in the annals of such exploits. It originated in a telegraphic episode, General Hampton's operator, Gaston, having lain six weeks in the woods, with his instrument connected by fine wire to our line. All that he heard of importance was in cipher, except one message

mentioning that 2586 beeves, to feed our army, would be landed at Coggin's Point for pasture. Hampton got them all but one lame steer. Doubtless the hungry "Johnnies" blessed the operator who neglected to put that message in cipher. The other dispatches which Gaston copied were sent to Richmond, but were never deciphered.



right, until the line reached the Weldon railroad and beyond. Thus all our forces in front of Richmond and Petersburg—a semicircle of thirty miles of intrenchments—were manipulated in concert by the hand of General Grant.

Parke in command, gave him three corps and empowered him to assault, while its repair restored Meade, regulated the assault, enabling Grant to use his whole force as a unit, and secured an advance by our forces, all within the space of a few hours. Thus were forts lost and retaken, and thus were battles won by the aid of the telegraph! Its success in this emergency was due to the field system. But for the portable batteries the cutting of the City



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS OPERATOR.

The result of battles sometimes hung on the continuity of a slender wire, as when on March 25, 1865, the Confederates under Gordon attacked and carried Fort Stedman and cut the wire to City Point. The capture occurred about 5 A. M. According to General Humphreys, who has described this campaign, General Parke, then commanding the Ninth Corps, which received the attack, telegraphed at 5:30 A. M. to General Webb the loss of the fort. Webb immediately replied that Meade was at City Point, and he (Parke) in command. At 6:15 Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, on Parke's left, received the news also by telegraph that the enemy had "broken our right, taken Stedman, and were moving on City Point." Parke ordered Warren up with the Fifth Corps, the Ninth assaulted, and the fort was recaptured by eight o'clock. Promptly the telegraph was repaired and flashed the news to Grant and Meade, who as quickly projected the Second and the Ninth Corps against the enemy, capturing his intrenched picket line, a position of immense subsequent advantage, inflicting a loss of 4000 men, and losing 2000 in the whole operation. Thus the cutting of the wire by Gordon removed Meade from control, placed

Point current would have rendered the rest of the circuit useless.

In the final pursuit and capture of Lee's army all authorities unite in attesting the efficiency of the telegraph corps. In the rush of fifty miles from Petersburg to Appomattox, Grant, Meade, and all the corps of both the Potomac and James armies, except Sheridan's, were kept connected. Our men found poles standing on the South-side road, which materially facilitated our advance with the army. Where the retreat of the Confederates had been too rapid to destroy wires these were spliced to ours and used, turning the enemy's telegraph against himself, an operation which we were able to make on an extended scale in the North Carolina campaign.

The President at this time was at City Point, and later in Petersburg and Richmond, and to him Grant telegraphed the phases of the conflict, beginning with Sheridan's victory at Five Forks and ending with Lee's surrender. Meantime, over the wire pushed forward north of the James sped the message, "Richmond is fallen."

Sherman had reached Goldsboro'; and Schofield, advancing by two routes from the coast,

overcoming all obstacles, had built railroads and telegraphs to meet and supply him, and now he was advancing to Raleigh. Johnston surrendered, and at last over the military line which has been traced began to flow a tide of commercial dispatches, transmitted by the military telegraphers, Schofield's operators at Raleigh taking the business from Columbia and the south, rushing it over the Raleigh and Gaston wire, sixty messages an hour to Petersburg, whence northward flew the silent harbingers of peace. It was the first link to bind the North and the South together again.

It may surprise the reader to learn that, beyond the commendation of Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and all the higher officers, the military telegraphers—except a few heads of departments, who were commissioned and promoted from captains up to brigadier-generals—have never received any recognition for their great services. Though suffering captivity, wounds, and all of the hardships of the troops, the members of the corps cannot tell their children that they were soldiers, nor hail their brother veterans of the Grand Army of

the Republic as comrades. They were merely "civilians" who faithfully performed dangerous and harassing military duty with boyish enthusiasm, and some of whom have survived to learn that republics are ungrateful, or at least forgetful. Uncle Sam, who has been more generous to his veterans than any potentate of history, has forgotten them. Their widows and orphans receive no pensions.

Once a year the survivors of the corps from all parts of the Union meet to renew old acquaintance, cemented by the electric spark over leagues of wire. Many of them never met in the field, but they knew each other well by telegraph, and can still recognize the touch of a comrade's hand on the "key" a thousand miles away.

The experience of this country, which demonstrated the value of a military telegraph, induced the immediate organization of such corps, but on a more strictly military basis, in all European armies.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Lieutenant Von Treuenfeldt's "Kriegs-Telegraphie," and "Die Kriegstelegraphie" of Captain Bucholtz.

*J. Emmet O'Brien.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Ballot Reform Progress.

THE record of ballot reform legislation for the current year is one of most encouraging progress. At the beginning of the year only one State, Massachusetts, had such a law on its statute books. At its close, the legislatures of nine States had passed comprehensive measures closely resembling that of Massachusetts, seven of which were approved and became laws and two of which were defeated by executive vetoes. The States which have these, all of which are to go into effect in the near future, are, given in the order of enactment: Massachusetts, Indiana, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota, and Missouri. The two States which lost theirs through vetoes are New York and Connecticut. New York has been deprived in this way twice in succession, both times by the same governor. In Connecticut a so-called secret ballot law was hurriedly passed on the last day of the session, and was approved by the governor. It is in no sense an application of the Australian system, and there is considerable doubt as to whether it will accomplish much real reform in practice. It is, however, a step in advance.

When the agitation for ballot reform was started by the discussions of the Commonwealth Club of New York City in the spring of 1887, there was no law embodying the principles of the Australian system to be found in any part of the United States. A bill proposing a partial application of that system was discussed that winter in the Michigan legislature, and finally

passed one house, but it failed in the other house. Later in the spring of 1887 the Wisconsin legislature passed a law, applying only to the city of Milwaukee, in which some of the Australian principles, notably those providing for an absolutely secret ballot, were embodied. The committee appointed by the Commonwealth Club to draft a bill for presentation to the New York legislature spent a great deal of time during the autumn and early winter of 1887 in devising a simple and comprehensive scheme for applying the Australian system to American election methods. They completed their work in time to have their bill presented to the New York legislature soon after its assembling in January, 1888. This bill has served as the model for all subsequent measures, and while the eight laws now in existence differ from it in details, its underlying principles are to be found without modification in all of them. It was used in 1888 as the basis for the Massachusetts law, which, with the exception of a very excellent law passed by the Kentucky legislature and applying exclusively to the city of Louisville, was the only advance made by the reform during that year. The New York legislature passed the Commonwealth Club bill, but Governor Hill vetoed it.

The discussions aroused in New York and Massachusetts on the pending measures called the attention of the whole country to the subject. A valuable demonstration of the practicability of the reform was furnished by elections in Milwaukee and Louisville, for in both instances the new system worked with such smoothness and success as to command the praise of its most



strenuous opponents. This helped forward the movement, but a far more vigorous impulse was given to it by the revelations which were made after the presidential election concerning the unprecedented use of money for the purchase of votes by both political parties. These awoke the public conscience in all parts of the country, and caused a general demand for some ballot system which would secure a secret and untrammelled vote. When the State legislatures came together in January last, there was scarcely one of them which did not have before it in some form a measure for a change in existing ballot systems. The Australian method was the favorite everywhere, partly because it had stood the test of experience in Australia for 30 years, in England for 18 years, and in Canada for 16 years, and partly because discussion of it had made the public to some extent familiar with its principles.

The result of the legislative year's work was the seven laws which we have enumerated. In Maine, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and several other States similar laws were considered but were not passed. The seed sown by the discussions of them is certain, however, to bear fruit in the near future. The leading principles of the eight laws which we now have are the same in all. They are:

1. An exclusively official ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense. The names of all candidates for all offices are to be placed upon these ballots, and none others are to be received or counted.

2. Absolute secrecy in voting. Every voter is required to take his ballots and retire alone with them to a compartment where, free from observation or espionage of any kind, he must mark them to indicate the candidates for whom he wishes to vote. There is slight variation in the methods prescribed by the different laws for this marking. In Indiana the voter is to make the mark with an official stamp, furnished for the purpose; in Missouri he must erase from the ballot all names except those for which he wishes to vote; and in Massachusetts, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, and Minnesota he must indicate his choice by an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. In three of the laws, those of Indiana, Missouri, and Tennessee, the names of candidates are grouped under party titles, but in the others they follow the order in which the nominations are received by the officer in charge of the printing, with the politics indicated after each name.

3. Ample provision for independent nominations. All the laws contain careful provision whereby a specified number of voters can, by agreeing upon an independent candidate, and by making his nomination in writing to the official printer of the ballots, have his name placed upon the ballots on equal terms with those of the regular candidates.

It is easy to see at a glance what a momentous gain for honest elections has been secured by the engrafting of these three principles upon our electoral system. The printing and distributing of ballots at the public expense, and the prohibition of all others, takes away all excuse for assessments upon candidates, and drives from the polls all the ticket-peddlers, watchers, and political workers of all kinds. There will be nothing for them to do outside and about the polls, they are forbidden to congregate near the polls, and they are

not allowed inside. Thus we are rid at once of the chief excuse for raising money for corrupt purposes at the polls, and of the ability to use it, even if raised, with any certainty that the receivers of it will carry out their part of the corrupt bargain at the ballot-boxes. By having an absolutely secret ballot we are rid of espionage and intimidation of all kinds. The ward "boss" cannot follow his henchmen to the polls to see if they vote according to orders, or according to the terms of a "deal." The bulldozing employer cannot intimidate his employees to vote in accordance with his interests, but must leave them to vote in accordance with their own free will.

Possibly the greatest gain of all will be found in time to be that secured through independent nominations. This is the straightest and deadliest blow which has been struck at the dictatorial caucus system. Henceforth in eight States, any body of men, though a mere handful, can get their candidates' names upon the ballots and can have them distributed at the polls on equal terms with those of the regular parties. Every caucus will thus have hanging over its deliberations the threat of a formidable and easily organized independent movement in case its own nominations are not satisfactory. Heretofore the most effective obstacle to an independent ticket has been the difficulty and expense of getting it distributed at the polls.

#### Eight Hours a Day.

AGITATION is by no means a thing to be condemned off-hand. The justification of it rests on the same basis as that of any other advocacy: its ground of defense is that no other agency will take pains to defend its client; that opposing forces have their advocates who will bring out the best points on their behalf; and that this particular client should also have its advocate, to bring out the strong points of its case, leaving the balance of justice to be ascertained by those to whom that duty properly belongs. It will certainly not be asserted that any of our "trusts," or pools, or associations of manufacturers, or other employers, will make as hearty and persistent efforts as a labor organization would make to state and make clear the reasons or provocations for a troublesome and expensive strike. Nor, on the other hand, is it the primary business of the labor organization to maintain the cause of any but its own members. The case will be best understood and decided by the general public and by the parties interested when each side has been presented fully by those who feel its justice most keenly and know most about it, provided the presentation has been made in a spirit of fairness and of willingness to compromise. Even then some points will be imperfectly understood, but substantial justice can in no other way be so closely reached.

Every man, then, who is interested in industrial discussion has a right to protest against the spirit in which some industrial disputes are settled. A settlement into which either side brings personal rancor, or in which either side yields only perforce after a mismanaged struggle, with the reservation of an intention to try it again at the earliest opportunity or to gain the wished-for end by treachery and indirection, is no settlement at all. The employer who abandons a lock-out, but takes every subsequent opportunity to discharge "agi-

tators," whom he regards as troublesome, will find, when he next has need of public sympathy, that he has alienated it. And there is no more real excuse for the labor agitator who, after a complete exposure of his failure to understand the circumstances through which he has undertaken to be the guide of his fellows, refuses to admit his mistake, but seeks some new ground upon which to prepare a second failure.

It is not quite a misnomer to give the name of "discussion" to a strike. The essence of the strike is that it is a clumsy means of testing truth. With some philosophical differences as to the source from which wages are paid, there is a pretty general agreement as to the manner in which the rate of wages is fixed. One distinguished writer on the subject has even gone for his text to the summing up of an intelligent workman, who said: "When I see two bosses running after one man, I know that wages are going to be high; when I see two men running after one boss, I know that wages are going to be low." All this means that supply and demand have the same influence on the price of labor as on the price of corn. But man has found no means of ascertaining the "visible supply" of labor in any trade as he has in the case of corn: corn remains corn and cannot become wheat or oats, but the man who is a shoemaker to-day may be a farmer or a horse-car driver to-morrow. How then is the possible labor supply to be ascertained? The workman says: "The supply of labor in our trade is sufficiently short to justify a ten per cent. increase of wages." The employer denies it. In the dearth of statistics, how is the controversy to be decided? The strike furnishes a clumsy mode of decision. The men suspend their work, and the employer attempts, by engaging new men, to justify his contention that the supply of labor was not "short."

It must be evident that it is unskilled labor which is at the greatest disadvantage in such a mode of coming to conclusions. This is the class of labor, therefore, which is most interested in finding some reasonable substitute for the strike and lockout rather than in contriving new pretexts or methods for either. The strike of the car-drivers in Brooklyn and New York last winter, for example, was successful only in showing that, for every hundred men who had struck, at least five times the number, of equal or superior capacity, were waiting to take their places. Having demonstrated this unwelcome state of affairs, what were rational men to do next? The circumstances could be changed only by sheer violence; and the city government was not to be counted as a passive but as an active neutral; it was not to leave the struggle to the arbitrament of violence, but intended to protect property as well as life. The men were wisest, then, in yielding to circumstances and again seeking their old work.

What are we to think, then, of the wisdom of guides who condemn circumstances and seek only for new

reasons or methods for strikes? Yet the "lesson" which a leading labor journal drew from the failure of the street-car strike was as follows:

The state should appoint boards of arbitration to which all grievances could be referred, and enact laws to enforce the decisions of the arbitrators. Reduce the hours of labor to eight per day, and establish a minimum rate of wages. Attach a penalty for working overtime, and give an opportunity to labor to the vast army of industrious idle men who flood the larger American cities at the present time. This would render strikes unnecessary, as an employer would think twice before allowing his work to stop when he did not know where to look for men. The employer reaps all the benefit of the competition in labor under present methods.

The two branches of this proposal are apt to seem plausible, even to men presumed to be educated. And yet the first, that of compulsory arbitration, really amounts to either a stoppage of production or the re-introduction of slavery. If the arbitration is made compulsory on the employer alone, production must stop, for the scheme would be merely a legal confiscation of the property of the employer, who, if he is sane, will go out of business. In the second place, the decision of the arbitrators can be enforced on the employer through his property: if he refuses to obey, his property can be sold by the sheriff. The workman has, roughly speaking, no property on which to levy, unless his labor be accounted his property. Compulsory arbitration for workmen, then, means compulsory labor, and that always has in it something of the principle of slavery. The state could not afford even to permit workmen to consent to its admission.

The second part of the proposal, the struggle for "eight hours a day," is founded on the notion that if less work is done in eight than in ten hours there will be just so much work left for those now unemployed; while the consequent employment of previously idle men will prevent an employer from filling the places of strikers, and will guard against a decrease of wages. If the proposal were that every man should work with one hand tied behind him, for the same purpose, the naked folly of it would need no demonstration. Any man could estimate for himself the effects on the industry and prosperity of the community or nation, and could see that, instead of providing work for the unemployed, the practical result would be the decrease of work, through the ruin of industries which have now but the narrowest margin of profit to rely upon. And yet where is the essential difference between the two proposals, except that this reason for an eight-hour day is solemnly put out as an "economic" proposition?

There are more respectable reasons for the eight-hour day, which are entitled to argument. But the reason above assigned is rather the dense obstinacy which attempts to retain or regain a discredited leadership by cozening the victims into treading again the same old road to ruin.





## OPEN LETTERS.

### The Centenary of Fenimore Cooper.

MOST appropriate is it that the first literary centenary which we are called upon to commemorate one hundred years after the adoption of the Constitution that knit these States into a nation should be the birthday of the author who has done the most to make us known to the nations of Europe. In the first year of Washington's first term as President, on the fifteenth day of September, 1789, was born James Fenimore Cooper, the first of American novelists and the first American author to carry our flag outside the limits of our language. Franklin was the earliest American who had fame among foreigners; but his wide popularity was due rather to his achievements as a philosopher, as a physicist, as a statesman, than to his labors as an author. Irving was six years older than Cooper, and his reputation was as high in England as at home; yet to this day he is little more than a name to those who do not speak our mother tongue. But after Cooper had published "The Spy," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Pilot," his popularity was cosmopolitan; he was almost as widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," and only one American author has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad—Poe. Here in these United States, we know what Emerson was to us and what he did for us and what our debt is to him; but the French and the Germans and the Italians do not know Emerson. When Professor Boyesen visited Hugo some ten years ago he found that the great French lyrist had never heard of Emerson. I have a copy of "Evangeline" annotated in French for the use of French children learning English at school; but whatever Longfellow's popularity in England or in Germany, he is really but little known in France or Italy or Spain. With Goethe and Schiller, with Scott and Byron, Cooper was one of the foreign forces which brought about the Romanticist revolt in France, profoundly affecting the literature of all Latin countries. Dumas owed almost as much to Cooper as he did to Scott; and Balzac said that if Cooper had only drawn character as well as he painted "the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art."

In his admirable life of Cooper, one of the best of modern biographies, Professor Lounsbury shows clearly the extraordinary state of affairs with which Cooper had to contend. Foremost among the disadvantages against which he had to labor was the dull, deadening provincialism of American criticism at the time when "The Spy" was written; and as we read Professor Lounsbury's pages we see how bravely Cooper fought for our intellectual emancipation from the shackles of the British criticism of that time, even more ignorant then and more insular than it is now. Abroad Cooper received the attention nearly always

given in literature to those who bring a new thing; and the new thing which Cooper annexed to literature was America. At home he had to struggle against a belief that our soil was barren of romance—as though the author who used his eyes could not find ample material wherever there was humanity. Cooper was the first who proved the fitness of American life and American history for the uses of fiction. "The Spy" is really the first of American novels, and it remains one of the best. Cooper was the prospector of that little army of industrious miners now engaged in working every vein of local color and character, and in sifting out the golden dust from the sands of local history. The authors of "Oldtown Folks," of the "Tales of the Argonauts," of "Old Creole Days," and of "In the Tennessee Mountains" were but following in Cooper's footsteps—though they carried more modern tools. And when the desire of the day is for detail and for finish, it is not without profit to turn again to stories of a bolder sweep. When the tendency of the times is perhaps toward an undue elaboration of miniature portraits, there is gain in going back to the masterpieces of a literary artist who succeeded best in heroic statues. And not a few of us, whatever our code of literary esthetics, may find delight, fleeting though it be, in the free outline drawing of Cooper, after our eyes are tired by the niggling and cross-hatching of many among our contemporary realists. When our pleasant duty is done, when our examination is at an end, and when we seek to sum up our impressions and to set them down plainly, we find that chief among Cooper's characteristics were, first, a sturdy, hearty, robust, outdoor and open-air wholesomeness, devoid of any trace of offense and free from all morbid taint; and, secondly, an intense Americanism—ingrained, abiding, and dominant. Professor Lounsbury quotes from an English magazine of 1831 the statement that to an Englishman Cooper appeared to be prouder of his birth as an American than of his genius as an author—an attitude which may seem to some a little old-fashioned, but which on Cooper's part was both natural and becoming.

"The Spy" was the earliest of Cooper's American novels (and its predecessor, "Precaution," a mere stencil imitation of the minor British novel of that day, need not be held in remembrance against him). "The Spy," published in 1821, was followed in 1823 by "The Pioneers," the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" to appear and by far the poorest; indeed it is the only one of the five for which any apology need be made. The narrative drags under the burden of overabundant detail; and the story may deserve to be called dull at times. Leatherstocking even is but a faint outline of himself as the author afterward with loving care elaborated the character. "The Last of the Mohicans" came out in 1826, and its success was instantaneous and enduring. In 1827 appeared "The Prairie," the third tale in which Leatherstocking is the chief character. It is rare that an author is ever able to write a successful sequel to a successful story, yet Cooper did more; "The



Prairie" is a sequel to "The Pioneers," and "The Last of the Mohicans" is a prologue to it. Eighteen years after the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" had been published Cooper issued the last of them, amplifying his single sketch into a drama in five acts by the addition of "The Pathfinder," printed in 1840, and of "The Deerslayer," printed in 1841. In the sequence of events "The Deerslayer," the latest written, is the earliest to be read; then comes "The Last of the Mohicans"; followed by "The Pathfinder" and "The Pioneers"; while in "The Prairie" the series end. Of the incomparable variety of scene in these five related tales, or of the extraordinary fertility of invention which they reveal, it would not be easy to say too much. In their kind they have never been surpassed. The earliest to appear, "The Pioneers," is the least meritorious—as though Cooper had not yet seen the value of his material and had not yet acquired the art of handling it to advantage. "The Pathfinder," dignified as it is and pathetic in its portrayal of Leatherstocking's love-making, lacks the absorbing interest of "The Last of the Mohicans"; it is perhaps inferior in art to "The Deerslayer," which was written the year after, and it has not the noble simplicity of "The Prairie," in which we see the end of the old hunter.

There are, no doubt, irregularities in the "Leatherstocking Tales," and the incongruities and lesser errors inevitable in a mode of composition at once desultory and protracted; but there they stand, a solid monument of American literature, and not the least enduring. "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of the 'Leatherstocking Tales,'"—so wrote the author when he sent forth the first collected and revised edition of the narrative of Natty Bumppo's adventures. That Cooper was right seems to-day indisputable. An author may fairly claim to be judged by his best, to be measured by his highest; and the "Leatherstocking Tales" are Cooper's highest and best in more ways than one, but chiefly because of the lofty figure of Leatherstocking. Mr. Lowell, when fabling for critics, said that Cooper had drawn but one new character, explaining afterward that

The men who have given to *one* character life  
And objective existence, are not very rife;  
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,  
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,  
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker  
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

And Thackeray—perhaps recalling the final scene in "The Prairie," where the dying Leatherstocking drew himself up and said "Here!" and that other scene in "The Newcomes" where the dying Colonel drew himself up and said "Adsum!"—was frequent in praise of Cooper; and in one of the "Roundabout Papers," after expressing his fondness for Scott's modest and honorable heroes, he adds: "Much as I like these most unassuming, manly, unpretentious gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer—viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin—are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in 'Scott's lot.' *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

It is to be noticed that Thackeray singled out for praise two of Cooper's Indians to pair with the hunter and the sailor; and it seems to me that Thackeray is fairer towards him who conceived Uncas and Hardheart than are the authors of "A Fable for Critics" and of "Condensed Novels." "Muck-a-Muck" I should set aside among the parodies which are unfair—so far as the red man is concerned, at least; for I hold as quite fair Mr. Harte's rillery of the wooden maidens and polysyllabic old men who stalk through Cooper's pages. Cooper's Indian has been disputed and he has been laughed at, but he still lives. Cooper's Indian is very like Mr. Parkman's Indian—and who knows the red man better than the author of "The Oregon Trail"? Uncas and Chingachgook and Hardheart are all good men and true, and June, the wife of Arrowhead, the Tuscarora, is a good wife and a true woman. They are Indians, all of them; heroic figures, no doubt, and yet taken from life, with no more idealization than may serve the maker of romance. They remind us that when West first saw the Apollo Belvedere he thought at once of a Mohawk brave. They were the result of knowledge and of much patient investigation under conditions forever passed away. We see Cooper's Indians nowadays through mists of prejudice due to those who have imitated them from the outside. "The Last of the Mohicans" has suffered the degradation of a trail of dime novels, written by those apparently more familiar with the Five Points than with the Five Nations. Cooper begat Mayne Reid, and Mayne Reid begat Ned Buntline and "Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer" and similar abominations. But none the less are Uncas and Hardheart noble figures, worthily drawn, and never to be mentioned without praise.

In 1821 Cooper published "The Spy," the first American historical novel; in 1823 he published "The Pioneers," in which the backwoodsman and the red man were first introduced into literature; and in 1824 he published "The Pilot," and for the first time the scene of a story was laid on the sea rather than on the land, and the interest turned wholly on marine adventure. In four years Cooper had put forth three novels, each in its way road-breaking and epoch-making; only the great men of letters have a record like this. With the recollection before us of some of Smollett's highly colored naval characters we cannot say that Cooper sketched the first real sailor in fiction, but he invented the sea tale just as Poe invented the detective story—and in neither case has any disciple surpassed the master. The supremacy of "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" is quite as evident as the supremacy of "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." We have been used to the novel of the ocean, and it is hard for us now to understand why Cooper's friends thought his attempt to write one perilous and why they sought to dissuade him. It was believed that readers could not be interested in the contingencies and emergencies of life on the ocean wave. Nowadays it seems to us that if any part of "The Pilot" lags and stumbles it is that which passes ashore: Cooper's landscapes, or at least his views of a ruined abbey, may be affected at times, but his marines are always true and always captivating.

Cooper, like Thackeray, forbade his family to authorize or aid any biographer—although the American



novelist had as little to conceal as the English. No doubt Cooper had his faults, both as a man and as an author. He was thin-skinned and hot-headed. He let himself become involved in a great many foolish quarrels. He had a plentiful lack of tact. But the man was straightforward and high-minded, and so was the author. We can readily pardon his petty pedantries and the little vices of expression he persisted in. We can confess that his "females," as he would term them, are indubitably wooden. We may acknowledge that even among his men there is no wide range of character; Richard Jones (in "The Pioneers") is first cousin to Cap (in "The Pathfinder"), just as Long Tom Coffin is a half-brother of Natty Bumppo. We may not deny that Cooper's lighter characters are not touched with the humor that Scott could command at will; the Naturalist (in "The Prairie"), for example, is not alive and delightful like the Antiquary of Scott.

In the main, indeed, Cooper's humor is not of the purest. When he attempted it of malice prepense it was often laboriously unfunny. But sometimes, as it fell accidentally from the lips of Leatherstocking, it was unforced and delicious (see, for instance, at the end of chapter xxvii. of "The Pathfinder," the account of Natty's sparing the sleeping Mingos and of the fate which thereafter befell them at the hands of Chingachgook). On the other hand Cooper's best work abounds in fine romantic touches—Long Tom pinning the British captain to the mast with the harpoon, the wretched Abiram (in "The Prairie") tied hand and foot and left on a ledge with a rope around his neck so that he can move only to hang himself, the death grip of the brave (in "The Last of the Mohicans") hanging wounded and without hope over the watery abyss—these are pictures fixed in the memory and now unforgettable.

Time is unerring in its selection. Cooper has now been dead nearly two-score years. What survives of his work are the "Sea Tales" and the "Leatherstocking Tales." From these I have found myself forced to cite characters and episodes. These are the stories which hold their own in the libraries. Public and critics are at one here. The wind of the lakes and the prairies has not lost its balsam and the salt of the sea keeps its savor. For the free movement of his figures and for the proper expansion of his story Cooper needed a broad region and a widening vista. He excelled in conveying the suggestion of vastness and limitless space and of depicting the human beings proper to these great reaches of land and water—the two elements he ruled; and he was equally at home on the rolling waves of the prairie and on the green and irregular hillocks of the ocean.

*Brander Matthews.*

#### "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

A CIRCUMSTANCE presently to be mentioned requires me to review and extend my inquiry into the character of the old manuscript from which I have translated the story of Alix de Morainville.

In the chapter called "How I got them" (CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1888), I suggested that the name De Morainville might be a convenient fiction of Alix herself, well understood as such by Françoise and Suzanne. I may still repeat the obvious fact that an assumed name does not vitiate the truth of the story; although discoveries made since, which I am still in-

vestigating, offer probabilities that, after all, the name is genuine.

I also gave some reasons for my belief that the manuscript is old. The total absence of quotation-marks from its many conversational passages either identified it with a time when such things were not universal and imperative as they now are, or else indicated a cunning pretense of age. But there were so many proofs that it had lain for many years filed among old papers that the theory of a cunning pretense had no room. One leaf had been torn first and written on afterward; another had been written on first and part of it torn away and lost or destroyed afterward. The two rents, therefore, must have occurred at different times; for the one which mutilates the text is on the earlier page and surely would not have been left so by the author at the time of writing it, but only by some one careless of it, and at some time between its completion and the manifestly later date, when it was so carefully bestowed in its old-fashioned silken case and its inner wrapper of black paper. So an intention to deceive, were it supposable, would have to be of recent date.

Now let me show that an intention to deceive could not be of recent date, and at the same time we shall see the need of this minuteness of explanation. Notice, then, that the manuscript comes directly from the lady who says she found it in a trunk of her family's private papers. A prominent paper-maker in Boston has examined it and says that, while its age cannot be certified to from its texture, its leaves are of three different kinds of paper, each of which might be a hundred years old. But, bluntly, this lady, though a person of literary tastes and talent, who recognized the literary value of Alix's *history*, esteemed original documents so lightly as to put no value upon Louisa Cheval's thrilling letter to her brother, and to prize this Alix manuscript only because, being a simple, succinct, unadorned narrative, she could use it, as she could not Françoise's long, pretty story, for the foundation of a nearly threefold expanded romance; and this, in fact, she had written, copyrighted, and arranged to publish when our joint experience concerning Françoise's manuscript at length readjusted her sense of values, and she sold me the little Alix manuscript at a price still out of all proportion below her valuation of her own writing, and counting it a mistake that the expanded romance should go unpreferred and unpublished.

But who, then, wrote the smaller manuscript? Madame found it, she says, in the possession of her very aged mother, the daughter and namesake of Françoise. Surely she was not its author; it is she who says she burned almost the whole original draft of Françoise's "Voyage," because it was "in the way and smelt bad." Neither could Françoise have written it. Her awkward handwriting, her sparkling flood of words and details, and her ignorance of the simplest rules of spelling, make it impossible. Nor could Suzanne have done it. She wrote and spelled no better at fifty-nine than Françoise at forty-three. Nor could any one have imposed it on either of the sisters. So, then, we find no intention to deceive, either early or recent. I translated the manuscript, it went to press, and I sat down to eat, drink, and revel, never dreaming that the brazen water-gates of my Babylon were standing wide open.

For all this time two huge, glaring anachronisms were staring me, and half a dozen other persons,

squ岸ely in the face, and actually escaping our notice by their serene audacity. But hardly was the pie — I mean the magazine — opened when these two birds began to sing. Was n't that — interesting? Of course Louis de la Houssaye, who in 1786 "had lately come from San Domingo," had *not* "been fighting the insurgents" — who did not revolt until four or five years afterward! And of course the old count, who so kindly left the family group that was bidding Madeline de Livillier good-bye, was not the Prime Minister Maurepas, who was *not* "only a few months returned from exile," and who was *not* then "at the pinnacle of royal favor"; for these matters were of earlier date, and this "most lovable old man in the world" was n't any longer in the world at all, and had not been for eight years. He was dead and buried.

And so, after all, fraudulent intent or none, *this* manuscript, just as it is, could never have been written by Alix. On "this 22d of August, 1795," she could not have perpetrated such statements as these two. Her memory of persons and events could not have been so grotesquely at fault, nor could she have hoped so to deceive any one. The misstatements are of later date, and from some one to whom the two events were historical. But the manuscript is all in one simple, undisguised, feminine handwriting, and with no interlineation save only here and there the correction of a miswritten word.

Now in translating madame's "Voyage de ma Grand'mère," I had noticed something equivalent to an interlineation, but added in a perfectly unconcealed, candid manner, at the end of a paragraph near the close of the story. It had struck me as an innocent gloss of the copyist, justified in her mind by some well-credited family tradition. It was this: "Just as we [Françoise and Alix] were parting, she [Alix] handed me the story of her life." But now I thought it well to ask my friend to explain this gloss. I had already called her attention to the anachronisms, and she was in keen distress, because totally unable to account for them. But my new inquiry flashed light upon her aged memory. She explained at once that, to connect the two stories of Françoise and Alix, she had thought it right to impute these few words to Françoise rather than for mere exactness to thrust a detailed statement of her own into a story hurrying to its close. My question called back an incident of long ago and resulted first in her rummaging a whole day among her papers, and then in my receiving the certificate of a gentleman of high official standing in Louisiana that, on the 10th of last April (1889), this lady, in his presence, took from a large trunk of written papers, variously dated and "appearing to be perfectly genuine," a book of memoranda from which, writes he, "I copy the following paragraph written by Madame S. de la Houssaye herself in the middle of the book, on page 29." Then follows in French:

#### Reflections.

THE wages of righteousness are earned by the job, not by the day.

YOU may pull the ox out of the mire on the Sabbath day, but don't push him into the mire for the purpose of pulling him out.

JUNE 20, 1841.—M. Gerbeau has dined here again. What a singular story he tells me. We talked of my grandmother and Madame Carpentier, and what does M. Gerbeau tell me but that Alix had not finished her history when my grandmother and my aunt returned, and that he had promised to get it to them. "And I kept it two years for want of an opportunity," he added. How mad Grandmamma must have been! How the delay must have made her suffer!

Well and good! Then Alix did write her story! But if she wrote for both her "dear and good friends," Suzanne and Françoise, then Françoise, the more likely, would have to be content, sooner or later, with a copy. This, I find no reason to doubt, is what lies before me. Indeed, here (italicized by me) are signs of a copyist's pen: "Mais hélas! *il desespéroit de réussir quand' il desespe* rencontre," etc. Is not that a copyist's repetition? Or this: "— et lui, mon mari apres tout se fit mon *mari m* domestique." And here the copyist misread the original: "Lorsque le maire entendit les noms et les *personnes* prenom de la mariée," etc. In the manuscript *personnes* is crossed out, and the correct word, *prenoms*, is written above it.

Whoever made this copy it remains still so simple and compact that he or she cannot be charged with many embellishments. And yet it is easy to believe that some one with that looseness of family tradition and largeness of ancestral pride so common among the Creoles, in half-knowledge and half-ignorance should have ventured aside for an instant to attribute in pure parenthesis to an ancestral De la Houssaye the premature honor of a San Domingan war; or, incited by some tradition of the old Prime Minister's intimate friendship with Madeline's family, should have imputed a gracious attention to the wrong Count de Maurepas, or to the wrong count altogether.

I find no other theory tenable. To reject the whole matter as a forgery flies into the face of more incontestable facts than the anachronisms do. We know, without this manuscript, that there was an Alix Carpentier, daughter of a count, widow of a viscount, an *enigree* of the Revolution, married to a Norman peasant, known to M. Gerbeau, beloved of Suzanne and Françoise, with whom they journeyed to Attakapas, and who wrote for them the history of her strange life. I hold a manuscript carefully kept by at least two generations of Françoise's descendants among their valuable private papers. It professes to be that history — a short, modest, unadorned narrative, apparently a copy of a paper of like compass, notwithstanding the evident insertion of two impossible statements whose complete omission does not disturb the narrative. I see no good reason to doubt that it contains the true story of a real and lovely woman.

G. W. Cable.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., June 21, 1889.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

BLUE blood should assert itself without the help of a placard.

LIFE is a half-way house, and each guest should take contentedly the room to which he is assigned.

THE back-log without the small sticks will never heat the room.

J. A. Macan.



## The Dog Stealer's Story.

I 'M willin' to talk if you 're all on the square,  
An' it is n't some kind of a sham.  
I 'm the best hand with dogs thar is in the line!  
Better hang for a sheep than a lamb.

Yes, 't is a mean trade, so I lay out to be  
'Bout as mean as they make 'em, yer know;  
But only jest once hev I ever *felt* mean —  
Well, it happened a long time ago.

I was down on my luck, with nary a dog,  
When I passed by a bone-yard one night,  
The sun goin' down over back of the hills  
Makin' things sorter shiny an' bright.

I heard a long howl an' looked over the fence,  
An' in thar on a grave that was new  
Sat a dog jest mournin' away like a man —  
Feelin' worse than the most of 'em do!

Yer see, it 's my trade, so I went fur that dog,  
But I did n't git on very fast;  
Though I 've tackled all kinds that cur was the worst,  
An' I had to play trumps, sir, at last.

One dodge never fails, an' he came 'gin his will,  
But I tell yer, I felt like a hog,  
For somehow it seemed a low kind of a trick,  
A-persuadin' a dead feller's dog.

He came sorter whinin', his tail hangin' down,  
An' he never got sot up ag'in.  
I was good to him, Mister, treated him well,  
But he pined hisself sickly an' thin.

Months later I come to the very same place,  
An' that night, sir, the dog run away,  
So I started out fur to go look him up —  
I 'd a weakness fur him, I must say.

He 'd never forgot, nor took kindly to me,  
But I kinder respected his sense,  
An' so paddled after him, all in the dark,  
Till I ran myself into a fence.

But the moon jest then wriggled out o' the clouds,  
An' I saw the old place straight ahead,  
An' that cuss of a dog! He crawled on the grave,  
Gave a low sort of moan, an' lay — dead!

Well, I 'm never soft-hearted, but somehow I thought  
He had stuck pretty well to his game,  
An' if that dead feller was all that he thought  
I guessed he 'd hev wanted the same.

So thar in the moonlight I dug him a grave  
'T would take a good sexton to beat,  
An' come away glad to be leavin' him thar,  
Down, at last, at his old master's feet.

Well, my trotters will stop some day like the rest,  
I suppose, an' I have n't a friend,  
But sometimes I think I would like to lay down  
Alongside o' them two in the end!

Thank yer, sir! You 're the sort! I 'll drink your  
good health.  
Must be gettin' along while it 's light.  
Your dog? A real Gordon! Hum! 'T is gettin' late —  
Lemme sleep in your barn over night?

*Maria Bowen Chapin.*

## Chloris and Corydon.

(A PASTORAL.)

CHLORIS, a maid of nimble feet,  
Whose tongue was nimble too,  
A shepherd, — Corydon, I weet, —  
Come bashfully to woo.

He spake with awkward turn of head,  
A-leaning on his crook;  
"Now get thee hence," the maiden said,  
"Thou hast a sheepish look!"

At this in lower tone he sighed,  
"In love with thee I am";  
And she with merry laughter cried,  
"It is a pretty lamb!"

Then roared he out, a lion bold,  
His love of many a day,  
Until sweet Chloris, it is told,  
Was glad to say him "Yea."

Thus maids in pastoral days were won,  
Are still, — my tale is true:  
For I was shepherd Corydon,  
And Chloris, — that was you!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## Song of a Blue-Bird's Egg.

ONE blue-bird's egg I eat;  
Den itch dese foolish feet,  
Paths day appear s' sweet,  
I quit my home.

You blue-bird, I run  
Whar yo' spry wings begun;  
But my road 's nar done,  
I 'bleged ter roam.

Blue-bird, yo' egg 's small,  
Yit summer, spring, and fall  
I wanders mid 'em all —  
Never kin rest.

Dar th'oo de wrinkled corn,  
Pass de place I wuz born, —  
Ole massa's dinner-horn  
Can't sound dis fur.

O my feet, lemme stay;  
O my knees, give away;  
O my feet, stop, I pray,  
Nigh de ole place!

No! rain, nor hail, nor snow,  
Dis nigger 'bleged ter go —  
Hants day is callin' so  
Fur 'crost de fiel'

By ev'y yaller crick,  
In whar de woods air thick,  
'Long whar de river 's slick,  
Down stream day call,

*Eli Shepperd.*

## The Apple.

THANKS for the apple. If thou carest,  
What difference, I will tell to thee,  
'Twixt me and Paris there may be:  
He gave the apple to the fairest —  
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

*George Birdseye.*







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MOLIÈRE.

(FROM A PICTURE IN THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.)

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## IN EAST-SIBERIAN SILVER MINES.



R. FROST and I reached Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk) on our return from the mines of Kara (Kah-rah') in a state of physical exhaustion that made rest an absolute necessity. Excitement, privation, and exposure, without sufficient food, to intense cold had so reduced my strength that I could not walk a hundred yards without fatigue, and the mere exertion of putting on a fur overcoat would quicken my pulse twenty or thirty beats. It did not seem to me prudent, in this weak condition, to undertake a ride of six hundred miles, in springless telegas (tel-lay'gas), through the wild and lonely region in which are situated the Nerchinsk (Ner'chinsk) silver mines. For three days, therefore, we rested quietly in the log-house of the young peasant Zablikof (Zah'blee-koff), on the bank of the Shilka (Shill'kah) River, eating all the nourishing food we could get, sleeping as much as possible, and bracing ourselves up with quinine and Liebig's extract of beef.

Sunday morning, finding my strength measurably restored, I walked across the ice of the river to the town of Stretinsk and called upon the zasedatel (zah-se-dat'el), or district inspector of police, for the purpose of obtaining horses. Through the greater part of the Nerchinsk silver-mining district regular post-roads are lacking; but we had received authority by telegraph from the governor of the province to ask the coöperation of the police in hiring horses from the peasants along our route, and I had letters of introduction to most of the police officials from Major Potulof (Po'tooloff). The zasedatel received me courteously, and at once made the necessary requisition for horses, but said he must warn me that an epidemic of small-pox prevailed in all the region between Stretinsk and the mines, and that it

would be unsafe for us to sleep at night in the peasants' houses, or even to go into them for food. This unwelcome intelligence discouraged us more than anything that we had yet heard. The journey to the mines would involve hardship enough at best, and if, in a temperature that was almost constantly below zero, we could not enter a peasant's house to obtain food or shelter without risk of taking the small-pox, we should be between the horns of a very unpleasant dilemma. I was strongly tempted to proceed westward to the town of Nerchinsk and enter the mining district from that side; but such a course would greatly increase the distance to be traveled, and finding that Mr. Frost was willing to share with me the risk of infection, I finally decided to adhere to our original plan. Sunday afternoon we loaded our baggage into a small, shallow telega, lashed on behind a bag of frozen bread upon which we could not comfortably sit, and set out, with two horses and a ragged, low-spirited driver, for the Alexandrofski Zavod (Al-ex-androf'skee Zah-vod') and the mine of Algachi (Al-gah-chee').

The silver mines of Nerchinsk are not situated, as one might suppose them to be, at or near the town of Nerchinsk, but are scattered over a wild, desolate, mountainous region, thousands of square miles in extent, known as "The Nerchinsk Silver-mining District." This district is coterminous, on its southern side, with the frontier line of Mongolia, and occupies the greater part of the irregular triangle formed by the rivers Shilka and Argun (Argoon') just above the point where they unite to form the Amur (Am-moor'). The existence of silver and lead ore in this region was known even to the prehistoric aborigines of Siberia, and traces of their primitive mining operations were found near the Argun by the first Rus-



sian explorers of the country. In the year 1700 Greek mining engineers in the employ of the Russian Government founded the Nerchinski Zavod (Ner'chin-skee Zah-vod'), or Nerchinsk Works, near the Mongolian frontier, and before the end of the century shafts had been sunk in more than twenty places between the Argun and the Shilka, and eight zavods, or smelting-furnaces, had been constructed for the reduction of the ore. The mines were worked at first by peasants brought from other parts of Siberia and forcibly colonized at points where their labor was needed, but in 1722 their places were taken to some extent by hard-labor convicts deported from the prisons of European Russia. Since that time the mines have been manned partly by colonized peasants and partly by common criminals of the penal-servitude class. With the exception of Poles and a few of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, political convicts have never been sent to the Nerchinsk silver-mining district. Thousands of Polish insurgents were transported thither after the unsuccessful insurrection of 1863,<sup>1</sup> but since that time political offenders as a rule have been sent to the mines of Kara.

Our first objective point, after leaving Stretinsk, was the Alexandrofski Zavod, or Alexander Works, distant in a south-westerly direction about one hundred and twenty-five miles. The "Works," from which the place originally derived a part of its name and all of its importance, were abandoned many years ago and gradually fell into ruins, but the village attached to them still lingers in a moribund condition and now sustains a small convict prison. As we wished to examine this prison, and as the Alexandrofski Zavod, moreover, was a convenient point of departure for the once famous but now abandoned mine of Akatui (Ak-ah-too'ee), we decided to make there a short stay. The weather when we left Stretinsk was cold and cloudy, with a raw wind from the north-east. The low, desolate mountains between which we traveled were whitened by a thin film of snow, but the road was bare and dry, and we were soon covered with dust thrown up by the wheels of our vehicle. By the time we had made the first stretch of twenty miles we were cold, tired, and hungry enough to seek rest and refreshment; but the village where we stopped to change horses had a deserted, pestilence-stricken appearance, and we did not even dare to alight from our telega. Cold and hunger were preferable to small-pox.

Our driver tried to reassure us by declaring that the disease was of a mild type, but Mr. Frost expressed a fear that it might resemble Siberian vermin in being comparatively "mild" and harmless to natives but death to foreigners. When we reached the village of Kopun (Ko-poon'), at the end of the second stretch, it was beginning to grow dark, the mercury had fallen nearly to zero, and I was so dead cold that I could hardly move my stiffened and benumbed limbs.

"I can't stand this any longer," I said to Mr. Frost. "One might as well get the small-pox as freeze to death. I'm going to knock at the door of this house and ask whether they have the confounded disease or not. If they say they have n't, I'm going in to warm myself and get something to eat."

I knocked at the door and it was opened by a pale-faced, weary-looking woman.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me whether you have small-pox in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied; "we have."

That was enough. I did not wait for particulars, but hastened back to the telega, and said to Mr. Frost that, as we seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea, I was going for the bread-bag. Another disappointment, however, awaited me. The loaves not only were frozen to the consistency of geodes, but were completely covered with dust and sand that had been thrown up by the wheels of the telega, and had sifted through the loose meshes of the homespun linen bag. I gave one of them to Mr. Frost, took another myself, and for three-quarters of an hour we sat there in the deepening twilight, shivering with the cold and gnawing frozen bread, while we waited for horses.

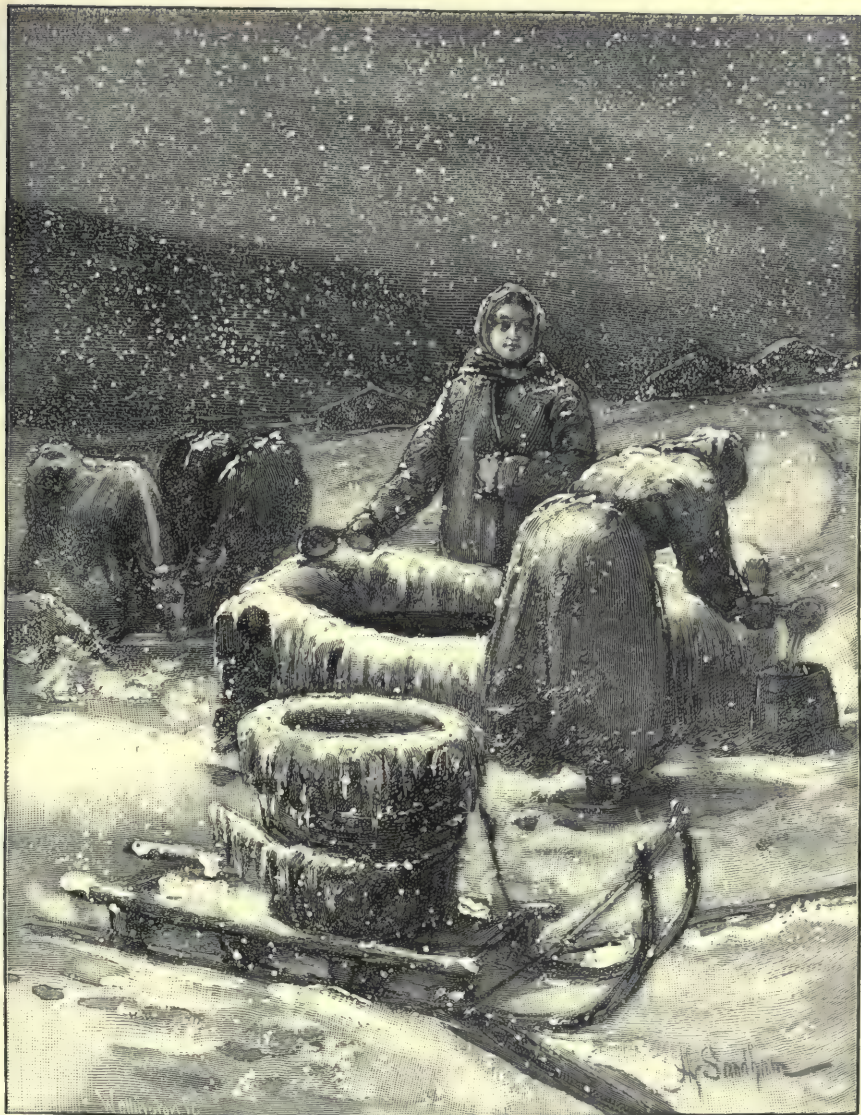
What we had to do was to warm and aerate with imagination the food that we could get, and congratulate ourselves upon having escaped the small-pox. I proposed, however, that we should sit on the bread throughout the next stretch, and thus protect it to some extent from dust and the refrigerating influence of an arctic climate. The proposition was approved and adopted, but the result was merely to exchange one sort of discomfort for another.

Horses were forthcoming at last, and after another long, cold, and dreary ride we reached, about nine o'clock at night, the comfortable station of Shelapugina (Shell-ah-poo'gin-ah), on the post-road between the town of Nerchinsk and the Nerchinski Zavod. I did not feel able to go any farther that day, and as the postmaster assured us that there had

<sup>1</sup> According to Maximof, who had access to the official records, the number of Poles exiled to Siberia between the years 1863 and 1866 was 18,623. Of this number 8199—including 4252 nobles—were sent to Eastern Siberia and 7109 of them were condemned to

penal servitude. Nearly all of the last-named class went to the Nerchinsk silver mines. [Maximof, "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. III., pp. 80, 81. St. Petersburg: A. Transhel, 1871.]





THE WELL AT ALGACHI.

never been a case of small-pox in the station, we brought in our baggage, drank tea, and, without removing our clothing, lay down as usual on our sheepskin overcoats upon the floor of the travelers' room. Monday morning, refreshed by a good night's sleep and a breakfast of tea, fresh bread, and fat soup, we resumed our journey and rode all day through shallow valleys, between low, treeless, and dreary-looking mountains, towards the Alexandrofski Zavod. The sky was clear and the sunshine inspiring; but the mercury had fallen to fifteen degrees below zero, our horses were white and shaggy with frost, the jolting of our vehicle made it difficult to keep our furs wrapped closely about us, and we suffered

severely all day from cold. About half-past six o'clock in the evening we stopped for an hour to drink tea in a village whose name, Kavvikuchigazamurskaya (Kah-vwee'koo-chee-gaz-ah-moor'skah-yah), seemed to me to contain more letters than the place itself had inhabitants. We met there a young technologist from St. Petersburg, who had been sent to the mines to teach the convicts the use of dynamite, and who was on his way home. He gave us a most gloomy account of life in the silver-mining district. The convict prisons, he said, were "the very worst in the Empire"; the officials were "cruel and incompetent"; the convicts were "ill-treated, beaten by everybody, with or without reason, forced to work





THE ALEXANDROFSKI ZAVOD.

when sick, and killed outright with explosives which the overseers were too ignorant or too careless to handle with proper precautions." He referred to the mining authorities with bitterness, as if his personal relations with them had been unpleasant; and, in view of that fact, it seemed to me prudent to take his statements with some allowance. I give them for what they may be worth in connection with my own later investigations.

Just before midnight on Tuesday we reached the village of Makarovo (Mah-kah'ro-vo), 112 miles from Stretinsk, and stopped for the night in what was known as the "zemski kvartir" (zem'skee kvar-teer'), a log-house occupied by a peasant family whose duty it was to give food and shelter to traveling officials. As soon as possible after drinking tea we went to bed, Mr. Frost lying on the floor, while I stretched myself out on a bench near one of the windows. The room was intolerably hot, the pine logs of the walls in the vicinity of the oven emitted a strong resinous odor, the air was close and heavy, and for a long time I could not get to sleep. I had just lost consciousness, as it seemed to me, when I was aroused by a loud and prolonged "Cock-a-doo-oo-dle-doo-oo!" which proceeded, apparently, from a point distant only a few inches from my head. Upon investigating this singular phenomenon I discovered that the space under the bench upon which I lay had been inclosed with slats and turned into a chicken-coop. A large cock, thinking, doubtless, that it must be near morning, had put his head out and up through the slats, and

crowed lustily in my very ear. This performance he repeated, at short intervals, throughout the remainder of the night, so that, although I finally took a position as far away from him as possible on the floor, I could get little rest. I have slept in Siberian cabins with colts, dogs, cattle, and sheep, but one wakeful Shanghai rooster will make more disturbance in a small room at night than a whole ark-load of quadrupeds.

We reached the Alexandrofski Zavod at ten o'clock Tuesday morning and found it to be a dreary, dead-and-alive Siberian village of two or three hundred inhabitants, situated in the middle of a flat, uncultivated steppe, with a rickety, tumble-down bridge in the foreground, and low, bare, snow-covered mountains in the distance. The convict prison, to which we were conducted by the warden, Mr. Fomin, proved to be nothing more than a "bogadielnia" (bo-gah-dyel'nya), or infirmary, to which were sent hopelessly disabled and broken-down convicts from other parts of the Nerchinsk mining district. The main building, which is shown on the right of the bridge in the illustration on this page, is a one-story log structure of the usual Kara type, and contained, at the time of our visit, 137 prisoners. It had been standing, the warden said, about half a century, and its sanitary condition, as might have been expected, was bad. The floors were dirty, the air in the cells was heavy and vitiated, and the corridors were filled with the stench of privies and neglected parashas. In two of the kameras (kah'mer-ahs) we found lunatics living with their sane comrades. The hospital

attached to the prison is small, but it was not overcrowded, and it seemed to me to be clean and in fairly good condition. The coarse linen on the cot beds was dirty, but the feldsher, or hospital-steward, said that this was not his fault. The supply of bed-linen was scanty, and he did the best he could with what was furnished him. He seemed to be very much gratified when I told him that his hospital, although small, impressed me as being the cleanest and best-managed institution of the kind that I had seen in the Trans-Baikal.

After having inspected the prison, Mr. Frost and I returned to Mr. Fomin's comfortable

existing state of affairs he referred to two gold placers in his district, which had been carefully examined by engineers of the Tsar's cabinet<sup>1</sup> and had been pronounced worthless. They had subsequently been sold or granted by the Tsar to private individuals, and had then produced 600 puds (poods), or more than 27,000 pounds of pure gold. The ispravnik intimated, although he did not explicitly say, that the Government engineers who examined the placers and declared them worthless were in league with the private individuals who desired to obtain title to them; and that the proceeds of this robbery of the Crown were shared by



THE OLD POLITICAL PRISON AT THE MINE OF AKATUI.

house, where we met the ispravnik of Nerchinski Zavod, a tall, well-built, good-looking man about forty years of age, who was making a tour of his district. He was very pleasant and communicative, talked with us frankly about the Nerchinsk mines, and said, without hesitation, that the Government's management of them was "clumsy, incompetent, and wasteful." He thought that it would be much better for the country if the whole Nerchinsk silver-mining district were thrown open to private enterprise. Many of the engineers in the employ of the Government were either corrupt or incapable, and the mines did not produce half as much silver as they ought. As an illustration of the

the parties to the corrupt agreement. I have no doubt that such was the case. The Tsar himself is constantly robbed and defrauded by the officials to whom he intrusts the management of his Siberian property.

After a good dinner of soup, fish, roasted grouse, vegetables, and compote of fruits, with vodka and two or three kinds of wine, which Mr. Fomin set out in honor of his guests, the ispravnik, the warden, Mr. Frost, and I started with two troikas of horses for the mine of Akatui, which was distant about twelve miles. This mine had long before been abandoned by the Government and had filled with water; but I was particularly anxious to see how it

<sup>1</sup> Nearly all the mines in this part of the Trans-Baikal belong to the Tsar in person and are known as the "cabinet mines." How the Tsar acquired title to them I do not know. An educated Russian gentleman

of my acquaintance began the compilation of a work that he intended to publish abroad under the title, "The Origin of the Wealth of the Romanofs," but he was sent to Siberia before he could complete his investigation.



was situated, partly because it had once been the most dreaded place of punishment in all Siberia, and partly because the Government was then making preparations to transport to it all of the political convicts at the mines of Kara. The road ran across the desolate steppe to the foot of a low mountain range six or eight miles north-west of the Zavod, and then entered a shallow valley between rounded and perfectly barren hills, about a thousand feet in height, whose snowy slopes limited the vision in every direction. As we ascended this valley the hills shut it in more and more closely,

of a peculiar, half-ruined log building, which had once apparently been covered with stucco or plaster, and through the middle of which ran a high-arched gateway. On the flanks of this structure, and forty or fifty yards from it, stood two weather-beaten prisons of stuccoed brick, one of them roofless, and both gradually falling into ruins. It was evident that these prisons had once been surrounded by a stockade, and that the log building with the arched gateway was the corps-de-garde through which admission was had to the inclosure. The stockade, however, had long



1. THE VALLEY AND MINING SETTLEMENT OF ALGACHI. 2. THE PRISON AT ALGACHI. 3. THE PRISON CORRIDOR.

until, a mile and a half or two miles beyond the small village of Akatui, it became a secluded and inexpressibly dreary glen, where there were no signs of life except the stunted and leafless bushes which here and there broke the uniform whiteness of the snow-covered hills. It seemed to me that I had never seen a place so lonely, so cheerless, so isolated from all the living world. It might have been a valley among the arctic hills of Greenland near the Pole.

"Here is the old political prison," said the *ispravnik*; and as he spoke we stopped in front

before disappeared, the iron gratings had been removed from the windows, and little remained to indicate to a careless observer the real nature of the ruins or the purposes that they had served. I alighted from my *telega* and entered the prison on the right of the corps-de-garde, thinking that I might discover a mural inscription left by some lonely and unhappy prisoner, or perhaps find one of the iron rings or staples in the wall to which refractory convicts were chained. Every scrap of iron, however, that could be used elsewhere had been stripped from the building; the

floors had rotted away; the plaster had fallen; and nothing whatever remained to suggest to one's imagination the unwritten history of the gloomy prison, or bear witness to the cruelties and tragedies that had given to Akatui its evil fame. The prison on the left of the corps-de-garde was in a much better state of repair than the other, and would doubtless have repaid a careful examination; but its windows were fastened, its heavy plank doors were secured with padlocks, and the warden said he did not know where the keys were or how we could gain admission. The entrance to the mine of Akatui was on the hillside, five or six hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and we could just see, in the deepening twilight, the outlines of a small tool-house that stood near the mouth of the shaft. At an earlier hour of the day I should have proposed to visit it; but the darkness of night was already gathering in the valley, the air was bitterly cold, and as the *ispravnik* and the warden seemed anxious to return to the *Zavod* I was obliged to content myself with such an examination of Akatui as could be made in the vicinity of the prisons. Lunin (*Loon'in*), one of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, lived and died in penal servitude at this mine, and somewhere in the neighborhood lie buried many of the Polish patriots sent to Akatui after the insurrection of 1863. I was unable, however, to find their graves. The Russian Government does not take pains to perpetuate the memory of the political offenders whom it tortures to death in its Siberian prisons, and over the moldering bodies of most of them there is not so much as a mound. Since my return from Siberia a new prison has been erected in the dreary valley of Akatui, and to it are to be transported all of the political convicts from Kara. The intention of the Government is to pump the water out of the abandoned mine and set the politicals at work in its damp and gloomy galleries. The change, of course, will be for the worse. If there is in Siberia a more lonely, a more cheerless, a more God-forsaken place than Kara, it is the snowy, secluded valley of Akatui.

At a late hour Tuesday night we returned to the Alexandrofski *Zavod*, and about noon on Wednesday, after a refreshing night's sleep and a good breakfast, we set out for the mine of Algachi, distant about twenty-two miles. There was little, if any, change in the appearance of the country as we made our way slowly into the silver-mining district. One range of low, barren, round-topped mountains succeeded another, like great ocean swells, with hardly a sign of life or vegetation, except in the shallow haystack-dotted valleys. From the summit of the last divide that we crossed be-

fore reaching Algachi, the country, which we could see for thirty miles, looked like a boundless ocean suddenly frozen solid in the midst of a tremendous Cape Horn gale when the seas were running high. Far down in a snowy trough between two of these mighty surges we could just make out a little cluster of unpainted log-houses, which our driver said was the mining village of Algachi. I wondered, as we stopped for a moment on the summit to look at it, whether in all the world one could find a settlement situated in a more dreary and desolate spot. As far as the eye could see there was not a tree, nor a dark object of any kind, to break the ghastly whiteness of the rolling ocean of snowy mountains; and it was not hard to imagine that the village itself was nothing more than a little collection of floating driftwood, caught in the trough of the sea at the moment when the tremendous billows were suddenly turned to snow and ice. We descended the steep slope of the mountain to the village by a stony, zigzag road; entered a long, dirty, straw-littered street between two rows of unpainted wooden houses, passed through several herds of cattle that sheepskin-coated boys were driving in from pasture, and finally stopped, amid a crowd of curious idlers, in front of the "*zemski kvartir*," or official lodging-house, where we intended to spend the night. It was already five o'clock,—too late for a visit to the prison or an inspection of the mine,—and as soon as we had brought in our baggage and explained to the people of the house who we were, we set about the preparation of supper. Our resources were rather limited, but our peasant hostess furnished a steaming samovar with a little milk and butter, Mr. Frost produced, with triumph, a can of Californian preserved peaches, which he said he had bought in *Stretinsk* "for a holiday," and we thawed out and toasted on a stick, before a cheerful open fire, some of our frozen, sand-powdered bread. Altogether we made out so good a supper that Mr. Frost's imagination never once suggested to him the desirability of milk-toast, and we went to bed on the floor about nine o'clock—warm, comfortable, and happy.

Wednesday morning, after breakfast, we called upon Mr. Nesterof (*Nes'ter-off*), the resident mining engineer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, the warden of the prison, for the purpose of getting permission to examine and investigate. Mr. Nesterof received us with generous Russian hospitality, insisted upon our taking a supplementary breakfast with him, and filled and refilled our glasses with vodka, cordial, Crimean wine, and Boston canned lemonade, until we feared that we should have to postpone our investigations indefinitely. Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, who lived in a



large, comfortable house full of blossoming oleanders, geraniums, and abutilon, then declared that we must drink another bottle of wine and eat a third breakfast with him, and it was after one o'clock when we finally set out for the prison and the mine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein was a Finn by birth and spoke Russian badly and with a strong German accent, but he seemed to be honest and trustworthy, and talked to me with great frankness and good-humor.

"I am afraid," he said, as we drove through the village street, "that you will find our prison the worst you have ever seen. It is very old and in bad condition, but I can't do much to improve it. We are too far away from Peter" (St. Petersburg).

I replied reassuringly that I did not think it could be worse than the common-criminal prison at Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah'), and said that I had had experience enough to understand some of the difficulties in the way of prison reform. He said nothing, but shook his head doubtfully, as if he thought that my experience would not be complete until I had examined the prison at Algachi. We presently stopped in front of a high log stockade, and, alighting from our vehicle, were received by a sentry with presented arms, and then admitted by the officer of the day to a spacious courtyard, in the middle of which stood the prison. It was a long, low, quadrangular building of squared logs, with a plain board roof, a small porch and a door at one end, and a long row of heavily grated windows. It seemed to me at first sight to be falling down. The wall on the side next to us had sunk into the ground until it was apparently two feet or more out of plumb, and, so far as I could see, nothing prevented it from giving way altogether except a row of logs braced against it at nearly a right angle on the side towards which it leaned. All of the walls, at some remote time in the past, had been covered with plaster or stucco and then whitewashed; but this superficial coating had fallen off here and there in patches, giving to the building a most dilapidated appearance. It was, manifestly, a very old prison; but exactly how old, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein could not tell me. For aught that he knew to the contrary it might have been standing since the opening of the mine in 1817. We entered the door at one end of the building and found ourselves in a long, dark, foul-smelling corridor, which was lighted only at the ends, and which divided the prison longitudinally into halves. Immediately to the left of the door as we entered was the pharmacy, and next to it a large square kamera used as a hospital or lazaret. In the latter were eight or ten low beds, upon which, under dirty,

and in some cases bloody, sheets, were lying eight or ten sick or wounded convicts, whose faces were whiter, more emaciated, and more ghastly than any I had yet seen. Two or three of them, the warden said, had just been torn and shattered by a premature explosion of dynamite in the mine. The atmosphere of the lazaret, polluted by over-respiration, heavy with the fevered breath of the sick, and pervaded by a faint odor of liniment and drugs, was so insufferable that I was glad, after a quick glance about the room, to escape into the corridor. The first regular kamera that we examined was about twenty-two feet square and seven or eight feet high, with two windows, a large brick oven, and a plank sleeping-platform extending around three of its sides. There was no provision for ventilation, and the air was almost, if not quite, as bad as in the worst cells of the prisons at Ust Kara. I could breathe enough of it to sustain life, and that was all. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention, after I entered the kamera, was a broad band of dull red which extended around the dingy, whitewashed walls, just above the sleeping-platform, like a spotty dado of iron rust. Noticing that I was looking at it with curiosity, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein remarked, with a half-humorous, half-cynical smile, that the prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red."

"What is it, any way?" I inquired, and stepping to one end of the sleeping-platform I made a closer examination. The dull red band at once resolved itself into a multitude of contiguous or overlapping blood-stains, with here and there the dried and flattened body of a bed-bug sticking to the whitewash. I had no further difficulty in guessing the nature and significance of the discoloration. The tortured and sleepless prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red" by crushing bed-bugs with their hands, as high up as they could reach while lying on the nares, and in this way had so stained the dingy whitewash with their own blood that at a little distance there seemed to be a dado of iron rust around the three sides of the kamera where they slept. How many years this had been going on, how many thousand convicts had helped to "paint" those "walls red," I do not know; but I had suffered enough in Siberia myself from vermin fully to understand and appreciate the significance of that dull red band.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the other kameras of this wretched prison. They were all precisely like the first one except that they differed slightly in dimensions. All were overcrowded, all were swarming with vermin, and the air in them was polluted almost beyond endurance. At the time of our visit the prison



as a whole contained 169 convicts — about twice the number for which there was adequate air space.

At the first favorable opportunity I said to Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein: "I cannot understand why you allow such a prison as this to exist. You have here 169 convicts. Only forty or fifty of them work in the mine; the rest lie all day in these foul cells in idleness. Why don't you take them out to the nearest forest, set them at work cutting timber, make them drag the logs to the village, and have them build a better and larger prison for themselves? They would be glad to do it, the expense would be trifling, and in a few months you would have here a prison fit for a human being to live in."

"My dear sir," he replied,<sup>1</sup> "I cannot send convicts into the woods without orders to do so. Suppose some of them should escape,— as they probably would,— I should be held responsible and should lose my place. I don't dare do anything that I have not been ordered to do by the Prison Department. The authorities in St. Petersburg are aware of the condition of this prison. I have reported on it year after year. As much as five years ago, after calling attention as urgently as I dared to the state of affairs, I received orders to consult with the district architect and draw up a plan and estimates for a new prison. I did so; but you know how such things go. Letters are two or three months in reaching St. Petersburg from here. When our plans and estimates finally get there they go to the Prison Department, where they have to take their turn with hundreds of other documents from hundreds of other prisons in all parts of the Empire. Perhaps for months they are not even looked at. Finally they are examined, and some decision is reached with regard to them. If they require an extraordinary expenditure of money they may have to go to the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Finance, or await the making up of the budget for the next fiscal year. In any event twelve months or more elapse before their fate is finally determined. Somewhere and by somebody objection is almost sure to be made, either to the plans themselves, or to the amount of money that they require, and the documents are returned to us for modification or amendment in accordance with the suggestions of some official who knows little or nothing about our needs and circumstances. Thus, a year or more after the departure for St. Petersburg of our plans and estimates they come back to us for alteration. We alter them in such a way as to meet the views of

our superiors and send them to St. Petersburg again. In the mean time the personnel of the Prison Department has perhaps changed. New officials have taken the places of the old; new ideas with regard to prisons and prison reform have become prevalent; and our modified plans and estimates, which would have satisfied the prison authorities of 1880, are found defective by the prison authorities of 1882. After the lapse of another period of sixteen or eighteen months the papers again come back to us for revision and alteration. And so it goes year after year. Plans and estimates for a new prison at the mine of Algachi have been in existence ever since 1880. Meanwhile they have twice been to St. Petersburg and back, and are now there for the third time. What are you going to do about it? Even when the erection of a new prison has been authorized, the work proceeds very slowly. It is now almost ten years since the Government actually began to build a new brick prison at the mine of Gorni Zerentui (Gor'nee Zer-en-too'-ee), and the carpenters have n't even got the roof on, to say nothing about floors."

"But," I said, "such a system is all wrong; there's no sense in such management. What is the use of corresponding for years with indifferent officials in St. Petersburg about a matter that might be settled in twenty-four hours by the governor of the province, or even by a petty *ispravnik*? All over Eastern Siberia I have found miserable, decaying, tumble-down log prisons, and everywhere in such prisons I have seen able-bodied convicts living month after month in absolute idleness. The country is full of trees suitable for timber, you have plenty of labor that costs you nothing, every Russian peasant knows how to put up a log building — why don't you let your idle convicts build prisons for themselves?"

"We have n't a strong enough convoy here to guard convicts in the woods," said the warden; "they would escape."

"That is no reason," I replied. "It is easy enough for a government like yours to strengthen the convoy during the time that the timber is being cut; and suppose that a few of the prisoners do escape. From my point of view it would be better to let half of them escape than to keep them shut up in idleness in such a prison as this. Nobody yet has given me a satisfactory explanation of the fact that, although hundreds, if not thousands, of convicts lie idle for months or years in overcrowded and decaying log prisons, no attempt is made to utilize their labor in the erection of larger and better buildings."

The warden shrugged his shoulders in the significant Russian way, but did not pursue the subject. I have never seen any reason to

<sup>1</sup> I do not pretend to quote Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein's exact words, but I give accurately, I think, the substance of his statements.



change the opinion that I formed at Algachi with regard to this prison. As a place of confinement, even for the worst class of offenders, it was a disgrace to a civilized state, and the negligence, indifference, and incompetence shown by the Government in dealing with its admitted evils were absolutely inexcusable.

After having thanked Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein for his hospitality and for his courtesy in showing us the prison, Mr. Frost and I set out, with Mr. Nesterof, for the Algachi mine, which is situated about a mile from the village, on the northern slope of one of the great mountain waves that form the valley. The day was clear and pleasant, but very cold; the ground was everywhere covered with snow, and a most dreary arctic landscape was presented to us as we rode from the prison down into the valley. A few hundred yards from the village our attention was attracted to half a dozen dark objects—apparently animals of some kind—on the white slope of the adjacent hill.

"I verily believe," said Mr. Frost, after a prolonged stare at them, "that they're camels!"

"Camels!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Who ever heard of camels at the mines of Nerchinsk? and how could they live in such a climate as this?"

As we drew nearer to them, however, it became evident that camels they were. To whom they belonged, whence they had come, and whither they were going I do not know; but it seemed strange enough to see a herd of great double-humped Bactrian camels nibbling the tufts of frost-bitten grass that appeared here and there above the snow in the foreground of that bleak, desolate, arctic landscape.

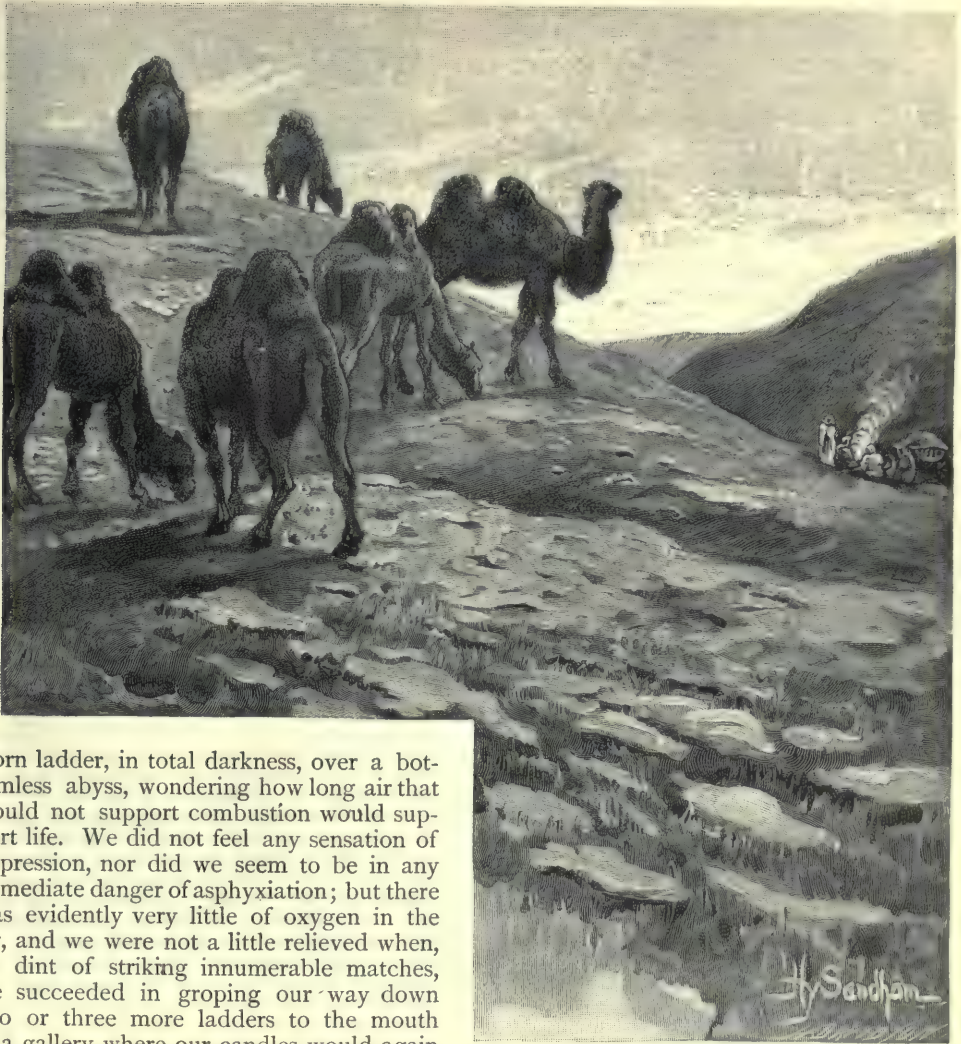
If we had expected to find at the mine of Algachi the buildings, the steam-engines, the hoisting machinery, and the stamp-mills that would have marked the location of an American mine, we should have been greatly disappointed. The mining-plant consisted of a powder-magazine, a roofed-over cellar used for the storage of dynamite, a shanty or two, and a small log tool-house which served also as a smithy, a repair shop, a crushing and sorting room, and a guard-house. In the building last mentioned half a dozen convicts, including two or three women, were breaking up ore with short hammers and sorting it into piles, an overseer was sharpening a drill on an old worn grindstone, and three or four soldiers were lounging on a low bench, over which, in a rack against the wall, hung their Berdan rifles. It was, without exception, the most feeble exhibition of mining activity that I had ever witnessed.

Mr. Nesterof did not seem inclined to go down into the mine with us, but turned us over

to one of the convicts, who, he said, would show us all that there was to be seen. Meanwhile he himself would attend to some matters of business and await our reappearance. Our guide gave to each of us an unsheltered tallow candle, with a piece of paper wrapped around it, provided himself with a similar light, thrust half a dozen dynamite cartridges about as big as cannon firecrackers into the breast of his sheepskin coat in such a manner as to leave the long white fuses hanging out, and said that he was ready. We followed him out of the tool-house, ascended the mountain-side about a hundred yards, and entered through a narrow wooden door a low horizontal gallery the sides of which were timbered and upon whose inclined floor had been laid a rude wooden tramway. Stopping for a moment just inside the door to light our candles, we groped our way in a half-crouching attitude along the low gallery, our convict guide stumbling now and then over the loose planks in such a way as to suggest to my mind the idea that he would eventually fall down, bring the flame of his light into contact with the dangling fuses of his dynamite cartridges, and blow us all out of the tunnel like wads from a Fourth-of-July cannon. About 150 feet from the entrance we came to the black, unguarded mouth of the main shaft, out of which projected the end of a worn, icy ladder. Down this our guide climbed with practiced ease, shouting back at us a warning to be careful where we stepped, since some of the rungs were missing and the ladders were set diagonally parallel with one another at such an angle as to necessitate a long stride across the shaft from the bottom of one to the top of the next. We were not half as much afraid, however, of losing our foothold as we were of being blown into fragments by an accidental explosion of his dynamite cartridges. I still had a vivid remembrance of the ghastly forms lying under the bloody sheets in the prison hospital, and every time I looked down and saw the guide's candle swaying back and forth in close proximity to the white fuses that hung out of the breast of his sheepskin coat I could not help imagining the appearance that I should present when laid out for surgical treatment, or perhaps for burial, on one of those dirty prison cots.

As we slowly descended into the depths of the mine, sometimes on ladders and sometimes on slippery notched logs, I became conscious of a peculiar, unpleasant odor, which I presumed to be due to a recent explosion of dynamite in one of the adjacent galleries. Our candles began to burn blue and finally went out altogether, matches could hardly be made to light, and we found ourselves clinging to a





CAMELS GRAZING IN THE SNOW NEAR THE  
ALGACHI MINE.

worn ladder, in total darkness, over a bottomless abyss, wondering how long air that would not support combustion would support life. We did not feel any sensation of oppression, nor did we seem to be in any immediate danger of asphyxiation; but there was evidently very little of oxygen in the air, and we were not a little relieved when, by dint of striking innumerable matches, we succeeded in groping our way down two or three more ladders to the mouth of a gallery where our candles would again burn. Along this gallery we proceeded for a hundred yards or more, clambering here and there over piles of glittering ore which convicts were carrying on small hand-barrows to one of the hoisting shafts. The temperature of the mine seemed to be everywhere below the freezing point, and in many places the walls and roof were thickly incrustated with frost-crystals, which sparkled in the candlelight as if the gallery were lined with gems. After wandering about hither and thither in a maze of low, narrow passages, we came to another shaft, and descended another series of worn, icy ladders to the deepest part of the mine. Here six or eight men were at work getting out ore and drilling holes in the rock for the insertion of blasting cartridges. Their tools and appliances were of the rudest, most primitive description, and the way in which the work was being carried on would have brought

a contemptuous smile to the face of a Nevada miner. The air almost everywhere on the lower level had been exhausted of its oxygen and vitiated by explosives to such an extent that our candles went out almost as fast as we could relight them; but no adequate provision had been made for renewing the air supply. The only ventilating apparatus in use was a circular iron fan, or blower, which a single convict turned by means of a clumsy wooden crank. It made a loud rumbling noise that could be heard all over the lower part of the mine, but, as there were no pipes to it or from it, it was absolutely useless. It merely agitated the impure air a little in the immediate vicinity, and so far as desirable results were concerned the convict who operated it might as well have turned a grindstone.



After wandering about the mine for half an hour, examining at various points the silver-bearing veins, collecting specimens of the ore, and watching the work of the sheepskin-coated convicts, we retraced our steps to the bottom of the main shaft, laboriously climbed up thirty or forty ladders and notched logs to the upper level, and returned to the tool-house.

A cold, piercing wind was blowing across the desolate mountain-side, and ten or fifteen shivering convicts who had finished their day's task and



IN THE MINE OF ALGACHI.

were standing in a group near the tool-house asked permission of Mr. Nesterof to return to their prison, where they might at least keep warm. He told them rather roughly that the day's output of ore had not all been "sorted," and that they must wait. There was no place where they could go for shelter; they had had nothing to eat since morning; and for an hour and a half or more they were compelled to stand out-of-doors on the snow, exposed to a piercing wind, in a temperature below zero, while the "sorters" in the tool-house were finishing their work. It was, perhaps, a trivial thing, but it showed a hardness and indifference to suffering on the part of the

mining officials that went far to confirm the statements made to us by the young technologist from St. Petersburg. Mr. Nesterof seemed to be irritated by the very reasonable request of the half-frozen convicts as if it was an evidence of impudence and insubordination.

After watching for a few moments the breaking up and sorting of the ore in the tool-house we drove to the Pokrofski (Po-kroff'skee) mine, which was situated on the side of another bare mountain ridge about four miles farther to the north-westward. The country between the two mines was as dreary and desolate as any we had yet traversed. Not a tree nor a bush



was to be seen in any direction, and the rolling, snow-clad mountains suggested in general contour the immense surges and mounds of water raised by a hurricane at sea. The buildings at the entrance to the mine consisted of a tool-house like that at the mine of Algachi, a magazine or storehouse, a few A-shaped shanties, in which lived the convicts of the free command, and two small prisons, one of which

all and the shaft and galleries were dripping with moisture. The air in the Pokrofski mine seemed to be pure and our candles everywhere burned freely. Only a few men were at work, and they seemed to be engaged in hauling up ore in small buckets by means of a cable and a primitive hand-windlass.

After climbing up and down slippery ladders until I was covered with mud, and walking in



THE POKROFSKI MINE.

was apparently new. On the summit of a rocky ridge just over these buildings were two sentry-boxes, in each of which stood an armed soldier on guard. Mr. Frost, who was very tired, did not care to inspect any more mines, and taking a position on the snow near the tool-house

he proceeded, with hands encased in thick gloves, to make a sketch of the scene, while Mr. Nesterof and I, under the guidance of a convict, descended the main shaft. The Pokrofski mine did not differ essentially from that of Algachi, except that it was not so extensive nor so deep. The air in it was damp and comparatively warm, water dripped from the roofs of the galleries into little pools here and there on the floors, and the ladders in the main shaft were slippery with mud. Why it should thaw in this mine and freeze in the mine of Algachi, only four miles away, I could not understand, nor did Mr. Nesterof seem to be able to give me a satisfactory explanation. In the mine of Algachi there was no water and the galleries for seventy-five or a hundred feet together were lined with frost-crystals and ice. In the mine of Pokrofski there was no ice at



THE POKROFSKI PRISON.

a bent posture through low galleries until my back ached, I told Mr. Nesterof that I was satisfied, and we returned, tired and bathed in perspiration, to the tool-house. The convict who had accompanied us through the mine blew out his tallow candle, and without taking the trouble completely to extinguish the wick, laid it, still all aglow, in a small wooden box, which contained among other things a dynamite cartridge big enough to blow the whole tool-house into the air. I did not regard myself as naturally timorous or nervous, but when the convict shut down the lid of that box over the long glowing wick of a tallow candle and a dynamite cartridge with fuse attached, I had business out-of-doors. When I thought time enough had elapsed for the wick to go out, I reëntered the house, washed my muddy hands in the grindstone trough, inspected Mr. Frost's



sketches, and asked Mr. Nesterof a long series of questions about the mines.

The silver-bearing veins or lodes in the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski vary in thickness from 12 or 14 inches to 5 or 6 feet. The ore, which has a bright glittering appearance, consists of silver and lead in the proportion of about 1 to 100, with a greater or less admixture of what the Russian miners call "zinkovi obmanka" (zink-o'vee ob-man/kah) or "zinc deceit." As the metal last named is much less fusible than lead, it becomes very troublesome in the reducing furnaces, and, so far as possible, the miners get rid of it by breaking up the ore into small pieces and discarding that part of it in which the zinc predominates. The work of crushing and sorting is performed by the weaker male convicts and the women, and is regarded as the lightest form of hard labor. It is about equivalent to breaking stones on the road with a heavy, short-handled hammer. Out of the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski, which are the most productive in the district, there are taken every year nearly 400 short tons of ore, which, when reduced, yields about 1440 pounds of silver, valued at \$20,000, and 144,000 pounds of lead. The lead, owing to the expense of transportation to a market, is virtually worthless, and at the time of our visit nearly 2000 tons of it were lying at the Kutomarski (Kooto-mar'skee) Zavod, where the ore from these mines for many years has been reduced. The average number of convicts employed in the two mines is 220, and each of them gets out 3600 pounds of ore a year, or about 10 pounds a day. These figures alone are enough to show how feebly and inefficiently the mines are worked. Until the early part of 1885 the convicts were sent down the shafts every day in the year with the exception of a few great church holy days, but since that time they have been allowed two days' rest a month, viz., the 1st and the 15th. They work by stents, or "tasks," which can be completed by able-bodied men in from eight to ten hours. They receive, in quantity and kind, substantially the same food and clothing that are given to the hard-labor convicts at the mines, of Kara, and their maintenance costs the Government about \$40 a year, or a little less than 11 cents a day per capita.

Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery 300 feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, overcrowded, and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious;

but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of mid-winter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day underground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quick-silver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true. The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons.

When Mr. Frost, Mr. Nesterof, and I returned from the Pokrofski mine to the village of Algachi it was beginning to grow dark, and the village girls were watering their cows and filling their icy buckets at a curbed spring or well near the zemski kvartir. We drove to the house of Mr. Nesterof for dinner, spent an hour or two in conversation, and devoted the remainder of the evening to writing up note-books and completing sketches.

Friday morning, November 20, we bade Mr. Nesterof and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein good-bye, and set out with two horses, a small uncomfortable telega, and a fresh supply of



THE VILLAGE OF KADAIYA.

provisions for the village and mine of Kadaiya (Kah-dy'ya), distant from Algachi about ninety miles. The weather was still very cold, the road ran through the same dreary, desolate sea of snow-covered mountains that surrounds this mine of Algachi, and for two days we neither saw nor heard anything of particular interest. At half-past eleven o'clock Friday night, tired, hungry, and half frozen, we reached the village of Dono (Doh-noh'), forty-six miles from Algachi; Saturday afternoon we passed the Kutomarski Zavod, where we stopped for two or three hours to examine the smelting works; and early Sunday morning, after having traveled nearly all night at the expense of not a little suffering from cold and hunger, we finally reached the miserable, forlorn mining village of Kadaiya, found the zemski kvartir, and as soon as we could warm and refresh ourselves a little with tea went promptly to bed — Mr. Frost on top of the large brick oven, and I on the floor.

About ten o'clock Sunday forenoon we got up, somewhat rested and refreshed, and after a hasty and rather unsatisfactory breakfast of bread and tea went out into the broad, snowy, and deserted street of the village — Mr. Frost to make a sketch, and I to find the ustavshchik (oo-stav'shchik), or officer in charge of the mine.

The Kadainski mine, which is one of the oldest and most extensive silver mines in the Ner-

chinsk district, is situated on the side of a bold, steep, round-topped mountain about 300 yards from the village and 200 or 300 feet above it. It has been worked for more than a century and was at one time very productive; but the richest veins of ore in it have been exhausted, and it does not now yield nearly as much silver as the Pokrofski mine or the mine of Algachi.

The ustavshchik, whom I found at work in a log-house near the mine, and who seemed to be an intelligent and well-educated Siberian peasant, received me pleasantly but with some surprise, read my letters of introduction, expressed his willingness to show me everything that I desired to see, and in ten minutes we were on our way to the mine. In the tool-house, which stood over the mouth of the main shaft, I put on the outer dress of one of the convicts, — which I soon found to be full of vermin, — the ustavshchik donned a long, mud-stained khalat, a battered uniform cap, and a pair of heavy leather mittens, and providing ourselves with tallow candles we lowered ourselves into the black mouth of the Voskresenski (Voss-kre-sen'-skée) or Ascension shaft. After descending ten or twelve ladders, we reached, at a depth of about 120 feet, a spacious chamber from which radiated three or four horizontal galleries much wider and higher than any that I had seen in the mines of Pokrofski and Algachi. The floor of the chamber was covered with water to a depth of three or four inches and moisture was



dripping everywhere from the walls. At a depth of 200 feet we reached another landing and entered the mouth of a very wide and high gallery leading away into the heart of the mountain. There had just been a blast somewhere in this part of the mine, and as we proceeded through the gallery filled with powder smoke I could see absolutely nothing except the faint glimmer of the *ustavshchik's* candle in the mist ahead. Guided by that, I stumbled along the uneven floor of the gallery, stepping

—some upward, some horizontally, and some downward at a steep angle into an abyss of darkness. It was evident that the ore had been followed wherever it went and scooped out in the cheapest and most expeditious manner possible, without regard to safety, and with little attention to timbering. It was the most dangerous-looking place I had ever seen.

From these great caverns, of the time of Catherine II., we proceeded to the deepest part of the mine by descending a shaft cut through



THE KADAINSKI MINE.

now and then into a hole or splashing into a pool of water, and imagining for an instant that I had tumbled into an abandoned shaft. In one place we passed a very extensive excavation, out of which the *ustavshchik* said an immense body of ore had been taken as long ago as the middle of the last century. An immense area of roof had been left supported by quadrangular piles of crossed logs, which were so black from lapse of time that they were hardly recognizable as wood, and in many cases so soft that I could take pinches of rotten fiber out of them with my fingers. This part of the mine the *ustavshchik* said was regarded as very dangerous, and he did not think it prudent to go any farther. From the point where we turned to retrace our steps black, irregular caverns could still be seen stretching away in every direction

the solid rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees and not provided with ladders. A heavy and rusty chain had been festooned against one side by means of staples driven into holes drilled in the rock, and clinging to this chain we cautiously descended the shaft with a stream of water running ankle-deep around our legs and tumbling in cascades into the depths of the mine. On the lowest level that we reached a party of convicts was at work blasting out a new gallery with dynamite. A perpendicular climb of 300 or 400 feet up slippery ladders in another shaft brought us once more to the surface, and when, wet, muddy, and breathless, I stepped from the end of the last ladder upon the floor of the tool-house I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand on my feet.

*George Kennan.*

## MOLIÈRE AND SHAKSPERE.

BY C. COQUELIN, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

**E**VERYTHING has been said about Molière, and in France he has been the object of the most extravagant theories. There is only one suggestion which no one has ventured: this is to deny that he is the author of his works. In England there is a school which declares that Shakspeare was but a man of straw, and that the true poet of "Hamlet" and of "The Tempest" was the lord chancellor Bacon. We have not yet a school like this. Is an hypothesis of this sort impossible? Could we not, with equal likelihood, attribute the paternity of the "School for Wives" and "Don Juan" to the great Condé, for instance, to whom tradition already imputes at least one line of "Tartuffe"—

Il est de faux dévots ainsi que de faux braves,—

and who was the avowed protector of Molière? He prided himself, as we know, on his wit and on his freedom of thought, and he was fond of the stage. Why may he not have had a hand in these plays? That would explain why this same "Tartuffe" was acted at his house in full long before it was revised; why it was at his house again that the revised version was first seen; and also why Molière left no manuscripts behind him.

It would not be difficult, I think, if some imaginative scholar would but undertake it, to establish this hypothesis as solidly as the famous Baconian theory; and it could be proved that Molière and Shakspeare are but masks, just as it has been proved that Napoleon and Mr. Gladstone have never existed and that the first of these is a sun-myth and the second an old Breton deity—no doubt, the deity of eloquence!

But I have no intention of fighting the Baconian revelation, nor of building up any theory of that kind; I wish only to throw on paper a few notes, inspired by the study and the comparison of the two masters of the stage.

If Molière seems like a belated twin of Shakspeare, it is not only because of an admirable equality of genius, it is also because of the many likenesses shown in their lives and in their habits. First actors, then authors, then managers, they entered the profession very young and pretty poor; and both made money by the theater and died rich, one at fifty-two and

the other at fifty-one; leaving almost the same number of works, as to which they seem to have been negligent, since these were printed in full only after their deaths, and by the care of their comrades. Born in the burgher class, they had princes for friends and knew the royal favor; and Louis XIV. asked Molière for the "Magnificent Lovers," as Queen Elizabeth had asked Shakspeare for the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Thus one and the other, turn by turn, amused the court and the city, the people of quality and the rabble. Their free genius brought them out safely.

Wherefore the classic Ben Jonson cried out against his comrade Shakspeare; wherefore also the rigorous Boileau condemned judicially the author of "The Misanthrope," thrust into the sack of *Scapin*. Nevertheless, they went on, taking their property where they found it, borrowing everywhere the matter which their alchemic genius turned to gold, bearing in mind no rules but to be true and to please; pleasing indeed, and always pleasing, the foolish as well as the wise, the ignorant as well as the refined.

Not only did they skirmish with pedants, but they also quarreled with the envious, a viler tribe: Shakspeare had Greene, Molière had Visé; they were hunted even into their private life, and infamous vices were imputed to them. They were, however, excellent comrades, liking a large life, good fare, and frank friendships; they gladly had wit-combats at the "Syren" or at the "Cross of Lorraine"; and they kept open house. If we believe the legend, it was because he entertained too liberally his old friend Ben Jonson and his compatriot Drayton that Shakspeare took to his bed and died. It is thus that our Regnard died; but it is not thus that Molière died. His heartrending death is familiar; and God, who does not disdain an antithesis, crowned these careers so alike with the most opposite ends, making a comedy of the death of the great tragedian and of the death of the great comedian a drama.

In yet another point the end of Shakspeare differed from that of Molière. He had retired. He was living in his dear Stratford, as a rich country gentleman, taking very good care of his property; even careless of his glory, and not having written, when he died, perhaps one verse in four years. His will does not mention his works, nor do the four lines inscribed over





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ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

M. COQUELIN AS MASCARILLE IN THE "PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES."



his tomb. Æschylus also, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, forgot his hundred tragedies, but he had fought at Marathon, and this he recalled proudly; and it is conceivable that he should claim this glory in preference to the other. But the tomb of Shakspeare makes no similar claim: it begs that it be left alone, and this is not for the sake of "Hamlet" or of "Lear" or of so many masterpieces, but for Jesus' sake.

Molière never retired; scarcely even did he take a vacation: he worked while ill and he worked when dying; and he died almost on the stage. One of the reasons for this difference—not enough noticed, I think—is that Molière was a much better actor than Shakspeare.

Shakspeare the actor has left no trace. It is vaguely known that he played the old *Adam* in "As You Like It," and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." But it was not he but Burbage who "created" his great parts. Becoming an actor by accident, it seems probable that he was such without passion, and that he ceased to play as soon as possible.

This was not the case with Molière. There is no doubt that his vocation as an actor was his master-passion. He did not leave the paternal roof for the purpose of writing plays—but for the purpose of acting them. And we know that these were not comedies—the Illustrious Theater had in stock at first nothing but tragedies. When he wrote "L'Étourdi," his first work, Molière had been an actor for nine years, and for fifteen when he wrote the "Précieuses Ridicules." Never could his great success as an author tempt him to leave the boards. He not only continued to act in his own plays, but he acted in the plays of others and did not consider this as lost time. He acted, as we have said, although coughing and spitting blood; and to Boileau, who advised him to leave the stage, he replied, "It is for my honor that I remain"—so much did he love his profession, which was killing him. But then he excelled in it. His contemporaries are unanimous on this point. He was extraordinary—"Better actor even than author," one of them goes so far as to say. We can imagine what joy it must have been to see him in his great parts—*Sganarelle*, *Orgon*, *Alceste*, *Harpagon*.

He had come to this degree of excellence only by dint of hard work, as his appearance was not pleasing and his voice difficult to manage. It was his voice, above all, that gave him trouble; but, notwithstanding the hiccough that remained, he made it so rich in varied inflections that it seemed as though he had many. He was particular about the articulation: it is to him that we owe the right way of pronouncing certain words; for example, the infinitives

in *er*. He left nothing to chance, and insisted that an actor should have counted all his steps and decided upon every glance before he stepped upon the stage. We have in the "Impromptu" a theatrical criticism of his that we can compare to the theatrical criticism of Shakspeare in "Hamlet." At bottom they agree: they have the same passion for nature, the same aversion from emphasis—but Molière had the advantage in that he practiced what he preached.

It will be objected that he was not good in tragic characters. That is possible; it is so human to err! But perhaps we have been too quick to believe his enemies on this point. The manner of acting tragedy in those days was very different from his theories. He may have disconcerted the public by abstaining from bombastic delivery and by bringing down the heroes to a more natural level. Notice, however, that he played Corneille up to the very last. It seems likely that if the pit had disapproved of him so strongly in these parts, he would not have been so insistent; then it would have affected the receipts—and Molière was a manager. Finally, it was he who trained Baron; and Baron in tragedy, as in comedy, was incomparable. This passion of Molière's for his profession as actor was eminently advantageous. It increased his power of observation. The gaze he fixed on man was in some sort a double mirror; he studied first to know, and afterwards so as to reproduce. What might have escaped him had he only written the play came to him when he acted it. Then—forgive me the metaphor—the ink became blood. Therefore it is, I think, because Molière was a greater actor than Shakspeare that he was a more sure and more complete observer, although in a narrower sphere.

And to this quality of actor, which was accompanied in both by the gift of stage-management, they each owed the dramatic force that to-day animates their works. We feel that these were not written coldly in the silence of the closet, but thrown alive upon the stage. And it is this too—I think the remark is Sainte-Beuve's—that explains the indifference of Shakspeare and Molière to the printing of their works. They did not recognize these on paper. "Tartuffe" and "Hamlet" existed for them only before the footlights. It was only there that they felt their plays bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

It has been possible, after much erudition, to establish the chronological sequence of the works of Shakspeare; and through this study has been evolved the history of his thought. It is at first a period of experiment; Shakspeare begins, he feels the need of living, he is the Jack-at-all-trades at the Globe; he makes



over old pieces and writes new ones in imitation of Plautus or the Italians: no originality as yet, and, oddly enough, no dramatic genius; he was, above all, the poet of "Venus and Adonis," in whom it was difficult to foresee the writer of "Hamlet." But the time of groping ceased: he wrote "Richard III.," and in that he discovered character; he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and in that he discovered drama. Still the second part of his career is almost entirely devoted to comedy. If he attempts drama, it is through the national history; which gives him the chance of creating *Falstaff*, perhaps his best rounded comic type. This was the time when he began his fortune and his glory. He is full of hope and gaiety; he takes delight in those adorable compositions "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing." Fancy is his queen, and if Melancholy seizes him, it is to draw him to that marvelous forest of Arden, where so many songs are sung that the wickedest become good and the things that seem the most difficult to arrange end there—as you like it.

To this period of youth succeeds the prime of life. Shakspeare is rich and seems happy; but his thoughts are more somber. He doubts, he despairs, "Man pleases him not," and if he forgives Woman it is to make her fall under the injustice of destiny. From 1601 to 1607 were written these dramas: "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens"—masterpieces, all of them, and all disconsolate; it is the triumph of evil; the more *Hamlet* thinks the more he is discouraged; and it finishes with the anathema of *Timon* giving society at large over to destruction.

But now what happens? Because he has so often shown Man as the miserable plaything of heredity and chance, Shakspeare takes pity on him; and pity engenders serenity. Then the last period opens, the period of "A Winter's Tale," of "Cymbeline," of "The Tempest," of the fragments of "Pericles." Always life and its troubles; but a dream mingles strangely with action, and it is Providence that settles the end. The drama loses in concentration; but, on the other hand, the poetry becomes wonderful: it attains to the ineffable in "The Tempest," the most divine poem ever dreamed by man.

Is it now possible to discover in the work of Molière, as in that of his rival, a history of his private thought? And does the chronological sequence of his comedies reveal to us something of his views on man and of the secret leanings of his genius?

I think so; but only on one condition: the

date of "Tartuffe" must be that of its composition, and not that of its first representation, as is generally taken. Then we find in the work of Molière, as in that of Shakspeare, four distinct periods.

The period of groping, first: Molière is likewise the Jack-at-all-trades of his company; he acts in tragedy, tinkers old plays with the help of Madeleine Béjart, and writes farces, most of them imitated from the Italian, many of them derived from our old stock of *fabliaux*. Then, as success came, he attempts better things—writes "L'Étourdi" and the "Lover's Quarrel." We have there only his gaiety unfailing and full of *go*; his observation betrays itself only in comic touches, and does not rise as high as character-drawing; but what an admirable choice of words—lively, alert, and full of savor! And he not only finds words but scenes, such as the delicious quarrel in the "Dépit."

At last he is in Paris; and as though he became conscious of his genius upon touching his native soil, he throws "Les Précieuses" at the society of the day. No imitation of the ancients this time, no more Italian comedy; he paints the times, but he paints only its absurdities.

It is a great step forward. No matter. The work is brave and alive; it begins the second period; but strange to relate, although the "Précieuses" was a success, Molière did not follow it up; he returned to bolder farce with "Sganarelle," to tragi-comedy with "Don Garcia de Navarre"; and it is from the ancients, from Terence, that he borrows the "School for Husbands." But these still were but gropings: the last was at all events a real work, and Molière became more confident. A lucky chance brings him to the notice of the king, for whom he acts "Les Fâcheux," a sparkling improvisation; and then he is in favor, sure of himself, sure of the princes; and he writes the "School for Wives."

It is the first of the great masterpieces, it is the beginning of the third period; Molière has discovered himself. He has the vocabulary, he has the daring and the invention; he creates; *Arnolphe*, *Agnes*, are immortal. But there is still more, and this it is that to my mind characterizes this third manner: the "School for Wives" is a social comedy. I beg pardon for the word, which is modern, but I could replace it only by a long periphrase. What I mean is that the "School for Wives" shows society itself; *Arnolphe* has his own ideas on these eternally serious points, woman's education and marriage, and he calls religion to the aid of his ideas.

Molière is there on delicate ground, but it is by his own wish; and it is very valiantly



that he takes part against *Arnolphe's* theories and turns them into ridicule. This causes a tempest; the bigots discover an enemy. Molière is censured, cast forth, vilified. He does not care. Ever since the "Critique of the School for Wives" one feels that he will not recede. In that play he attacks the marquises, and more than one anecdote shows that this needed courage. But what is this skirmish compared with the battle of "Tartuffe"! Here evidently is comedy as it was dreamed of by the master in full possession of his strength; it turns towards satire of society; it makes itself a power, and shows on the stage the secrets of social organization. What will he respect, this Molière? He touches the Church! And it is in the name of nature that he scoffs at the theories of the mystics. But what happens? This time he is beaten. "Tartuffe" is forbidden. Well! Molière does not give in. Such is then his ardor for the fray that, after having attacked false piety, he combats what next is most dangerous—false science. He begins his war on the physicians. But this is a mere episode: he meditates a revenge; he creates "Don Juan." This is his most extraordinary work; we are stupefied by what he has dared to say in the scene with the *Poor Man*, and in that with *Don Louis*, and in the whole of the fifth act. After the Church, it is autocracy which he shakes. He was never so free, or, as they said in those days, so *libertine*.

Unfortunately—others perhaps will say fortunately—"Don Juan" was not enough of a success, and the piece met much dangerous hostility in high quarters; at the same time the flood of insults increases. Molière ill, perhaps discouraged, and feeling, doubtless, that he could not go farther on this road, that the people of his century would not follow him there—Molière reasons with himself. A contest arises within him: Molière, the indignant, protests, wants to combat, and would let loose "the vigorous hatreds"; Molière, the philosopher, puts reason first, which wishes that we be wise with sobriety, and which counsels man, being incorrigible, to accept fate without cursing him, and to observe him as one observes the "evil apes" and with "mad wolves."

This profound mental debate gave birth to "The Misanthrope," another masterpiece, that belongs to third manner by *Alceste* and to the last by *Philinte*. For it is *Philinte* who gets the best of it. Certainly Molière does not renounce the correction of men, but he gives up calling to judgment the powers of society. With more sharpness than ever he studies character, but individual character, not the social character. He avoids the soldier, he leaves the speculator to Le Sage; while the judge will await Beaumarchais.

He no longer fights—he contemplates. Even after "Tartuffe" was authorized he persisted in not giving a companion piece to "Tartuffe." He will come back to Plautus—"Amphitryon," the "Miser"; he will come back to Italian comedy—the "Tricks of Scapin"; he will come back to the satire of the provincials—"Pourceaugnac," "Georges Dandin"; and in each of these returns he will create masterpieces, for he is absolute master of his art, and not for one instant does his genius pale. But he never returns to "Don Juan." Twice he approaches the forbidden ground; but the "Would-be Gentleman" is not the whole of the burgher class; and if you would see how much the new Molière differs from the old, compare the youth, the fierceness, the set purpose of the "School for Wives" with the serene maturity, impartial and profound, of the "Learned Ladies."

We must say at once that Molière's self-denial cost his vivacity nothing; this dazzles us to the last moment, and it is with one of his gayest farces that he ends. It is true that this farce is, upon reflection, one of his strongest comedies. He is, I repeat, in this last period absolute master of his art; I would add that he is much more careful of form; to such an extent that not having time to give to his verses that degree of perfection which he desired, he wrote no more except in prose. From the "Physician in Spite of Himself" to the "Imaginary Invalid" there are ten plays in prose, three in verse, in with which must be counted "Psyche," although "Psyche," it is well known, was principally by Corneille. But the other two are the most finished works of Molière in point of style. We may regret sometimes Rabelaisian freedom of the earlier manner, the large and oily brush marks of "Tartuffe"; but we must render homage to the adorable workmanship of "Amphitryon" as well as to the judicial and sustained grandeur of style of the "Learned Ladies."

After all, if he from preference used prose, it was not that he might be negligent, for now he cadences it and fills it with blank verse, and now, as in the "Would-be Gentleman," he gives it such a variety of shading that the author disappears, leaving only his characters to be heard, each one speaking his own language, like that good *Madame Jourdain*, according to the frankness of their nature.

I will not enter upon the comparisons that these historical portraits of the minds of the two masters might suggest. I would insist on but one point. It does not appear that, at any moment of his career, Shakspeare thought it possible to reform society by the stage. Neither in his fantastic, optimistic comedy nor in the merciless, pitiless drama of the somber period,



nor in the providential drama of the last period, did he appear to occupy himself with correcting men of their vices. He makes works of art—that is all. If there be in them a lesson, it is, in a way, unmeant by him, and as there might be one in the spectacle of human affairs. Molière, on the contrary, has taken seriously his duty as a comic author. He has, just like old Corneille, frankly wished to put into practice Aristotle's principle of purging mankind of its faults. He has accepted comedy as a social power. And, even after he was forced to renounce "*Tartuffe*," he renounced neither correcting nor instructing; and almost all his plays, if not all, have an aim and a moral. This difference is accounted for, I think, by another, which is to a certain extent primary: Molière was a Latin, Shakspeare was not. Shakspeare very probably received a much better education than Ben Jonson leads us to believe. He loved and read the ancients much; many Latinisms have been found in his style. In his youth he imitated the "*Menæchmi*" of Plautus; and in his maturity he took from Plutarch not only the plots of dramas, but phrases, even whole discourses, to which he gave only the rhythm of verse, but which are absolutely opposed in tone to his poetry. Notwithstanding all this he remains free, original, and modern. It is with deliberation that he rejects the classic rules promulgated and put in use by the Ben Jonsons.

What connection is there between the spirit of antiquity and that of "*Venus and Adonis*," his sensual poem, all sparkling with *concelli* of the Italian type? Has he not gone as far as to parody the "*Iliad*" in "*Troilus and Cressida*"? Finally, in his great Roman drama, are they real Romans that he shows us? The place, the costume, the speech, and the soil—all are contemporary with Shakspeare. Romans, no; but men surely! And that is enough. And as for the people, whom he loved to paint,—though not to flatter,—it is the populace that he has known and mingled with, the mob and not the plebeians, to such an extent that one might say that "*Coriolanus*" was one of the most English of Shakspeare's plays.

In short, the spirit of the Renaissance breathed upon Shakspeare, but did not transform him. Shakspeare was in his country, the definite and supreme end of the Middle Ages. In France, on the contrary, the Middle Ages did not end. In the sixteenth century the Latin spirit seized the people once more, and instead of finding, with Shakspeare, their inspiration in the miracle-plays, in the *Gesta*, in the Round Table, in the fabliaux, our authors turned back to Rome. Thus did Molière. It was not that he despised our immense repertory of farces and moralities; he was too fond of Rabelais for

that, and he borrowed from the fabliaux for his little pieces, now almost all lost; but for his great comedies it is Plautus, it is Terence, who are his models and his inspiration. He imitated them, one may say, up to his last hour. To this he was predisposed not only by race, but by education; we know what vigorous training he had received, and that one of his pastimes—if he ever had any pastimes—was translating Lucretius in verse.

It is the alliance of the Latin and the French genius that has given to our comedy its character and its superiority. The Frenchman has inherited from the Celt, at the same time with the love of combat and the love of speech-making, an admirable promptness in seizing the ridiculous and in imitating it. He has found in his Latin heritage the taste for generalizations, the sentiment of measure, and the cult of reason. French comedy has been born of all these. It is gay on its Celtic side, and on its Latin side realistic and practical. In its most dizzy flights you would never see it, like the comedy of Shakspeare, beat its wings and fly into pure fantasy and the dream of a midsummer's night; it would not leave the earth, it would observe, it would keep one shred of truth, it would wish to be of use, to serve, to *prove* something.

*Castigat ridendo mores.* It has a mission; later, we might call it a function. I have said that it is a power, and Beaumarchais is there to show it. It has not been lost. What is Augier? What is Dumas? They are reformers! What is Labiche? A moralist! Sterne has said and shows in his way that the French people is the most serious of peoples; for he who loved so much to laugh does not care to laugh for nothing. He wishes that something should stay in the mind after even the lightest of vaudevilles, and that after having laughed one should think. Musset went further: he wished us to weep. That is too much. And I ask myself if there be not a grain of exaggeration in our contempt for the useless laugh. To laugh is good in itself. What is left after a laugh? the philosophers ask. Ah! what remains of a beautiful day after it has passed? And yet happiness is made up of beautiful days. But, to be definite, it is this taste for truth, this respect for reason, even this pretension of lifting up human nature, that makes the force of our comedy, and this is why it would be unjust to compare the comedies of Shakspeare with those of Molière.

Shakspeare's comedies are mostly youthful works. We find in them humors rather than characters, and no comedy of situation. They are imaginings, often charming; equivoques; disguises; forest surprises, as in "*As You Like It*," where every one becomes good; islands,



as in "The Tempest," enchanted with invisible music, where life is painted like a soap bubble—iridescent and empty. What likeness can there be between these exquisite fairy tales, made of dreams, and the comedy of Molière, all kneaded with reality?

There are exceptions, however. There is one of Shakspeare's comedies that approaches the French manner: it is the "Taming of the Shrew." This has a logical action and a moral. *Petruchio* tames his devilish wife by showing himself more of a devil than she. But they both are eccentrics rather than true characters; and the play is a farce, where caricature injures the truth. No matter, it is one of the gayest, and—see the power of the French form—it has remained one of the most popular.

He has been less successful, to my mind, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," another exception in his works, for it is a contemporaneous satire, notwithstanding the date, and a portrait of middle-class manners. It has excellent scenes. *Ford* recalls our *Arnolphe*. Like *Arnolphe* he is jealous, like *Arnolphe* he is kept informed of all that is being prepared against him (at least he thinks so), and like *Arnolphe* he succeeds only in getting himself laughed at. But how feeble and brutal he is! What unreason in all his actions! In short, he is any husband, while *Arnolphe*, in representing the old sect which insists on the subjection of woman, is one of those faces in which the humanity of all times recognizes itself laughing at the recognition. Even in the *Falstaff* of the "Merry Wives" one can pick flaws. Is this the *Falstaff* of "Henry IV.," who was always brimming over with audacity and humor? Alas! how he is faded! What a fall! No, no; this dupe is not *Falstaff*! Shakspeare was no more at ease in working on an idea of Elizabeth's than was Molière when he composed the "Magnificent Lovers" on an outline of Louis XIV.'s.

A few words must be added on the wit of Shakspeare, the sparkling of which fills the first plays of Shakspeare. It is with double meanings, with puns, that he makes the laughter break out; counterfeit coin, doubtless, but so prettily struck off, so brilliant, so resonant! Recall the battles of wit between *Beatrice* and *Benedict*, and the loving chatter of *Rosalind* and the elegant babble of *Mercutio*. But all this has sadly cooled in three centuries.

Molière has no mere wit. Puns, points, the collocation of droll sounds, words taken one for another—all these are absent from his work. At most he permits himself, in his farces, some Gallic equivoques. He wishes to bring a laugh only by touches of nature. It is not from him as author that come his witticisms; it is from his characters, and they come naturally and by the force of things. He himself explains this

in his criticism. "The author has not put this in as a clever saying of his own, but only as a thing that characterizes the man." So with him there is nothing unnecessary. Each touch brings out the character in the living reality.

Can we here say that from this point of view Molière has the better of his rival? But it would be easy to reply that Shakspeare in his mighty maturity renounced witticisms to seek effects only from nature. And it is by their masterpieces that these great men must be compared. Thus we admire in them the same creative fecundity, the same intensity of life, the same dramatic vigor. This latter is so great in Molière that it was able to lead astray his fervent admirer the great Goethe, who attributed to him tragic genius. This seems an error; but nothing shows better than this error the force of the situations in "The Misanthrope," in "Tartuffe," and elsewhere. They have suggested to Molière, as to Shakspeare, those phrases that suddenly shed light into the very depths of the soul. Pathetic in Shakspeare, comic in Molière, they are sublime in both. Sublime, you say? Can the comic be sublime? Why not? After all, the sublime is but a stroke of truth, so brilliant, so deep, that it calls for no explanation or reasoning, leaves nothing to be said, and sometimes—like the *Qu'il mourût* of the old *Horace*—attains a pure and simple absurdity.

Even in Shakspeare there are strokes of this kind of comedy; such is the famous acclamation of the "Brutus! Hail Brutus! Let Brutus be Cæsar." And another saying, in "Coriolanus," "Let us kill Marcius, and we 'll have corn at our own price." As for the pathetic cries it is unnecessary for me to recall the apostrophe of *Lear* to the storm, "Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!" Nor the saying of *Macduff*, "He has no children!" Nor all those that spring from the troubled conscience of *Hamlet*. But is not the *Poor Man* in "Tartuffe" of the same caliber? Does not *Alceste's* "Morbieu! Faut-il que je vous aime?" spring from the same depths? And the innocent question of *Arnolphe*, "Why not love me, Madam Impudence?" But Molière has whole scenes written in this tone. Recall the scene before the last in the third act of "Tartuffe" between *Orgon*, *Tartuffe*, and *Damís*. There is not a line that does not carry. If it were not so funny it would be terrible. Never has human credulity been so truly painted, neither has the faculty which Tartuffes have of dehumanizing the best of us. If one forgets to laugh, the scene leaves an impression of stupefaction, and this I think is the duty of the sublime.

In Shakspeare *Othello* is less deeply duped by *Iago*. For from the moment that he has



made the germ of jealousy tremble that had been sleeping in his breast, from the moment that this frightful passion is awakened, it is this which acts and governs; it is this that makes the unhappy creature believe what it will; it is this that, in one word, cheats him and makes him breathe blood and death.

Passion — this is the true domain of Shakspeare. It is the domain of the drama. (Shakspeare has the heart, Molière the head.) Shakspeare's personages are the *changing* and *differing* men, frequently made or unmade by the torrent of blood and of life. Those of Molière are man built all of a piece, born what he is, and dying as he was born. Could anything modify *Tartuffe*? Could *Alceste* have been different from what we see him? And was not *Harpagon* from his mother's womb a petty usurer? Did *Arnolphe* need to develop to become the pedant and the brute that he is? Scarcely has study added to the natural bent. And it is certainly not by philosophizing on a school bench that *Don Juan* came to the denying of all things. He came into the world unbelieving, and never admitted the existence of any other God but his own good pleasure. Molière shows us these unchanging characters in the most diverse situations; they remain there true to themselves and make their own fate.

Shakspeare likes to take an irreproachable man; he shows him coming straight from nature's hands, full of the milk of human kindness and seeking nobly all that he most ardently craves. But there is in him a germ, sometimes imperceptible; this germ, circumstances, chance, the perfidy of an *Iago*, the meeting of the three old women on the heath, a dream, even less, — a doubt, — may cause suddenly to ferment; it rises up, swells, and becomes a devouring and irresistible passion; the end is fatal, it is crime, despair, death. Nothing can help it; the will of the man is the sport of chance and the heat of his blood. Even in the last works — in which the ending is happy — the man has had nothing to do with it; it is again chance which this time ends everything well; but *Posthumus* and *Leontes* are as miserably the prey of their imaginations as *Othello* or *Lear*.

Thus Molière's personages are; Shakspeare's become. I leave it to the philosophers to decide which are the more true. But we must not exaggerate; one finds likewise in Shakspeare innate characters. *Iago*, *Lady Macbeth*, are certainly born what they are. Likewise it is a great wrong to Molière to reproach him with not knowing the contradictions of the human heart; his works are filled with it. See *Alceste* in love with *Célimène*, see *Tartuffe* at the same time so arrogant and so humble; see *Orgon*, most tender of fathers and most humane of men, led by his bigotry to sacrifice his daugh-

ter and his whole house to the egotistic needs of his own salvation! These contradictions are marvelously natural; they do not indicate a single modification of man, they only reveal his complexity, and Molière knows how to render the comic side of this with his usual superiority.

This difference between the characters of drama and those of comedy has still another reason. To laugh one must be impersonal. He who sees that it is he himself who is on the stage and made fun of does not laugh willingly. Other people, — that is all right, — one can laugh at others without scruple. And this is why Molière shows us from the first his people well characterized, well possessed by their proper individuality, in a way resembling us as little as possible. After this, quite at our ease, sure of being neither *Harpagon*, nor *M. Jourdain*, nor *Sganarelle*, we can follow the master in laughing at them and at the same time at the *Harpagons* and the *M. Jourdain*s and the *Sganarelles* that we know in real life and that we are delighted to find before us here.

The drama needs a contrary sentiment. To make us shudder or weep it must show us in its personages, if not the man that we are, at least the man that we flatter ourselves to be — good, valiant, and wise. Then we are interested in what happens to these men who are like us. It seems as though we were following our own possible history. And this is why *Othello* or *Macbeth* are at first neither ambitious nor jealous; they only become so after we have contracted a fellow feeling for them.

*Hamlet* has been compared to *Alceste*, but what ground can they offer for comparison? The one delicate, scant of breath, an obstinate dreamer, whom destiny makes a dispenser of justice in spite of himself; and the other robust, bristling, scolding, misanthropic — not as *Hamlet* is, in consequence of a melancholy that makes him see everything through a black veil, but from the effect of a vigorous nature full of itself and not understanding that all the world does not resemble him, and irritated by the differences as by so many personal injuries.

It would be easier to compare *Alceste* and *Timon* of Athens. They have common hatreds and both end with the desert. But *Alceste* is born a misanthrope: *Timon*, on the contrary, begins with the love of man, as immeasured in this liberal tenderness as later he will be in his execrations. With all his faults *Alceste* is better balanced; he is a character. *Timon* is ill. (Note in passing, as a matter of curiosity, that the repast of hot water offered by *Timon* to his lukewarm friends is found again in "Le Misanthrope et L'Auvergnat" of La-biche.)



It is remarkable that in "Timon" Shakspeare, who intended a drama, should have deprived himself of that powerful element, Woman, and that it should be the comic author who had that idea of genius, profoundly dramatic, of making his misanthrope in love with a coquette. Shakspeare had put his *Célimènes* elsewhere: as a young girl she is in *Cressida*; mature and sovereign she is in *Cleopatra*. It would be pleasant to compare with each other these attractive and perverse figures, but let me note only this characteristic point: it is that *Célimène* is cold, and that *Cressida* and *Cleopatra* are sensual. *Cressida*, a maiden yet, has instinctively all the trickery of an accomplished coquette, but she is sensual and she succumbs. And as she belonged to *Troilus* so she will belong to *Diomedes*; she has wit, perfidy, and weakness; she is a courtesan.

As for *Cleopatra* she is the enchantress, but the irresistible grace that emanates from her is sustained by a deep art, which experience has developed. Then, too, how she leads him on, her *Antony*! But she is sensual; she loves him.

*Célimène* is cold: she neither loves nor is she capable of loving; her heart is in her head. She is a flower special to society, selfish, despotic, charming, deceiving everybody to nobody's profit, for the pleasure of it.

In general Shakspeare's women are admired; and yet what diversity in this curious series. The young girls, *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, sister *Isabella*, *Juliet*, *Perdita*, *Rosalind*, and *Celia*; *Beatrice*; and the wives *Portia*, *Desdemona*, *Hermione*, *Imogen*, *Catherine of Arragon*. I pass over some and not least celebrated. But among these delicious types, either profound or sublime, it is strange that you meet neither an *Agnes* nor an *Armande*. In Shakspeare the most chaste maid is not without knowledge. Ignorance, so dear to *Arnolphe*, seems impossible to our poet. *Juliet* is fourteen years old and she is a woman. And *Miranda*, brought up in a desert island between her father and *Caliban*, and so like *Agnes* in so many ways — *Miranda* has not the innocence of *Agnes*. She feels for *Frederick* the same admiration that *Agnes* feels for *Horace*; when *Prospero* threatens the young prince and inflicts upon him a slave's duties, she gives the same cry that *Agnes* does when *Arnolphe* orders *Horace* to throw a stone from the window if the young man calls, "But he is such a fine fellow!" Finally, like *Arnolphe's* ward, she gives herself secretly to him whom she loves; but she reserves her chastity, as *Agnes* does not, not knowing enough.

I said there is no *Armande* in Shakspeare either. In truth, there is not a trace of that fine contempt of the flesh which the young philosopher boasts. Even sister *Isabella*, so rigid, has only a horror for the sin, and not aversion for the

matter. The severe young girl recognized the sanctity of marriage, which *Armande* will not have mentioned; and in the end she marries the *Duke*. *Armande*, you will say, would have the same sort of yielding for *Clitandre*. I agree, but none the less does she feel the sentiment that she expresses; and it is rather strange that Shakspeare, although nearer than Molière to the mysticism of the Middle Ages, seems not to have known it. All his plays are of flesh and blood! Besides, Molière, who is the apostle of nature, laughs at the philosophical disgust of the beautiful *Armande*, and is careful not to give it to *Henriette*. Although his young girls are often quite adventurous, they have neither the ardent love of a *Juliet* nor the romantic intrepidity of a *Rosalind*. They are sweet and sentimental, like the adorable *Marianne* in "Tartuffe"; exquisitely sensible, like *Henriette*; very likely later to become sincere *Éliantes*, or wise and keen *Elmires*. As for those whom reading has spoiled, like *Cathos* and *Madelon*, it is not for the love of love that they would lose themselves, but for love of wit.

Other physiognomies might be compared. *Harpagon* and *Shylock* for example — two misers. But it seems precisely as though in these two characters Shakspeare and Molière had two absolutely contrary aims; that Shakspeare, with a generosity not common in his day, wished to show the man in the Jew, and in the insulted man surviving the insult and bent on vengeance, the sacred feelings of a father and a husband; while Molière showed in *Harpagon* these same feelings and all the human sentiments, smothered by the encroaching vice. I fear that it is Molière who is right. But there is much to say in favor of *Shylock*, in whom avarice — being a fault of his race — has not the dominant and special character that it takes with *Harpagon*. Do we find a *Tartuffe* in Shakspeare? *Iago* has been cited: but *Iago* only seeks the satisfaction of a personal hate; *Tartuffe*, in the name of the Church, seeks complete dominion. Honest *Iago* knows what he wants and does not hide from himself the fact that he is a rascal; *Tartuffe* goes so far as to deceive himself; he believes in the goodness of his actions; they are only for the glory of Heaven. *Iago* is but a passing scamp, an individual. As for *Tartuffe* he is legion; *Tartuffe* is eternal, perhaps indestructible.

There is more of *Tartuffe* in *Richard III.*, I think. *Richard* has no illusions about himself, but he plays his part with a perfection worthy of Molière's character. We can even discover rather frequent resemblances between the scene of *Richard* with *Anne* (Act i.) and those of *Tartuffe* with *Elmire*. Both propose to seduce a woman who holds them in horror — *Tartuffe*, the wife of his host whom he ruins



and betrays; *Richard*, the wife of his king whom he murders. Both plead marvelously, with the same catlike softness, the same capacious theories, the same subtleties. In both scenes the husband is present: he is under the table with Molière, in his coffin with Shakspeare. The difference is not as great as might be supposed, since the corpse denounces the presence of its murderer by the bleeding of its wounds. But where the two scenes differ is in their ending. For *Richard III.* succeeds, *Tartuffe* fails. Has, then, *Tartuffe* less wit than *Richard*? No, but he has to do with a stronger woman. *Anne* is the feminine character, feeble, vain, inconstant; *Elmire* is the lady, fashioned by society, who knows and guesses, a woman of taste and reason, who used the advantages of her sex, but who watches herself and does not lose her head. As she has no vanity, no sensuality, *Tartuffe* has no hold on her.

Molière and Shakspeare both worked fast. Molière, however, has retouched none of his plays, except "*Tartuffe*." Shakspeare, on the contrary, has rehandled, sometimes considerably, a number of his. "*Hamlet*," for instance, was probably for him what "*Faust*" was for Goethe—the preoccupation of his whole artistic life. He did not ripen his plans, and in the rapidity of his work he was too easily contented with helping himself from the novels or the histories from which he took his plays to the scenes in the order in which he found them, adding, it is true, the characters and the poetry. From this comes a lack of simplicity, incoherencies, contradictions, that revision does not always efface and sometimes even augments. Molière has more art and more method; he graduates his effects better.

*Volumnia* and the Roman matrons arrive at the camp of *Coriolanus*. The fierce refugee is seized with respect; he bends the knee at once. But *Volumnia* wishes only to be the suppliant; she, in her turn, kneels and makes all those who have followed her kneel, and with them the wife and sons of *Coriolanus*. Here is surely a powerful dramatic effect, but it is not led up to—it ends in nothing. *Coriolanus* gets up, then *Volumnia*, and then long discourses are pronounced that Shakspeare takes almost word for word from Plutarch. The emotion evaporates, the impression disappears. Compare to this the double kneeling of *Tartuffe* and *Orgon* in the scene before the last of Act iii. How well it all goes, how all is developed from it later, and how the effect is prepared and sustained up to the fall of the curtain. It is a marvel of skill, as well as a marvel of truth.

It must, however, be said that Molière, more careful of his plots, neglected his endings; while Shakspeare worked over his with a kind of predilection, which has sometimes given us

some of an unnecessary length. He stuffs them with emotions, makes royal personages appear and pronounce great words. Everything is cleared up, even what the public knows best. No matter, the emotion is immense. See the catastrophe of "*Lear*." The soul of the spectator is plunged into a kind of desolate annihilation with the unfortunate old man. In a different style, re-read the endings of "*Pericles*" and of "*The Winter's Tale*." The sweetest tears that earth can know will flow of themselves from your eyes. And again, that close of the "*Merchant of Venice*" which one does not dare call an ending,—for the play was finished in Act iv.,—and which is a tailing off of a comedy after a comedy. What ravishing poetry and what malicious grace!

Shakspeare delights in complexity. He has often two, sometimes three, plots in his plays. He likes to vary the place of action, which changes without one's knowing why. In "*Antony and Cleopatra*," the scene is the world. The poet leads us almost to the Parthians to present to us *Ventidius*, of whom afterward we shall hear no more, and who is of not the least importance to the play. He needs these vast distances, yet he did not despise the power of concentration (see the last act of "*Othello*" and "*Macbeth*"). But he then falls into the excess that our tragedians are reproached with. He hurries the events, makes them take place in too short a time. If we may trust the text, the duration of "*Macbeth*" is hardly eight days. Who will ever believe that this somber and terrible history developed itself in so short a time, and that the *Lady Macbeth* of the sleep-walking night was but one week more advanced in life than the *Lady Macbeth* of the night of the crime? Molière, on the contrary, fancies the greatest simplicity in his plots and expedients.

There is some resemblance between the "*School for Wives*" and "*Romeo and Juliet*." A perfume of youth is exhaled from these two masterpieces, both of them love-stories. It is impossible to listen to them without profound interest. But to keep up this interest how many incidents did not Shakspeare need? Duels, a secret marriage, a potion, poison, a final killing, where the *County Paris* takes part most unnecessarily! Molière does not ask so much. Hardly anything happens in his play: *Horace* loves *Agnes*, *Agnes* loves *Horace*; they let each other know it, notwithstanding *Arnolphe*; and by the help of some innocent ruses that *Horace's* manly experience suggests and that *Arnolphe's* jealousy cannot detect, they get married in the end, to our great content. The story has happened a thousand times. It has happened to us—or something like it. And this is why it touches us, and why we laugh with such good



will at that jealous wretch, taken in by an innocent girl.

For the rest, poetry is not wanting in the "School for Wives." The whole part of *Agnes* is as poetically naïve as the words of children. And the part of *Arnolphe* is comic poetry, rich in color, and rising into humor. But on these two points, poetry and humor, the advantage is with Shakspeare.

Molière contents himself with humanity; he does not know nature. Shakspeare does not separate one from the other. There is in him no deed that has not an echo in things; no phenomenon of nature that is not prolonged in the soul. For him creation is one; the earth feels what man does, and shares his emotions. Is she not full of unknown forces? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in all philosophy? From this union of the world and man, of the world of things and the world of mind or of forces, Shakspeare draws forth the most strange, the most mighty, the most bewildering poetry. I will not try to describe its thousand sides; it would be beyond my powers. Music has been called the art of expressing the inexpressible; it can be said too of Shakspeare's poetry. In fact, there is visibly too much of it in his last plays, as there was too much wit in the first ones. "*Cymbeline*," "*The Winter's Tale*," are lengthened with episodes and descriptions admirable but parasitical, and almost all the characters in them are lyrical. The supernatural is introduced in the action; the gods it is who proclaim the innocence of *Hermione*, the gods bring about the climax (interminable besides) of "*Cymbeline*." As for "*The Tempest*," of which I have already said a word, we are there in full fairyland. There the exquisite and visionary poetry is in its true place.

Shakspeare likewise has humor, little known to Molière, although Molière was a grandson of Rabelais. It is to the humor of Shakspeare that we owe the incomparable *Falstaff*. Yet Shakspeare is not, strictly speaking, a humorist, like Swift or Sterne. As it seems to me, humor is more literary than dramatic, with its hints, its ironies, and its intentional incoherencies. It is not always clear; and it is clearness that the pit need.

Many definitions of humor have been attempted. It seems as though the true one were still to be found. It is, I think, that they attempt to make a quality of the mind out of what is rather a state of the spirit. There is the humorous state, just as there is the poetic state. He who is subject to it sees things in a special manner, out of proportion, out of place, upside down; then he discovers in them unexpected resemblances, and he expresses his sensations in appropriate language, that is to say, in affect-

ing the contrary tone to that which he would have used were he in the ordinary state. This manner of seeing things does not absolutely disfigure them; it gives them a new aspect, striking and singular, comic because it is crazy, useful because by exaggerating the proportions it can bring to light certain points of truth that were not before suspected. You know the story of the husband who did not love his wife; he had no knowledge that she was pretty. Chance let him one day see her on the stage masquerading as a man, and he fell desperately in love with her. Humor sometimes renders this same service and ideas; in clothing them in what seems to be the least suitable it makes them most pleasing.

But this turning of things upside down, as the humorist does, to see what is in them, this dislocating of the thought and sentiment, is greatly against the spirit of reason; this is why we care but little for it. Yet, as it is a very Celtic taste, it comes back to us now and again. Witness Rabelais, whom I cited just now, and who is the universal father of humorists; witness also Voltaire's tales.

Molière knows not humor except on the extreme and extravagant side. It is certain that in this kind the ceremony in the "*Would-be Gentleman*," and above all that of the "*Imaginary Invalid*," are masterpieces of humor in the Rabelaisian taste, full of vengeful irony and irresistible comedy. But to be definite, Molière did not seek humor any more than he sought wit; one and both were for him too easy. "There is nothing common," said the great Goethe, "that does not appear humorous if you express it in a grotesque way." As for poetry, that of Shakspeare, it will be conceded, would be little in place in the comedy of Molière. But if the force or the delicacy of expression are elements of it, if the freshness or vivacity of the language, if the beautiful marriage of words, if this living breath of truth is poetic, then Molière is a poet. He has the "vigorous hates," "the well-placed soul," "the clearness of everything." He knows where is the "tenderness of the soul," and dictates to *Agnes* a delicious letter. He is, in more than one scene, as eloquent as Corneille, and he handles the popular proverb with the same vigor. There is as much lightness and grace in *Acaste* as in *Mercutio*. And the verses of *Éliante* are as charming as those of *Rosalind*, and truer. What is not in this poetry—what could not be in it—is the dreaming. It is the loyal reflection of the true depth of humanity.

Molière and Shakspeare had an entirely different conception of life. Shakspeare saw it moving, troubled, changing, uncircumscribed in its development by human will, subject to "the winds and the rain and all the breezes



that blow." He says in one of those passages of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" which were evidently written by him:

This world's a city full of straying streets,  
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

It is in these straying streets that Shakspeare moves, the obscure labyrinth where man goes blindly, meeting here an ambush, there a precipice, and where he changes fortune from a chance-meeting. There is nothing certain, not one of his characters who could swear to what he will do an hour later. They do not belong to themselves. They are so much the plaything of a higher force that they do not even feel sure of their conscience. "I believe myself passably virtuous," says *Hamlet*.

But who shall explain *Hamlet*? *Hamlet* is an enigma. How far was he mad? When is he completely mad? But no one in these plays is quite sane. *Lear* is out of his senses long before he is demented; *Macbeth* has hallucinations; *Othello* sees blood at the first word; *Brutus* talks to a ghost; that terrible sceptic *Richard III.* sees visions. Events themselves sometimes seem half crazy. What I have said of "Macbeth" might be said of "Romeo and Juliet," where in five days *Juliet* sees, loves, marries, dies, and resuscitates, and dies once more. All is falsehood, deceit, bewilderment. This cavalier, it is *Rosalind*; this page, *Imogen*; this judge, *Portia*; this statue, *Hermione*. One scene in "King Lear" makes *Lear* (who goes mad from sorrow) and an exile (who pre-

tends to madness) and a fool (who is mad by profession) all talk together amid the thunder and lightning. We ask ourselves, Where are we? Who are we? *Prospero* tells us:

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare saw life as in a dream, and thus he has shown it. Molière saw things in their reality. He went down to the immutable. As for life, in his plays he sees it simple. Only those events happen which happen to all of us. We love, we marry, we have children, we consult the doctor, we die. The other incidents that may occur spring from the shock of character; they can be deducted logically one from the other, and would remain in the control of man if he would but listen to reason.

And this is the great moral that can be drawn from Molière: keep your head, and all will go well. His work is as clear as day; hatred of vice shows itself, and the love of truth—no platonic love, but an active love, armed and fighting to the last hour. For Molière is in the thick of the crowd; Shakspeare dwells in the Temples of Serenity; he observes, somber at first, peacefully later on; and he gives to our meditation and reflection the immense and painful spectacle of the world, but draws from it no rule, for what rule can be found used in a dream? Perhaps, to finish, it might be said that Shakspeare teaches us to think, but that Molière teaches us to live.

C. Coquelin.



## THE MARTENS.

WITH the first chills on August heat,  
From early frosts foreboding fall,  
In ranks arrayed the martens meet,  
And wait their punctual yearly call.

On walls and wires, ridge-pole and eave,  
In patient conclave how they sit,  
Certain the summons to receive  
For all their tiny hosts to flit!

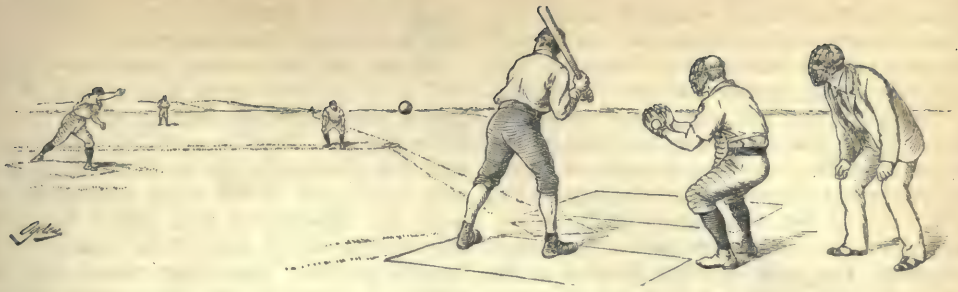
Their coat of jasper, pearly vest,  
Leave royal robes without compare:  
They chirp, yet shiver, thinly dressed,  
And contemplate a change of air.

As prophets, mocking unbelief,  
With lids half shut their faith to clear,  
In head so small—a balm for grief—  
They hold another hemisphere.

When fleets the season out of sight  
Their fluttering feathers are unfurled,  
To show our sky and earth of right  
Are but one half the human world.

Our hope is but a bird's-eye view,  
Our race an emigrating band:  
The way for us will open too,  
While listening for the last command.

C. A. Bartol.



## BASE-BALL—FOR THE SPECTATOR.



THE next generation of Americans will be as thoroughly educated in the technicalities of base-ball as our English cousins are in the intricacies of cricket. Many a

man to-day has felt a little defrauded by the increasing space his morning paper gives to the game, and has been inclined to look with disapproval upon the devotion of his boy at school to something apart from his studies. As the present generation of boys become men, however, there will be a softer spot in their hearts for a pastime whose ways they know and whose fascinations they remember. Putting aside for a moment its professional questions, base-ball is for every boy a good, wholesome sport. It brings him out of the close confinement of the school-room. It takes the stoop from his shoulders and puts hard, honest muscle all over his frame. It rests his eyes, strengthens his lungs, and teaches him self-reliance and courage. Every mother ought to rejoice when her boy says he is on his school or college nine. And she would if she knew what he means when he says he is "in training." It means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school, until every boy now enjoys the advantages. The enforcement, too, of these laws of training is more strict than that of any rules of teacher or faculty, for, instead of surveillance, the boy is bound by his honor to his captain and his fellows.

The history of the game is an interesting record of progress and development. Away back in the fifties we find it assuming its first stage as a well-defined sport. Previous to that time there were certain games played with bat and ball, but there were not enough points of

similarity to warrant one in attempting to prove or disprove conclusively where the game of base-ball originated. In this early stage the game was chiefly confined to local nines, with here and there a sporadic outbreak of it at the colleges. There were occasional attempts at organization; but while these had existed here and there, an association or league of men making base-ball a profession was unthought of. Men who played ball for a financial consideration had other means of livelihood, and there were no players whose efforts could accumulate a fund sufficient to last through the winter. As the game grew in popular favor it became possible for men to turn it into a money-making venture, and this they did not hesitate to do. The sport had not at that time acquired sufficient strength to withstand the evils dragged into it by those whose sympathies were only with the gambling and pool-selling classes, so that in the sixties the evil of betting had crept into the sport so much as seriously to compromise its prospects and give it a bad odor among respectable communities. Sold games were a common thing, and many of the journals of that day predicted its speedy downfall. As a notable effort to reinstate the game in popular favor and scotch the betting and selling evil, stands out most prominently the convention held in Philadelphia in December, 1867. An idea of the thoroughness of the effort can be gained from the fact that five hundred clubs were represented.

The leading ball clubs during the next year or two were, in the East, the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Athletics of Philadelphia, Unions of Morrisania, and the Mutuels, while the Red Stockings of Cincinnati bore the palm in the West. This latter club made a most successful trip east in 1869, winning all of the twenty-one games played. Such was the enthusiasm produced by these victories that on the return of the



club it was met with a perfect ovation, tendered a banquet, and presented with a champion bat. This rather remarkable testimonial was twenty-seven feet long and nine inches in diameter. The same nine made another Eastern trip the following season, and met with almost equal success, suffering but one defeat, and that by the Atlantics on the Capitoline grounds. A crowd of ten thousand people assembled to witness this match, and so lost their heads in the excitement as to give the Western men a very unfair reception. The game was not decided at the end of the ninth inning, each club having five runs. The tenth inning was played in a pause of breathless excitement, neither club scoring; but in the eleventh inning, in a perfect bedlam of noise, the Atlantics succeeded in making three runs, while the Red Stockings scored but two.

In 1874 American base-ball men made their first foreign trip. The ex-champion Athletics and the champion Bostons crossed the water and played several exhibition games. Their first game was played at Lord's, on Bank Holiday, August 3.

This was fifteen years ago, and this year two nines of representative American ball players, after carrying the sport through almost every civilized quarter of the globe, completed their tour by a game at Lord's.

The comments of the English papers upon the sport at that time are very amusing. Speaking of the practice before the game, they say: "The larking indulged in by the Americans for ten minutes before the match shows great precision, but after the game commenced returns were not so accurate." Comparing the game with cricket, they admit that the fielding is far better, but ascribe it to the difference in the ball used. By this time the American game had also made a fair stand in Canada, the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Ontario, being the most prominent in that region.

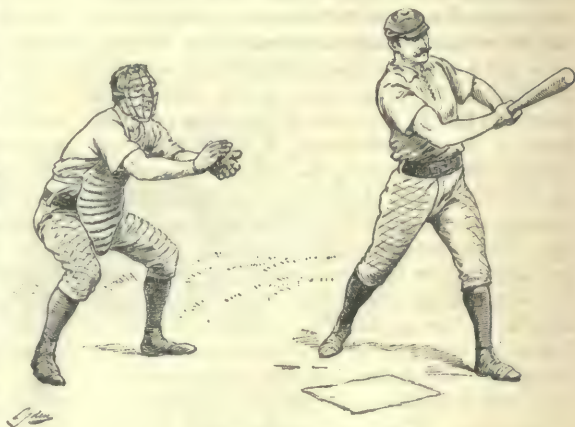
In 1876 the National League was formed of eight clubs, containing the very pick and flower of the ball-playing fraternity. This selection was so small when compared with the large number of people anxious to be spectators of ball games that in 1881 the American Association was organized. Until time had demonstrated that there was plenty of room for both, there was bitter rivalry between the two. This was not long lived, and what is known as the National Agreement now unites the two in respectful and harmonious tolerance. Their united power is quite sufficient to govern, with their blacklists, reservations, and contracts, the entire professional ball-playing community. Their rule is tyrannical and pro-

vokes much hard feeling and occasionally open rebellion, but not as yet a sufficient revolt to overthrow their authority.

During the last twenty years the Boston Ball Club has won more than a third of the annual championships, bearing off the honors in seven years. The Chicago Club stands next, with five championships to their credit. The only other club to win more than once has been the Providence nine, which has been successful twice. A study of the records of the League and the Association shows that the contest is closer in the latter—that there is not so great a difference between the records of the first and last clubs.

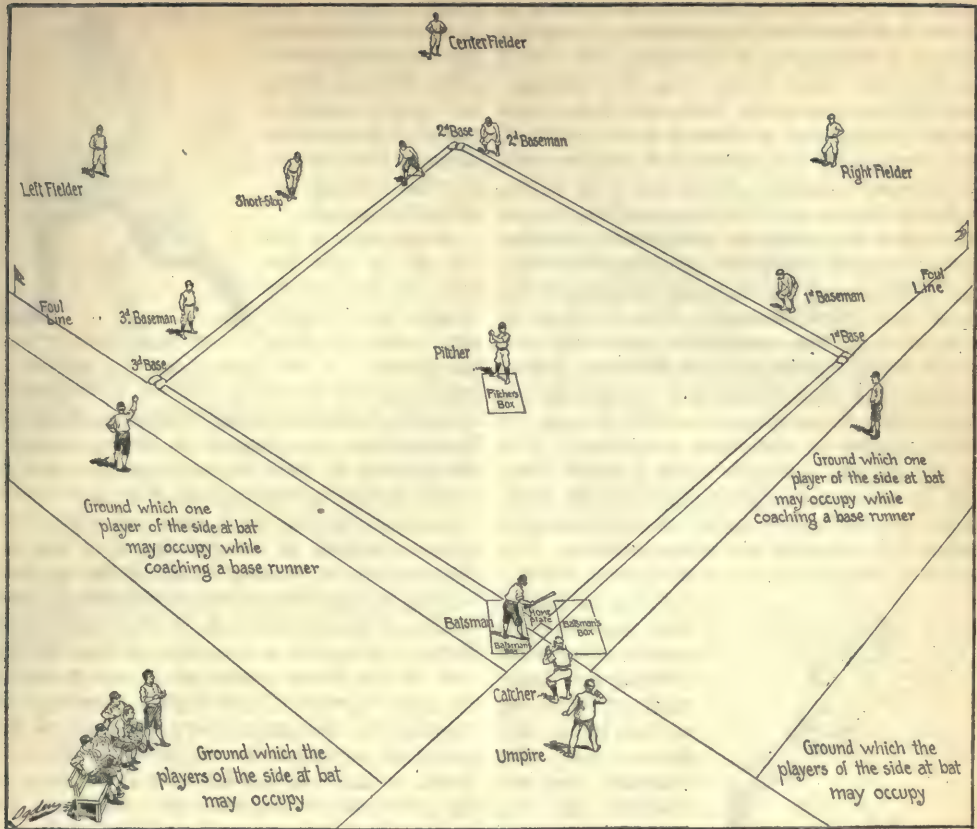
Another feature of the records is of interest as showing the tendency of men to drift in and out of this rather nomadic profession. There are but seven men in the books of 1888 who have played through the twelve years upon one or the other of the League nines. These seven men stand, however, with but one exception, high in the profession, and exhibit the same superiority that tenacity of purpose and experience produce in any calling.

The history of college base-ball follows the line of the professional game very closely. At times the college men have been rather more conservative, and have clung to certain rules for a season or two after their abandonment



THE CATCHER.

by the professionals. In the end, however, in nearly every instance, they have realized the advantage of the change, and followed the lead set them. In the early days of the sport the collegians coped successfully with the majority of the semi-professionals, but even then, when they were pitted against the strongest, the college nines met with defeat. The first game of note between a college nine and professionals was in the spring of 1868, between Yale and the Unions of Morrisania. The Unions were at that time the champions



THE FIELD.

of the country. The game was intensely exciting. At the end of the fifth inning Yale led, 8 to 4, but by the end of the ninth inning the Unions had tied the score and eventually won the game, 16 to 14. Frequently the score sheets of college nines show excellent fielding, but when these same men are brought to face the sharp, hard hitting of the professional batsmen their errors begin to multiply, and, in an inverse ratio, their hits diminish. The increase of errors is due to the difficulty they find in handling the fast drives of the trained batsmen, and also to the nervousness produced by the knowledge that they must play a quicker game. A professional gets away to first base far more rapidly than a college player, and the first sensation of a college infield on meeting a professional nine is one of hurry. A short-stop or third baseman finds that he has no time to "juggle" the ball and then throw the man out, as he often can do with college runners. The ordinary college pitcher is no match for League or Association batters, and they find an easy prey in him. On the other hand, the skill of the professional pitcher readily balks the attempts of the college batsmen to find the ball, and only the best men handle

the stick with any effect. The rest of the nine become nervous over their failure to judge the delivery, and before the end of the game apparently dread to come to the plate for their turn.

Perhaps the host of people who understand the game of base-ball thoroughly will forgive a few words of explanation for the sake of those who have never witnessed a match. It may not be uninteresting to try to realize how the game appears for the first time to an outsider. Any comparatively level piece of ground over a hundred yardssquare will serve for a base-ball field. Upon this field is laid out a diamond whose sides measure thirty yards, and whose nearest corner is distant about ninety feet from one end of the field. This corner is marked by a white marble plate a foot square, sunk level with the ground, and called the home base. At the other three corners are canvas bags fifteen inches square, and called, beginning at the right as one looks into the field from the home plate, the first, second, and third bases respectively. The lines from home to first and home to third, indefinitely prolonged, are called the foul lines. The game is played by two sides of nine men each, one of these sides tak-



ing its turn at the bat while the other side is in the field endeavoring, as provided by certain rules, to retire or put out the side at bat. Each side has nine turns at the bat. The arrangement of the men in the field, with the exception of pitcher and catcher, is in the form of two arcs facing the home plate, whose radii are, roughly speaking, thirty and sixty yards. Forming the arc with the lesser radius are four men called the infielders, and named the first, second, and third basemen, and the short-stop. The latter player stands midway between the second and third basemen. The other arc is composed of the outfielders, and they are named right, center, and left fielders. Inside the diamond, and distant in a straight line in front of the home plate some fifty feet, is the pitcher's position, or box, as it is called. This is a rectangular space five and a half feet by four in which the pitcher is obliged to stand when performing the duty which devolves upon him of delivering the ball to the batsman. The catcher's position is not thus defined, but according as necessity requires he stands either close behind the batsman or, when no runner is on the bases and the batsman has not reached his last strike, some seventy feet back of the plate. When standing thus he simply performs the duty of returning



AN "OUT CURVE"—THE BEGINNING.

ing the ball to the pitcher, as it is unnecessary for him to catch it under these circumstances. The players of the side at the bat take their turn in regular rotation and continue until three of them have been put out by the opponents. This retires the side to the field, and the others come in to the bat. The batsman has a box similar to the pitcher's, in which he must stand when striking at the ball. The batsman becomes a base runner immediately when he has made a "fair hit" (that is, knocked the ball so that it will fall in front of the foul lines); or when he has had "three strikes" (that is, three fair opportunities of hitting the ball); or, finally, when the pitcher has delivered "four balls," none of which have been struck at by the batsman or have passed over the plate at the proper height. In this latter case he is entitled to occupy first base without being put out; in the other cases he is the legitimate prey of the opponents, and his only havens of refuge are the bases, which he must take in regular order, first, second, third, and

home. When he completes this circuit and crosses the home plate without being put out, he scores a run, and the number of runs thus scored in nine innings decides the match.

A batsman is put out if he hits the ball and the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground. A base runner may be put out in any one of the following ways: if, having made a fair hit, the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held by a fielder any part of whose person is touching the first base before the runner reaches that base; if, after three strikes, the ball be caught before it touches the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held at first base as above described; and, finally, if he be touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder at any time during his circuit of the bases when he is not touching the base to which he is legally entitled. To provide for the satisfactory conduct of the game, an umpire is agreed upon by the contesting nines, and it is his duty to see that all the provisions of the rules are observed. He is also the judge of good and bad balls, put outs, and runs. Any other question liable to become a point of dispute comes under his jurisdiction.

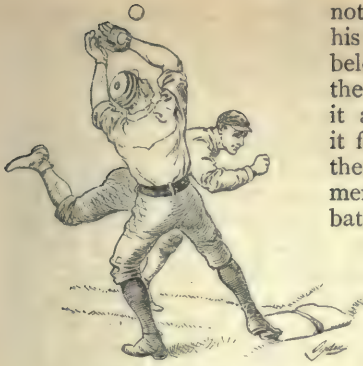
Such are, in general, the laws by which the modern game of base-ball is governed. These laws or rules are the growth of many years, and it is to them and to their annual revision and improvement that the game owes in a large measure its success. There are many technical terms, and a knowledge of these is necessary to a perfect understanding of the game. Every ball that the pitcher delivers to the batsman, and which he does not hit with his bat, is called by the umpire either "a strike" or "a ball." If the batsman attempts to hit it and misses it, it is a strike, whether it passed over the plate at the proper height or not. If the batsman makes no attempt to hit it and it passes over the plate at a height



PITCHING A "DROP" BALL.



AN "OUT CURVE"—THE END.



RUNNING TO FIRST BASE.

not greater than his shoulder or below his knee, the umpire calls it a strike. If it fails to meet these requirements and the batsman makes no attempt to hit it, the umpire calls it a ball.

As above described,

four of these called balls make the batsman a base runner and entitle him to his base; and at the third strike, whether called or attempted, he becomes a base runner and must reach first or be put out. A base runner cannot run out of the direct line in order to avoid a player with the ball, nor can he interfere with any of his opponents legitimately attempting to handle the ball. It often happens in a game that a base runner is obliged to vacate his base by the occupancy of that base by a following runner. This is called being "forced," and when it happens that runner may be put out by being touched with the ball, or by its being held by a fielder on the base to which this succeeding runner forces him, before he can reach it. There is only one base which a runner may overrun without liability of being touched out, and that is first base. "A balk" is any motion made by the pitcher towards delivering the ball to the batsman without so delivering it, and every base runner is entitled to the next base on such offense. Within the province of the umpire comes the duty of deciding regarding the weather and darkness. In the case of the former the rule is laid down for him that the rain is sufficiently severe to stop the game when the spectators seek shelter. If the rain then continues for a half-hour he "calls" the game, and if five complete innings or over have been played it stands as a game, otherwise not. The same result holds in the case of darkness.

In the scoring of the game there are also technical terms, and a slight knowledge of these enables one to glean from the tabulated forms in the newspapers a fairly good idea of what each man has accomplished. The columns are headed by the initials of these technical terms. The first column shows the number of times the man has been "at the bat," and is usually headed A. B. The next is headed R., and indicates the number of runs he has made. The column headed B. H. indicates the character of his batting, and the letters

stand for the term "base hits." A batsman makes a base hit when he strikes a fair ball in such a direction that it is impossible for his opponents either to catch it on the fly or to field it to first base before he crosses that base. Following this column is one headed S. B., which means "stolen bases." These are bases gained by good running or by strategy, without the assistance of a hit. In addition to these columns, which indicate what each man of the side has accomplished while at the bat, are three columns devoted to the record of the fielding. These are headed P. O., A., and E. The first stands for "put outs," and indicates how many of the opponents he has individually retired. It will be noticed that the first baseman and the catcher usually succeed in taking the lion's share of this column. The next letter stands for "assists," and any player who handles a ball during a play which might or does eventually result in the putting out of an opponent receives for every such assistance a credit of one in this column. The last column indicates the number of missed opportunities or "errors." A player is accredited with an error for every chance he has failed to accept in a manner to result directly or indirectly in the putting out of an opponent. It will be seen, then, that the sum of these three columns shows just how many opportunities each fielder has had, and the relative ratio of the sum of the put outs and assists to the errors indicates his fielding record.

Others special phrases and terms are almost self-explanatory. An "earned run" is one that is made without the assistance of fielding errors; that is, in spite of the most perfect playing of the opponents. From the nature of things, a ball so knocked that it cannot be caught or fielded

to the plate before the man can make the entire circuit of the bases yields an earned, or, as it is in such instance more generally called, a "home run." A "passed ball" is a pitched ball which by an error of the catcher is allowed to go behind him so that a runner is advanced a base. A "wild pitch" is a ball delivered by the pitcher so wide of the mark that the catcher cannot recover it before the runner has advanced a base. A "sacrifice hit" is a



FIRST BASEMAN CATCHING A HIGH BALL.



ball so batted as to advance a base runner while it gives an opportunity of putting out the man batting it.

There are certain strategic plays which go to make up the finer points of the game. One of the most common of these is missing a catch in order to put out more than one man. For instance, when there is a runner on first base and a fly is batted near second. If the second baseman caught the fly he would put out the man who hit it, but the man on first would simply hold his base. Whereas if the second baseman misses the catch, the man on first is thereby forced to run to second, and by quick work the second baseman can, after dropping the ball, pick it up, touch second, and throw the ball to first before the runner who struck the ball can reach that point. In this way he makes what is called a double play, putting out both men. Triple plays are also possible, although seldom made. Another point which shows the brains of the game is in attempting to put out the man who is nearest home in his circuit of the bases. Thus, whenever there is an opportunity of putting out a runner who is coming from third and one who is going to first, the preference is given to the former, unless the chances of putting him out are unusually slender. Still another fine point is the race of man against the ball, as shown in the case of a man on third base when a long fly is batted into the outfield. According to the rule, the runner must touch the base after the fly is caught before he can run, but the distance from the fielder making the catch to the home plate is so great that there is a very fair chance of his getting home before the ball. He therefore stands with his foot touching the bag and leaning forward for a start. Just as the ball settles into the fielder's hands, off he goes. The fielder, too, is prepared for this, and recovering himself almost instantly, he drives the ball in on its long journey towards the plate, often reaching it just as the runner crosses it, but too late for the catcher to touch him.

Of all the positions on the field, the two that command the most attention are those of pitcher and catcher, or battery, as they are called. Upon them are pinned the hopes of every other man. If the pitcher succeeds in deceiving the opposing batsmen and the catcher gives him good support, all will be well; but if the curves and strategies of the pitcher are readily solved, or if the catcher fails to hold him well, the field will have some sorry work to do before the nine innings are finished. Successful batteries are in great demand, and receive the highest salaries among

professional ball players. In valuing a battery the first points of consideration are their effectiveness and endurance, and then their ability to get on well with the rest of the nine.

A pitcher to-day is not a strong pitcher unless he has good command of the curves, a fair amount of speed, and ordinary accuracy. These are only the average recommendations. The crack men have these, combined with excellent judgment and unusual endurance. A pitcher who can pitch more than two games a week successfully through a season can boast of his record. Nor is a catcher much better off. His hands are liable to slight injuries which may keep him off a day or two, or, if he persists in playing, result so badly as to incapacitate him for weeks. The constant strain when under the



SLIDING TO BASE.

bat is too great for him to endure more than two or three games a week. The rest of the men can, if necessary, play their four or five games a week without serious inconvenience, but the battery requires constant care and frequent relief.

Probably no point in the game has been more developed in the last twenty years than the pitching. The old method was to deliver the ball by a perfectly straight swing, the arm passing close to the side of the body, and the ball being sent from a point below the pitcher's hip. This style of delivery would meet with such a reception from the trained batsmen of to-day that an inning would last longer than the ordinary game. The first step from this old-time true pitching was to the use of the wrist in the delivery, making what was known as an underhand throw. At just about the same time the discovery was made that a ball could be so pitched or thrown as to cause it to curve slightly from the straight line. Many were the skeptics regarding the possibility of such a thing. For a long time men versed in physical science and phenomena pooh-poohed at this, saying that it was impossible and that it was simply an optical illusion. But the ball did curve, and the first pitchers to acquire the art proved problems to the best of batsmen. The "out curve" was the one first discovered, as it is the easiest to effect. This is a delivery by a right-handed pitcher which causes the ball to curve away from a right-handed batsman. Shortly after this came the "in curve," or re-

verse of this. The "rise" and "drop," which had probably existed for some time previous, then took on definite names and became combined with the other curves. The most logical explanation of the curvature of a ball depends upon the supposition of the compression of the air just in front of the ball and a corresponding rarefaction immediately behind it, so that the ball by its friction is deflected from its true course. When the curves were mastered, the tendency of the pitchers was to bring the hand up above the hip in order to get more of a twist to the ball and thereby assist the curve. The difficulty experienced by umpires in controlling this tendency led to the adoption of a rule allowing the pitcher to deliver the ball from any point below the shoulder. This rule prevailed for a time, but no sooner were the pitchers allowed this leeway than they began to make the umpire's task equally difficult again by getting their delivery just a trifle higher than the law allowed. In order to put an end to the eternal field discussions upon this point a rule was passed permitting the pitcher to throw the ball in any way he saw fit, and this rule has met with comparatively good success. The pitcher, who had formerly been placed forty-five feet from the batsman, was relegated to a fifty-foot distance. Even then, by taking advantage of a step or two behind his line, he acquired so much speed that it became necessary to fix his position more definitely, and to-day he is even bound to the extent of the exact position of his feet when delivering the ball. In spite of all these restrictions, such is the growing skill of pitchers that the problem is constantly under discussion how to legislate in favor of the batsman.

The rest of the fielding has kept some measure of progress with the pitching, the catcher's position exhibiting the highest development. This development is fortunately accompanied by numerous safeguards against the shocks of the increased speed of the ball. The first catchers who came up under the bat were wont to wear a small piece of rubber in the mouth as a protection to the teeth from foul tips. It was not long before an inventive genius designed a wire mask which buckled about the head, and, while allowing perfect freedom and sight, rendered the catcher safe from any chance ball

striking his face. The next step was the use of a large breastplate extending quite to the legs. This is made of rubber, and inflated so as to make a yielding cushion. The gloves which the catchers have worn ever since the days of the rubber mouth-piece have also undergone radical changes, and are to-day so heavily made as thoroughly to protect both hands, leaving free only the fingers of the right hand.



FIELDER CATCHING A FLY.

Outside the battery, in these days of almost perfect fielding, the strongest factor is team play. Plenty of men can be found who can perform the ordinary duties of basemen and fielders, but the problem is to secure men for these positions who are strong batsmen and who harmonize well with one another. The usual merits for the individual positions are: in a first baseman, ability to catch bad throwing; in a second baseman, an especial capacity for covering a large amount of ground; in a third baseman, rapidity in fielding ground balls over to first. A third baseman must recover himself quickly and have a strong throw. A short-stop should be an accurate thrower, and a man of brains sufficient to take advantage of opportunities for double plays and fielding out advanced runners. The outfielders must be fast, not only in covering ground, but also in returning balls to the diamond.

Base-ball is a game for the people. The materials are inexpensive, and all that is wanted is a field. If one may judge from what one sees by the way, it is more difficult to say what will not answer for a ball-field than what will; for in spite of carts, cabs, and police, no street is too small or too crowded for Young America to make a ball-field of it. With its eager young followers everywhere and with many men now growing into the prime of life who have enjoyed it most heartily in their younger days, it is safe to say that as a sport, and as, par excellence, the American sport, it is sure of a long life.

Walter Camp.



STOPPING A GROUNDER.



# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

## BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT—THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE—THE XIIIITH AMENDMENT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT.



HE triumphant reëlection of Mr. Lincoln in November, 1864, greatly simplified the political conditions as well as the military prospects of the country. Decisive popular majorities had pointedly rebuked the individuals who proclaimed, and the party which had resolved, that the war was a failure. The verdict of the ballot-box not only decided the continuance of a war administration and a war policy, but renewed the assurance of a public sentiment to sustain its prosecution. When Congress convened on the 6th of December, and the President transmitted to that body his annual message, he included in his comprehensive review of public affairs a temperate but strong and terse statement of this fact and its potent significance. Inspired by this majestic manifestation of the popular will to preserve the Union and maintain the Constitution, he was able to speak of the future with hope and confidence. But, with characteristic prudence and good taste, he uttered no word of boasting and indulged in no syllable of acrimony; on the contrary, in terms of fatherly kindness, he again offered the rebellious States the generous conditions he had previously tendered them by various acts and declarations, and specifically in his amnesty proclamation of December 8, 1863. The statement of the whole situation with its alternative issues was so admirably compressed into the closing paragraphs of his message as to leave no room for ignorance or misunderstanding.

The national resources, then [he said], are unexhausted, and, as we believe, inexhaustible. The public purpose to reëstablish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and, as we believe, unchangeable. The manner of continuing the effort remains to choose. On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept nothing short

of severance of the Union—precisely what we will not and cannot give. His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft-repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily re-accept the Union; we cannot voluntarily yield it. Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war, and decided by victory. If we yield, we are beaten; if the Southern people fail him, he is beaten. Either way, it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can. Some of them, we know, already desire peace and reunion. The number of such may increase. They can, at any moment, have peace simply by laying down their arms, and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution. After so much, the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes, operating only in constitutional and lawful channels. Some certain, and other possible, questions are, and would be, beyond the Executive power to adjust; as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress, and whatever might require the appropriation of money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeitures, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised can be fairly judged of by the past. A year ago general pardon and amnesty, upon specified terms, were offered to all, except certain designated classes; and it was, at the same time, made known that the excepted classes were still within contemplation of special clemency. . . . In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority, on the part of the insurgents, as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the Government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that "While I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress." If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to reënslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument

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to perform it. In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it.<sup>1</sup>

The country was about to enter upon the fifth year of actual war; but at length all the indications were pointing unmistakably to a speedy collapse of the rebellion. This foreshadowed disaster to the Confederate armies gave rise to another volunteer peace project and negotiation, which, from the boldness of its animating thought and the official prominence of its actors, assumes a special historical importance.

The veteran politician Francis P. Blair, senior, who as a young journalist, thirty-five years before, had helped President Jackson throttle the South Carolina nullification; who, from his long political and personal experience at Washington, perhaps knew better than almost any one else the individual characters and tempers of Southern leaders; and who, moreover, was ambitious to crown his remarkable career with another dazzling chapter of political intrigue, conceived that the time had arrived when he might perhaps take up the rôle of a successful mediator between the North and the South. He gave various hints of his desire to President Lincoln, but received neither encouragement nor opportunity to unfold his plans. "Come to me after Savannah falls," was Lincoln's evasive reply; and when, on the 22d of December, Sherman announced the surrender of that city as a national Christmas gift, Mr. Blair hastened to put his design into execution. Three days after Christmas the President gave him a simple card bearing the words:

Allow the bearer, F. P. Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go south, and return.

December 28, 1864.<sup>2</sup>

A. LINCOLN.

With this single credential he went to the camp of General Grant, from which he forwarded, by the usual flags of truce, the following letters to Jefferson Davis at Richmond:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
December 30, 1864.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The loss of some papers of importance (title papers), which I suppose may have been taken by some persons who had access to my house when Genl. Early's army were in possession of my place, induces me to ask the privilege of visiting Richmond and beg the favor of you to facilitate my inquiries in regard to them.

Your mo. ob. st.  
F. P. BLAIR.<sup>3</sup>

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
Dec'r 30, 1864.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The fact stated in the inclosed note may serve to answer inquiries as to the object of my visit, which, if allowed by you, I would not communicate fully to any one but yourself. The main purpose I have in seeing you is to explain the views I entertain in reference to the state of the affairs of our country, and to submit to your consideration ideas which in my opinion you may turn to good and possibly bring to practical results—that may not only repair all the ruin the war has brought upon the nation, but contribute to promote the welfare of other nations that have suffered from it. In candor I must say to you in advance that I come to you wholly unaccredited except in so far as I may be by having permission to pass our lines and to offer to you my own suggestions—suggestions which I have submitted to no one in authority on this side the lines, and will not, without my conversation with you may lead me to suppose they may lead to something practicable. With the hope of such result, if allowed, I will confidentially unbosom my heart frankly and without reserve. You will of course hold in reserve all that is not proper to be said to one coming, as I do, merely as a private citizen and addressing one clothed with the highest responsibilities. Unless the great interests now at stake induce you to attribute more importance to my application than it would otherwise command I could not expect that you would invite the intrusion. I venture however to submit the matter to your judgment.

Your most obedient servant,

F. P. BLAIR.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Davis returned a reply with permission to make the visit; but by some mischance it did not reach Mr. Blair till after his patience had become exhausted by waiting and he had returned to Washington. Proceeding then to Richmond he was received by Jefferson Davis in a confidential interview on the 12th of January, 1865,<sup>5</sup> which he so thoroughly described in a written report that it is quoted in full:

"I introduced the subject to Mr. Davis by giving him an account of the mode in which I obtained leave to go through the lines, telling him that the President stopped me when I told him 'I had kindly relations with Mr. Davis, and at the proper time I might do something towards peace,' and said, 'Come to me when Savannah falls'—how after that event he shunned an interview with me, until I perceived he did not wish to hear me, but desired I should go without explanation of my object. I then told Mr. Davis that I wanted to know, if he thought fit to communicate it, whether he had any commitments with European powers which would control his conduct in making arrangements with the Government of the United States. He said in the most de-

<sup>1</sup> Message, Dec. 6, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> MS.

<sup>3</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>4</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>5</sup> Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612.



cisive manner that there were none, that he had no commitments; and expressed himself with some vehemence that he was absolutely free and would die a freeman in all respects. This is pretty much his language; it was his sentiment and manner certainly. I told him that that was an all-important point, for if it were otherwise I would not have another word to say. I then prefaced the reading of the paper—which I had intended to embody in a letter to him, or present in some form if I could not reach him, or if I were prevented from seeing him personally—by saying that it was somewhat after the manner of an editorial and was not of a diplomatic character, and that I was like a shoemaker who sticks to his last, and could not change my mode of expressing my thoughts; moreover, I had become an old man, and what I was about to submit to him might be the dreams of an old man, but that I depended upon his practical good sense to assure me whether they were dreams that could be realized or not; that I had no doubt that he would deal with me with the utmost frankness, and give me credit for the like candor; that he knew that every drop of my blood and that of my children flowed from a Southern source; that I loved my whole country, but could not help feeling the force of the affections which my native instincts, enforced by habit, had attached me to the South. He replied that he gave me his full confidence, knew that I was an earnest man, and believed I was an honest man, and said he reciprocated the attachment which I had expressed for him and his family; that he was under great obligations to my family for kindnesses rendered to his, that he would never forget them, and that even when dying they would be remembered in his prayers. I then read the paper to him.<sup>1</sup>

*“ Suggestions submitted to Jefferson Davis, President, etc., etc.*

“ ‘The amnesty proclamation of President Lincoln in connection with his last message to Congress, referring to the termination of the rebellion, presents a basis on which I think permanent peace and union between the warring sections of our country may be reestablished. The amnesty offered would doubtless be enlarged to secure these objects and made to embrace all who sincerely desired to renew and confirm their allegiance to the Government of the United States by the extinction of the institution which originated the war against the National Republic. The proposition of the message is, that the war should be no longer waged by the United States against those who began it, after it had been relinquished by

them, with the designs it was meant to accomplish. This, simply as the first step to peace, is a proposal of an armistice, that, with proper conditions arranged to accommodate it to the feelings, the wishes, the interests of all concerned, might facilitate a restoration of perfect harmony among the parties to the war and lead on again the prosperity which has been so unhappily interrupted.

“ ‘Slavery no longer remains an insurmountable obstruction to pacification. You propose to use the slaves in some mode to conquer a peace for the South. If this race be employed to secure the independence of the Southern States by risking their lives in the service, the achievement is certainly to be crowned with their deliverance from bondage. But why should blacks or whites, the slaves or the free, be offered as victims to slaughter to acquire freedom and independence, when both objects are now attainable without such sacrifice? The white race of the South for almost a century have justly considered themselves, both as individuals and States, free and independent. If that proud eminence can again be reached, with the addition of all the material prosperity which has distinguished the free States, without making hecatombs of either whites or blacks, merely by the manumission of the latter, why should the atonement by blood be further insisted on? Slavery, “the cause of all our woes,” is admitted now on all sides to be doomed. As an institution all the world condemns it.

“ ‘This expiation made, what remains to distract our country? It now seems a free-will offering on the part of the South as essential to its own safety. Being made, nothing but military force can keep the North and South asunder. The people are one people, speak a common language, are educated in the same common law, are brought up in one common habitude,—the growth of republican representative institutions,—all fixed in freeholds rooted in the soil of a great luxuriant continent bound as one body by backbone mountains, pervaded in every member with gigantic streams running in every direction to give animation and strength like arteries and veins in the human system. Such an embodiment, in such a country, cannot be divided. The instruction of all ages appealing to the intelligence of the race brings conviction that union is strength—strength to build up the grandeur of the Republic; strength essential to secure the peace, the safety, the prosperity and glory of a great Republic. At the birth of the Government the necessities of commerce and the influence of social relations among a people of the same origin overcame the repugnance generated between the Northern and Southern States by the presence of negro slavery in the latter, and

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.



brought them together as one people under a general government in spite of the revolting principle of slavery incorporated into the free system, which made liberty its essential element. Now that the ingredient, adverse to union, which produced disruption is removed, there is nothing left to counteract the powerful attraction that even as colonies brought our people together as a nation and which still resists victoriously the frenzy of revolution. The instincts of kindred, the bonds of commerce delineated on our maps, rivers, railroads, canals, which mark its transit, are circulating the life's blood of a gigantic race which claims the continent for its pedestal. The love of liberty nurtured by popular institutions, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon race, makes its attachments indestructible on this continent. We see them coming together again, after momentary rupture, along the Ohio, the Mississippi, upon the Gulf, the Potomac, and gradually in the interior wherever defense is assured from the military power that at first overthrew the Government. It is now plain to every sense that nothing but the interposition of the soldiery of foreign tyrannies can prevent all the States from resuming their places in the Union, casting from them the demon of discord. The few States remaining in arms that made the war for slavery as the *sine qua non* now propose to surrender it, and even the independence which was coveted to support it, as a price for foreign aid.

“Slavery abandoned, the issue is changed, and war against the Union becomes a war for monarchy; and the cry for independence of a government that assured the independence of the Southern States of all foreign powers and their equality in the Union, is converted into an appeal for succor to European potentates, to whom they offer, in return, homage as dependencies! And this is the price they propose to pay for success in breaking up the National Government! But will the people who have consented to wage this war for an institution once considered a property, now that they have abandoned it, continue the war to enslave themselves? Would they abandon slavery to commend themselves to the protection of European monarchies, and thus escape the embrace of that national Republic as a part of which they have enjoyed almost a century of prosperity and renown? The whole aspect of the controversy upon this view is changed. The patriarchal domestic institution given up and the idea of independence and ‘being let alone’ in happy isolation surrendered to obtain the boon of foreign protection under the rule of monarchy! The most modern exemplification of this programme for discontented republican States defeating their popular in-

stitution by intestine hostilities is found in the French emperor's Austrian deputy, Maximilian, sent to prescribe for their disorders. Certainly a better choice for a vice-royalty under the auspices of France and Germany could not have been made. This scion of the house of Hapsburg must have inherited from a line of ancestors extending to the Dark Ages the very innate instincts of that despotism which has manacled the little republics of Italy and the little principalities of Germany, and subjected them to the will of the Kaiser for more than a thousand years. With the blessing of Heaven, the great American Republic will foil this design of the central despotism of Europe to destroy all that remains of liberty on the civilized continents of the earth. Great Britain's jealousy and apprehension of her ancient enemy, and the ambition of Russia, looking to the South for aggrandizement, will unite in arresting the strides to power of this new Holy Alliance in the heart of Europe. England, for her wars in Europe, draws her armies from India and America. She will never consent to see France, which is a laboratory of soldiers, add to her means of creating armies by making military colonies of Mexico and the Southern States of this Union for the purpose.

“The design of Louis Napoleon in reference to conquest on this continent is not left to conjecture. With extraordinary frankness he made a public declaration that his object was to make the Latin race supreme in the southern section of the North American continent. This is a Napoleonic idea. The great Napoleon, in a letter or one of his dictations at St. Helena, states that it had been his purpose to embody an army of negroes in San Domingo, to be landed in the slave States with French support to instigate the blacks there to insurrection, and through revolution effect conquest. Louis Napoleon saw revolution involving the struggle of races and sections on the question of slavery made to his hand, when he instantly resorted to his uncle's ideas of establishing colonies to create commerce and a navy for France and to breed the material for armies to maintain his European empire. The moment he perceived our frenzied people engaged in perpetrating a national suicide he invaded Mexico to take up a position on the southern flank of this Republic, to avail himself of its distractions as well as those of Mexico, to give effect to the darling scheme of the Bonapartist dynasty to make for the Latin race in all our regions on the Gulf a seat of power under the auspices of France. His phrase ‘Supremacy of the Latin race’ was to conciliate to his object the whole Spanish as well as the French and the mixed populations which originally founded and built up the colonies that introduced civ-



ilization around the Gulf of Mexico and on the streams of its wilderness interior. Jefferson Davis is the fortunate man who now holds the commanding position to encounter this formidable scheme of conquest, and whose fiat can at the same time deliver his country from the bloody agony now covering it in mourning. He can drive Maximilian from his American throne, and baffle the designs of Napoleon to subject our Southern people to the "Latin race." With a breath he can blow away all pretense for proscription, conscription, or confiscation in the Southern States, restore their fields to luxuriant cultivation, their ports to the commerce of the world, their constitutions and their rights under them as essentially a part of the Constitution of the United States to that strong guaranty under which they flourished for nearly a century not only as equals, but down to the hour of conflict the prevalent power on the continent. All this may be achieved by means which, so far from subjecting the weaker section of our Republic to humiliation or those asserting its cause by secession to dishonor, will add to the glory of both.

"To accomplish this great good for our common country President Lincoln has opened the way in his amnesty proclamation and the message which looks to armistice. Suppose the first enlarged to embrace all engaged in the war; suppose secret preliminaries to armistice enable President Davis to transfer such portions of his army as he may deem proper for his purpose to Texas, held out to it as the land of promise; suppose this force on the banks of the Rio Grande, armed, equipped, and provided, and Juarez propitiated and rallying the Liberals of Mexico to give it welcome and support—could it not enter Mexico in full confidence of expelling the invaders, who, taking advantage of the distractions of our own Republic, have overthrown that of Mexico and established a foreign despotism to rule that land and spread its power over ours? I know Romero, the able, patriotic minister who represents the Republic of Mexico near our Government. He is intimate with my son Montgomery, who is persuaded that he could induce Juarez to devolve all the power he can command on President Davis—a dictatorship, if necessary—to restore the rights of Mexico and her people and provide for the stability of its government. With such hopes inspiring and a veteran army of invincibles to rally on, such a force of Mexicans might be embodied as would make the conquest of the country the work of its own people under able leading. But if more force were wanted than these Mexican recruits and the army of the South would supply, would not multitudes of the army of the North, officers and men, be found ready to embark in an

enterprise vital to the interests of our whole Republic? The Republican party has staked itself on the assertion of the Monroe doctrine proposed by Canning and sanctioned by a British cabinet. The Democrats of the North have proclaimed their adhesion to it, and I doubt not from the spirit exhibited by the Congress now in session, however unwilling to declare war, it would countenance all legitimate efforts short of such result to restore the Mexican Republic. I think I could venture to pledge my son General Blair, now commanding a corps against the Confederacy, to resign his commission, expatriate himself, and join all the force he could draw to the standard borne on a crusade for the expulsion of the European despotism now threatening our confines. There is no cause so dear to the soul of American patriotism as that which embodies resistance to the intrusion of a foreign tyranny. Its infancy, nurtured in the sternest trials of a war against dictation from potentates of another hemisphere, has grown to a manhood that will never permit its approaches. He who expels the Bonaparte-Hapsburg dynasty from our southern flank, which General Jackson in one of his letters warned me was the vulnerable point through which foreign invasion would come, will ally his name with those of Washington and Jackson as a defender of the liberty of the country. If in delivering Mexico he should model its States in form and principle to adapt them to our Union and add a new Southern constellation to its benignant sky while rounding off our possession on the continent at the Isthmus, and opening the way to blending the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, thus embracing our Republic in the arms of the ocean, he would complete the work of Jefferson, who first set one foot of our colossal government on the Pacific by a stride from the Gulf of Mexico. Such achievement would be more highly appreciated in the South, inasmuch as it would restore the equipoise between the Northern and Southern States—if indeed such sectional distinctions could be recognized after the peculiar institution which created them had ceased to exist."

It is of course possible that the hard mental processes in political metaphysics through which Jefferson Davis had forced his intellect in pursuing the ambitious hallucinations which led him from loyalty to treason, had blighted all generous sentiment and healthy imagination. But if his heart was yet capable of a single patriotic memory and impulse, strange emotions must have troubled him as he sat listening to the reading of this paper by the man who had been the familiar friend, the trusted adviser, it might almost be said the confidential voice, of Andrew Jackson. It was as



though the ghost of the great President had come from his grave in Tennessee to draw him a sad and solemn picture of the ruin and shame to which he was bringing, and had almost brought, the American Republic, especially "his people" of the Southern States—nationality squandered, slavery doomed, and his Confederacy a supplicant for life at the hands of European despotisms. If he did not correctly realize the scene and hour in all its impressiveness, he seems at least to have tacitly acknowledged that his sanguinary adventure in statesmanship was moribund, and that it was high time to listen earnestly to any scheme which might give hope of averting from himself and his adherents the catastrophe to whose near approach he could no longer shut his eyes. Mr. Blair's report thus narrates the remainder of the interview:

"I then said to him, 'There is my problem, Mr. Davis; do you think it possible to be solved?' After consideration he said, 'I think so.' I then said, 'You see that I make the great point of this matter that the war is no longer made for slavery, but monarchy. You know that if the war is kept up and the Union divided, armies must be kept afoot on both sides, and this state of things has never continued long without resulting in monarchy on one side or the other, and on both generally.' He assented to this, and with great emphasis remarked that he was like Lucius Junius Brutus, and uttered the sentiment ascribed to him in Shakspeare, without exactly quoting it:

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

Then he said that he was thoroughly for popular government, that this feeling had been born and bred in him. Touching the project, he said, of bringing the sections together again, the great difficulty was the excessive vindictiveness produced by outrages perpetrated in the invaded States during the war. He said reconciliation must depend, he thought, upon time and events, which he hoped would restore better feelings, but that he was certain that no circumstance would have a greater effect than to see the arms of our countrymen from the North and the South united in a war upon a foreign power assailing principles of government common to both sections and threatening their destruction. And he said he was convinced that all the powers of Europe felt it their interest that our people in this quarrel should exhaust all their energies in destroying each other, and thus make them a prey to the potentates of Europe, who felt that the destruction of our Government was necessary to the maintenance of the monarchical

principles on which their own were founded. I told him that I was encouraged by finding him holding these views, and believed that our country, if impressed with them, as I thought it might be universally, would soon resume its happy unity. He said I ought to know with what reluctance he had been drawn out of the Union; that he labored to the last moment to avoid it; that he had followed the old flag longer and with more devotion than anything else on earth; that at Bull Run when he saw the flag he supposed it was his own hanging on the staff,—they were more alike then than now,—and when the flag of the United States unfurled itself in the breeze he saw it with a sigh, but he had to choose between it and his own, and he had to look to it as that of an enemy. He felt now that it was laid up, but the circumstances to which he had adverted might restore it and reconciliation be easier. With regard to Mexico, if the foreign power was driven out, it would have to depend on the events there to make it possible to connect that country with this and restore the equipoise to which I looked; nobody could foresee how things would shape themselves.

"In relation to the vindictiveness produced by the war, I said I thought he was mistaken in supposing it would be attended with great difficulty in producing reconciliation between the States and people; I told him I had spent four hours on the picket line and perceived that kind feeling existed, instead of estrangement, between the men on both sides who stood armed to shoot each other. There was nothing to prevent the immediate indulgence of hostile feelings if they felt them. But they manifested a friendly feeling. A Boston Captain Deacon, who carried me through the lines to deliver me over to Captain Davis of South Carolina, drew his bottle from his bag and proposed to drink his health. They drank together with mutual good-will and gave each other their hands. This spirit of magnanimity exists in the soldiery on both sides. It is only the politicians and those who profit, or hope to profit, by the disasters of the war who indulge in acrimony. Mr. Davis said that what I remarked was very just in the main. He admitted that it was for the most part the people at home, who brooded over the disasters of the war, who indulged in bitterness.

"Touching the matter of arrangement for reconciliation proposed by me, he remarked that all depended upon well-founded confidence, and, looking at me with very significant expression, he said, 'What, Mr. Blair, do you think of Mr. Seward?' I replied: 'Mr. Seward is a very pleasant companion; he has good social feelings, but I have no doubt that where his ambition is concerned his selfish



feelings prevail over all principle. I have no doubt he would betray any man, no matter what his obligations to him, if he stood in the way of his selfish and ambitious schemes. But,' I said, 'this matter, if entered upon at all, must be with Mr. Lincoln himself. The transaction is a military transaction, and depends entirely upon the Commander-in-Chief of our armies. If he goes into it he will certainly consider it as the affair of the military head of the Government. Now I know that Mr. Lincoln is capable of great personal sacrifices—of sacrificing the strongest feelings of his heart, of sacrificing a friend when he thinks it necessary for the good of the country; and you may rely upon it, if he plights his faith to any man in a transaction for which he is responsible as an officer or a man, he will maintain his word inviolably.' Mr. Davis said he was glad to hear me say so. He did not know Mr. Lincoln; but he was sure I did, and therefore my declaration gave him the highest satisfaction. As to Mr. Seward, he had no confidence in him himself, and he did not know any man or party in the South that had any.

"In relation to the mode of effecting the object about which we had been talking, he said we ought soon to have some understanding, because things to be done or omitted will depend upon it; that he was willing to appoint persons to have conferences, without regard to forms; that there must be some medium of communication; that he would appoint a person or persons who could be implicitly relied on by Mr. Lincoln; that he had on a former occasion indicated Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, as a person who could be relied on. I told him he was a person in whom I had unbounded confidence, both as regarded talents and fidelity.

"In reply to some remarks that I made as to the fame he would acquire in relieving the country from all its disasters, restoring its harmony, and extending its dominion to the Isthmus, he said what his name might be in history he cared not. If he could restore the prosperity and happiness of his country, that was the end and aim of his being. For himself, death would end his cares, and that was very easy to be accomplished.

"The next day after my first interview he sent me a note, saying he thought I might desire to have something in writing in regard to his conclusion, and therefore he made a brief statement which I brought away."<sup>1</sup>

The substantial accuracy of Mr. Blair's re-

port is confirmed by the memorandum of the same interview which Jefferson Davis wrote at the time and has since printed.<sup>2</sup> In this conversation the rebel leader took little pains to disguise his entire willingness to enter upon the wild scheme of military conquest and annexation which could easily be read between the lines of a political crusade to rescue the Monroe doctrine from its present peril. If Mr. Blair felt elated at having so quickly made a convert of the Confederate President, he was still further gratified at discovering yet more favorable symptoms in his official surrounding at Richmond. In the three or four days he spent at the rebel capital he found nearly every prominent personage convinced of the hopeless condition of the rebellion, and even eager to seize upon any contrivance to help them out of their direful prospects. The letter which he bore from Jefferson Davis to be shown to President Lincoln was in the following language:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, January 12, 1865.

F. P. BLAIR, Esq.

SIR: I have deemed it proper, and probably desirable to you, to give you, in this form, the substance of remarks made by me, to be repeated by you to President Lincoln, etc., etc. I have no disposition to find obstacles in forms, and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace; and am ready to send a commission whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received, or to receive a commission, if the United States Government shall choose to send one. That, notwithstanding the rejection of our former offers, I would, if you could promise that a commissioner, minister, or other agent would be received, appoint one immediately, and renew the effort to enter into conference, with a view to secure peace to the two countries.

Yours, etc.,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.<sup>3</sup>

But the Government councils at Washington were not ruled by the spirit of political adventure. Abraham Lincoln had a loftier conception of patriotic duty and a higher ideal of national ethics. The proposal to divert his nation, "conceived in Liberty," from its grand task of preserving for humanity "government of the people, by the people, for the people," and degrade its heroic struggle and sacrifice to the low level of a joint filibustering foray, which, instead of crowning his work of emancipation, might perhaps eventuate in a renewal, extension, and perpetuation of slavery, did not receive from him an instant's consideration. His whole interest in Mr. Blair's mission was in the despondency of the rebel leaders which it disclosed, and the possibility of bringing them to an acknowledgment of their despair and the abandonment of their resistance. His only response to the overture thus half officially brought to his notice was to open the door of negotiation a little wider than he had done

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>2</sup> Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612 et seq.

<sup>3</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.



before, but for the specific and exclusive objects of union and peace. As an answer to Jefferson Davis's note he therefore wrote Mr. Blair the following:

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.

F. P. BLAIR, Esq.

SIR: You having shown me Mr. Davis's letter to you of the 12th instant, you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he, or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send to me, with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country.

Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.<sup>1</sup>

With this note Mr. Blair returned to Richmond, giving Mr. Davis such feeble excuses as he could hastily frame why Mr. Lincoln had rejected his overture for a joint invasion of Mexico,<sup>2</sup> alleging that Mr. Lincoln was embarrassed by radical politicians and could not use "political agencies." Mr. Blair then, but again without authority, proposed a new project, namely, that Grant and Lee should enter into negotiations, the scope and object of which, however, he seems to have left altogether vague. The simple truth is evident that Mr. Blair was, as best he might, covering his retreat from an abortive intrigue. He soon reported to Davis that military negotiation was out of the question.

Jefferson Davis therefore had only two alternatives before him—either to repeat his stubborn ultimatum of separation and independence, or frankly to accept Lincoln's ultimatum of reunion. The principal Richmond authorities knew, and some of them had tacitly admitted, that their Confederacy was nearly in collapse. Vice-President Stephens, in a secret speech to the rebel Senate, had pointed out that "we could not match our opponents in numbers, and should not attempt to cope with them in direct physical power," and advocated a Fabian policy which involved the abandonment of Richmond.<sup>3</sup> Judge Campbell, rebel Assistant Secretary of War, had collected facts and figures, which a few weeks later he embodied in a formal report, showing the South to be in practical exhaustion.<sup>4</sup> Lee sent

a dispatch saying he had not two days' rations for his army.<sup>5</sup> Richmond was already in a panic at rumors of evacuation. Flour was selling at a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate currency. The recent fall of Fort Fisher had closed the last avenue through which blockade runners could bring them foreign supplies. Governor Brown of Georgia was refusing to obey orders from Richmond and characterizing them as "usurping" and "despotic."<sup>6</sup> Under such circumstances a defiant cry of independence would not reassure anybody; nor, on the other hand, was it longer possible to remain silent. Mr. Blair's first visit to Richmond had created general interest. Old friends plied him with eager questions and laid his truthful answers concerning their gloomy prospects solemnly to heart. The fact of his secret consultation with Davis transpired. When Mr. Blair came a second time and held a second secret consultation with the rebel President wonder and rumor rose to fever heat.

Impelled to take action, Mr. Davis had not the courage to be frank. He called, first, Vice-President Stephens, and afterward his cabinet, to a discussion of the project. A peace commission of three was appointed, consisting of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President; R. M. T. Hunter, senator and ex-Secretary of State; and John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War—all of them convinced that the rebellion was hopeless, and yet unwilling to admit the logical consequences and necessities. The drafting of instructions for the guidance of the commissioners was a difficult problem, since the explicit condition prescribed by Mr. Lincoln's note was that he would only receive an agent sent him "with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country." The astute Mr. Benjamin, rebel Secretary of State, in order to make the instructions "as vague and general as possible," proposed the simple direction to confer "upon the subject to which it relates."<sup>7</sup> His action and language were broad enough to carry the inference that in his secret heart he too was sick of rebellion and ready to make terms. Whether it was so meant or not, his chief refused to receive the delicate suggestion.

<sup>1</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.

<sup>2</sup> "He [Blair] then unfolded to me [writes Davis] the embarrassment of Mr. Lincoln on account of the extreme men, in Congress and elsewhere, who wished to drive him into harsher measures than he was inclined to adopt; whence it would not be feasible for him to enter into any arrangement with us by the use of political agencies; that if anything beneficial could be effected it must be done without the intervention of the politicians. He therefore suggested that Generals Lee and Grant might enter into an arrangement by which hostilities would be suspended, and a way paved for the restoration of peace. I responded that I would

willingly intrust to General Lee such negotiation as was indicated." [Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 616, 617.]

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 587-589.

<sup>4</sup> See "Open Letters" of this number of the magazine, for a letter from Judge Campbell to Judge Curtis entitled, "A View of the Confederacy from the Inside."—EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup> J. B. Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 384.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 395.

<sup>7</sup> Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., pp. 212-214.



With the ruin and defeat of the Confederate cause staring him full in the face Davis could bring himself neither to a dignified refusal nor to a resigned acceptance of the form of negotiation as Mr. Lincoln had tendered it. Even in this gulf of war and destitution into which he had led his people he could not forego the vanity of masquerading as a champion. He was unwilling, says Mr. Benjamin, to appear to betray his trust as Confederate President. "You thought, from regard to your personal honor, that your language ought to be such as to render impossible any malignant comment on your actions."<sup>1</sup> But if so, why not adopt the heroic alternative and refuse to negotiate? Why resort to the yet more humiliating absurdity of sending a commission on terms which he knew Mr. Lincoln had pointedly rejected?<sup>2</sup> With greater sacrifice of personal dignity the Confederate President adopted the devious alternative—a continuation of the narrow, unmanly, pettifogging misrepresentation with which Southern leaders had deluded the Southern people. Instead of Mr. Benjamin's phraseology, Jefferson Davis wrote the following instruction to the commissioners, which carried a palpable contradiction on its face:

RICHMOND, January 28, 1865.

In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries. Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.<sup>3</sup>

#### THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

WITH this double-meaning credential the commissioners presented themselves at the Union lines near Richmond on the evening of January 29, 1865, and, instead of frankly showing their authority, asked admission "in accordance with an understanding claimed to exist with Lieutenant-General Grant, on their way to Washington as peace commissioners."<sup>4</sup> The application being telegraphed to Washington, Mr. Stanton answered that no one should be admitted under such character or profession until the President's instructions were received.<sup>5</sup> Mr. Lincoln, being apprised of the application, promptly dispatched a

special messenger with written directions to admit the commissioners under safe conduct if they would say in writing that they came for the purpose of an informal conference on the basis of his note of January 18 to Mr. Blair, "with a view of securing peace to the people of our one common country."<sup>6</sup> Before this messenger arrived, however, the commissioners reconsidered the form of their application and addressed a new one to General Grant, asking permission "to proceed to Washington to hold a conference with President Lincoln upon the subject of the existing war, and with a view of ascertaining upon what terms it may be terminated, in pursuance of the course indicated by him in his letter to Mr. Blair of January 18, 1865."<sup>7</sup>

Pursuant to this request, they were provisionally conveyed to Grant's headquarters. One of them records with evident surprise the unostentatious surroundings of the General-in-Chief.

I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or *mien* of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. . . . He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his dispatch boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place.<sup>8</sup>

The commissioners' note to Grant had been a substantial compliance with the requirements of President Lincoln; and so accepting it, he, on the 31st of January, sent Secretary Seward to meet them, giving him for this purpose the following written instructions:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, January 31, 1865.

Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State:

You will proceed to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, there to meet and informally confer with Messrs.

'the two countries,' to which Mr. Davis replied that he so understood it. A. LINCOLN."

[<sup>1</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.]

<sup>2</sup> "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 214.

<sup>3</sup> Wilcox to Parke, Jan. 29, 1865. "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 230.

<sup>4</sup> Stanton to Ord, Jan. 29, 1865, 10 P. M. Ibid., p. 230.

<sup>5</sup> Lincoln to Eckert, Jan. 30, 1865. Ibid., p. 231.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., p. 232.

<sup>7</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 597.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 213.

<sup>2</sup> [ENDORSEMENT BY MR. LINCOLN.]

"To-day [January 28] Mr. Blair tells me that on the 21st instant he delivered to Mr. Davis the original, of which the within is a copy, and left it with him; that at the time of delivering it Mr. Davis read it over twice in Mr. Blair's presence, at the close of which he (Mr. Blair) remarked that the part about 'our one common country' related to the part of Mr. Davis's letter about



Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, on the basis of my letter to F. P. Blair, Esq., of January 18, 1865, a copy of which you have. You will make known to them that three things are indispensable, to wit: *First*, the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States. *Second*, no receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress, and in preceding documents. *Third*, no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. You will inform them that all propositions of theirs, not inconsistent with the above, will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality. You will hear all they may choose to say, and report to me. You will not assume to definitely consummate anything.

Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Seward started on the morning of February 1, and simultaneously with his departure the President repeated to General Grant the monition which the Secretary of War had already sent him two days before through the special messenger, "Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans."<sup>2</sup> Grant responded to the order, promising that no armistice should ensue, adding, "The troops are kept in readiness to move at the shortest notice, if occasion should justify it."<sup>3</sup> The special messenger, Major Thomas J. Eckert, arrived while Mr. Seward was yet on his way. On informing the commissioners of the President's exact requirement, they replied by presenting Jefferson Davis's instruction. This was receding from the terms contained in their note to Grant, and Major Eckert promptly notified them that they could not proceed further unless they complied strictly with President Lincoln's terms. Thus at half-past nine on the night of February 1 the mission of Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell was practically at an end. It was never explained why they took this course, for the next day they again changed their minds. The only conjecture which seems plausible is that they hoped to persuade General Grant to take some extraordinary and dictatorial step. One of them hints as much in a newspaper article written long after the war. "We had tried," he wrote, "to intimate to General Grant, before we reached Old Point, that a settlement generally satisfactory to both sides could be more easily effected through him and General Lee by an armistice than in any other way. The attempt was in vain."<sup>4</sup> The general had indeed

listened to them, with great interest; and in their eagerness to convert him they had probably indulged in stronger phrases of repentance than they felt. About an hour after the commissioners refused Major Eckert's ultimatum General Grant telegraphed the following to Secretary Stanton, from which it will be seen that at least two of the commissioners had declared to him their personal willingness "to restore peace and union."

February 1, 10.30 P. M., 1865.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Now that the interview between Major Eckert, under his written instructions, and Mr. Stephens and party has ended, I will state confidentially, but not officially, to become a matter of record, that I am convinced, upon conversation with Messrs. Stephens and Hunter, that their intentions are good and their desire sincere to restore peace and union. I have not felt myself at liberty to express even views of my own, or to account for my reticency. This has placed me in an awkward position, which I could have avoided by not seeing them in the first instance. I fear now their going back without any expression from any one in authority will have a bad influence. At the same time I recognize the difficulties in the way of receiving these informal commissioners at this time, and do not know what to recommend. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Lincoln cannot have an interview with the two named in this dispatch, if not all three now within our lines. Their letter to me was all that the President's instructions contemplated to secure their safe conduct, if they had used the same language to Major Eckert.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.<sup>5</sup>

On the morning of February 2, President Lincoln went to the War Department, and, reading Major Eckert's report, was about to recall Mr. Seward by telegraph, when Grant's dispatch was placed in his hands. The communication served to change his purpose. Resolving not to neglect the indications of sincerity here described, he immediately telegraphed in reply, "Say to the gentlemen I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe as soon as I can get there."<sup>6</sup> The commissioners by this time had decided to accept Mr. Lincoln's terms, which they did in writing to both Major Eckert and General Grant, and thereupon were at once conveyed from General Grant's headquarters at City Point to Fort Monroe, where Mr. Lincoln joined Secretary Seward on the same night.

On the morning of February 3, 1865, the rebel commissioners were conducted on board the *River Queen*, lying at anchor near Fort Monroe, where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward awaited them; and in the saloon of that steamer an informal conference of four hours' duration ensued. It was agreed beforehand that no writing or memorandum should be made at the time, so that the record of the interview remains only in the separate accounts

<sup>1</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 233.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 233.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 234.

<sup>4</sup> "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. III., p. 175 (April, 1877).

<sup>5</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 235.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 235.



which each of the rebel commissioners afterward wrote out from memory, neither Mr. Seward nor President Lincoln ever having made any report in detail. Former personal acquaintance made the beginning easy and cordial, through pleasant reminiscences of the past and mutual inquiries after friends. In a careful analysis of these reports, thus furnished by the Confederates themselves, the first striking feature is the difference of intention between the parties. It is apparent that Mr. Lincoln went, honestly and frankly in all friendliness, to offer them the best terms he could to secure peace and reunion, but to abate no jot of official duty and personal dignity; while the main thought of the commissioners was to evade the express condition on which they had been admitted to conference; to seek to postpone the vital issue; and to propose an armistice, by debating a mere juggling expedient, against which they had in a private agreement with one another already committed themselves.

Mr. Stephens began the discussion by asking whether there was no way of restoring the harmony and happiness of former days; to which Mr. Lincoln replied, "There was but one way that he knew of, and that was, for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance." Mr. Stephens rejoined that they had been induced to believe that both parties might for a while leave their present strife in abeyance and occupy themselves with some continental question till their anger should cool and accommodation become possible.

Here Mr. Lincoln interposed promptly and frankly: "I suppose you refer to something that Mr. Blair has said. Now it is proper to state at the beginning that whatever he said was of his own accord, and without the least authority from me. When he applied for a passport to go to Richmond, with certain ideas which he wished to make known to me, I told him flatly that I did not want to hear them. If he desired to go to Richmond of his own accord, I would give him a passport; but he had no authority to speak for me in any way whatever. When he returned and brought me Mr. Davis's letter, I gave him the one to which you alluded in your application for leave to cross the lines. I was always willing to hear propositions for peace on the conditions of this letter, and on no other. The restoration of the Union is a *sine qua non* with me, and hence my instructions that no conference was to be held except upon that basis."

Despite this express disavowal Mr. Stephens persisted in believing that Mr. Lincoln had come with ulterior designs, and went on at considerable length to elaborate his idea of a

joint Mexican expedition, to be undertaken during an armistice and without a prior pledge of ultimate reunion. Such an expedition, he argued, would establish the "right of self-government to all peoples on this continent against the dominion or control of any European power." Establishing this principle of the right of peoples to self-government would necessarily also establish, by logical sequence, the right of States to self-government; and, present passions being cooled, there would ensue "an Ocean-bound Federal Republic, under the operation of this *Continental Regulator*—the ultimate absolute sovereignty of each State." His idea was that "All the States might reasonably be expected, very soon, to return, of their own accord, to their former relations to the Union, just as they came together at first by their own consent, and for their mutual interests. Others, too, would continue to join it in the future, as they had in the past. This great law of the system would effect the same certain results in its organization as the law of gravitation in the material world."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Stephens does not seem to have realized how comically absurd was his effort to convert President Lincoln to the doctrine of secession by this very transparent bit of cunning, and the others listened with considerate and patient gravity. Mr. Seward at length punctured the bubble with a few well-directed sentences, when Mr. Hunter also intervened to express his entire dissent from Mr. Stephens's proposal. "In this view," reports Mr. Stephens naively, "he expressed the joint opinion of the commissioners; indeed, we had determined not to enter into any agreement that would require the Confederate arms to join in any invasion of Mexico."<sup>2</sup> But the rebel Vice-President fails to record why, under these circumstances, he had opened this useless branch of the discussion.

At this stage President Lincoln brought back the conversation pointedly to the original object of the conference:

He repeated that he could not entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms while the great and vital question of reunion was undisposed of. That was the first question to be settled. He could enter into no treaty, convention, or stipulation, or agreement with the Confederate States, jointly or separately, upon that or any other subject, but upon the basis first settled that the Union was to be restored. Any such agreement, or stipulation, would be a *quasi* recognition of the States then in arms against the National Government, as a separate power. That he never could do.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 600-604.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 608.

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 608.



This branch of the discussion [also reports Judge Campbell] was closed by Mr. Lincoln, who answered that it could not be entertained; that there could be no war without the consent of Congress, and no treaty without the consent of the Senate of the United States; that he could make no treaty with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of those States, and that this could not be done under any circumstances; that unless a settlement were made there would be danger that the quarrel would break out in the midst of the joint operations; that one party might unite with the common enemy to destroy the other; that he was determined to do nothing to suspend the operations for bringing the existing struggle to a close to attain any collateral end. Mr. Lincoln in this part of the conversation admitted that he had power to make a military convention, and that his arrangements under that might extend to settle several of the points mentioned, but others it could not.<sup>1</sup>

The sophistical theory of secession as a conservative principle, and the filibustering bait of a joint expedition to steal Mexico under guise of enforcing the Monroe doctrine, being thus effectually cleared away, the discussion at length turned to the only reasonable inquiry which remained. Judge Campbell asked how restoration could be brought about if the Confederate States would consent, mentioning important questions, such as the disbandment of the army, confiscation acts on both sides, the effect of the Emancipation Proclamation, representation in Congress, the division of Virginia, and so on, which would inevitably arise and require immediate adjustment. On these various topics much conversation ensued, which, even as briefly reported, is too long to be quoted entire. It will be more useful to condense, underspecific headings, the substantial declarations and offers which the commissioners report Mr. Lincoln to have made.

I. RECONSTRUCTION.—The shortest way the insurgents could effect this, he said, was "by disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions." Mr. Seward called attention to that phrase of his annual message where he had declared, "In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it." As to the rebel States being admitted to representation in Congress, "Mr. Lincoln very promptly replied that his own individual opinion was they ought to be. He also thought they would be; but he could not enter into any stipulation upon the subject. His own opinion was that when the resistance ceased and the national authority was recognized the States would be immediately restored to their practical relations to the Union."

II. CONFISCATION ACTS.—"Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality."<sup>2</sup> "As to all questions," says Judge Campbell's report, "involving rights of property, the courts could determine them, and that Congress would no doubt be liberal in making restitution of confiscated property, or by indemnity, after the passions that had been excited by the war had been composed."<sup>3</sup>

III. THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—"Mr. Lincoln said that was a judicial question. How the courts would decide it he did not know, and could give no answer. His own opinion was, that as the proclamation was a war measure, and would have effect only from its being an exercise of the war power, as soon as the war ceased it would be inoperative for the future. It would be held to apply only to such slaves as had come under its operation while it was in active exercise. This was his individual opinion, but the courts might decide the other way, and hold that it effectually emancipated all the slaves in the States to which it applied at the time. So far as he was concerned, he should leave it to the courts to decide. He never would change or modify the terms of the proclamation in the slightest particular."

At another point in the conversation "He said it was not his intention in the beginning to interfere with slavery in the States; that he never would have done it if he had not been compelled by necessity to do it to maintain the Union; that the subject presented many difficult and perplexing questions to him; that he had hesitated for some time, and had resorted to this measure only when driven to it by public necessity; that he had been in favor of the General Government prohibiting the extension of slavery into the Territories, but did not think that that Government possessed power over the subject in the States, except as a war measure; and that he had always himself been in favor of emancipation, but not immediate emancipation, even by the States. Many evils attending this appeared to him."

Recurring once more to the subject of emancipation, "He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the South-

<sup>1</sup> Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 609, 612, and 617.

<sup>3</sup> Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 192.



ern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. I could mention persons, said he, whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery as stated. But on this subject, he said, he could give no assurance—enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject."

IV. THE DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.—"Mr. Lincoln said he could only give an individual opinion, which was, that Western Virginia would be continued to be recognized as a separate State in the Union."

V. THE XIII<sup>TH</sup> AMENDMENT.—Mr. Seward brought to the notice of the commissioners one topic which to them was new; namely, that only a few days before, on the 31st of January, Congress had passed the XIII<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the Constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, would effect an immediate abolition of slavery throughout the entire Union. The reports of the commissioners represent Mr. Seward as saying that if the South would submit and agree to immediate restoration, the restored States might yet defeat the ratification of this amendment, intimating that Congress had passed it "under the predominance of revolutionary passion," which would abate on the cessation of the war. It may well be doubted whether Mr. Seward stated the case as strongly as the commissioners intimate, since he himself, like Mr. Lincoln and his entire cabinet, had favored the measure. It is probable that the commissioners allowed their own feelings and wishes to color too strongly the hypothesis he stated, and to interpret as a probability what he mentioned as only among the possible events of the future.

It will be seen that in what he said upon these various propositions Mr. Lincoln was always extremely careful to discriminate between what he was under the Constitution authorized to do as Executive, and what would devolve upon coordinate branches of the Government under their own powers and limitations. With the utmost circumspection he pointed out the distinctions between his personal opinions and wishes and his official authority. More especially, however, did he repeat and emphasize

the declaration that he would do none of the things mentioned or promised without a previous pledge of reunion and cessation of resistance. "Even in case the Confederate States should entertain the proposition of a return to the Union," says Mr. Stephens's narrative, "he persisted in asserting that he could not enter into any agreement upon this subject [reconstruction], or upon any other matters of that sort, with parties in arms against the Government." Mr. Hunter interposed, and in illustration of the propriety of the Executive entering into agreements with persons in arms against the acknowledged rightful public authority referred to repeated instances of this character between Charles I. of England and the people in arms against him. Mr. Lincoln in reply to this said: "I do not profess to be posted in history. On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I. is that he lost his head." The pertinent retort reduced Mr. Hunter to his last rhetorical resource—a wail of protest, in the very worst tone of sectional egotism, that the Confederate States and their people were by these terms forced to unconditional surrender and submission. To this Mr. Seward replied with patience and dignity "That no words like unconditional submission had been used, or any importing or justly implying degradation, or humiliation even, to the people of the Confederate States. . . . Nor did he think that in yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights, as they might be declared to be by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors, or as having anything humiliating in it. The Southern people and the Southern States would be under the Constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby, in the same way, and through the same instrumentalities, as the similar rights of the people of the other States were."

The reader will recall that in his last annual message President Lincoln declared his belief, based "on careful consideration of all the evidence accessible," that it was useless to attempt to negotiate with Jefferson Davis, but that the prospect would be better with his followers. Mr. Lincoln had evidently gone to Fort Monroe in hope of making some direct impression upon Stephens and Hunter, whom Grant represented as having such good intentions "to restore peace and union." He did not neglect to try this joint of the rebel commissioners' armor. Seizing the proper opportunity, he pressed upon Stephens the suggestion of separate State action to bring about a cessation of hostilities. Addressing him, he said:



If I resided in Georgia, with my present sentiments, I'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would go home and get the governor of the State to call the legislature together, and get them to recall all the State troops from the war; elect senators and members to Congress, and ratify this constitutional amendment prospectively, so as to take effect — say in five years. Such a ratification would be valid, in my opinion. I have looked into the subject, and think such a prospective ratification would be valid. Whatever may have been the views of your people before the war, they must be convinced now that slavery is doomed. It cannot last long in any event, and the best course, it seems to me, for your public men to pursue would be to adopt such a policy as will avoid, as far as possible, the evils of immediate emancipation. This would be my course, if I were in your place.

The salutary advice was wasted. Mr. Stephens was a very incarnation of political paradoxes. Perhaps in all the South there was not another man whose personal desires were so moderate and correct, and whose political theories were so radical and wrong. At the beginning he had opposed secession as premature and foolish, war as desperate and ruinous; yet, against his better judgment, he had followed his "corner-stone" theory of slavery and his "supremacy" theory of States rights to the war and the ruin he foretold. Now, at the end of four years' experiment, he still clung obstinately to his new theory of secession as a "continental regulator," and the vain hope that Mr. Lincoln would yet adopt it. When at last the parties were separating, with friendly handshakings, he asked Mr. Lincoln to reconsider the plan of an armistice on the basis of a Mexican expedition. "Well, Stephens," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I will reconsider it; but I do not think my mind will change." And so ended the Hampton Roads conference.<sup>1</sup>

The commissioners returned to Richmond in great disappointment, and communicated the failure of their efforts to Jefferson Davis, whose chagrin was as great as their own. They had all caught eagerly at the hope that this negotiation would somehow extricate them from the dilemmas and dangers whose crushing portent they realized, but had no power to

avert except by surrender; and now, when this last hope failed them, they were doubly cast down. Campbell says he "favored negotiations for peace"<sup>2</sup> — doubtless meaning by this language that he advocated the acceptance of the proffered terms. Stephens yet believed that Mr. Lincoln would be tempted by the Mexican scheme and would reconsider his decision. He therefore advised that the results of the meeting should be kept secret; and when the other commissioners and Davis refused to follow this advice, he gave up the Confederate cause as hopeless, withdrew from Richmond, abandoned the rebellion, and went into retirement.<sup>3</sup> His signature to the brief public report of the commissioners stating the result of the Hampton Roads conference was his last participation in the ill-starred enterprise.

Davis took the only course open to him after refusing the honorable peace which Mr. Lincoln had tendered. He transmitted the commissioners' report to the rebel Congress with a brief and dry message, stating that the enemy refused any terms except those the conqueror may grant; and then arranged as vigorous an effort as the circumstances permitted, once more to "fire the Southern heart." A public meeting was called, and on the evening of February 6 Jefferson Davis and others made speeches at the African Church,<sup>4</sup> which, judging from the meager reports that were printed, were as denunciatory and bellicose as the bitterest Confederate could have wished. Davis, particularly, is represented to have excelled himself in that lurid flow of partisan passion and vaunting prophecy which he so effectively used upon Southern listeners for many years. "Sooner than we should ever be united again," he said, "he would be willing to yield up everything he had on earth — if it were possible he would sacrifice a thousand lives"; and further announced his confidence that they would yet "compel the Yankees, in less than twelve months, to petition us for peace on our own terms."<sup>5</sup> He denounced President Lincoln as "His Majesty Abraham the First," and said "before the campaign was over he aters, and swelled the eloquence of this last grand appeal to the people and armies of the South. . . . It was an extraordinary day in Richmond; vast crowds huddled around the stands of the speakers or lined the streets; and the air was vocal with the efforts of the orator and the responses of his audience. It appeared indeed that the blood of the people had again been kindled. But it was only the sickly glare of an expiring flame; there was no steadiness in the excitement; there was no virtue in the huzzas; the inspiration ended with the voices and ceremonies that invoked it; and it was found that the spirit of the people of the Confederacy was too weak, too much broken, to react with effect or assume the position of erect and desperate defiance." [Pollard, "The Lost Cause," pp. 684, 685.]

<sup>5</sup> "Richmond Dispatch," Feb. 7, 1865.

<sup>1</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 610-618.

<sup>2</sup> Campbell, "Recollections," etc. Pamphlet.

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 224-226.

<sup>4</sup> This meeting at the African Church was supplemented, a few days later, by a grand concerted effort at public speech-making at different places in Richmond, intended to electrify the South. Pollard, the Southern historian, thus describes it: "All business was suspended in Richmond; at high noon processions were formed to the different places of meeting; and no less than twenty different orators, composed of the most effective speakers in Congress and the cabinet, and the most eloquent divines of Richmond, took their stands in the halls of legislation, in the churches and the the-



and Seward might find 'they had been speaking to their masters.'"<sup>1</sup>

This extravagance of impotent anger, this rage of baffled ambition, would seem merely pitifully grotesque were it not rendered ghastly by the reflection that it was the signal which carried many additional thousands of brave soldiers to bloody graves in continuing a palpably hopeless military struggle.

#### THE XIIIITH AMENDMENT.

WE have enumerated with some detail the series of radical antislavery measures enacted at the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, which ended July 17, 1862—the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the prohibition of slavery in the national Territories; and the practical repeal of the fugitive slave law; and the sweeping measures of confiscation which in different forms decreed forfeiture of slave property for the crimes of treason and rebellion. When this wholesale legislation was supplemented by the President's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation of September 22, 1862, and his final edict of freedom of January 1, 1863, the institution had clearly received its *coup de grâce* in all except the loyal border States. Consequently the third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress ending March 4, 1863, occupied itself with this phase of the slavery question only to the extent of an effort to put into operation the President's plan of compensated abolishment. That effort took practical shape in a bill to give the State of Missouri fifteen millions on condition that she would emancipate her slaves; but the proposition failed, largely through the opposition of a few conservative members from Missouri, and the session adjourned without having by its legislation advanced the destruction of slavery.

When Congress met again in December, 1863, and organized by the election of Schuyler Colfax of Indiana as Speaker, the whole situation had undergone further change. The Union arms had been triumphant—Gettysburg had been won and Vicksburg had capitulated; Lincoln's edict of freedom had become an accepted fact; fifty regiments of negro soldiers carried bayonets in the Union armies; Vandalism had been beaten for governor in Ohio by a hundred thousand majority; the draft had been successfully enforced in every district of every loyal State in the Union. Under these brightening prospects, military and political, the more progressive spirits in Con-

gress took up anew the suspended battle with slavery which the institution had itself invited by its unprovoked assault on the life of the Government.

The President's reference to the subject in his annual message was very brief:

The movements [said he] by State action for emancipation in several of the States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation are matters of profound gratulation. And while I do not repeat in detail what I have heretofore so earnestly urged upon this subject, my general views and feelings remain unchanged; and I trust that Congress will omit no fair opportunity of aiding these important steps to a great consummation.<sup>2</sup>

His language had reference to Maryland, where during the autumn of 1863 the question of emancipation had been actively discussed by political parties, and where at the election of November 4, 1863, a legislature had been chosen containing a considerable majority pledged to emancipation.

More especially did it refer to Missouri, where, notwithstanding the failure of the fifteen-million compensation bill at the previous session, a State convention had actually passed an ordinance of emancipation, though with such limitations as rendered it unacceptable to the more advanced public opinion of the State. Prudence was the very essence of Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship, and he doubtless felt it was not safe for the Executive to venture farther at that time. "We are like whalers," he said to Governor Morgan one day, "who have been on a long chase: we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."<sup>3</sup>

Senators and members of the House, especially those representing antislavery States or districts, did not need to be so circumspect. It was doubtless with this consciousness that J. M. Ashley, a Republican representative from Ohio, and James F. Wilson, a Republican representative from Iowa, on the 14th of December, 1863,—that being the earliest opportunity after the House was organized,—introduced, the former a bill and the latter a joint resolution to propose to the several States an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery throughout the United States. Both the propositions were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Mr. Wilson was chairman; but before he made any report on the subject it had been brought before the Senate, where its discussion attracted marked public attention.

Senator John B. Henderson, who with rare courage and skill had, as a progressive conservative, made himself one of the leading champions of Missouri emancipation, on the 11th of January, 1864, introduced into the

<sup>1</sup> Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 411.

<sup>2</sup> Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

<sup>3</sup> Carpenter in Raymond, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 752.



Senate a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution that slavery shall not exist in the United States.<sup>1</sup> It is not probable that either he or the Senate saw any near hope of success in such a measure. The resolution went to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where it caused some discussion, but apparently without being treated as a matter of pressing importance. Nearly a month had elapsed when Mr. Sumner also introduced a joint resolution, proposing an amendment that "Everywhere within the limits of the United States, and of each State or Territory thereof, all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave."<sup>2</sup> He asked its reference to the select committee on slavery, of which he was chairman; but several senators argued that such an amendment properly belonged to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in this reference Mr. Sumner finally acquiesced. It is possible that this slight and courteously worded rivalry between the two committees induced earlier action than would otherwise have happened, for two days later—February 10—Mr. Trumbull, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported back a substitute in the following language, differing from the phraseology of both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Henderson:

## ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

SECT. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.<sup>3</sup>

Even after the Committee on the Judiciary by this report had adopted the measure, it was evidently thought to be merely in an experimental or trial stage, for more than six weeks elapsed before the Senate again took it up for action. On the 28th of March, however, Mr. Trumbull formally opened debate upon it in an elaborate speech. The discussion was continued from time to time until April 8. As the Republicans had almost unanimous control of the Senate, their speeches, though able and eloquent, seemed perfunctory and devoted to a foregone conclusion. Those which attracted most attention were the arguments of Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and Mr. Henderson of Missouri,—senators representing slave States,—advocating the amendment. Senator Sumner, whose pride of

erudition amounted almost to vanity, pleaded earnestly for his phrase, "All persons are equal before the law," copied from the Constitution of revolutionary France. But Mr. Howard of Michigan, one of the soundest lawyers and clearest thinkers of the Senate, pointed out the inapplicability of the words, and declared it safer to follow the Ordinance of 1787, with its historical associations and its well-adjudicated meaning.

There was, of course, from the first no doubt whatever that the Senate would pass the constitutional amendment, the political classification of that body being thirty-six Republicans, five Conditional Unionists, and nine Democrats. Not only was the whole Republican strength, thirty-six votes, cast in its favor, but two Democrats,—Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and James W. Nesmith of Oregon,—with a political wisdom far in advance of their party, also voted for it, giving more than the two-thirds required by the Constitution.

When, however, the joint resolution went to the House of Representatives there was such a formidable party strength arrayed against it as to foreshadow its failure. The party classification of the House stood one hundred and two Republicans, seventy-five Democrats, and nine from the border States, leaving but little chance of obtaining the required two-thirds in favor of the measure. Nevertheless there was sufficient Republican strength to secure its discussion; and when it came up on the 31st of May the first vote showed seventy-six to fifty-five against rejecting the joint resolution.

We may infer that the conviction of the present hopelessness of the measure greatly shortened the debate upon it. The question occupied the House only on three different days—the 31st of May, when it was taken up, and the 14th and 15th of June. The speeches in opposition all came from Democrats; the speeches in its favor all came from Republicans, except one. From its adoption the former predicted the direst evils to the Constitution and the Republic; the latter the most beneficial results in the restoration of the country to peace and the fulfillment of the high destiny intended for it by its founders. Upon the final question of its passage the vote stood: yeas, ninety-three; nays, sixty-five; absent or not voting, twenty-three. Of those voting in favor of the resolution eighty-seven were Republicans and four were Democrats.<sup>4</sup> Those voting against it were all Democrats. The resolution, not having secured a two-thirds vote, was

<sup>1</sup> Henry Wilson, "Antislavery Measures in Congress," p. 251.

<sup>2</sup> "Globe," Feb. 8, 1864, p. 521.

<sup>3</sup> "Globe," March 28, 1864, p. 1313.

<sup>4</sup> The Democrats voting for the joint resolution

were Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold of New York, Joseph Bailly of Pennsylvania, and Ezra Wheeler of Wisconsin, the latter having also made the only speech in its favor from the Democratic side.



thus lost; seeing which Mr. Ashley, Republican, who had the measure in charge, changed his vote so that he might, if occasion arose, move its reconsideration.

The ever-vigilant public opinion of the loyal States, intensified by the burdens and anxieties of the war, took up this far-reaching question of abolishing slavery by constitutional amendment with an interest fully as deep as that manifested by Congress. Before the joint resolution had failed in the House of Representatives the issue was already transferred to discussion and prospective decision in a new forum.

When on the 7th of June, 1864, the National Republican Convention met in Baltimore, the two most vital thoughts which animated its members were the renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the success of the constitutional amendment. The first was recognized as a popular decision needing only the formality of an announcement by the convention; and the full emphasis of speech and resolution was therefore centered on the latter, as the dominant and aggressive reform upon which the party would stake its political fortunes in the coming campaign.

It is not among the least of the evidences of President Lincoln's political sagacity and political courage that it was he himself who supplied the spark that fired this train of popular action. The editor of the "New York Independent," who attended the convention, and who with others visited Mr. Lincoln immediately after the nomination, printed the following in his paper of June 16, 1864: "When one of us mentioned the great enthusiasm at the convention, after Senator E. D. Morgan's proposition to amend the Constitution, abolishing slavery, Mr. Lincoln instantly said, 'It was I who suggested to Mr. Morgan that he should put that idea into his opening speech.'" The declaration of Morgan, who was chairman of the National Republican Committee, and as such called the convention to order, immediately found an echo in the speech of the temporary chairman, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge. The indorsement of the principle by the eminent Kentucky divine, not on the ground of party, but on the high philosophy of true universal government and of genuine Christian religion, gave the announcement an interest and significance accorded to few planks in party platforms. Permanent chairman Dennison reaffirmed the doctrine of Morgan and Breckinridge, and the thunderous applause of the whole convention greeted the formal proclamation of the new dogma of political faith in the third resolution of the platform:

*Resolved*, That as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the prin-

ciples of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic; and that while we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government in its own defense has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil, we are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people, in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States.

We have related elsewhere how upon this and the other declarations of the platform the Republican party went to battle and gained an overwhelming victory—a popular majority of 411,281, an electoral majority of 191, and a House of Representatives of 138 Unionists to 35 Democrats. In view of this result the President was able to take up the question with confidence among his official recommendations; and in the annual message which he transmitted to Congress on the 6th of December, 1864, he urged upon the members whose terms were about to expire the propriety of at once carrying into effect the clearly expressed popular will. Said he:

At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery throughout the United States, passed the Senate, but failed, for lack of the requisite two-thirds vote, in the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress, and nearly the same members, and without questioning the wisdom or patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and passage of the measure at the present session. Of course the abstract question is not changed; but an intervening election shows, almost certainly, that the next Congress will pass the measure if this does not. Hence there is only a question of *time* as to when the proposed amendment will go to the States for their action. And as it is to so go at all events, may we not agree that the sooner the better? It is not claimed that the election has imposed a duty on members to change their views or their votes any further than, as an additional element to be considered, their judgment may be affected by it. It is the voice of the people, now for the first time heard upon the question. In a great national crisis like ours unanimity of action among those seeking a common end is very desirable—almost indispensable. And yet no approach to unanimity is attainable unless some deference shall be paid to the will of the majority, simply because it is the will of the majority. In this case the common end is the maintenance of the Union; and, among the means to secure that end, such will, through the election, is most clearly declared in favor of such constitutional amendment.<sup>1</sup>

On the 15th of December Mr. Ashley gave notice that he would on the 6th of January, 1865, call up the constitutional amendment for reconsideration;<sup>2</sup> and accordingly on the

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln, Annual Message, Dec. 6, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> "Globe, Dec. 15, 1864, p. 53.



day appointed he opened the new debate upon it in an earnest speech. General discussion followed from time to time, occupying perhaps half the days of the month of January. As at the previous session, the Republicans all favored, while the Democrats mainly opposed it, but the important exceptions among the latter showed what immense gains the proposition had made in popular opinion and in congressional willingness to recognize and embody it. The logic of events had become more powerful than party creed or strategy. For fifteen years the Democratic party had stood as sentinel and bulwark to slavery; and yet, despite its alliance and championship, the peculiar institution was being consumed like dry leaves in the fire of war. For a whole decade it had been defeated in every great contest of congressional debate and legislation. It had withered in popular elections, been paralyzed by confiscation laws, crushed by Executive decrees, trampled upon by marching Union armies. More notable than all, the agony of dissolution had come upon it in its final stronghold—the constitutions of the slave States. Local public opinion had throttled it in West Virginia, in Missouri, in Arkansas, in Louisiana, in Maryland; and the same spirit of change was upon Tennessee, and even showing itself in Kentucky. Here was a great revolution of ideas, a mighty sweep of sentiment, which could not be explained away by the stale charge of sectional fanaticism, or by alleging technical irregularities of political procedure. Here was a mighty flood of public opinion, overleaping old barriers and rushing into new channels. The Democratic party did not and could not shut its eyes to the accomplished facts. "In my judgment," said Mr. Holman of Indiana, "the fate of slavery is sealed. It dies by the rebellious hand of its votaries, untouched by the law. Its fate is determined by the war; by the measures of the war; by the results of the war. These, sir, must determine it, even if the Constitution were amended."<sup>1</sup> He opposed the amendment, he declared, simply because it was unnecessary. Though few other Democrats were so frank, all their speeches were weighed down by the same consciousness of a losing fight, a hopeless cause. The Democratic leader of the House, and lately defeated Democratic candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Pendleton, opposed the amendment, as he had done at the previous session, by asserting that three-fourths of the States did not possess constitutional power to pass it, this being—if the paradox be excused—at the same time the weakest and the strongest argument: weakest, because the Constitution in terms contradicted the assertion; strongest, because under the circumstances nothing less than unconstitutionality could jus-

tify opposition. But while the Democrats as a party thus persisted in a false attitude, more progressive members had the courage to take independent and wiser action. Not only did the four Democrats—Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold, of New York; Joseph Baily, of Pennsylvania; and Ezra Wheeler, of Wisconsin—who supported the amendment at the first session again record their votes in its favor, but they were now joined by thirteen others of their party associates, namely: Augustus C. Baldwin, of Michigan; Alexander H. Coffroth and Archibald McAllister, of Pennsylvania; James E. English, of Connecticut; John Ganson, Anson Herrick, Homer A. Nelson, William Radford, and John B. Steele, of New York; Wells A. Hutchins, of Ohio; Austin A. King and James S. Rollins, of Missouri; and George H. Yeaman, of Kentucky; and by their help the favorable two-thirds vote was secured. But special credit for the result must not be accorded to these alone. Even more than of Northern Democrats must be recognized the courage and progressive liberality of members from the border slave States—one from Delaware, four from Maryland, three from West Virginia, four from Kentucky, and seven from Missouri, whose speeches and votes aided the consummation of the great act; and, finally, something is due to those Democrats, eight in number, who were absent without pairs, and thus, perhaps not altogether by accident, reduced somewhat the two-thirds vote necessary to the passage of the joint resolution.

Mingled with these influences of a public and moral nature it is not unlikely that others of more selfish interest, operating both for and against the amendment, were not entirely wanting. One, who was a member of the House, writes:

The success of the measure had been considered very doubtful, and depended upon certain negotiations the result of which was not fully assured, and the particulars of which never reached the public.<sup>2</sup>

So also one of the President's secretaries wrote on the 18th of January:

I went to the President this afternoon at the request of Mr. Ashley, on a matter connecting itself with the pending amendment of the Constitution. The Camden and Amboy railroad interest promised Mr. Ashley that if he would help postpone the Raritan railroad bill over this session they would in return make the New Jersey Democrats help about the amendment, either by their votes or absence. Sumner being the Senate champion of the Raritan bill, Ashley went to him to ask him to drop it for this session. Sumner, however, showed reluctance to adopt Mr. Ashley's suggestion, saying that he hoped the amendment would pass anyhow,

<sup>1</sup> "Globe," Jan. 11, 1865, p. 219.

<sup>2</sup> George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p. 250.



etc. Ashley thought he discerned in Sumner's manner two reasons: (1) That if the present Senate resolution were not adopted by the House, the Senate would send them another in which they would most likely adopt Sumner's own phraseology and thereby gratify his ambition; and (2) that Sumner thinks the defeat of the Camden and Amboy monopoly would establish a principle by legislative enactment which would effectually crush out the last lingering relics of the States rights dogma. Ashley therefore desired the President to send for Sumner, and urge him to be practical and secure the passage of the amendment in the manner suggested by Mr. Ashley. I stated these points to the President, who replied at once: "I can do nothing with Mr. Sumner in these matters. While Mr. Sumner is very cordial with me, he is making his history in an issue with me on this very point. He hopes to succeed in beating the President so as to change this Government from its original form and make it a strong centralized power." Then calling Mr. Ashley into the room, the President said to him, "I think I understand Mr. Sumner; and I think he would be all the more resolute in his persistence on the points which Mr. Nicolay has mentioned to me if he supposed I were at all watching his course on this matter."<sup>1</sup>

The issue was decided in the afternoon of the 31st of January, 1865. The scene was one of unusual interest. The galleries were filled to overflowing; the members watched the proceedings with unconcealed solicitude. "Up to noon," said a contemporaneous formal report, "the pro-slavery party are said to have been confident of defeating the amendment, and after that time had passed, one of the most earnest advocates of the measure said, 'T is the toss of a copper.'"<sup>2</sup> There were the usual pleas for postponement and for permission to offer amendments or substitutes, but at four o'clock the House came to a final vote, and the roll-call showed, yeas, 119; nays, 56; not voting, 8. Scattering murmurs of applause had followed the announcement of affirmative votes from several of the Democratic members. This was renewed when by direction of the Speaker the clerk called his name and he voted aye. But when the Speaker finally announced, "The constitutional majority of two-thirds having voted in the affirmative, the joint resolution is passed," "the announcement" — so continues the official report printed in the "Globe" — "was received by the House and by the spectators with an outburst of enthusiasm. The members on the Republican side of the House instantly sprung to their feet, and, regardless of parliamentary rules, applauded with cheers and clapping of hands. The example was followed by the male spectators in the gal-

leries, which were crowded to excess, who waved their hats and cheered loud and long, while the ladies, hundreds of whom were present, rose in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, participating in and adding to the general excitement and intense interest of the scene. This lasted for several minutes."<sup>3</sup> "In honor of this immortal and sublime event," cried Mr. Ingersoll of Illinois, "I move that the House do now adjourn," and against the objection of a Maryland Democrat the motion was carried by a ye and nay vote. A salute of one hundred guns soon made the occasion the subject of comment and congratulation throughout the city. On the following night a considerable procession marched with music to the Executive Mansion to carry popular greetings to the President. In response to their calls, Mr. Lincoln appeared at a window and made a brief speech, of which only an abstract report was preserved, but which is nevertheless important as showing the searching analysis of cause and effect which this question had undergone in his mind, the deep interest he felt, and the far-reaching consequences he attached to the measure and its success.

He supposed [he said] the passage through Congress of the constitutional amendment for the abolishment of slavery throughout the United States was the occasion to which he was indebted for the honor of this call. The occasion was one of congratulation to the country and to the whole world. But there is a task yet before us—to go forward and have consummated by the votes of the States that which Congress had so nobly begun yesterday. He had the honor to inform those present that Illinois had to-day already done the work. Maryland was about half through, but he felt proud that Illinois was a little ahead. He thought this measure was a very fitting if not an indispensable adjunct to the winding up of the great difficulty. He wished the reunion of all the States perfected, and so effected as to remove all causes of disturbance in the future; and to attain this end, it was necessary that the original disturbing cause should, if possible, be rooted out. He thought all would bear him witness that he had never shrunk from doing all that he could to eradicate slavery, by issuing an Emancipation Proclamation. But that proclamation falls far short of what the amendment will be when fully consummated. A question might be raised whether the proclamation was legally valid. It might be urged, that it only aided those that came into our lines, and that it was inoperative as to those who did not give themselves up; or that it would have no effect upon the children of slaves born hereafter; in fact, it would be urged that it did not meet the evil. But this amendment is a king's cure-all for all the evils. It winds the whole thing up. He would repeat, that it was the fitting if not the indispensable adjunct to the consummation of the great game we are playing. He could not but congratulate all present — himself, the country, and the whole world — upon this great moral victory.

<sup>1</sup> J. G. N., "Personal Memoranda." MS.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Special Committee of the Union League Club of New York. Pamphlet.

<sup>3</sup> "Globe," Jan. 31, 1865, p. 531.

## IN SORROW'S HOUR.

THE brambles blow without you,—at the door  
 They make late April,—and the brier too  
 Buds its first rose for other folk than you ;  
 In the deep grass the elder bush once more  
 Heaps its sweet snow ; and the marsh-marigold  
 With its small fire sets all the sedge aflare,  
 Like flakes of flame blown down the gray, still air ;  
 The cardinal-flower is out in thickets old.  
 Oh, love! oh, love! what road is yours to-day?  
 For I would follow after, see your face,  
 Put my hand in your hand, feel the dear grace  
 Of hair, mouth, eyes, hear the brave words you say.  
 The dark is void, and all the daylight vain.  
 Oh, that you were but here with me again!

*Lizette Wordworth Reese.*

## FRA FILIPPO LIPPI (1402-12-1469).

### (ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



THE character of the work of Masaccio in art may be compared to that of Luther in religion, in kind if not in measure. It was the first bold and unequivocal departure from the authority of the traditions

of art recognized by all the followers of Giotto, the first frank declaration of the value of individuality in art. Like Luther's, this reform did not extend to the repudiation of the great motives of the fathers, but was devoted to limitation of the manner of interpreting them and the forms they should take. The example set by Masaccio of turning his back on the world of the ecstasies and the types of authority and opening his eyes to the living flesh and blood about him was followed by his pupil, Fra Filippo Lippi, with a hearty and unreserved abandonment to the logical consequences, which would perhaps have surprised and repelled the master as much as the later doctrines of reform would have shocked Luther. In Masaccio we found the first unbiased, natural inspiration; in Filippo we have the first direct recourse to the individual as a substitute for the ideal. For though far from ideal in the large and now generally accepted use of the word, embracing the old and the new, the Greek as well as the Christian, the Byzantine type was an ideal as completely as the Phidian, and the imagery of the ecstatic school was drawn from the inner vision. Its Christ was the man of many sorrows, emaciated by spirit-

ual struggles and not beautiful to look on; its Madonna, the woman who mothered all human griefs—spiritual ideals, between which and the Greek ideals of physical beauty there was all the antagonism of the religions from which they grew.

Not to push a parallel too far, the art of the school of Masaccio was an art involving the reform of externals; and in it, as might be expected, the departure of the followers in reform from the old canons was a rapidly accelerating progress. In Filippo the ideal becomes personal; and whatever may be the truth as to the stories of his relations to Lucrezia Buti, there is no mistaking the fact that some fair face had come between his eyes and the Madonna. The forms of beauty to him became all of one mold, and there is for the first time in the progress of Christian art a distinct and systematic employment of the individual and the personal in the representation of sacred personages, especially of the Madonna, an employment which later becomes the rule.

No doubt the work of Donatello contributed greatly to this result, but that was still ideal. His system of types had a kind of individuality not known before in sculpture; but those types, distinct as they were, do not bear the mark of the model, but seem rather the outcome of an imaginative conception of the character more analogous to Greek idealization than to that of the art which began with Fra Filippo. From this time forward the naturalism of painting becomes more and more



concrete; and though direct work from a model as practiced to-day does not appear for a long time after Fra Filippo, the naturalistic element gains strength with every generation of painters.

It is not easy to decide upon the exact date of Fra Filippo's birth. Vasari says in his first edition 1402, in the second, 1412; and if we could accept his assertion that the Frate died at the age of fifty-seven the latter date would be correct, for we know that he was buried in 1469. The records state that he was the son of a Florentine butcher, that his mother died in 1412, shortly after his birth, and that his father died two years later, leaving the orphan to the care of an aunt, Monna Lapaccia, a woman in poor circumstances, as were all his relatives. Milanese, however, says that the ledger of the Carmelite convent where Filippo passed his youth states that he professed at the age of sixteen, the date given being 1421, which would put the date of his birth at 1405-06. The legend runs that Monna Lapaccia kept him till he was eight years old, when, unable to support him longer, she placed him in the monastery of the Carmine, which, as fate would have it, was in the immediate vicinity of her house. Here the boy proved to be dexterous in all kinds of handicraft, but absolutely dull and indolent at his books. The "grammar-master" could make nothing of him: instead of studying he drew little figures all over his own and his classmates' books, so at last the prior very sensibly put him to drawing, and gave him every facility for developing his talent. Masaccio's frescos in the monastery were a source of great delight to the boy artist, who would spend long hours every day studying them. He made such rapid progress that every one prophesied that he would become famous, and Vasari says that "many thought that the spirit of Masaccio must have entered into Filippo." He painted many frescos in the Carmine, all of which have perished.

In 1431-32 he seems to have left the monastery, though the reasons that are attributed to him for so doing are of the most opposite natures. Vasari says that, having become elated by the praise of all those who saw his work, he cast off his monkish garb and went into the world, where he led a life of dissipation. Being one day at Ancona in a little pleasure-boat with some friends, the party was captured by Moorish pirates and carried off to Barbary, where Filippo remained eighteen months. One day he amused himself by drawing his master in charcoal on a white wall, and this feat so much astonished and delighted the Moors that, having caused him to paint one or two pictures for them, they took him to Naples and set him free. There he

painted a panel in tempera for King Alfonso, and then returned to Florence.

This whole story is denied by modern historians. Cavalcaselle declares that Fra Filippo was never at Ancona or at Naples; that he never abandoned his monkhood, since he signed himself to the end "Frater Filippus," and was by others given the same name; and finally that Vasari is untruthful when he speaks of the Carmelite as a dissolute man, as a letter of his to Piero de' Medici shows him in a very different light. In this letter he complains of having been underpaid for one of his pictures, and says that it has pleased Heaven to leave him the poorest friar in Florence, in charge of six marriageable nieces, who are entirely dependent on him: he begs Piero to allow him a grant of corn and wine to support them while he is away.

This certainly does not look like the letter of a man whom, according to Vasari, Piero de' Medici was forced to lock up in order to get any work done, and who knotted his sheets together and escaped by the window after two days to get off and revel. Vasari relates that, being engaged by the nuns of St. Margaret to paint a panel, he fell in love with a young girl of whom the Sisters had charge, Lucrezia Buti—Filippino Lippi being, according to this account, the child of this unlawful union. This again Cavalcaselle indignantly denies, and points out that it is unlikely that so immoral a person as was Fra Filippo should have been created chaplain to a convent of nuns in 1452, and rector of St. Quirico at Legnaia in 1457. He supposes the younger artist to have been adopted by the older, as was frequently done in those days.

Very few of Fra Filippo's earliest works are known. Probably the Nativity in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence belongs to the period of his monastic life, and it may be the one painted for Cosimo de' Medici of which Vasari speaks. It shows the influence of Fra Angelico much more than his later work. Another altar-piece, in the Berlin museum, bearing his signature, belongs to the same epoch. In the Louvre is a Madonna and Child painted by Fra Filippo at the age of twenty-six; in the Lateran Gallery another altar-piece, executed to the order of Carlo Marzupini, in which the donor of the piece is introduced. Vasari says that Marzupini called the artist's attention to the careless manner in which the hands and feet were drawn, and that Fra Filippo hid them with the drapery to hide their imperfection—one of those curious technical details continually occurring in the history of the art of this epoch which shows as clearly as any tradition can that the practice of drawing the subject from the model was



not yet adopted, but that the figure was drawn from traditional and inherited knowledge of it, as it had been by the Byzantines. To understand the relations of the Italian art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it is necessary to have this always in mind, as it will then be easy to see how far and how fast the practice obtained of drawing from nature as a preparation for the final work.

In 1441 Fra Filippo executed a commission for the nuns of S. Ambrogio; and in the "Coronation of the Virgin," which he executed for them, there is a half-length portrait of himself, tonsured, which proves that at least as late as 1441 he retained the badge of monastic life.

From this time Fra Filippo seems to have orders enough, one would think, to furnish means of subsistence for any number of relatives, yet he appears to have remained poor and needy. The Medici took him under their patronage, and in 1452 he was made chaplain in the convent of S. Giovannino in Florence.

In 1456 he was at Prato, painting the series of frescos in the choir of the cathedral, which remains on the whole the most important of his works, both for size and for preservation. The next year he received an order from Giovanni de' Medici to leave his work and come to Florence and paint a picture for the king of Naples; and though loath to return to Florence, on account of debts he owed there, he obeyed his patron. We have a letter of his begging for money to buy the gold-leaf he needed to complete the picture; and the agent of the Medici, who went to his shop to urge him on with his work, says in a letter to Cosimo that he found a sale going on in Filippo's studio to pay his rent and some other debts.

The picture for the king, and one for Count de Rohan, were sent to Naples, and gave much satisfaction, as we learn from a letter of Cosimo's; but they are no longer there, unless a panel in the museum, somewhat like one in the National Gallery, London, be by him; but it appears to me more like the work of Filippino. In the Pitti Gallery, Florence, there is an admirable madonna by Fra Filippo, which he is said to have painted from Lucrezia Buti. The head is of the same type as most of his representations of women. There is another reputed portrait of Lucrezia in the Louvre, but Cavalcaselle says the picture is not even by Fra Filippo, and attributes it to Peselli. At Prato, in the gallery, there is a madonna by Filippo, and in the municipal gallery a Virgin and Child with attendant saints. In the refectory of S. Dominico there is an extremely fine Nativity, which, with the frescos noted in the cathedral, shows that Fra Filippo's stay in Prato must have been a considerable one. His work there however seems to have suffered several

interruptions. The first, as we have seen, was caused by a summons from his patron. In 1461 he went to Perugia to value the frescos of Benedetto Buonfigli in the chapel of the Palazzo del Comune; in 1463 and 1464 we find the representatives of Prato meeting in great perplexity as to how the painter can be forced to finish his work, for which he has been in part paid, and deciding to ask Messer Carlo de' Medici to interfere. By some means or other the frescos were completed, and in the last of the series, the "Death of S. Stefano," Lippi introduced a fine portrait of Carlo de' Medici, and one of himself.

From Prato, Fra Filippo seems to have gone to Spoleto, where he painted in the cathedral several scenes from the life of the Virgin, which still remain, though in a damaged condition, being, moreover, never finished, as he died there in 1469, poisoned — according to Vasari again — by the relatives of one of his mistresses. Lorenzo de' Medici erected a tomb to him in the cathedral of Spoleto, and Politian wrote his epitaph.

One of Fra Filippo's chief pupils was Fra Diamante. Cavalcaselle brings forward the theory that he, and not his master, was guilty of Lucrezia's seduction, and that all the libertinism attributed by Vasari to Fra Filippo should be laid on his disciple. This he deduces from the fact that while Fra Filippo was at Prato, completing his commissions there, Fra Diamante was imprisoned in Florence, by order of his superior, and did not join his master till the latter went to Spoleto. He thinks that Fra Filippo would not have been able to continue at Prato had he been guilty of the crime Vasari charges him with, for fear of the vendetta which Lucrezia's father and the nuns would assuredly have tried to bring upon him.

The sacrilegious intrigue, on account of which the life of the Frate has been so charged with obloquy, seems to me to be disputed with reason by Cavalcaselle, and the alleged poisoning at Spoleto for a similar offense is one of those vague statements of which the history of the Middle and subsequent ages is full. Any sudden death was attributed to poisoning, though we know now that many forms of malarial disease, for some of which Italy has always been noted, cause death as sudden and mysterious as poison. There were in Lippi's day no tests and no post-mortems, and suspicion was universal. And where suspicion of poisoning arose a motive was sure to be supplied. Current rumors are not evidence sufficient to establish accusations of such gravity that if recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities they would have brought Fra Filippo before the Inquisition.

It is possible, and indeed probable, that the



whole basis for the tradition was in the artistic sacrilege the artist committed in adopting a living type of womanhood as the sacred image alike of saint and Madonna. That a certain want of ecstatic susceptibility was characteristic of the Frate is clear, not only from his absolute dependence for his types on physical presence, but in a certain mental heaviness and in indifference to real ecclesiastical qualifications. He was of the true modern artistic temperament, which is rarely notably reverential of sacred things; and the simple fact that he drew a living woman as the Madonna may have been to the religious feeling of the day a worse offense than the abduction of a nun.

The innovations introduced by Fra Filippo were not limited to the type. The use of oil over his tempera painting is clear, and to this is no doubt due an advance in color which could otherwise have been the result only of a facility of retouching and overworking such as he did not possess in tempera. The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Florentine Accademia is a masterpiece in this direction, which anticipates many of the finest qualities of the best modern French art; and the group at the apex of the composition, Christ crowning the Virgin, is as subtle in every way as any work I can re-

call in all the art of the Renaissance. But there is still nothing realistic in it in the sense which I have given to the word in writing of Masaccio. The main motive of the work is decorative; ornament is used much as the earlier men used it; the distinction between frescos and easel pictures is more marked; and we begin to see the foreshadowing of a form of art which the Venetians carried to great perfection. The color is perfectly pure and bright—qualities due to the tempera basis, and only slightly affected by the oil painting in transparent color over it. The blackening, which is the chief vice of oil painting, does not appear till about the time of Fra Bartolommeo, who in his easel pictures appears to have used oil only as his vehicle.

When we go from the Coronation in the Accademia to the frescos at Prato, large in manner and masterly in execution, we can estimate the technical power of Fra Filippo as readily as we can his originality when we compare his conceptions of the sacred personages with those of Masaccio, and can see our way to place him, as I must, as the first great master of modern art in the sense in which modern art is distinguished from that of the schools sprung from the Byzantine.

*W. J. Stillman.*

#### NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE "Madonna Adoring the Child Jesus," by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Uffizi, Florence, ranks among his very finest panel pictures. It is painted in tempera on wood, and measures two feet wide by three feet high, exclusive of its beautiful frame of fruit and flowers.

It is a very pretty allusion to the text of Scripture: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee. . . . They shall bear thee up in their hands." (Ps. xci. 11, 12.) The Virgin is by an open window and the infant Jesus is seated upon the sill, when she becomes aware of the presence of the ministering spirits. She is in an attitude of adoration, looking off somewhat as in a reverie. The farther angel, who stands on the other side of the window, has just caught the pious look of the Virgin as he glances up between the arms of Jesus; his mouth is full of the innocence of childhood. The other angel, full of childish glee, turns to look at the spectator. This face is remarkable for the sweetness of its smile. It is most captivating to look close into it and observe the refinement of its treatment, and the young, guileless purity of expression. These are real Florentine boys, and I know of two just such, who might have been the identical models that Filippo Lippi used—the difference of time not considered. They need only wings clapped to their shoulders to make real angels.

The group is gracefully and naturally disposed and forms a charming composition against the quiet background, which also is full of interest. To the right in the distance is a walled city with spires and towers

relieved against the evening sky, which is of a neutral, warm, or greenish tint. Then comes a pile of rocks in which the fissures and coarse texture are minutely painted—too delicately worked to be given adequately in a small engraving. To the left a river winds through cultivated fields, losing itself among distant hills dotted with clumps of bushes and trees. Towards the foreground is seen a little red-topped cottage, part of which is visible through a portion of the elaborate, transparent headdress of the Madonna. It is a chapel, perhaps, as it has a cross on top. The coloring of the whole is rich, though somewhat faded. Perhaps the darks have grown darker and the lights lighter. The robe of the Virgin is a dark green of soft, rich tone, the flesh tints are yellowish. The robe of the laughing angel is of a fine purplish tinge, tipped aside as it is, which brings it more in shade. His white garment in the soft light is delicately felt.

This illustrates a tender and graceful phase of the master's work, and was a favorite subject with him; but to see him in his grandeur we must pay a visit to the Duomo at Prato, a short distance from Florence, where are his most important works—large, grand frescos, which are among the highest creations of the art of the fifteenth century. (See Morelli, "Italian Masters in German Galleries.") I regret very much my inability to engrave an example from these pictures as well; but circumstances were against it, and, after all, no mere detail could convey any idea of their magnificence.





"THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST," BY FILIPPO LIPPI.

(IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.)





## THREE JEWISH KINGS.



ZION'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

IN the twenty-first chapter of Judges a Jewish city is located with unusual exactitude—"On the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The Bible name of the city is Shiloh. The modern Arab calls it Seilûn. It was the chief resort of the Israelites for a long time before the gates of Jerusalem were opened to them. There, after the battle of Ai, Joshua had moved the Tabernacle from Gilgal, and made it his headquarters until his death; there the division of the land took place; there Eli lived; and there Samuel spent his boyhood and was "established to be a prophet of the Lord."

The route from Bethel to Shiloh is exceedingly rough; but the large olive orchards, the rich grain fields, and the millions of flowers which come into view compensate one for the hard traveling. As the journey proceeds the scenery grows sublime. The mountains rise higher, come more closely to one another and narrow the valleys; then, for a time, they are lower and farther apart, and the widening valleys present a picturesque and busy scene. The brown-armed peasants are plowing; girls clad in gay attire are pulling tares from the grain, and children, singing merrily, are helping them. Frequently the tinkling of a bell attracts attention to the pathways which wind around the cliffs, and a tall Bedouin, with a striped *aba* and a long fowling-piece swung across his shoulders, is

discovered guiding his flocks of sheep and goats. A long caravan of camels and donkeys laden with American kerosene may often be seen trailing slowly and demurely along the narrow, zig-zag mountain paths. It is one of the busiest neighborhoods in Palestine. The cultivated fields line both sides of the "highway"—only a narrow bridle-path—until the ruins of the old crushed city are made out. What remains of Shiloh is located on a knoll a little higher than its neighbors. As soon as this is reached all the light seems to go out of the picture, so quickly do you climb from the delightful to the desolate. Some walls of an old castle, quite four feet thick, are standing. Several sturdy buttresses brace them up, and broken columns, capitals, and here and there a doorway tell how Shiloh was built to bear the brunt of battle; but they also tell what the Almighty "did to it for the wickedness of . . . Israel." At the southern base of the hill is a low, square building which the Bedouins call a mosque. In it the cattle now gather to escape the fierce rays of the sun when the shade of the splendid old terebinth which stands close by cannot accommodate all. The camera has done its best, with such rough material, to secure a representative view of



AT SHILOH.





SCOPUS FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

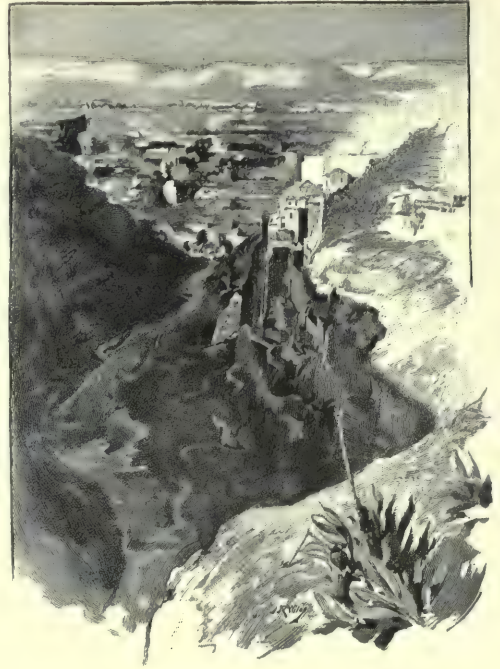
Shiloh. Part of the walls of the ancient city are in the foreground, while beyond, on the side of a second hill, are the ruins of the building to the thick walls of which reference is made. The prospect is not a familiar one; and yet almost every Christian child on the face of the earth is told the story of the youth who became the great prophet of Shiloh. Probably Hophni and Phinehas, the renegade sons of Eli, descended this very pictured hill when, bearing the sacred ark with them, they went forth to the fatal battle of Ebenezer, where they lost their lives and the ark of God was taken. Not very far away "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching: for his heart trembled for the ark of God." It may have been very near this "that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died."

Matters did not move on prosperously at Shiloh. Consequently on all sides the opinion grew that some of the neighboring nations were managed better. The Israelites had long been in the grip of the Philistines. Among other sore grievances forced upon them was the necessity of carrying their plows and other farming implements to the Philistine blacksmiths for repairs; because no Israelite was allowed to swell the bellows and swing the sledge lest he forge spears and armor, to say nothing of making iron chariots such as some of the invaders had. The hearts of the older and more serious Israelites were broken by seeing the masses forsake the God of Egypt, the God of Sinai, the God of the Wilderness of Kadesh, the God of Eli, for the diabolical worship of Baal

and Ashtaroath. For twenty years after the ark was taken no priest offered sacrifice, and but few were reverent enough to visit it while it rested quietly at Kirjath-jearim. The only ray of sunshine in all this moral and physical darkness was the devout Samuel. It was he who kept alive what little grace there was left. His work was a personal one for a time, for he did not dare at first to call a public assemblage. But when the Philistines found it was an injury to them and to their gods to hold the stolen ark, they concluded to restore it, and did indeed with great pomp send commissioners with it to Beth-shemesh. Samuel, with keen insight, understood their fear, and grew more bold. He called the famous assemblage of Mizpeh; prayed for the people; sacrificed a lamb at the altar "wholly unto the Lord: . . . and the Lord heard him." The battle of Mizpeh followed; the Philistines were defeated, and so subdued that no more trouble came from their quarter while Samuel lived.

The Bible does not define the location of Mizpeh as exactly as it does that of Shiloh. Nevertheless it is agreed that the long ridge called Scopus, which continues northward from the Mount of Olives, is the spot where Samuel took the oath of allegiance from the wandering people, and that not far from there he set up the stone of Ebenezer.

How marvelous is the view! You can see from the hill of Scopus better than from any other point how much lower is the hill on which



THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.



the holy city is located than any of the surrounding heights. The descent of the Valley of the Kedron and its depression appear much greater than when you are standing in the valley. The roofs of the houses of Siloam and the olive trees of Olivet appear small. Then there are the minarets, the broad domes, and the old gray walls of the city of David, with all of which we are familiar. A few minutes after the feet are turned descending towards Shiloh, the long mountain ridge, like a curtain, hides the historical theater from view, and the aspect presented by nature is desolate enough. The final battle with the Philistines occurred thereabouts. Israel seemed content with Samuel's

no fanatical pilgrims about, you may climb to its roof and obtain a very satisfactory view of the small Mohammedan *wely*, or tomb of a saint, and the hilly country around it. Bethlehem is in full view, and at night seems brought very close by its glimmering lights and the sounds which come from it, though it is a mile away.

While Saul was king down in the fields of Bethlehem, within sight of where Jesus was born more than a thousand years afterwards, David was occupied tending his father's sheep. It makes his history seem very real to visit fields just outside of Bethlehem, say towards the south-east. At first the slopes of the hills



RACHEL'S SEPULCHER.

government until the work grew too burdensome for him, and he sent his sons, Joel and Abiah, as his deputies, to the southern districts, with their headquarters at Beersheba. Then arose again, more strenuously than ever, the cry from the elders and from the people, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." Though the aged Samuel was displeased at this at first, the people refused to obey his voice, and in time a king was brought into Samuel's presence and anointed.

This interview and the parting of Saul and Samuel took place but a short distance from Rachel's sepulcher, about two miles south of Bethlehem. The surrounding country cannot have changed much during the thirty centuries and more which have passed away since Jacob set a pillar upon the grave of his wife, unless the stones have increased. If there are

seem barren and lifeless; but when you are upon them you will see that they are green, with plenty of highly tinted flowers growing in families everywhere. The monotony of the scene is broken by groups of olive trees and by the flocks of sheep which gather under them in the heat of the day. You may see young shepherds practicing with their slings, and sometimes putting their home-made weapons to a use which you had not suspected. If a member of the flock strays too far away from his fellows he is first gently called, "Tally-henna, ya giddi" ("Come here, you kid"). But if that does not avail, he is brought to his senses by a stone sent whizzing after him from the shepherd's sling.

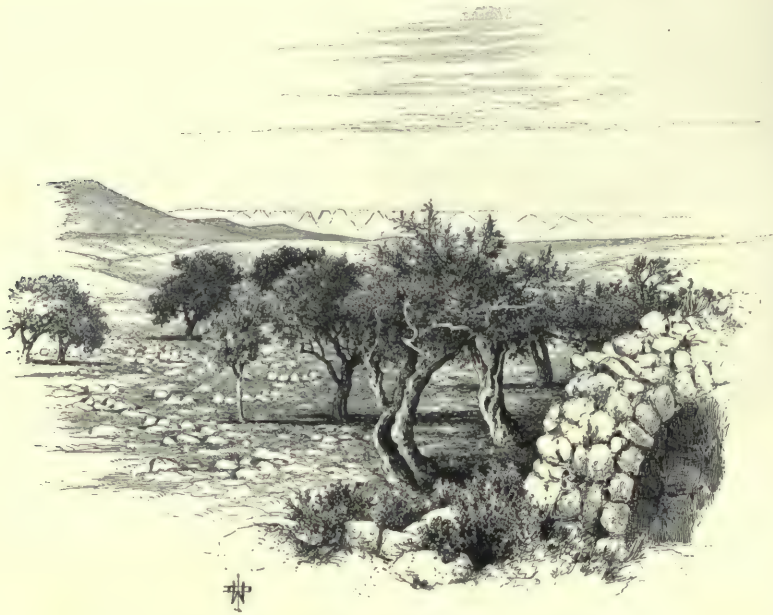
In one of the Bethlehem fields you may see the ruins of a strongly built stone structure. It is called the "Shepherd's Castle." Great



blocks of stone, which seem to have formed part of the "castle," lie under the neighboring olive trees. There are several caves close by, which are used now for the protection of the sheep during the colder weather. The long line of dark in the far distance is a part of the hills of Moab. The Dead Sea lies sunken near their western base. No place made familiar by the history of David is very far away. Here David was when Samuel visited the house of Jesse, the father of David, and Jesse sent for his son to come home and meet the man of God. Much of history was written upon the few miles of country which came within his circuit.

The women's quarters are next, separated by tent-cloth and rugs. An improvised divan of the same material is the only piece of furniture in the "hospitality tent."

On such a sumptuous article of antique furniture my companions and I sat and suffered "hospitality" for nearly four hours. A fire of twigs was first built. That was very welcome, for the night was chilly. Twenty-five natives, who, attended by one old veiled woman, came to share the fire and the feast, were not so agreeable. Each one brought a "contribution," usually some twigs for fuel. Coffee was made with great ceremony. Several of the men took part in bruising the blessed bean in a wooden



WHERE DAVID WAS A SHEPHERD, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

The humblest Bedouin does his best to reserve what he dubs his "hospitality tent," and is always willing to entertain strangers, be they "angels unawares," or probable subjects for brigandage after they are a half-day's journey from his quarters. I have good cause to remember always the "hospitality" I accepted from a murderous tribe of Azazimehs not more than a dozen miles away from where David guarded Nabal's flocks. A "feast" was part of the programme, and it was as full and as good as the one which David gave — "a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine" — when the ark was brought into Jerusalem, and it was served with much ceremony. In an Arab village the tents are arranged on three sides of a plot of ground with the fourth side open. The "hospitality tent" is usually at one end, near the open.

mortar, with a pestle almost as long as the arm. Tune or time was kept with the rude implements. If a younger person than the one officiating at the pestle entered the tent, he politely resumed the labor and caught up the tune. The coffee was boiled in a ladle and the water was cleared in the same utensil. Oftentimes water is as scarce as coffee — always less plenty than milk. Three times the mocha was served in tiny china cups, one of which had been broken and was mended with copper bands and wire. Next a sheik was sent out with sword in hand to slaughter a sheep for the feast. While he was gone a two-gallon bowl of *leben*, or sour goat's milk, was kept in circulation, all drinking from it. The plenteous American mustache came in protectingly useful then. If it was smeared with the dainty lactate the "hospitality" giver was content.



MODERN JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

How long this ceremony would have continued no one could have conjectured had not a cross-eyed Azazimeh, a nephew of the sheik, come in late and hungry from some marauding jaunt and emptied the bowl. It was the only cause for gratitude we had during the entire feast. In about three hours a great wooden bowl was brought in, filled with stewed meat and barley pancakes — by no means a distasteful combination. With fingers all helped themselves from the same bowl until all were satisfied; then the feast ended. For this accommodation on our part we were treated next day very much as David was by the children of Keilah, for we were not allowed to depart until we had fully paid for the hospitality, with usury added.

Surely these wild people show more of the characteristics of the Bedouin David and his outlaw band than do the modern Hebrews who flock to Palestine and lead an idle, dependent life in order that they may end their days in the land of their forefathers.

RUNNING across the whole country from south-west to north-east, beginning at the Mediterranean just north of Mount Carmel and reaching up like the arm of some great giant submerged in the sea to the mountains which line the west side of the Jordan, and then reaching between the ranges to the very shores of the sacred river, is a vast plain. If you could obtain a topographical view of it from a balloon, the Jordan side would present the appearance of a mutilated hand. The mountain ridges would appear to you like fingers; their highest peaks as knuckles; and the narrow valleys, to carry out the simile, as the spaces between the fingers reaching to the Jordan. This lovely expanse is the plain of Jezreel, or, in softer Greek, the plain of Esdraelon.

Our observations begin at Jenin. It is a typical town of northern Palestine, with its fruit gardens, its lovely water supply, and its groves of palms. There, too, is the inevitable broad dome of the mosque, and, overreaching all in height,





MOUNT GILBOA AND THE FOUNTAIN OF JEZREEL.

the slender minaret whence the muezzin cry may be heard from Samaria to Galilee. The views from this minaret are worth a journey to Palestine to see. The backward look towards Shechem and Samaria affords a new view of Ebal and Gerizim, and not only covers a splendid country under a high state of cultivation, dotted with olive groves as fine as any south of Damascus, but embraces a region full of thrilling history. In some places the long lines of the broken arches of an aqueduct lifted high in the air remind you of the Roman Campagna. Down in the fields near Samaria, if your observations are made in the afternoon, you may see strange-looking vertical masses of light arranged in a long eccentric row, at irregular distances from one another. Sometimes they look like specters, sometimes like masses of water thrown up by some deep artesian power as if intended to irrigate the fertile fields wherein they have been marshaled by kingly direction. They are, indeed, the granite remnants of the great colonnade of Sebaste, which Herod built, reflecting the strong sunlight as it comes to them from across the plain. Right among them you may also see picturesque ruins of the crusader's day. Then, when your eyes fall nearer to your lookout, you will see a richly cultivated country. The whole region is hilly. The rocks protrude from the hills

on every side, yet every spot of ground from the bases to the summits presents testimony to the thrift of the husbandman. Every valley has its stream even now. The tiniest of these is made to drive the wheels of some primitive flour mill. You may see the long line of the Mediterranean on the left. Turning to the north and west, besides the mountains already named, far beyond you may see the spurs of the Anti-Lebanon range with the snowy peak of Mount Hermon looking like the light surrounding clouds. The eastern slopes of Gilboa and Little Hermon lead your mind down to the long, dark, and narrow depression which marks the course of the winding Jordan, and another depth of shadow, at that distance looking almost as round as a well, discloses the location of the Sea of Galilee. At your feet, beginning as soon as you look beyond the borders

of the village, is the lovely plain. The rich carpeting supplied by nature is indescribable. There are no fences between the vast undulating plots of green and gold and pink and gray; but the narrow roads, with soil as red as the shale of northern New Jersey, mark out the boundaries for the Bedouin husbandmen. A silvery stream, whose starting-point cannot be made out, may be discerned finding its way down from west to east. It is the river Kishon, on whose borders Sisera was defeated; where, while he was awearied and asleep, Jael drove the tent-pin through his head and fastened it to the ground; and where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. This view in the springtime looks like a great garden under the highest state of cultivation. The position of the plain supplies the key to its bloody record. It is a broad avenue, open at each end, and has drawn to battle within its narrow limits the Philistines of the western coast, the Israelites of the east, and the Syrians from the north. Later on the armies of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians passed and repassed, rested and manoeuvred, previous to the awful struggles which followed. Even Napoleon here pitted his handful against a Mussulman horde that outnumbered him ten times or more. It has always been the main avenue for ingress and egress of the nomadic as well as the civilized



THE POOL IN HEBRON WHERE DAVID HUNG THE MURDERERS OF ISH-BOSHETH.

peoples who combated one another that they might possess the rich land surrounding.

The mountains and the towns which come within the broad encirclement of the eastern half of the plain are what most interest us now. We climb to the top of Mount Gilboa first. Its summit is almost bare. On the western incline every few rods there is a well or pit sunk into the solid rock. It is said that Joseph's brethren hid him in one of these pits, for the plain of Dothan is only a short distance away from the base of the mountain. Such pits are plenty in Palestine, and have been sunk to catch water when the winter torrents come rolling down. They have been provided by some kindly Jacob so that the thirsty traveler may find refreshment on the way.

The range of mountains known as the Little Hermon, the fountain of Jezreel, and the villages of Jezreel, Shunem, and Endor are the points of interest which come into the line marked out by the International Lessons, and they are all within an hour or so of the summit of Mount Gilboa—all within the borders of the plain of Esdraelon. There are only about twenty houses at Jezreel now, and the people are very squalid. Yet they support an ancient tower where they insist upon entertaining strangers at their own expense. Their hospitality does not create a desire to remain with them during the season, but the view from their tower compensates for all the loss of appetite caused by their curdled goat's milk and unleavened bread.

Endor lies near here. There is not much to attract one, except the number of caves or caverns which have been hewn in the cliffs overlooking the village. If bats are witches, as some maintain, and witches are bats, then Endor has lost none of its ancient reputation. At least the appearance of things

thereabouts is uncanny enough, and you will be glad to spur your horse back towards the fountain of Jezreel. This fountain holds the next interest for us. It is a beauty spot and a natural wonder. When on Mount Gilboa, if you have a guide who knows the country, you may ride northward until you come to the point where the mountain abruptly ends, as though a section or at least a part of the slope had been cut away, as is often the case in railway construction: hold your guide's hand while you look over, and you will hear the trickling of water, the splashing of cattle, and the voices of their chattering attendants. They are all a hundred feet below you, where is a wide cavern walled by conglomerate rock, from which the waters break forth with suffi-

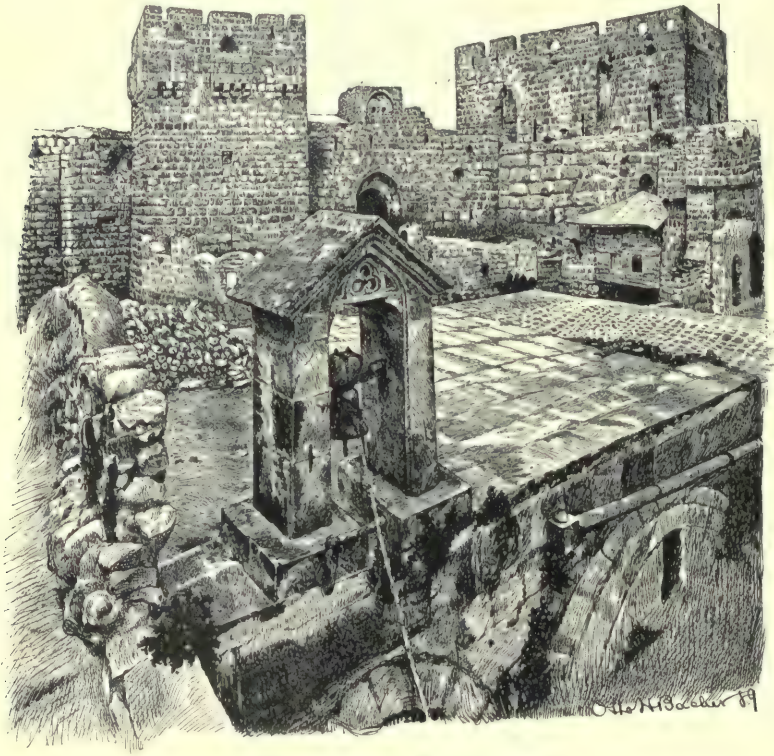


GIHON, WHERE SOLOMON WAS ANOINTED.



cient force to turn a little mill. This is the fountain of Jezreel. The rocky sides and the top of the cavern are lined with ferns, and water plants abound. The water flows perennially. After emerging from its source the stream widens into a small lake and feeds one of the winding tributaries which contribute to the waters of the Jordan. The husbandmen of the plain of Esdraelon bring their cattle and their flocks here to drink, but they guard them well, for the visits of the invader are still frequent.

Philistines to stand fight. It was his last battle, and it went hard with him. Three of his sons, including Jonathan, were killed; many of his men were slain, and the rest of his army fled, leaving their king, lying wounded by the arrows of the archers, upon Mount Gilboa. In this dreadful plight Saul pleaded with his armor-bearer to finish the dire work of the enemy, but even that favor was refused him. In his desperation he seized a sword, fell upon it, and died. His armor-bearer immediately followed suit. Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul,



THE TOWERS OF DAVID AND OF JESUS.

It was in Shunem that Saul made his last stand against the Philistines, and gathered his forces together on Mount Gilboa. It was part of his usual tactics to choose a height for his headquarters, rather than the low land. From his encampment on Gilboa he could witness the marshaling of the Philistines across the valley. His spies could creep about among the thickets and watch the enemy's every movement. The reports of his scouts filled him with trembling and fear. He sought for Divine direction in the matter, but it was not given him. He was forsaken of God and down in spirit. In his tribulation at nightfall he left his quarters disguised and went around to Endor to consult a witch. He obtained no comfort from the necromancer and next day was forced by the

had but a short reign, and then David came to the throne.

Comparative quiet now reigned for a time. David was recognized as king by all the elders of Israel. He was only thirty years of age when he began to reign at Hebron. He remained there seven years and a half. Everything grew and prospered under his hands; but Hebron was too small for the capital of so great a king. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion . . . and called it the city of David." His next step was to convey the ark there. He reigned in Jerusalem over thirty years.

Gihon, with its lovely gardens, where Solomon was anointed, was just in the valley below the royal palace—scarce a stone's-throw from



THE CITY OF DAVID NEAR ZION'S GATE.

the strong gate of Zion. There is a great reservoir there now, which for many centuries has been one of the water supplies of Jerusalem. Pictured with the western sides of the city it forms one of the most interesting views—so full of history—in the neighborhood.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

## OVER THEIR GRAVES.

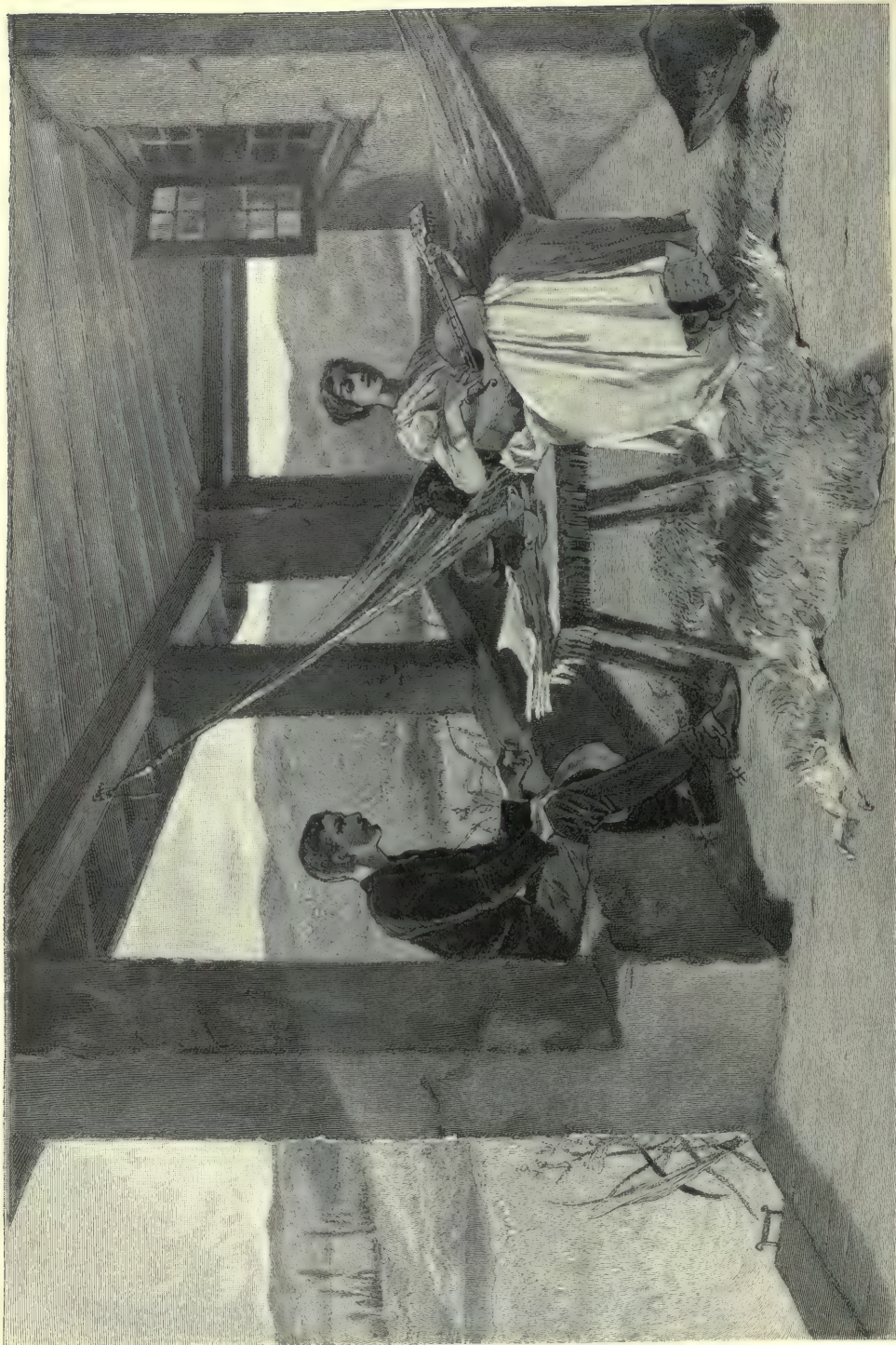
OVER their graves rang once the bugle's call,  
 The searching shrapnel, and the crashing ball;  
 The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh  
 Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;  
 And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,  
 The vines run riot by the old stone wall,  
 By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,  
 Over their graves!

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall,—  
 Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul,—  
 A love that's deathless! but they look to-day  
 With no reproaches on us when we say,  
 "Come! let us clasp your hands, we're brothers all,"  
 Over their graves!

*Henry Jerome Stockard.*





DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A PRETTY GIRL IN THE WEST.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STAYE.



## THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE WEST.

### PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—X.



HE wish so often expressed by mothers in the West that their daughters should have a "good time," suggests an inquiry as to what precisely is meant by this fond aspiration.

A mother's idea of a "good time" for her daughter usually signifies the sort of time she has failed to have herself. If she has been a hard-working woman, with many children to care for, she will desire that her daughter shall live easy and be blessed, in the way of offspring, with something less than a quiver-full. Where in the past labor has urged her, often beyond her strength, pleasure in the future shall invite her child.

So the mothers of the West, women of the heroic days of pioneering, unconsciously tell the story of their own struggles and deprivations in the ambitions which they indulge for their children.

Along the roads over which her parents journeyed in their white-topped wagon, their tent by night, their tabernacle, their fortress in time of danger, the settler's daughter shall ride in a tailor-made habit, or fare luxuriously in a drawing-room car. Where the mother's steadfast face grew brown with the glare of the alkali plain, the daughter shall glance out carelessly from behind the tapestry blind of her Pullman "section." Where the mother's hands washed and cooked and mended, and dressed wounds, and fanned the coals of the camp-fire, the daughter's shall trifle with books and music, shall be soft and "manicured" and daintily gloved.

It is one of the curious sights in the shops of a little town of frame houses—chiefly of one story, where the work of the house is not unfrequently done by the house-mother, not from poverty, but from the want in a new community of a servant class—to behold about Christmas time the display of sumptuous toilet articles implying hours spent upon the care of the feminine person, especially the feminine hands. This may be one of the indications of the sort of good time that is preparing for the daughters of the town. There are other and more hopeful suggestions, but none that seriously counteract the plainly projected revolt, on the part of the mothers, against a future of physical effort for their girls.

There are girls and girls in the West, of all

degrees and styles of prettiness; but here, as elsewhere, and in all her glory, is seen the pre-eminently pretty girl—who by that patent exists, to herself, to her world, and in the imagination of her parents. The career of this young lady in her native environment is something amazing to persons of a sober imagination as to what should constitute a girl's "good time." The risks that she takes, no less than her extraordinary escapes from the usual consequences, are enough to make one's time-honored principles reel on the judgment seat of propriety.

It is true she does not always escape; but she escapes so often that it is quite impossible to draw any wholesome deductions from her. The only thing that can be done with her is to disapprove of her (with the consciousness that she will not mind in the least) and forgive her, because she knows not what she does. Why should she not take the good time for which, and for little else, she has been trained—the life of pleasure for which some one else pays!

In the novels she goes abroad and marries an English duke; in real life not quite so often; but she is an element of confusion, morally, in all one's prophecies with regard to her. She may have talent and make an actress or a singer, if she has any capacity for work; or she may marry the man she loves and become an exemplary wife. That which in her history appeals most deeply to one's imagination is the contrast between her fortunes and those of her mother.

If Creusa had survived the fall of Troy to accompany Æneas on his wanderings, with a brood of fast-growing boys and girls, whose travel-worn garments she would have been mending while her hero entertained Dido with the tale of his misfortunes, it is not unlikely that that much-tried woman would have had her ideas as to those qualities in her sex that make for a "good time," and those which mostly go to supply a good time for others. And we may be sure that in planning the futures of the Misses Æneas she would not have chosen for them the virtues that go unrewarded; rather shall they sit, white-handed and royally clad, and turn a smiling face upon some eloquent adventurer—who shall not be, in all respects, a copy of father Æneas.

Whoever has lived in the West must have



observed that here it is the unexpected that always happens; therefore it will be a mistake to take the pretty girl too seriously, or to regard her as a fatal sign of the tendency of the life she is so fitted to enjoy. She is merely a phase,—an entertaining if not an instructive one,—for which her parents' hard lives and changes of fortune are mainly responsible. Her children will reverse the tendency, or carry it to the point of fracture, where nature steps in, in her significant way, and rubs out the false sum.

But as often as not nature permits the whole illogical proceeding to go on, and nothing happens of all that we have prophesied. We see that the fountain *does* rise higher than its source, that grapes *do* grow upon thorns and figs upon thistles, on some theory of cause and effect unknown to social dynamics.

The pretty girl from the East is hardly enough of a "rusher" to please the young Western masculine taste; but there will not be wanting pilgrims to her shrine. Her Eastern hostess will be proud of the chance to demonstrate that she is n't at all the same sort of pretty girl as her sister of the West,—it is the shades of difference that are vital,—and she will receive an almost pathetic welcome at the hands of her young countrymen, stranded upon cattle-ranches, or in railroad or mining camps, or engaged in hardy attempts of one sort or another wherein there is room for feminine sympathy.

Whether she takes her pleasure actively, in the saddle or in the canoe, or sits out the red summer twilights on the ranch piazza, or tunes her guitar to the ear of a single listener who has ridden over miles of desert plain for the privilege, she will be conscious that she supplies a motive, a new meaning to the life around her.

All this is very dangerous. She is in a world of illusions capable of turning into ordeals for those who put them to the proof—ordeals for which there has been no preparation in the life of the pretty girl. Even the ordeal of taste is not to be despised—taste, which en-

vions and consoles and unites and stimulates women in the East, and which disunites and tortures and sets them at defiance, one with another, in the West.

The life of the men may be large and dramatic, even in failure; but the life of women, here, as everywhere, is made up of very small matters—a badly cooked dinner, a horrible wall-paper, a wind that tears the nerves, a child with something the matter with it which the doctor "does n't understand," an acquaintance that is just near enough *not* to be a friend: it is the little shocks for which one is never prepared, the little disappointments and insecurities and failures and postponements, the want of completeness and perfection in anything, that harrows a woman's soul and makes her forget, too often, that she has a soul.

So let our pretty Eastern girl remember, before she pledges herself irrevocably to follow the fortunes of some charming young man she has had a "good time" with on the frontier, that—all good times and masculine assurances to the contrary notwithstanding—the frontier is not yet ready for her kind of pretty girl. There is more than one generation between her and the mother of a new community—unless she be minded to offer herself up on the altar of social enlightenment, or for the particular benefit of her particular young man. This is a fate which will always have a baleful fascination for the young woman who is capable of arguing that, if the frontier be not ready for her, the young man is.

The pity of it is that these young gentlemen always will pick out the pretty girl, when a less expensive choice would be so much more serviceable and fit the conditions of their lives so much better. But they are all potential millionaires, these energetic dreamers. They do not pinch themselves in their prospective arrangements, including the prospective wife. Between them both, the girl who expects to have a good time, and the young man who is confident that he can give it to her, there will probably be a good deal to learn.

\* \* \*

## ON A GREAT POET'S OBSCURITY.

WHAT means his line? You say none knows?  
Yet one perhaps may learn—in time:

For, sure, could Life be told in prose

There were no need at all for rhyme.

Alike two waters blunt the sight—

The muddy shallow and the sea;

Here every current leads aright

To deeps where lucent wonders be.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

# THE LONGWORTH MYSTERY.

BY THE CITY EDITOR.



THE eccentric old telegraph editor, in his little sleeping-den in the great publication building of the "Democratic Banner," was writing a compendium of Kant's philosophy, and kept a colony of white mice in a squirrel-cage, feeding them upon soda-crackers and milk. He was a patient, uncomplaining, and gentle slave, who toiled the ten hours of night without a word unless it were asked, and then it was freely, even generously, given. Somehow, with the knowledge that he knew enough to make a compendium of Kant, there came to the young men of the force the conviction that he knew everything else. And thus, in addition to his labors at the telegraph desk, he discharged the important function of encyclopedia-in-chief to the "Banner" staff.

Did anybody want to know the meaning of a word? Kant's disciple nimbly followed it to its Latin, Greek, or even Phenician root. Those curious expeditions into the infinitude of astronomic lore which the young reporter, in happy and unsuspecting ignorance, is so fond of making when assigned to "a paragraph on the partial eclipse of the moon to-night," were always more or less piloted by the friendly hand of the patient old philosopher, who turned from his work only to lighten that of somebody else. Touching all the astounding and deeply hidden mysteries of earth, air, science, philosophy, and religion that placid mind was a never-failing fount of information.

These things, it is true, were as airy nothings to the stern and immutable mission of the daily newspaper; they merely served to give pedants on the staff an opportunity to "kill space" on the days when storms and electrical phenomena reduced the capacity of the telegraph wires to convey sufficient "copy." But the young men felt a veneration for that mind so deeply stored with knowledge they could not understand, and a kindly pity that it stopped short of the important names upon the 2.30 class of trotters. Alas! it was a blank upon those stirring and absorbing subjects that engage the best intellect of the city editor's practical department. When he passed away it was perhaps in the fullness of a ripe, dry, and musty scholarship, but there was not a "regular," a "special," an "extra," or a "loose" man on the staff who did not recognize with

something of kindly compassion that that gentle spirit had gone to its eternal rest without knowing — or even caring to know, so sublime is the indifference of simple scholarship — the order of finish of the League base-ball clubs for the previous season, and all regardless of the fame of that single batsman who could face Pitchington, the curve terror, with any hope of a safe hit.

It is not pleasant to record these blots upon an otherwise fair page of life. It is, indeed; somewhat of gratuitous cruelty to set them down, for the telegraph editor had nothing whatever to do with Robert Longworth or "The Longworth Mystery." It may be excused, then, as a touch of that local color which accompanies the action of life as the painted scene gives emphasis to the actor's spoutings. It is even true that if the stupendously informed but sadly ignorant delver into Kant's philosophy had never lived, Longworth's career would have been in no wise changed. They occupied adjoining apartments in the building for a year, these two singular and interesting men, without knowing each other, although each knew the firmament and the stars and planets therein as familiarly as Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, knew the stars of his peculiar firmament, or Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, knew the planets that revolved around the twenty-four-foot ring or the mile circle at the racing-park.

These two men, though they resembled each other in the immensity of their knowledge and in the open-handed way in which it was dispensed, were entirely dissimilar. They supplemented, and, as it were, completed each other as practical factors of that staff of talented and industrious journalists. What the patient telegraph editor knew of things so hoary and impracticable as to pass all modern understanding in journalism, Longworth knew of that which was the prime meat, the juice, the essence, the all, of the local newspapers. His wonderful mind reached back and enveloped in the symmetry of minutest detail the prize-fights of the last century; the winners of the Derby when that famous stake was in puling infancy in England; the names and records of the champion high, long, and clear jumpers; the "averages" of the giants of the great baseball profession; and the gossip, private but reliable, of those smirched in the extension of the



franchise of the Paradise and Paddy's Run Street Railway. Upon the personalities of politics, the drift of issues, and the progress of legislation his mind was a fruitful expanse of information.

Looking back now it is comparatively easy to sum up and credit his great talents and his great services, but these were evolved slowly into recognition. The writer hereof, an entire stranger to the city, had scarcely settled himself in the august chair of the city editorship when Longworth made the almost unnoticed entry through which his genius was destined to filter, enlarging as it came, until it had flooded the local department of the "Democratic Banner" with shame, mortification, and base hatred.

The negligent copy-reader and the unspeakable proof-reader had both passed, in the course of an elaborate description of the new gymnasium, the absurd statement that Sayres had once fought the Tipton Slasher to his knees in the first round. Next morning there lay on the city editor's desk this note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DEMOCRATIC BANNER."

In the otherwise admirable report of the opening of the new gymnasium, in your valuable paper of this morning, your reporter falls into a common but inexcusable error regarding the mill between Sayres and The Slasher, fought at Tunbridge Wells, May 23, 1857. Sayres did *not* fight The Slasher to his knees during the first or any subsequent round of that remarkable contest. The misstatement originated in the Tunbridge Wells "Gazette's" report of the 24th of May, 1857, and was promptly corrected in "Bell's Life" of the succeeding week. Crapster's "Life of Sayres" expressly says that The Slasher slipped upon a pebble which had been overlooked in preparing the ring, and fell to one knee—not his *knees*—by accident. There is no stronger admirer of Sayres than his biographer, Crapster, and if any well-informed person felt any necessity to claim even a doubt of the cause of The Slasher's fall, that doubt would have been perpetuated in Sayres's "Life." But Crapster distinctly disavows any claim for his hero on that point.

ROBERT LONGWORTH.

This communication, written in a feeble and straggling hand, was published. It gave the copy-reader pain, it rebuked the unspeakable proof-reader, and it covered with the first heavy mantle of humiliation the sporting editor himself. That oracular member of the staff had never before experienced the salutary discovery of an equal, much less a superior, mind in the domain of his own peculiar information. Who "Robert Longworth" was the sporting editor did not know; no more did the city editor; but there was the note itself, proof of the presumption that its writer had read the classic of fistiana, with which the sporting editor had no acquaintance. And, knowing

nothing about it at all, the city editor, with that impartial dignity and quick decision which imparts so much strength to his position and elevates him in the respect of the staff, pronounced Longworth's correction to be well-timed, accurate, and due to the truth of history. This decision at once gave the city editor rank in the estimation of the force, which as a stranger he much needed, and he was henceforth looked upon as a remarkably well-informed and cultured journalist. Soon, when he passed opinions upon sporting topics, they were occasionally echoed in the sporting column in the easily detected phraseology of the sporting editor.

But it must be said of Mr. Burke that his first impulse, smarting under the sting of so bold a rebuke, was bitterness to Longworth.

"As if it made a cussed bit of difference," he explained with picturesque animation to Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, that night, seated at their regular midnight lunch over Drinkworth's beer and oysters. "The point of my reference was to illustrate the perfection to which the cultivation of the dukes might be carried—not to insist merely, begad, that Sayres had knocked The Slasher down in the first go. There's lots of duffers that have knocked handy men to their knees in the first round, and that sustains the point. But I happened to hit on Sayres just by accident, because it was a great name, I suppose, and this Longworth wants to come along and knock the whole point out. What difference does it make, anyhow, over a fight fought in '57?"

And the dramatic critic, an unapproachable and gloomy person, who unbent to nobody upon earth save Mr. Burke,—and whose reasons for unbending in that direction were basely attributed to certain selfish desires to obtain passes to all slugging-matches, cock-mains, race-meetings, and base-ball games, which passes were the sole perquisites and entirely within the influence of the sporting editor to obtain,—agreed mutely, but with a bored air, to his friend's defense.

It was soon apparent, however, that Longworth had no petty desire personally to annoy or humiliate the sporting editor. If he had, his malevolence must certainly have extended to other and finally to all the members of the staff; for within a week the note that had been forgotten was followed by another in the same quavering, straggling hand, and which, to the unconcealed delight of the force in whole, was directed to uncovering the fallibility of the religious department. It was plain that Longworth could not have any feeling of malignity towards the pale, amiable, and yearning youth whose duty of once a week, on Saturday, throwing the contributed religious



notices into shape had earned for him the title of the religious editor. He was a rustic youth, with remarkable capacity for enjoying all the privileges of journalism and escaping its grinding demands. The religious editor regarded Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, with a veneration born of similar, but as yet unsatisfied, ambition. Nothing more delighted him than the occurrence of what was technically known as a "double sporting event," in which case he left no pleading unattempted to secure the assignment for reporting the lesser, while Mr. Burke himself attended the greater in person and, with patronizing kindness, corrected the "copy" of his youthful and rapidly fledgling emulator. It is painful to record that these associations and the peculiar ambition of the religious editor soon brought rumors that he was beginning to be seen about the gambling-houses. From that to cigarettes and the chewing of tobacco, with not yet entirely concealed repugnance, was a short step, and he began to swear vigorously as he compiled the church notices on Saturday nights. But he retained a boyish geniality and an engaging amiability, and his elasticity of imagination in circulating unimportant facts that he picked up at random diverted and amused all of us. And thus his title of religious editor was fastened upon him, it is only proper to confess, for purely ribald and satirical reasons.

The religious editor, it appears, in editing a paragraph announcing the subject of the Rev. Dr. Calvin's sermon for the next day had incautiously accepted an opening for pedantic display,—the bane of young journalists,—and upon the result of his attempt (which Burke declared revolutionized at one swoop all preconceived notions of the Mosaic code) Longworth came down in a note that was brief but which weighed like a ton upon the religious editor's self-satisfaction.

This note attracted our attention sharply to Longworth, though nobody had the remotest idea who Longworth was. But the time came when there was no room to doubt that Longworth knew the "Democratic Banner" with a critical intimacy that was wonderful. The office soon learned to fancy Longworth's Eye as being in itself some insatiate monster, roaming up and down the columns of the paper, searching everywhere, penetrating all departments, finding and dragging to light unwary inaccuracies and blunders. Nothing escaped his relentless scrutiny. He challenged alike the book reviewer's reference to the date of the publication of a French work on infidelity and the haughty dramatic critic's smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. When a typographical error in the market reports put up the price of eggs seven cents in the dozen

Longworth sent in a communication, full of appalling statistics, to show that it must be a mistake, because in no year since 1817 had eggs ever reached such a figure at that season. He knew the productions of the unsung hen as thoroughly as those of more renowned authors. He sent up, from nobody knew where, in little dirty envelopes, memoranda of all sorts and conditions, setting the court reporter right in regard to the date of certain ordinances and reminding the art critic of facts hitherto unknown to that authority about the origin of pottery in Japan. He fell upon the "Answers to Correspondents," and for weeks the timid bookworm of that department, who stood intrenched behind the awful array of information he had himself heaped up, sat silent, aghast, and stricken with remorse at the ignorance and blunders that had crept into what he had heretofore considered an impregnable wall of passionless and impartial fact.

It was not long until the rumor grew that even the throned omnipotence that fulminated the tariff articles had received a note in which his figures upon the prime cost of pig iron in the southern water-shed were ruthlessly challenged, scattered, and put to flight. Whether this was true will never be demonstrable by actual proof, for no secrets leaked out of the gloomy chamber in which were written articles upon the necessity of a tariff revision, upon a plan that nobody understood, and which could not be explained to anybody. But it was certainly more than a coincidence that about this time the tariff editor's evolutions became tinged with acrid but obscure references to "certain emissaries of the arrogant money classes who, led by gross ignorance and upheld by intolerable effrontery, have questioned our accuracy upon this point." Then followed arrays of figures, with the first cost of raw material multiplied by classifications of multiples and divided by divisors, "selected for reasons explained at length in our articles upon this absorbing subject last year." A few days later the tariff editor fulminated a great broadside of sweeping sarcasm and bitter abuse against the still mysterious "emissary" who, "not content with disputing our facts, actually has the impertinence to deny the correctness of our multiples and divisors."

The young gentlemen who prepared with facile pens the light and airy chronicles of the local page listened to the thunder and roar and watched the flashes of this battle between the giants with openly expressed delight. The denounced "emissary" was never unmasked by name, but continued to stalk purely as an "emissary"; yet we knew, with the accuracy of unerring instinct, that it was Longworth who



was stirring up the splendid but intellectually irritable and unsociable animal in the tariff cage.

"And for one," remarked the sporting editor, with a burst of feeling, "I'm glad of it. The old man" (meaning, without disrespect or familiarity, the venerable editor-in-chief, whose special study was the tariff)—"the old man has been writing that stuff so long, he believes, begad, he knows all about it. Just because nobody has ever tackled him before he thought he was dead right in everything he said about pig iron. I don't know who's right, but I'll bet the drinks, begad, that he don't know as much about it as Longworth does."

Tom Kirby, the police reporter, agreed with Mr. Burke as far as the sporting editor concluded to go. It made Kirby sick, he confessed, to pick up the paper and see the editorial page loaded down with pig iron day after day. There was the old man writing it by the yard, when he, Kirby, would bet that he, the old man, had never seen an iron-furnace in his life. But, notwithstanding the failure of the old man to equip himself with a statistical knowledge of the cost of iron production by apprenticing himself as a puddler in his youth, Kirby was ready to bet his sweet life that the old man was "a dandy" and could write all around anybody else in the West on the tariff question.

This uncertain, but, on the whole, loyal and complimentary, sentiment regarding the old man was indorsed by the assembled judges of the local department, it is a pleasure to say, without a dissenting voice.

As has been declared, we never knew directly that it *was* Longworth who had interposed himself between the tariff editor and his man of straw, but we believed it firmly. By this time we had learned to know Longworth well. If his notes to the tariff editor had been published with Longworth's name attached it would have added little to the weight of conviction. The notes were not published, of course; for the very sensible and sufficient reason that the public ought to be satisfied with what the editor writes without reference to what may be said on the other side. What would be the use of a man devoting his life to journalism if every scribbler who came along were privileged to take issue with him?

In the local department we had long ago ceased publishing Longworth's communications and corrections. If we had continued to give them space they would have impeached the reliability of that great engine itself in which we were merely cogs, wheels, and connections. But though we secreted them, we did not despise them. They secretly furnished the city editor, many a time, the basis for a sharp crit-

icism of somebody's negligence. And, indeed, the entire staff were influenced by the intangible but undoubted presence of Longworth, and were writing more or less in view of and under the fear of Longworth. If the police reporter felt tempted to add any technical frills to the account of a post-mortem in a "three-column crime," he did so only after submitting his notes to the correction of a surgeon. Even Mr. Burke became singularly conscientious touching dates, and Mr. Forrest gradually ceased his reminiscences of the elder Booth, simply because all were challenged or discredited in some point by Longworth.

Only the amiable but unregenerate religious editor scorned and ignored him. Far from being chastened, corrected, or advised by Longworth's notes, the religious editor damned them with fervent vigor when they were laid upon his desk, and damned the mysterious Longworth along with them.

But though Longworth's notes were not published, they continued to arrive every day or two. They came regularly for years. They covered all imaginable subjects, and ruthlessly impeached countless statements that, nevertheless, continued to stand for facts. Longworth was recognized as a member—if a very irritating one—of the staff. At last everybody about the office who chanced to be in urgent need of information upon any subject was sarcastically advised to "Ask Longworth."

But we continued not to know who Longworth was any more than who was the man in the moon. Even the right hand of the city editor, the well-thumbed and faithful city directory, was silent upon the momentous question of his habitation, as it was of his name. His notes came steadily in the mails; but though we ignored them as to publication, we could not discourage Longworth's self-imposed resolution. That he did not finally appear in person and, as "an old and valued contributor," seek some personal benefit from his self-established intimacy with the paper, gave us cause for astonishment. There was the lady who had been selected by the local temperance union to contribute a column of temperance paragraphs to the Sunday edition, and who had been permitted to do so as a special favor: *she* was filling her column in three months with "puffs" of business houses; another lady, who wrote essays upon "Woman's Sphere" and was convinced that intellectual progress suddenly stood still when her essays were temporarily omitted; and still another lady, who had astonishingly frequent attacks of divine frenzy and came out of each with a manuscript poem that nobody understood—these came constantly in person and took such elaborate interest in the fate of their "copy" as would



have made of the managing editor a social pariah if the comments he uttered in private had been publicly circulated. And all of them enjoyed the conviction that their contributions entitled them to such favors as they freely asked in the puffing of numerous enterprises thinly veiled under the alluring name of charity. Longworth alone of all that band of self-invited assistants continued laboriously, conscientiously, and ably to edit the waste-basket in silence and resignation.

Kirby, the police reporter, whose duties frequently constituted him a detective upon most embarrassing mysteries, and whose wonderful capacity for knowing a great deal about everybody had established him as a very remarkable person, could not throw any light upon the mystery of Longworth and his identity.

Out of this grew the usual slang jests. Everybody who volunteered information was "Longworth"; Webster's Unabridged was known as "the office Longworth"; the city directory was "the local Longworth." A patriarchal old printer in the job-printing department, whose benevolent face and appearance of extreme wisdom invited the joke, was commonly called "Longworth." Coming up with this elderly man one day in the elevator, the religious editor asked in a whisper of the sporting editor:

"Who is the old duck?"

"That," answered the sporting editor, as the old man stepped out on the next floor, and with a pitying smile, as if the information ought to be superfluous—"That? Why, that's Longworth."

Months afterward the staff learned with a shout of amusement that the guileless religious editor had been regularly addressing the elderly job printer as "Mr. Longworth" when they chanced to meet in the elevator. This discovery heaped ridicule and mortification upon the ingenuous youth, but he did not entirely succumb.

"I don't care," said he, affecting a smile that was not all an honest and spontaneous smile should be. "When I say, 'How d' ye do, Mr. Longworth,' he says, 'Pretty well, I thank you'; and if the name suits him I'm blessed if it don't answer my purpose."

And it did. The elderly job printer had thenceforth no other name than Longworth. If he had taken pains to inform the whole staff that he possessed another, it is probable that the satisfaction of the slang would still have outweighed the truth of the suggestion.

But there was an end to Longworth, as there is to all other things; though what we thought at first to be the end was really only the beginning. And that beginning of the end was the sudden and complete cessation of

Longworth's notes. Was he ill? Or had he gone on a journey? Both explanations were suggested. Several weeks passed and the religious editor filed the fervent and unchristian hope that he was dead and housed hotly somewhere. But that portion of the staff engaged in embodying facts continued to gather and to write them in full fear of Longworth and with a keen appreciation of his sensitiveness on the subject, which in itself was a silent tribute to the salutary and profound effect of Longworth's unremitting labor. Silent as he was,—perhaps dead, at any rate missing,—the unconscious standard he had compelled continued to be the pole star by which those mariners upon the sea of current events steered their hazardous statements.

It is not the intention to slur truth in this narration, and it is only right, therefore, to admit that, as time passed, the embargo which Longworth had laid upon the imagination and the neglectfulness of the staff was gradually, and, eventually, entirely raised. Mr. Forrest resumed cautiously his reminiscences of the elder Booth, the sporting editor's opinionativeness increased, and even the tariff editor sailed a little farther away from the beacon lights of James Madison at every voyage.

The Longworth mystery was finally solved through the haughty dramatic critic. Panoplied with indignation at an assignment from the city editor to "go to the United States Court to-day and write a column characteristic sketch of the arraignment of moonshiners," Mr. Forrest went to his duty stoically and came back greatly pleased and patronizing in mood.

"Those moonshiners," said he to the city editor, "are worth about as many lines as will hold their names; but there was a case up on demurrer, or something of that sort, and there is a story in it that will make your hair curl."

"What is it all about?" inquired the city editor, who was not in primitive ignorance of the means resorted to by the various persons on the staff to give their discoveries a pretended value that was occasionally intrinsically lacking.

"All about Longworth," said Mr. Forrest, patronizingly and with a trace of annoyance in his tone, as he laid upon the city editor's table a handful of notes labeled: "Tabitha J. Longworth *vs.* the Order of Good Friends."

"Well, what has Longworth been doing?" asked Mr. Forrest's chief, with a tinge of authority and brusqueness in his manner.

"Oh, nothing particularly," snapped out the dramatic critic, with a sneer in his voice, "but to marry and shamelessly deceive two trusting women, involve a noble charitable order in costly litigation, and write a lot of insuf-



ferably impertinent notes to his betters on this paper for the past seven years."

"ROBERT LONGWORTH!" cried the city editor in the unmistakable capital letters of great astonishment.

For answer Mr. Forrest again affected annoyance, and asked if it would be necessary for him to make an affidavit to support the truth of what he had already said.

But the little personal throes of pride, of triumph, and of ill-nature that attend the oiling of the great engine of information are not to be idly exhibited to the public; and it is enough to say that after those throes had subsided in this instance the staff of the "Democratic Banner" were soon seething with curiosity as to Longworth and his duplicity. Only brief and detached outlines had been given by Mr. Forrest, who, with a masterly and supreme affectation of indifference, began early in the evening to compose the "story" that his fellow journalists awaited so eagerly.

The details of Mr. Forrest's story will not be given here. Most of its interest was due to his powerful and inimitable style, and only the entire narrative as he wrote it would preserve that for full appreciation. It must be owned that it was one of the most brilliant efforts of his facile pen, and those who desire to read it may refer to the files of the "Democratic Banner," where Mr. Forrest revealed the mystery and the crime of Robert Longworth, under the captions of

### A VILLAIN UNVEILED!

ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING STORIES IN LEGAL ANNALS.

The Unparalleled and Criminal Duplicity of Robert Longworth, who Broke Two Hearts and Cruelly Threw One Away.

A STORY OF FACT RIVALING IN ROMANCE AND MYSTERY THE PLOT OF THE MOST IMPROBABLE NOVEL!

In denouncing Longworth's duplicity Mr. Forrest wrote with all the vigorous and picturesque interjectiveness that small capital "sub-heads" skillfully placed could lend to a style whetted and nerved by recollections of Longworth's ruthless corrections of certain more or less smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. It must be admitted that while Mr. Forrest wrote with venom he wrote, also, with certain power.

THOSE DAMNING RECORDS,

HIS BASILISK EYES,

A MYSTERIOUS SECRET,

are some of the catch-lines in small capitals that the reader who cares to look up this

memorable "scoop" upon one of the most loathsome of contemporaries will find standing out boldly in the three columns of leaded minion with which, in the figurative and highly colored language of the religious editor, the "Democratic Banner" "paralyzed that old fraud" at last.

As briefly as possible it may be explained that Longworth was undoubtedly a bigamist. He had, many years before, clandestinely married a well-to-do widow in a Pennsylvania town, and had expended much of her means in attempting to establish a newspaper. He had then left to seek an opening in the West and had never returned to his deserted wife. True, he had maintained a most ingenious and constant correspondence with her, which did not cease even in the happy period when he was enjoying another honeymoon with a second well-to-do and unsuspecting widow. Supporting a most elaborate falsehood and a most ingenious system of detail with his first wife, he had evidently mailed his letters to her from a suburb across the river, while he was as plainly residing in the city. The end came to this fragile fabric when Robert Longworth took passage on the steamboat *Evening Star*, on that memorable night when her boilers exploded and the souls of forty-six excursionists never returned to complain of crowded accommodations. True, his body was never recovered, nor had his name appeared in the list of the lost published in the "Democratic Banner's" splendid account of that deplorable tragedy — an account so infinitely superior to the miserably inaccurate and poorly written story in our loathsome contemporary as to stand out as one of the greatest achievements in Western journalism. This is not said in mere vainglory, but is a well-attested fact, due to the presence on board the ill-starred boat of one of the "Democratic Banner's" reporters, who swam triumphantly ashore on a hen-coop and walked four miles to a telegraph office to send his report, while our miserable contemporary was forced to content itself with the untrained hearsay of a country correspondent.

But though his name was not in the death list Robert Longworth had disappeared in that disaster, and his widow — or, to speak more accurately, his second widow — had promptly received from the Order of Good Friends, of which he was a member, the sum always paid to the families of members who had died.

In the mean time his first wife, missing her accustomed letters, had set on foot a laborious investigation with the aid of a lawyer, had unearthed all his conduct, and was now suing to recover, as his only lawful wife, the benefit already paid to the second wife.



"And this," wrote Mr. Forrest, "was the punctiliously correct and painfully accurate person who in 187-, or thereabouts, began sending to the 'Democratic Banner' communications of all sorts and upon every conceivable subject, finding fault with the statements of everybody. He soon established the repu-

one subject. While all agreed that there was not another man on the force who possessed Mr. Forrest's ability as a first-class, all-around journalist, yet the opinion seemed to prevail that he had taken something of an unfair advantage and a personal delight in making the whole thing look as black as possible for Long-



AT DRINKWORTH'S.

tation in the 'Banner' office of being a first-class crank, desirous of the notoriety that such creatures usually achieve in the way of getting their names in print. Longworth was an aggravation of 'Tax Payer,' the evil quintessence of 'Citizen,' 'Fair-Play,' and 'Veritas.' He thought he knew more than everybody else, and exhibited his ignorance and presumption with a lavishness of pen, ink, and paper that might have bankrupted a stationer.

"The trial of this case," so the article concluded, "will be one of the most famous in local annals, and the facts unfold to us one of those romances of villainy in real life that fiction and the stage so often feebly attempt to portray."

It is needless to say that the proof-slips of Mr. Forrest's three-column story were discussed that night before the paper went to press with an interest not often betrayed towards the most startling episodes that come within the practical province of newspaper work. Displaying in heroic measure his affectation of indifference, Mr. Forrest had turned in his copy and immediately gone home, and his absence left the remainder of the force free to discuss the

worth. This view of it came out little by little, and was shared by all except the religious editor. That young gentleman, now in the height of a career of dissipation and pleasure which seemed to steel his heart against sympathy, was relentless.

"Serves him right," said he; "and Forrest can't hit him too hard to suit me. I always thought Longworth was too fond of little unnecessary facts to be any good. People of that kind," continued the religious editor, breezily generalizing, "are mostly no good. A man can be so confounded accurate, you know, that he won't have time to be anything else. I like facts about as well as anybody else, but I don't go around proving that everybody else is a liar because he does n't happen to agree with me. That was about Longworth's size. He was so busy trying to keep other people from straying that he did n't have time to keep from becoming an infernal rascal himself."

But this extreme view found not a single echo. In fact, all recognized that Longworth had been more or less a mentor and a benefit to the staff, and there was no resentment harbored against his memory.



The fact that he had married two, or even more, wives did not influence us against him. In newspaper offices, among the men who make up the chronicle of daily history, the moral sense is not necessarily lost, but it is often not aroused by the discovery of wrong-doing. Tireless and inquisitive reporters see so many men doing wrong with impunity and know that so often punishment is a matter of accident or of interested malice, that they give a great deal of weight to the eleventh commandment, against being found out, and become unresponsive to personal morality in others as a moving sentiment to repel or attract. Longworth had been found out, but not until he was beyond punishment, and we bore him no malice on that score. That his crime gave us a good "story" rather told in his favor, and as to his notes and his corrections, there was no denying he had always been right.

"Oh, I'd let it go in that way," said Mr. Burke, from the desk in his corner, illuminated by prints of race-horses and portraits of prize-fighters, where he used to receive all sorts of hard-looking persons in pea-jackets, variously ornamented with ponderous jewelry. "Longworth is dead; he won't care, and both his wives will like to see him roasted. That part about his letters to the paper is very good, I think. It will teach a lot of other ducks of the kind who think they know it all that there are fellows in the office quietly keeping tab on them."

And so adopting this view of it, as, on the whole, journalistically sufficient, at two o'clock in the morning we buried in three columns of the first page all mortal that had been discovered of Longworth. He had been of us for seven or eight years, but it was only above his grave, and standing, as it were, over the wreck of his character and his good name, that we knew him at all. As we walked out of the great building in the early morning, the moon, bright and cloudless, sailing through the sky and marking shadows black and broad along the sidewalk, the burdened and groaning press was busily multiplying the humiliation of one who in his time had humiliated the active spirit of that very engine's existence.

The most startling manifestations of human nature, the most unexpected disappointments of life, do not burden the mind or engage the emotions of the journalist. Wrecks of character, of life, and of hope are, for his professional attention, only just what the most dangerous wounds or most perilous diseases are to engage the trained attention of surgeon or physician. The one soon becomes accustomed to seeing all the sorrow and shame of life pass before him in sad review, as the other listens to the moan of pain or watches the unconscious

throes of the sick. And as each detaches himself from his personal feelings deftly to use the scalpel of his profession upon the abstract subject before him, he devotes no emotion to the effort and rapidly recoups himself for the next "case."

So it was with Longworth's story. Next day the highest feeling left in the bosoms of the "Democratic Banner" staff was that it was a splendid and unqualified "scoop." In our loathsome contemporary appeared not a line of the singular romance the three fascinating columns of which made the "Democratic Banner" a thing of beauty to the trained journalistic eye.

Even the business manager, a person usually of no journalistic instinct, and useful about newspaper offices only to pay editorial salaries, smiled that morning and was moved to approving comment upon the excellence of the exclusive story.

The city editor went to his desk therefore with buoyant spirit. Only, however, to have even his experienced and well-directed ardor dampened by the most unexpected of reactions contained in this note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DEMOCRATIC BANNER."

Will you kindly state in your issue of to-morrow that the Robert Longworth whose villainies are so vividly and entertainingly described in this morning's paper is not the Robert Longworth who has resided in the thriving suburb of Milltown for so many years? I ask this in justice to myself, because I infer that your reporter has made the error of confounding two Longworths. I have written a great many contributions for the "Democratic Banner," and may have laid myself open to the reflections in which he indulges about them; but I have not been blown upon the *Evening Star*, or on any other boat, and have no desire to be burdened with any other Longworth's shortcomings in addition to those your reporter has so vigorously pointed out as perhaps properly belonging to me.

ROBERT LONGWORTH.

The note was written in the unmistakable feeble, quavering handwriting of Robert Longworth himself—the Robert Longworth who, but the night before, had been dismissed with so much of genuine compassionate feeling. That note seemed like his ghost suddenly returned from its mysterious bourn.

"Who left this note?" the city editor inquired of the office-boy.

"An old man laid it on your desk and walked out," answered the boy.

"Did he seem angry—did he say anything?" pursued the city editor.

"He never showed no signs," answered the astute youth, "of being hot in the collar. He just says, 'Give that to the editor,' and walked out whenst he come."

Here was annoyance! And enough of it to take the keen edge of satisfaction from the delight of the "scoop." Evidently Mr. Forrest had jumped at conclusions and confounded two Longworths. The story was not discredited by that fact, of course; but at best it was a careless and annoying error, entailing upon the paper the mortifying necessity of confusing a

this and in no wise deserved. The city editor relies of course upon the accuracy of the men who obtain the facts for his department, and if he is responsible it is only for perpetuating the mistakes of subordinates. And this much the city editor remarked to Mr. Forrest, adding the off-hand offer to bet fifty dollars against five that if he (the city editor) had



"WHO LEFT THIS NOTE?"

good story by an immaterial explanation and an *amende*. The city editor reflected that Kirby, with his steady training and his unerring instinct for facts, would not have made such a blunder. If he could not have written the story half so well, he would have ferreted out the exact identity at least, or restrained his desire to wreak his vengeance on Longworth until identity was established. The substance of this observation Mr. Kirby did not fail to make to the city editor in confidence afterward.

Mr. Forrest acknowledged with dignified condescension that he might have taken the trouble to make sure, if he had thought there was any doubt. He added with stinging irony, wholly gratuitous, that, considering how notorious was his error, he was astonished that the city editor had not detected it in the copy. This was an ill-natured fling at the writer of

been investigating the story he would not have made the mistake of putting such an error into copy.

But it is unnecessary to waste space upon these disagreeable details. Kirby made a hasty remark about jumping at conclusions, and the city editor admitted in his own mind the absolute unreliability of dramatic critics in matters of pure fact. The sporting editor observed that as the facts about the other Longworth were all true, he could not understand why any Longworth should raise a howl about it. This was unfair in temper, since *our* Longworth had not raised a howl. He had, in the politest manner only, asked to be exculpated from a false accusation.

The new aspect of the case surprised us all. In the general willingness to let Mr. Forrest revenge himself upon a presumptive Longworth the actual Longworth who had offended



him was stirred to activity again. The city editor revolved the situation in his mind all day, and, in order to protect Mr. Forrest's dignity, determined personally to investigate the matter further. In the multiplicity of his labors, however, he neglected to do so that day, and the correcting note was left out of the paper next morning.

The next afternoon the foreman of the job-printing department came up from his separate quarters and inquired of the city editor if a note of that purport had been received.

"Longworth asked me," said he, "to request you to publish it."

"Longworth!" echoed the city editor. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," said the foreman. "I've known him for years, and he is out here now."

He stepped quickly to the door, called out into the hall very loudly, "Longworth!" and the next moment there entered the benevolent and taciturn old job printer whom the religious editor had been addressing as "Mr. Longworth" for the past two years!

The city editor gave this apparition a keen and reproachful look as if he would not have thought it of him, and then, finding himself at bay, suavely explained that the correction had been carelessly overlooked the night before, but would certainly be published next morning.

"I'll be very much obliged," said Longworth in a thin and quavering voice, that sounded to the city editor like his handwriting translated into sound. The old man said it simply and earnestly, as if it were to be a favor bestowed upon him unworthily, and there was a kindly, pleased smile upon his face.

Longworth was plainly entitled to the explanation, and his gentleness and lack of self-assertion had their due effect in softening the city editor to its admission without further inquiry.

The announcement to the staff that Robert Longworth was the elderly job printer carried its full surprise. Only, the religious editor's eye brightened with the fire of conscious penetration in view of the fact that he had even unwittingly known Longworth so long.

We all knew him better soon; for, needing a copy-reader to assist the city editor, Longworth was sought at his "case" and readily agreed to undertake the duty, which thus gave him the revision of all the copy and an oppor-

tunity to arrest all those errors of haste and imagination that he had been able to detect heretofore only after they had been betrayed in print. A better man for the post could not have been made to hand; and at his table, alongside the city editor's desk, he soon became one of the most valuable aids, one of the most conscientious and untiring of workers.

It was curious to notice that not even the discursive and pretentious dramatic critic or the opinionative Mr. Burke objected to his corrections, so long as they were suggested or made in the privacy of office confidence and not in the publicity of print. Indeed, they soon learned to lean upon his friendly hand and his unerring memory. It was Longworth's exactitude of knowledge that lent additional value to their work; it was his patient attention that made all the force strong in facts, more effective in literary style, and finally more dependent in spirit. Longworth soon pervaded the whole local department, and all relied upon him. He



"A BETTER MAN FOR THE POST COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MADE TO HAND."

was the most honest and toilsome slave that ever served under the lamp. Even the city editor soon took his turn of adding burdens to those willing shoulders, and felt safer that Longworth was at hand to smooth over the difficulties of shirking.

All this is due to him. This story would possess no value if it was not true, and in confidences such as should exist between the reader and this confessor nothing should be reserved. So the confession of his value and his faithfulness is due to the patient and gentle old man who sat night after night at his table, going with rapid fingers through the great piles of copy, his kindly face illumined, as if by a nimbus, by the gaslight that sifted through his white hair.

Longworth was not talkative, but like other agreeable spirits he would converse when the conditions were favorable. When there was a lull in work, or during the brief period of relaxation after the night's labor was done and

the staff lounged about, sitting on the desks, to recall and recount incidents and gather suggestions, Longworth was not averse to engaging in the conversation. He discussed news critically, and frequently gave suggestions that opened up entirely new avenues in sensations apparently exhausted. He watched the merely effective as well as the legal points of all the mysteries and tragedies so dear to the reportorial heart. He always recurred to the other Longworth's bigamy case as one of unusual interest. He it was who unearthed the legal point that, as the body of Longworth had not been produced nor the death absolutely proved, and the statutory time for presumption of death had not elapsed, the payment of the "benefit" to the second wife was legally nothing more than a gratuity from the Order of Good Friends, and that the first wife by proving her prior and legal marriage could secure payment from the Order as if none had ever been made. He returned to the case often—so often that at last it came to be called the "Great Longworth Mystery," and even Kirby became infected with his idea of the possibility of a still more startling dénouement. That Monsieur Vidocq of the staff had little appreciation of the romantic and picturesque in crime, but he possessed a sterling idea of the value of facts, and this drew him nearer to Longworth. For Longworth had unusually combined those qualities so often found divided, a conscientious devotion to facts and an artistic appreciation of their vivid and effective grouping and coloring for honest results.

It would not do to say that Kirby fully comprehended Longworth's sensitive anticipation of the opportunity to heap upon the climax of the story already related by Mr. Forrest any unexpected dénouement; but it may have occurred to him keenly that if the dead Longworth were only missing it would be a triumph of fact to overtake and confound him with punishment, or, if he were dead, to supply the missing link in the first widow's testimony by discovering proof of the fact. The unsympathizing nature of his mind did not see, as Longworth saw, the irony of such a result in its effect upon a jury in compelling it to allow the first widow's claim and thus compensate all the afflicted ones. Perhaps even Longworth was not taking that view of it. Whatever their differing motives, the conversations that we overheard between Longworth and Kirby, in which the old man's quavering and gentle voice was pitched in an ardent tenor key, seemed solely designed to point out the importance of settling the mystery itself as a matter of truth.

"There is nothing at all certain," he would say, "in the mere presumption that, because

this man took passage on the boat and never returned, he is dead. There is nothing certain, either, in the mere presumption that, because he has not returned, he is not dead. The question is, what *is* the fact—*what* is the mystery?"

"A hopeless crank!" continued Mr. Forrest, gloomily, upon one of these occasions, as we walked out for lunch. "I think the old man has a special and personal hatred of that poor dead and gone creature, simply because they bore the same name. And I don't know any more ingenious contrivance for gratifying his malice than to set Kirby on to keep the ghost unquiet."

But it was not hatred. There was genuine journalistic instinct and suggestiveness in his idea: nothing less than that would have finally induced the city editor himself to take a due share of interest in the possibility of there being further development in the "Great Longworth Mystery."

The winter passed, marked along its cold and foggy course by Longworth's asthmatic struggles. He said it was asthma, and it probably was asthma before it became consumption. But he never complained; was even apologetic if one of his paroxysms of coughing drew from any of the nervous and impatient young men a rattling of chairs or the hasty and quickly regretted ejaculation of "Cheese it!" or "Rats!"

When the spring came, only a milder and muggier edition of winter, the old man would come in at noon from his vital waking struggles with his cough, haggard in look and broken in strength, but not the less conscientious in his devotion to his duties. He was upborne by something of that physical heroism which in its contemplation brings the hardest world to its knees in gentleness and sympathy. In some such silent and figurative attitude the little world of the "Democratic Banner" staff stood towards his shattering cough and his oft-times pitiful struggles to gasp back the difficult breath.

"Suppose," he suggested one night to the city editor, "this mysterious Longworth is not dead at all! Suppose he merely stepped ashore at some landing and made away with the intention of creating the impression that he had been lost overboard—an impression which the subsequent destruction of the steamer made unnecessary! He alone knew at that time that he was a bigamist, and the dread of exposure, if any was felt, was felt by him alone. Is there not enough motive there to color the theory of mere disappearance instead of death? It would be nothing to a man who had lived a lie for years and maintained with two wives a theoretical existence to duplicate that existence with a third, or, for that matter, to deceive



all his acquaintances and the whole power of the law itself. Suppose, instead of being destroyed in the explosion, he had merely stepped ashore and into another name and another residence! How do we know his name is Robert Longworth? What do we know of him when his wife could not fathom him? May he not be one of those singular men, incapable of enjoying a regular life and destined to eccentricity—finding security in his very boldness? Is anything certain of him? Is it not at least possible that he merely ‘stepped ashore’?”

When Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania arrived with the expressed intention of remaining until her suit was decided and the legality of her widowhood established, Kirby interviewed her upon this line of conjecture. But he found the first Mrs. Longworth a woman of unusual coolness and resolution, who, however easily she might have been inveigled into a romantic marriage, had strict views as to reporters. Her case, she said, was in the hands of her lawyers, and she could not discuss it in the newspapers. Yes, Mr. Longworth *might* be alive. She was prepared for *anything* after hearing of his second marriage. She was not more surprised at *that*, however, than she was at having married him herself. Her acquaintance with him previous to the marriage had been brief, and she knew *absolutely nothing* of his life before she met him. Yes, he *might* have had another name; she was no longer *sure of anything*.

Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania impressed Kirby rather unfavorably as a reservoir of journalistic information. But her daughter, he confessed abruptly, was a “daisy.”

“Her daughter?” inquired old man Longworth, as he listened to this report.

“The girl,” said Kirby, “is as pretty as a peach; young, well educated, and has charming manners.”

That she was all Kirby painted her was true. The suit, first passed, then postponed, and again continued, seemed likely to develop into a chancery case. Still Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania remained at her post, perhaps



“HE BROUGHT MRS. KIRBY INTO THE OFFICE.”

from a very natural hatred of the woman who claimed the name she bore, more than from any desire to secure the mere pittance at stake.

And her stay succeeded in permanently fixing Kirby's interest in the case, since, the first we knew, he was married to the daughter and thus irrevocably committed to the solution of the mystery. They had been quietly married without warning. Kirby was a good fellow, a sensible one, and well deserved his good fortune. And we soon had an opportunity to judge how good it was; for one evening he brought Mrs. Kirby into the office, “just to show her the den, you know, boys,” and the city editor's staff of envious celibates looked with unmistakable admiration upon the trim and pretty young girl, her bright eyes just even with Kirby's broad shoulders, whence they glanced up towards his own with a constant and dancing delight in his mere presence and in her pride and young joy. She had surprised all the boys with their coats off, hard at work, but hats were quickly doffed to give her that royal welcome that men willingly express to youthful feminine beauty.

You may be sure there was nothing ever came home to the "Democratic Banner" like this "Great Longworth Mystery." Already there was Longworth's namesake on the staff, landed there by an accident of the case, and now here was his daughter transplanted among us, so to speak, by a stranger accident of the case, and shaking hands in happy and smiling ease with all the young men. She even shook hands with old man Longworth himself, and Longworth's kindly old eyes rested upon her with gentle delight expressed in them, and, with all of us, he followed with appreciation her trim and graceful figure as it moved about the room.

The "Democratic Banner" was committed to the revelation of the "Great Longworth Mystery" beyond escape. It had become something of a family affair too, involving at least a little tact in its new bearings. And so, after Kirby's marriage, the city editor took down his assignment book and made a change of suggestions. The new one read thus:

Sept. 15.—Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report. R. LONGWORTH.

This was a mere memorandum, however, for Longworth was not employed as a reporter and was not assignable to duty of that sort save with his own consent. But, upon the point of delicacy, it was very plain that Kirby could not be assigned to report the trial. When I mentioned to old man Longworth my desire that he, who understood the case so well, should undertake it, he flatly declined the task.

One can never tell how impressions are made; but out of this declination, somehow or other, the shadow of a suspicion developed in the mind of the city editor. Was it something in Longworth's manner?—no; in his voice? Or was it a mere cruelty of fancy, arising from annoyance, that made me suspect that old man Longworth himself, sitting there toiling in his almost pathetic way, was the center of that mystery? The idea seemed to insinuate itself, and every time the old man returned to the subject, with his startling suggestion that Robert Longworth might still be alive, the suspicion grew and fixed itself more firmly in the mind of the city editor. *Was not the Robert Longworth whose mystery seemed to be burned up in that burning boat the Robert Longworth who was possessed of this absorbing interest in the outcome of the case?*

For a month the city editor carried this secret doubt about with him, being debarred, in such phase of the case, from consultation with Kirby or even from taking any member of the staff into his confidence. There was a certain feeling of guilt in harboring the sus-

picion, and yet a certain instinct of its possibility of truth. Finally he determined to take the question to Longworth himself for answer.

And thus it was that one night, while he sat discussing the endless possibilities of the mystery, he fixed his eyes keenly and unflinchingly upon the old man, and asked:

"Mr. Longworth, don't you *know* that this man went safely ashore from that boat and is alive to-day?"

The question was the sword-thrust of Hamlet behind the curtain. If nothing was concealed there nothing would be pierced. As he delivered it the city editor felt his heart beat and the flush rise to his face that was to be of triumph, perhaps—or mortification. But it faded away into the mere heat of expectation, as the old man, looking him steadily in the eye, and with gentle earnestness and simple confidence, answered:

"I can say I *do* know it, Mr. Brown, because I believe it as firmly as I believe you are sitting there. Perhaps it is because I have thought of it so much from the standpoint of that theory. There are more curious things in the world than ever creep into fiction, and I believe this Longworth mystery is one of them. No man who had lived the double life he lived could be trusted to die upon such testimony as there is in this case."

There was no guile in those gentle eyes, no fear or secret emotion in that familiar and eloquent voice, and with guilty pleasure the city editor recognized that the thrust which might have returned so much mortification upon himself or pressed such guilt upon the old man had passed through the curtain only to impale vague shadows.

From that night there never was a time when he heard the hollow knell of old man Longworth's death cough sounding, or looked upon his kindly old face bending over the piles of copy at the little desk beside him, that the city editor did not make reparation in remorse for the wrong of that thought, for the uncleanness of mind, harbored for that long month.

Yet, it might have been—but no matter now.

The crisis of the Longworth mystery approached rapidly. Summer passed, and when September arrived, bringing with it the trial, it brought a summons for old man Longworth from a court whose jurisdiction covers no contempts, since it has no mandates that are not obeyed. Rapidly enough now was the weak but racking cough tearing at the very citadel doors of his life, and Mr. Burke announced, when message came one day that the old man was confined to bed and unable to come to his desk, "There is not another round left in him, and he is out of the ring for good." And



he said it kindly and sympathetically enough — and truly.

For old man Longworth came to his desk no more. Removed to an infirmary where the good Sisters watched the struggle and cared

But on the last day of the trial there came relief; and when the city editor called on his way to the court-room Longworth could talk in a faint whisper, and the cough was easier and less frequent.



"I CAN SAY I DO KNOW IT."

for the weaker side, he lay in his cot with the clammy dew of exhaustion upon his fine old face. Kirby was put at his desk and the city editor himself undertook the assignment:

*Sept. 15.*—Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report.

And, with Kirby for conferences, he followed the evidence and searched for the clues and failures of testimony in which lay corroboration or disapproval of the old man's pet theory.

Poor old man! Beyond interest in any mystery now save that last one which we must all face some day and explore — God helping us — as best we can. We could not carry the burden of details into the room where Death stood at the foot of that low bed and guarded his feeble prey. And Longworth was too weak to ask, if he wanted to know. Even the cough was a mere convulsion now, the voice only a feeble rattle.

"Is it over yet?" he asked, as the city editor bent down at command of his eyes.

"No," was the answer. "It will go to the jury this afternoon."

And the city editor went out at a sign from the good angel in black, lest the patient should over-exert himself.

It was late in the afternoon when Kirby and the city editor walked constrainedly to the old man's door bearing with them more than the import of the verdict. *That* was, that, in the absence of the *corpus delicti* and the non-intervention of statutory lapse, the payment to the second Mrs. Longworth was not a legal one, but that it was still due to the first and legal Mrs. Longworth. More than this, they bore a cruel suspicion that had been preying upon Kirby all day, and for which the city editor's own conscience had been active in remorse. There was high contention between them.

"I tell you," said Kirby, doggedly, "that

it is very singular this man should begin to recover to-day when this trial is at an end. It is singular that his condition at this particular time should prevent his appearance at the trial, where there were those who might have been able to recognize him. If he is my wife's father, and the scoundrel who has played this villainous deceit upon his wife and child, I will know it."

It was in vain the city editor urged upon Kirby his own suspicion and its dissipation. He was obdurate.

"As long as I thought he was dying," said Kirby, hotly, "I was willing to let it die with him; but now that he begins to get well on this day, I shall know the truth before I go home."

"How will you get it?" asked the city editor, pausing at the top of the stairway, whence at the end of the hall we could see old man Longworth's room.

"From his own lips," said Kirby.

"And would you," cried the other, "go into that old man's room and ask such a question at the side of a death-bed? for I tell you he is not getting well."

Kirby stopped at this, for a hand was laid upon his arm with some weight. He was excited and obstinate.

"Brown," said he, calmly, "I am not cruel. You cannot understand this as I feel it. I have had this suspicion more than a week, keeping it in my own heart. I have never mentioned it even to my wife, nor to you. I could not ask him while he lay there gasping. But—why, man, he may be my wife's father! And if he is," he concluded, deliberately, "I am going to know it."

"Now, Kirby," I said, tightening the grasp upon his arm, and communicating the earnestness I felt, "that old man is not your wife's father. I know it. I would go bail for him upon any charge. You are going back to a suspicion which I myself tested. And I tell you that you shall not go in there and strike to that generous old heart the blow you are so ill-prepared to deal."

"*Shall* not?" cried Kirby.

"SHALL not!"

"But —," cried Kirby, with an oath, "I will!" And turning away angrily, he strode down the hall.

In a moment he was overtaken, and two hands were laid upon his shoulders with a grip that was not to be evaded. He turned furiously, but he saw that no violence was intended.

"Kirby," I said, almost in despair, but quite as determined as he, "you are not yourself. You must not do a wrong like this upon the wild desire to right another wrong. You and

I are not enemies, and I propose we shall remain friends."

"You go about your proposition very singularly," he returned.

"No," said I, "I do not. We will go in there, and I will question him in a way to leave it clear to you whether you are called upon to follow up your suspicion or not. You are too excited to do it kindly. If you think you are justified in questioning him when I am done, you may do so. But I tell you that if you are cruel to that old man without justification it will be better for you, so help me God! that you had never gone in there, for I may be compelled to make his injuries my own."

Kirby flushed hotly, but he said, "I will agree to that"; and, turning the knob quietly, we entered the room.

Old man Longworth's eyes shone feverishly bright from the shadows of the pillows among which he lay propped, and as we approached the bed they looked all the curiosity he felt in his undaunted soul.

"Well," said I, "it is over, and we gain the case. That is, the *corpus delicti* was not proved, and Longworth may have 'stepped ashore.'"

The weak eyes gleamed a little brighter and he lifted his hand slightly, only to let it fall wearily. Then we saw that the rally of the morning had been deceptive, and that old man Longworth was deeper in the shadows of that inevitable valley. I hesitated in the presence of such a fact to carry out my part of that inquest of curiosity which was pushing Kirby to such lengths. But I said with as kindly a smile as I could assume to mask the intent:

"But the mystery seems to end there, Mr. Longworth, for all we can do to solve it. We do not know where to turn for the missing Robert Longworth — unless *you* are the man."

The hint, given with a jesting smile, went on its mission. At first there was an answering shadow of a smile upon the old man's face; then a troubled look; and finally the poison of the bitter jest stung him. The possibility of the suspicion flashed fully into his mind. Startled surprise, it seemed, mingled with inexpressible pain, was in his eyes as he signed to Kirby to come nearer. There was upon Kirby's strong countenance a look of determination that made it almost cruel as he bent over the bed to hear the faint whisper.

"Do — you," asked old man Longworth, painfully, as his startled eyes searched Kirby's inmost recesses and conveyed all the astonishment the pitiless suspicion aroused, "do — you — believe — *that*?"

"Do I believe *what*?" answered Kirby, with nervous but manly hesitation and evasion.



"That—I—am—your—wife's—father?"

The pain, the sorrow, the surprise, the mortification, and the implied reproach in his voice were mirrored upon the wasted face, where there was also infinite and yearning eagerness for answer. His very soul was answering for his innocence. I felt, rather than saw, the remorse that sprang into Kirby's eyes, and recognized that he recoiled from any collision with that gentle spirit in its last struggle. It had all passed quickly, but the old man had perceived that such a suspicion actually existed, and so, after a moment of hesitation, Kirby blurted out in a great explosion of manly recantation:

"No, I don't!"

Peace fell instantly upon the worn old face in the pillows, but succeeding it came a sad smile, as if there might still be a doubt in Kirby's honest mind, when there should be complete re-assurance. Signing Kirby forward again, he murmured:

"You—must—bring—your—wife—and her—mother—to—see—me—to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Kirby, in deep distress; "not *that*. I don't know what it was induced me—but I cannot do that."

"Unless," said I, gently, "he might desire it."

"I—do," said old man Longworth; and there was a mute appeal in his eyes to which Kirby answered with a nod. Then, pressing the friendly and thin hands that were never again

to be busy with our work and ambitions, we left him to his repose and the thoughts that I should not dare try to follow, and walked away in silence. But as we parted Kirby said, with his voice a little choked:

"Brown, we shall always be friends. You knew better than I felt."

The next morning Kirby came with his wife and her mother to pay that visit of re-assurance and generous confidence. I had got there hours earlier, but a visitor had entered even before me. So when the girlish young wife and her handsome mother entered, upon the couch near the window, where the sun came streaming into the chamber, now so barren, lay a white coverlid over stark and rigid outlines. With reverent hands I turned down the corner of the folds, and as she looked upon the features Mrs. Longworth uttered one penetrant shriek and gasped:

"*My husband!*"

But the sound never reached the soul that had quietly "stepped ashore."

Kirby led her from that surprising room, and I drew the pall again over the dead face. But as I did so I wondered what mystery, what depths of motive, or what shallows of expedience, were stilled behind that pallid and serene mask, upon which hovered the trace of a smile so gentle as to wave curiosity back dismayed forever.

*Young E. Allison.*

## COMPENSATION.

"**L**ORD, I am weary!" cried my soul. "The sun  
Is fierce upon my path, and sore the weight  
Of smarting burdens; ere the goal be won  
I sink, unless thou help, dear Lord!" And straight  
My fainting heart rose bravely up, made strong  
To bear its cross: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and day,  
A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round,  
Till like a stag the hounds have brought to bay  
My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground!"  
When lo! with new-found life my soul, made strong,  
Spurned all its foes: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky  
Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end  
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh  
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend!"  
But suddenly with immortal power made strong,  
My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!

*Stuart Sterne.*

## SONGS OF IRELAND.

### PANCAKE DAY.

(Pancake day immediately precedes Lent, and the custom of tossing the cake still prevails in every district of the south of Ireland.)

ON pancake day in the morning,  
Shan O'Leary throd his own leather,  
Which is the politeness for sphakin'  
He was barefoot in cold winter weather.  
His clothing was patches and holes,  
But his heart it was merry and light,  
As he knocked at the door of Norah McShane,  
Soon as ever the bog-fire was bright—  
On pancake day in the morning.

On pancake day in the morning,  
Norah opened the door wid a cry  
Of surprise at the sight of young Shan,  
Who gin her a blink wid his eye.  
Swate Norah she bade him come in:  
"Och, vourneen," the rascal he said,  
"Now, Norah, the pancake we 'll toss,  
To thry if this year we will wed—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,  
Swate Norah she gave the first toss;  
The pancake fell back in the pan,  
Reversed, without ruffle or loss.  
"Arrah, it's good luck you will have,"  
Said Shan, "an' now give me a thry;  
An' lest I should toss it askew,  
Och, Norah, jist turn 'way your eye—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,—  
The pity, och hone, I should tell,—  
Shan's elbow it got a bad jog,  
An' the cake in the ashes it fell!  
'T was Norah the mischief had done,  
"Ah, vo, an' ah, vo," then she said,  
"Poor Shan, an' whatever you do,  
This year an' you never will wed—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,  
Shan knew the thrick she had played,  
An' widout so much as a word  
His footsteps he never delayed.  
"What is it yiz afther forgetting,"  
Cried Norah, "to thus run away?"  
"It's yourself I'm afther forgetting,"  
Said Shan widout any delay—  
On pancake day in the morning!

On pancake day in the morning,  
Losing Shan was none of her game,  
An' so she fell weeping and wailing,  
An' calling his thratement a shame!  
Then Shan, wid a laugh in his heart,  
Cried, "Norah, 't is never you fret,"  
An' to end up the quarrel, the wedding  
In less than a jiffy was set—  
On pancake day in the morning!

### SWEET MOLLIE.

OF all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I'm wid her or widout,  
My heart is never aisy!  
Ahone, an' I am quarely lost  
Whenever she comes tripping!  
An' afther her widout delay,  
Avick, I'm lightly skipping!—  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(The cunning crathure, wid her witching  
ways, her gold head, an' her rollicking  
black eyes.)*

My heart is never aisy!

Musha, if Mollie would be mine,  
The world would all admire her;  
A lady I would make of her,  
In silk I would attire her!  
Arrah, an' I would sphake the praste  
Widout a minute's tarry,  
If Mollie would but name the day  
Or night on which she'd marry!—  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(Mollie, my darling, Mollie, acushla, Mollie  
vourneen, alanna machree.)*

My heart is never aisy!

Ah, vo, she 'll be the death o' me,  
My heart wid love is burning,  
An' all because o' love o' her,  
My head is quarely turning!  
Faix, Mollie, if you kill me quite,  
Think on your sitavation,  
Wid you a-weeping day and night,  
Widout my consolation!—



Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(The cruel deludher, who knows bettther than  
to chate me wid her soothing ways, break-  
ing my heart into smithereens, och, hone !)*  
My heart is never aisy!

If Mollie were a prisoner,  
Faix, I would be her warden;  
An' till she 'd give a pogue to me,  
I 'd never thrate o' pardon:  
Bad cess, it 's I 'm the prisoner,  
Wid fetters firm and weighty,  
An' if Mollie will not marry me,  
I 'll stay one till I 'm eighty! —  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(Bedad, hold your whisth, for whether she  
loves me or not, I will love her all my life  
long.)*

Though my heart be never aisy!

#### THERE 'S A GREEN GRAVE IN IRELAND.

THERE 's a green grave in Ireland,  
Where my heart lies buried deep;  
Where Mary, my fond sweetheart,  
Rests in her dreamless sleep:  
We loved when both our hearts were young,  
And hope throbbd in each breast;  
But nevermore has hope been mine  
Since Mary sank to rest!

I 've lived through many weary years,  
Since on that summer morn  
Sweet Mary gave her farewell kiss  
And left me all forlorn:  
I hear her sweet voice calling me,  
I have not long to stay;  
Bright hope will once again be mine  
When death bids me away!

There 's a green grave in Ireland,  
Where my heart lies buried deep;  
Oh, lay me there beside my love,  
In my last, dreamless sleep!

#### HEY FOR A LASS!

I AXED her for a pogue,  
The black-eyed saucy rogue,  
For a single little pogue,  
An' she scornful turned away!  
Wid a blue-eyed swate colleen  
I was shortly afther seen,  
An' what did the black-eyed queen  
But weep the livelong day!

#### COME OVER THE S'A.

OCH, Larry, come over the s'a —  
Though you 'll die seven deaths coming over,  
But yiz would n't be stoppin' for that,  
When yiz live ever afther in clover:  
Ameriky is a foin land,  
'T is a flowing wid milk an' wid honey —  
Which is only the poethry of sphakin'  
That a man has a pocket o' money! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,  
The poorest have praties in store,  
An' though you will miss the poteen,  
There 's whisky and 'baccy galore!  
The men they are all o' them lords,  
An' each colleen I know is a quean;  
If you choose you can vote for yourself,  
An' no one will think it is m'an! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,  
An' when comin' fetch over your sthick,  
The chances for foighten are few,  
But the bobbies may play you a thrick!  
Two dollars a day you can git,  
Widout workin' scarce any at all,  
Jist to throw up a scrapin' o' dirt,  
Or to carry the bricks for a wall! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

#### AN' IF I HAD MONEY GALORE.

AN' if I had money galore,  
I 'd git me a scrapin' o' ground;  
Wid sphadin' I 'd toss it about,  
An' wid praties I 'd set it around:  
I 'd buy me a bit of a cow,  
An' a nate little pig in a pen,  
An' laste I 'd be ch'atin' in Lent,  
I 'd have me a duck of a hen:  
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,  
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!  
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,  
An' if I had money galore!

AN' if I had money galore,  
I 'd sphort me a coat wid a tail,  
An' the gossoon that throd on the same  
A b'atin' I 'd give wid a flail!  
I 'd build me a bit of a house,  
To Norah I 'd fall on my kneas,  
An' wid Father McCarthy to wed,  
We 'd live ever afther at 'ase:  
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,  
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!  
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,  
An' if I had money galore!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

## BEN AND JUDAS.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

[I am quite aware of the apparent willfulness which hovers about my action in writing the following bit of social history. I have assailed, so often and so unsparingly, the spirit of dialect, which for a decade has dominated our "school" of fiction makers, that for me, at this late day, to offer a dialect sketch to the public is to bare my breast and defy all comers. Still I have no apology to make, unless it be apologizing when I explain that it is not fiction, but history, which I have written in this simple and clumsy fashion. The days of slavery are gone forever, and so rapidly has the world spun forward since the chains were cut, we can scarcely realize that we have come so far in so short a time. It is due to future generations that every characteristic of the old time shall be recorded ere it be forgotten, that every correlation between master and slave shall be preserved in the cast, that all the curious and touching instances of slave life shall have their places in history, and that no element injected by slavery into the tissues of American civilization shall have its origin obscured a century hence. While their bondage lasted the negroes absorbed a great deal of Anglo-Saxon life and influence, and at the same time the whites as masters took into themselves an indescribable, but very noticeable, something from the negroes. How could it have been otherwise? The very foundations of human nature make it sure that it must often have happened, as in the case I have tried to record, that master and slave shaped each other's lives. I do not know, nor do I pretend to say, that the following instance is a typical one. Like all detached fragments of history, however, it has a trace of allegory in it. When I came upon it I felt the lurking significance which I may have failed to preserve in my imperfect sketch. Those who care for dialect literature, as such, may read lightly; but let the serious reader ponder over what may shimmer between my lines. The editor has suggested to me that the prayer by Judas recorded herein resembles the one in Mr. H. S. Edwards's fine sketch, "Two Runaways." If it does, I hasten to disclaim everything. My story is mere history, for which I am responsible only as the chronicler. If my facts and Mr. Edwards's fiction have even one point in common, the praise is due to Mr. Edwards, not to me.—MAURICE THOMPSON.]



IN a dark and stormy night, early in the present century, two male children were born on the Wilson plantation in middle Georgia. One of the babes came into the world covered with a skin as black as the night, the other was of that complexion known as sandy; one was born a slave, the other a free American citizen. Two such screeching and squalling infants never before or since assaulted simultaneously the peace of the world. Such lungs had they and such vocal chords that cabin and mansion fairly shook with their boisterous and unrhythmical wailing. The white mother died, leaving her chubby, kicking, brawling offspring to share the breast of the more fortunate colored matron with the fat, black, howling, hereditary dependent thereto; and so Ben and Judas, master and slave, began their companionship at the very fountain of life. They grew, as it were, arm in arm and quite apace with each other, as healthy boys will, crawling, then toddling, anon running on the sandy lawn between the cabin and the mansion, often quarreling and sometimes fight-

ing vigorously. Soon enough, however, Judas discovered that, by some invisible and inscrutable decree, he was slave to Ben, and Ben became aware that he was rightful master to Judas. The conditions adjusted themselves to the lives of the boys in a most peculiar way. The twain became almost inseparable, and grew up so intimately that Judas looked like the black shadow of Ben. If one rode a horse, the other rode a mule; if the white boy habitually set his hat far back on his head, the negro did the same; if Ben went swimming or fishing, there went Judas also. And yet Ben was forever scolding Judas and threatening to whip him, a proceeding treated quite respectfully and as a matter of course by the slave. Whenever they went Ben walked a pace or two in advance of Judas, who followed, however, with exactly the consequential air of his master and with a step timed to every peculiarity observable in the pace set by his leader. Ben's father, who became dissipated and careless after his wife's death, left the boy to come up rather loosely, and there was no one to make note of the constantly growing familiarity between the two youths, nor did any person chance to



observe how much alike they were becoming as time slipped away. Ben's education was neglected, albeit now and again a tutor was brought to the Wilson place and some effort was made to soften the crust of ignorance which was forming around the lad's mind. Stormy and self-willed, with a peculiar facility in the rapid selection and instantaneous use of the most picturesque and outlandish expletives, Ben drove these adventurous disciples of learning one by one from the place, and at length grew to manhood and to be master of the Wilson plantation (when his father died) without having changed in the least the manner of his life. He did not marry, nor did he think of marriage, but grew stout and round-shouldered, stormed and raved when he felt like it, threatened all the negroes, whipped not one of them, and so went along into middle life, and beyond, with Judas treading as exactly as possible in his footprints.

They grew prematurely old, these two men: the master's white hair was matched by the slave's snowy wool; they both walked with a shuffling gait, and their faces gradually took on a network of wrinkles; neither wore any beard. To this day it remains doubtful which was indebted most to the other in the matter of borrowed characteristics. The negro hoarded up the white man's words, especially the polysyllabic ones, and in turn the white man adopted in an elusive, modified way the negro's pronunciation and gestures. If the African apostatized and fell away from the grace of a savage taste to like soda biscuits and very sweet coffee, the American of Scotch descent dropped so low in barbarity that he became a confirmed 'possum-eater. Ben Wilson could read, after a fashion, and had a taste for romance of the swash-buckler, kidnap-a-heroine sort. Judas was a good listener, as his master mouthed these wonderful stories aloud, and his hereditary Congo imagination, crude but powerful, was fed and strengthened by the pabulum thus absorbed.

It was a picture worth seeing, worth sketching in pure colors and setting in an imperishable frame, that group, the master, the slave, and the dog Chawm. Chawm is a name boiled down from "chew them"; as a Latin commentator would put it: chew them, *vel* chaw them, *vel* chaw 'em, *vel* chawm. He was a copperas-yellow cur of middle size and indefinite age, who loved to lie at the feet of his two masters and snap at the flies. This trio, when they came together for a literary purpose, usually occupied that part of the old vine-covered veranda which caught the black afternoon shade of the Wilson mansion. In parenthesis let me say that I use this word mansion out of courtesy, for the house was small and dilapidated; the custom of the

country made it a mansion, just as Ben Wilson was made Colonel Ben. There they were, the white, the black, and the dog, enjoying a certain story of medieval days, about a nameless, terrible knight-errant who had stolen and borne away the beautiful Rosamond, and about the slender, graceful youth who buckled his heavy armor on to ride off in melodramatic pursuit. Judas listened with eyes half closed and mouth agape; Chawm was panting, possibly with excitement, his red tongue lolling and weltering, and his kindly brown eyes upturned to watch the motions of Ben's leisurely lips. There was a wayward breeze, a desultory satin rustle, in the vine-leaves. The sky was cloudless, the red, country road hot and dusty, the mansion all silent within. Some negro plowmen were singing plaintively far off in a cornfield. The eyes of Judas grew blissfully heavy, closed themselves, his under jaw fell lower, he snored in a deep, mellow, well-satisfied key. Ben ceased reading and looked at the sleepers—for Chawm, too, had fallen into a light doze.

"Dad blast yer lazy hides! Wake erp yer, er I 'll thrash ye till ye don't know yerselves! Wake up, I say!" Ben's voice started echoes in every direction. Chawm sprung to his feet, Judas caught his breath with an indrawn snort and stared up inquiringly at his raging master.

"Yer jest go to that watermillion patch and git to yer hoein' of them vines mighty fast, er I 'll whale enough hide off 'm' yer to half-sole my boots, yer lazy, good fer nothin', low-down, sleepy-headed, snorin', flop-yearred—" He hesitated, rummaging in his memory for yet another adjective. Meantime Judas had scrambled up unsteadily and was saying "Yah sah, yah sah," as fast as ever he could, and bowing apologetically while his hands performed rapid deprecatory gestures.

"Move off, I say!" thundered Ben.

Chawm moved off with his tail between his legs; Judas went in search of his hoe, and soon after he was heard singing a camp-meeting song over in the melon patch:

Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
On de oder sho'.

To any casual observer who for a series of years had chanced now and again to see these twain, it must have appeared that Ben Wilson's chief aim in life was to storm at Judas, and that Judas, not daring to respond in kind directly to the voluble raging of his master, lived for the sole purpose of singing religious songs and heaping maledictions on Bolus, the mule. If Ben desired his horse saddled and brought to him, he issued the order somewhat as follows:



"Judas! Hey there, yer old humpbacked scamp! How long are yer a-goin' to be a-fetchin' me that hoss? Hurry up! Step lively, er I'll tie ye up an' jest whale the whole skin off 'm' ye! Trot lively, I say!"

Really, what did Judas care if Ben spoke thus to him? The master never had struck the slave in anger since the days when they enjoyed the luxury of their childish fisticuffs. These threats were the merest mouthing, and Judas knew it very well.

"Yah, dar! Yo' Bolus! yo' ole rib-nosed, so'-eyed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed t'ief! I jest wa' yo' out wid er fence-rail, ef yo' don't step pow'ful libely now; sho 's yo' bo'n I jest will!"

This was the echo sent back from the rickety stables by Judas to the ears of his master, who sat smoking his short pipe on the sunken veranda under his vine and close to his gnarled fig tree. The voice was meant to sound very savage; but in spite of Judas it would be melodious and unimpressive, a mere echo and nothing more—*vox, et praterea nihil*.

Ben always chuckled reflectively when he heard Judas roaring like that. He could not have said just why he chuckled; perhaps it was mere force of habit.

"Dad blast that fool nigger!" he would mutter below his breath. "Puts me in mind of a hongry mule a-brayin' fer fodder. I'll skin 'im alive fer it yet."

"Consoun' Mars Ben! Better keep he ole mouf shet," Judas would growl; but neither ever heard the side remarks of the other. Indeed, in a certain restricted and abnormal way, they were very tender of each other's feelings.

The older they grew the nearer came these two men together. It was as if, starting from widely separated birthrights, they had journeyed towards the same end, and thus, their paths converging, they were at last to lie down in graves dug side by side.

But no matter if their cradle was a common one, and notwithstanding that their footsteps kept such even time, Ben was master, Judas slave. They were differentiated at this one point, and at another, the point of color, irrevocably, hopelessly. As other differences were sloughed; as atom by atom their lines blended together; as strange attachments, like the feelers of vines, grew between them; and as the license of familiarity took possession of them more and more, the attitude of the master partook of tyranny in a greater and greater degree. I use the word attitude, because it expresses precisely my meaning. Ben Wilson's tyranny was an attitude, nothing more. Judas never had seen the moment when he was afraid of his master; still there was a line over which he had not dared to step—the line of down-

right disobedience. In some obscure way the negro had felt the weakness of the white man's character, from which a stream of flashing, rumbling threats had poured for a lifetime; he knew that Ben Wilson was a harmless blusterer who was scarcely aware of his own windy utterances, and yet he hesitated to admit that he knew it—nay, he forced himself to be proud of his master's prodigious temperamental expansions. He felt his own importance in the world barely below that of the man who owned him, and deep in his old heart stirred the delicious dream of freedom. What a dream! Amorphous as a cloud, and rosy as ever morning vapor was, it informed his soul with vague, haunting perfumes and nameless strains of song. Strange that so crude a being could absorb such an element into the innermost tissues of his life! Judas had a conscience, rudimentary indeed, but insistent, which gnawed him frightfully at times: not for stealing,—he was callous to that,—but for rebellion, which he could not cast out of him entirely. Occasionally he soliloquized:

"Ef I could jest be de mars erwhile an' Mars Ben be de nigger, bress de good Lor' but would n't I jest mor' 'n mek 'im bounce erroun' one time! Sorty fink I 'd wake 'im up afo' day, an' would n't I cuss 'im an' 'buse 'im an' rah an' cha'ge at 'im tell he know 'zac'ly how it was hese'f! Yo' may say so, honey, dat yo' may!"

Following treasonable thoughts like these came bitings by the hot teeth of the poor slave's conscience, all the deeper and crueller by contrast with the love forever upgushing to be lavished on his truly indulgent, but strongly exasperating, master.

"Lor', do forgib po' ole Judas," he would pray, "kase he been er-jokin' ter hese'f 'bout er pow'ful ticklish ci'cumstance, sho 's yo' bo'n, Lor'; an' he no business trompin' roun' er ole well in de night. Git he neck broke, sho'!"

Notwithstanding conscience and prayer, however, the thought grew clearer and waxed more vigorous in the heart of Judas as the years slipped by and Ben gradually increased his scolding. The more he fought it the closer clung to him the vision of that revolution which would turn him on top and Ben below, if but for a few moments of delirious triumph.

"Lor', but would n't Mars Ben hate 'r hab dis ole nigger er-rahin' an' er-cha'gin' an' errantin' an' er-yellin' at 'im, an' jest er-cussin' 'im like de berry debil fo' eberyting 'at 's mean, an' de sweat jest er-rollin' off 'm 'im an' 'im jest er-linkin' down ter wo'k, an' me jest eberlastin'ly an' outlandishly er-gibin' 'im de limmer jaw fo' he laziness an' he dog-gone general no 'countness! Ef dat would n't be satisfaccional ter dis yer darkey, den I dunno nuffin' 't



all 'bout it. Dat 's his way er doin' me, an' it seem lak my time orter be comin' erlong pooty soon ter do 'im dat way er leetle, debil take de nigger ef it don't!"

In good truth, however, Judas had no right to complain of hard work; he did not earn his salt. A large part of the time he and his master occupied with angling in the rivulet hard by, wherein catfish were the chief game. Side by side on the sandy bank of the stream the twain looked like two frogs ready to leap into the water, so expectant and eager were their wrinkled faces and protruding eyes, so comically set akimbo their arms and legs. With little art they cast and recast their clumsy bait of bacon-rind, exchanging few words, but enjoying, doubtless, a sense of subtle companionship peculiarly satisfying.

"Airy a bite, Judas?"

"No, sah."

"Too lazy to keep yer hook baited?"

"No, sah."

A while of silence, the river swashing dreamily, the sunshine shimmering far along the slowly lapsing current; then Judas begins humming a revival tune.

"Shet yer mouth; stop that infernal howling, yer blasted old eejit, er I 'll take this yer fish-pole an' I 'll naturally lam the life out of ye!" storms the master. "Yer 'll scare all the fish till they 'll go clean to the Gulf of Mexico. Hain't yer got a striffin' of sense left?"

The slave sulks in silence. Ten minutes later Ben takes out a plug of bright, greasy-looking navy tobacco, and after biting off a liberal chew says, in a very soft voice:

"Here, Jude, try some of my terbacker, an' maybe yer luck 'll change."

Judas fills his cheek with the comforting weed and gazes with expectant contentment into the stream, but the luck continues much the same. The wind may blow a trifle sweeter, fluting an old Pan-pipe tune in a half-whisper through the fringe of shining reeds, and the thrushes may trill suddenly a strange, soft phrase from the dark foliage of the grove hard by; still, in blissful ignorance, of the voices of nature and all unaware of their own picturesque, without a nibble to encourage them, the two white-haired men watch away the golden afternoon. At the last, just as Judas has given up and is winding his line around his pole, Ben yanks out a slimy, wriggling, prickly catfish, and his round face flings out through its screen of wrinkles a spray of sudden excitement.

"Grab 'im, Judas! Grab 'im, yer lubberly old lout ye! What yer doin' a-grinnin' an' a-gazin' an' that fish a-floppin' right back — grab 'im! If yer do let 'im get away, I 'll

break yer old neck an' pull out yer backbone — grab 'im, I say!"

Judas scrambles after the fish, sprawling and grabbing, while it actively flops about in the sand. It spears him cruelly till the red blood is spattered over his great rusty black hands, but he captures it finally and puts a stick through its gills.

On many and many an afternoon they trudged homeward together in the softening light, Judas carrying both rods on his shoulder, the bait-cups in his hands, and the string of fish, if there were any, dangling somewhere about his squat person. The black man might have been the incarnate shadow of the white one, so much were they alike in everything but color. Even to a slight limp of the left leg, their movements were the same. Each had a peculiar fashion of setting his right elbow at a certain angle and of elevating slightly the right shoulder. Precisely alike sat their well-worn straw hats far over on the back of their heads.

It was in the spring of 1860 that Ben took measles and came near to death. Judas nursed his master with a faithfulness that knew not the shadow of abatement until the disease had spent its force and Ben began to convalesce. With the turn of the tide which bore him back from the shore of death the master recovered his tongue and grew refractory and abusive inversely as the negro was silent and obedient. He exhausted upon poor Judas, over and over again, the vocabulary of vituperative epithets at his command. When Ben was quite well Judas lay down with the disease.

"A nigger with the measles! Well, I 'll be dern! Yer 're gone, Jude — gone fer sure. Measles nearly always kills a nigger."

Ben uttered these consoling words as he entered his old slave's cabin and stood beside the low bed. "Not much use ter do anythin' fer ye 's I know of — bound ter go this time. Don't ye feel a sort of dyin' sensation in yer blamed old bones already?"

But Judas was nursed by his master as a child by its mother. Never was man better cared for night and day. Ben's whole life for the time was centered in the one thought of saving the old slave. In this he was absolutely unselfish and at last successful.

As Judas grew better, after the crisis was passed, he did not fail to follow his master's example and make himself as troublesome as possible. Nothing was good enough for him; none of his food was properly prepared or served, his bed was not right, he wanted water from a certain distant spring, he grumbled at Ben without reason, and grew more abusive and personal daily. At last one afternoon Ben came out of the cabin with a very peculiar look on his face. He stopped just as he left



"SIDE BY SIDE ON THE SANDY BANK OF THE STREAM."

the threshold, and with his hands in his trousers' pockets and his head thrown back he whistled a low, gentle note.

"Well, I'll everlastin'ly jest be dad burned!" he exclaimed. Then he puffed out his wrinkled cheeks till they looked like two freckled bladders. "Who'd 'a' thought it!" He chuckled long and low, looking down at his boots and then up at the sky. "Cussed me! *Cussed me!* The blamed old rooster a-cussin' *me!* Don't seem possible, but he did all the same. Gamest nigger I ever seen!"

It must have been a revelation to the master when the old slave actually swore at him and cursed him vigorously. Ben went about chuckling retrospectively and muttering to himself:

"The old coon, he cussed me!"

Next day for dinner Judas had chicken pie and dumplings, his favorite pot, and Ben brought some old peach brandy from the cellar and poured it for him with his own hand.

In due time the negro got well and the two resumed their old life, a little feeblér, a trifle more stoop in their shoulders, their voices huskier, but yet quite as happy as before.

The watermelon patch has ever been the jewel on the breast of the Georgia plantation. "What is home without a watermelon?" runs the well-known phrase, and in sooth what cool, delicious suggestions run with it! Ben and

Judas each had a patch, year in and year out. Not that Ben ever hoed in his; but he made Judas keep it free of weeds. Here was a source of trouble; for invariably the negro's patch was better, the melons were the larger and finer. Scold and storm and threaten as he might, Ben could not change this, nor could he convince his slave that there was anything at all strange in the matter.

"How I gwine fin' out 'bout what mek yo' watermillions so runty an' so scruntty?" Judas exclaimed. "Hain't I jest hoed 'em an' plowed 'em an' took care ob 'em an' try ter mek 'em do somefin'? But dey jest kinder wommux an' squommux erlong an' don't grow wof er dern! I jest sw'a' I can't help it, Mars Ben, ef yo' got no luck erbout yo' nohow! Watermillions grows ter luck, not ter de hoe."

"Luck! Luck!" bawled Ben, shaking his fist at the negro. "Luck! yer old lump er lamp-black—yer old, lazy, sneaking scamp! I'll show ye about luck! Ef I don't have a good patch of watermillions next year I'll skin ye alive, see ef I don't, yer old villain ye!"

It was one of Ben's greatest luxuries to sit on the top rail of the worm-fence which inclosed the melon-patch, his own particular patch, and superintend the hoeing thereof. To Judas this was a bitter ordeal, whose particular tang grew more offensive year by year as the half-smothered longing to be master, if



for but a moment, gripped his imagination closer and closer.

"Ef I jest could set up dah on dat fence an' cuss 'im while he hoed, an' ef I jest could one time see 'im er-hus'lin' erroun' w'en I tole 'im, dis nigger 'd be ready ter die right den."

Any observer a trifle sharper than Ben would have read Judas's thoughts as he ruminated thus; but Ben was not a student of human nature,—or, for that matter, any other nature,—and he scolded away merely to give vent to the pressure of habit.

One morning, when the melon vines were young,—it must have been late in April,—Judas leaned on his hoe-handle, and looking up at Ben, who sat on the fence top, as usual, smoking his short pipe, he remarked:

"Don' yeyer dat mockin'-bird er tee-diddlin' an' er too-doodlin', Mars Ben?"

"I 'll tee-diddle an' too-doodle ye ef ye don't keep on a-hoein'," raged Ben. "This year I 'm bound to have some big melons, ef I have to wear ye out to do it!"

Judas sprung to work and for about a minute hoed desperately; then looking up again, he said, "De feesh allus bites bestest w'en de mockin'-birds tee-diddles an' too-doodles dat away."

Such a flood of abusive eloquence as Ben now let go upon the balmy morning air would have surprised and overwhelmed a less adequately fortified soul than that of Judas. The negro, however, was well prepared for the onslaught, and received it with most industrious though indifferent silence. When the master had exhausted both his breath and his vocabulary, the negro turned up his rheumy eyes and suggested that "feesh ain't gwine ter bite eber' day like dey 'll bite ter-day." This remark was made in a tone of voice expressive of absent-mindedness, and almost instantly the speaker added dreamily, leaning on his hoe again:

"Time do crawl off wid a feller's life pow'-ful fast, Mars Ben. Seem lak yistyd'y, or day 'fore yistyd'y, 'at we 's leetle beety boys. Don' yo' 'member w'en ole Bolus—dat fust Bolus, I mean—done went an' kick de lof' outer de new stable? We 's er-gittin' pooty ole, Mars Ben, pooty ole."

"Yes, an' we 'll die an' be buried an' resurrected, yer old vagabond ye, before yer get one hill of this here patch hoed!" roared Ben.

Judas did not move, but, wagging his head in a dreamy way, said:

"I 'members one time,"—here he chuckled softly,— "I 'members one time w'en we had er fight an' I whirped yo'; made yo' yelp out an' say: 'Nough, 'nough! Take 'im off!' an' Moses, how I-wus er-linkin' it ter yo' wid bofe fists ter oncet! Does yo' rickermember dat, Mars Ben?"

Ben remembered. It was when they were little children, before Judas had found out his hereditary limitation, and before Ben had dreamed of asserting the superiority inherent in his blood. Somehow the retrospect filled the master's vision instantly with a sort of Indian-summer haze of tenderness. He forgot to scold. For some time there was silence, save that the mocking-bird poured forth a song as rich and plaintive as any ever heard by Sappho under the rose-bannered garden-walls of Mitylene; then Judas, with sudden energy, exclaimed:

"Mars Ben, yo' nebber did whirp me, did yo'?"

Ben, having lapsed into retrospective distance, did not heed the negro's interrogation, but sat there on the fence with his pipe-stem clamped between his teeth. He was smiling in a mild, childish way.

"No," added Judas, answering his own question—"no, yo' nebber whirped me in yo' life; but I whirped yo' oncet, like de berry debil, did n't I, Mars Ben?"

Ben's hat was far back on his head, and his thin, white hair shone like silver floss on his wrinkled forehead. The expression of his face was that of silly delight in a barren and commonplace reminiscence.

"Mars Ben, I wants ter ax one leetle fabor ob yo'."

No answer.

"Mars Ben!"

The master clung to his distance.

"Hey dar! Mars Ben!"

"Well, what yer want, yer old scarecrow?" inquired Ben, pulling himself together and yawning so that he dropped his pipe, which Judas quickly restored to him.

"Well, Mars Ben, 't ain't much w'at I wants, but I 's been er-wantin' it seem lak er thousan' years."

Ben began to look dreamy again.

"I wants ter swap places wid yo', Mars Ben, dat 's w'at I wants," continued Judas, speaking rapidly, as if forcing out the words against a heavy pressure of restraint. "I wants ter set up dah on dat fence, an' yo' git down yer an' I cuss yo', an' yo' jest hoe like de debil—dat 's w'at I wants."

It was a slow process by which Judas at last forced upon his master's comprehension the preposterous proposition for a temporary exchange of situations. Ben could not understand it fully until it had been insinuated into his mind particle by particle, so to speak; for the direct method failed wholly, and the wily old African resorted to subtle suggestion and elusive supposititious illustration of his desire.

"We 's been er-libin' tergedder lo! des many ye's, Mars Ben, an' did I eber 'fuse ter do

anyfing 'at yo' axed ob me? No, sah, I nebber did. Sort er seem lak yo' mought do jest dis one leetle 'commodation fo' me."

Ben began to grin in a sheepish, half-fascinated way as the proposition gradually took hold of his imagination. How would it feel to be a "nigger" and have a master over him? What sort of sensation would it afford to be compelled to do implicitly the will of another, and that other a querulous and conscienceless old sinner like Judas? The end of it was that he slid down from his perch and took the hoe while Judas got up and sat on the fence.

"Han' me dat pipe," was the first peremptory order.

Ben winced, but gave up the coveted nicotian censer.

"Now den, yo' flop-yearred, bandy-shanked, hook-nosed, freckle-faced, wall-eyed, double-chinned, bald-headed, hump-shoul'ered —"

"Come now, Judas," Ben interrupted, "I won't stan' no sech langwidges —"

"Hol' on dah, Mars Ben," cried Judas, in an injured tone. "Yo' p'omised me yo' 'd do it, an' I knows yo' 's not gwine back on yo' wo'd: no Wilson eber do dat."

Ben was abashed. It was true no Wilson ever broke a promise. The Wilsons were men of honor.

"Well, fire away," he said, falling to work again. "Fire away!"

"Hussle up, dah! Hussle up, yo' lazy ole vagabon' yo', er I 'll git down f'om heah an' I 'll w'ar out ebery hic'ry sprout in de county



"HUSSLE UP, YO' LAZY OLE VAGABON'!"

on yo' ole rusty back! Git erlong!—hurry up!—faster! Don' yo' heah? Ef I do come down dah I jest nat'rally comb yo' head tell ebery ha'r on it 'll sw'ar de day ob judgment done come! I 'll wa'm yo' jacket tell de dus' er-comin' out 'm it 'll look lak a sto'm-cloud! Wiggle faster, dern yo' ole skin! Wiggle faster, er I 'll yank out yo' backbone an' mek er trace-chain out 'm it! Don' yo' heah me, Ben?"

Ben heard and obeyed. Never did hoe go faster, never was soil so stirred and pulverized. The sweat sprung from every pore of the man's skin, it trickled over his face and streamed from his chin, it saturated his clothes.



Judas was intoxicated with delight; almost delirious with the sensation of freedom and masterhood. His eloquence increased as the situation affected his imagination, and his words tumbled forth in torrents. Not less was Ben absorbed and carried away. He was a slave, Judas was his master, the puppet must wriggle when the owner pulled the strings. He worked furiously. Judas forgot to smoke the pipe, but held it in his hand and made all sorts of gestures with it.

"Hit dem clods! Mash 'em fine!" he screamed. "Don' look up, yo' ole poky tarrypin yo'! Ef yo' does I 'll wommux de hide off 'm yo' blamed ole back faster 'n forty-seben shoemakers kin peg it on ag'in! Hussle, I tole yo', er I 'll jest wring yo' neck an' tie yo' years in er hard knot! Yo' heah me now, Ben?"

This was bad enough, but not the worst, for Judas used many words and phrases not permissible in print. He spared no joint of the master's armor, he left no vulnerable point unassailed. The accumulated riches of a lifetime spent in collecting a picturesque vocabulary, and the stored force of nearly sixty years given to private practice in using it, now served him a full turn. In the thickest shower of the negro's mingled threats, commands, and maledictions, however, Ben quit work, and, leaning on his hoe, panted rapidly. He gazed up at Judas pathetically and said:

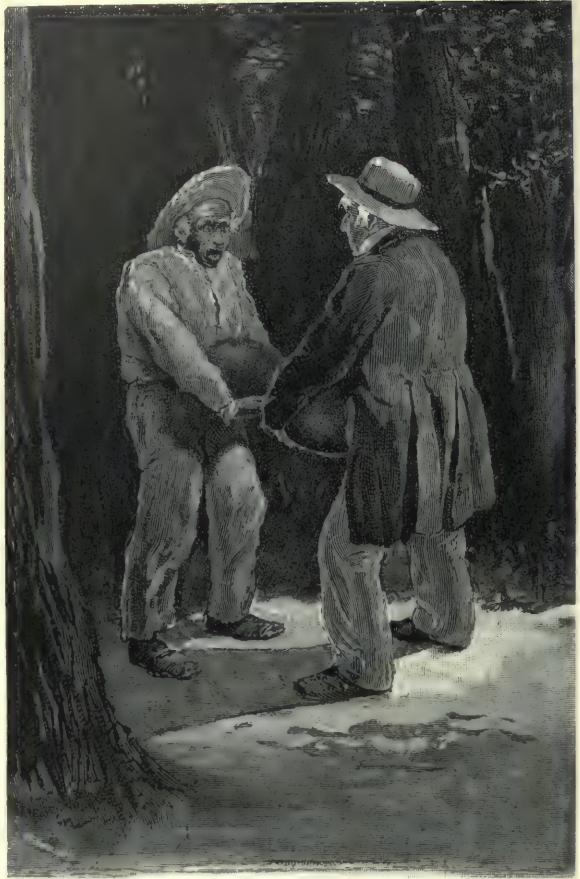
"How that mockin'-bird does tee-diddle an' too-doodle!"

Judas actually stopped short in the mid-career of his eloquence, and Ben added:

"Never see sich signs for feesh a-bitin'; did you, Jude?"

The charm was broken, the farce was ended. A little later the two old men might have been seen, with their bait-cups and fishing-poles in their hands, toddling along down the slope to the rivulet, the white leading, the black following. They were both rather abstracted, it appeared, for each cast in his hook without any bacon-rind on it, and sat on the stream's bank all the rest of the forenoon in blissful expectancy of an impossible nibble.

One good came of the little episode at the melon-patch. The vine around whose roots Ben had plied the hoe with such vigor thrived amazingly, and in due time bore a watermelon of huge size, a grand spheroid as green as emerald and as richly soft in surface color as the most costly old velvet.



"JUDAS! YOU OLD COON!" "MARS BEN!"

"Got de twin ob it down dah in my patch," said Judas; "jest es much like it es one bean's like anoder bean. Yo' orter come down an' see it, Mars Ben."

Ben went, and, sure enough, there was a melon just the duplicate of his own. Of course, however, he claimed that he saw some indices of inferiority in Judas's fruit, but he could n't just point them out—maybe the rind was not as healthy-looking, he thought, and then the stem appeared to be shriveling. Judas, for his part, was quite sure that his master's melon would not "sweeten up" as his would, and that it would be found lacking in that "jaw-leeciousness" and that "fo'-de-Lor'-sake-hand me-some-moreness" so characteristic of those of his own raising.

Ben's pride in his melon matured and ripened at the same time with the maturing and ripening of that wonderful globule of racy pulp and juice whose core he longed to see. After so many failures, here at last was his triumph. There was a certain danger connected with plucking this melon. It was of a variety locally called "ice-rind" on account of

the thickness of the outer part or shell which made it very difficult to tell when it was ripe, and so Ben dreaded to act. Every evening in the latest dusk of twilight he would go out and lean over the patch fence to have a darkling view of his treasure, which thus seen was mightily magnified.

When the moment of sacrifice had come, Ben actually shrunk from the task of plucking that melon. He leaned on the fence until it was quite dark and until the moon had begun to show in the east before he bethought him that that night was Judas's birth-night, and then a bright idea came to him. He would take the melon to the old slave's cabin and they would have a feast. But when he had climbed over the fence and had stooped above the huge, dusky sphere, his heart failed him, and at the same time another thought struck him with great force. He straightened himself up, placed his hands on his hips, and chuckled. Just the thing! The best joke on Judas! He would go to the negro's patch, steal his big melon, and then share it with him on the following day. His own melon he would keep a few days longer to be sure that it had ripened. A very simple proceeding, without a thought of dishonor in it.

It was as beautiful and balmy a midsummer night as ever fell upon the world. Ben felt its soft influence in his old blood as he toddled surreptitiously along the path leading through a little wood to Judas's cabin and patch. He was picturing in his mind how foolish Judas would look and how beaten he would feel when he found out that he had been feasted on his own big melon. One might have seen by the increasing light of the moon that Ben's trellis-work of facial wrinkles could scarcely hold in the laughing glee that was in him, and his eyes twinkled while his mouth drew itself into a set, suppressed smile. Chawm trotted along silently at Ben's heels, his tail drooping and his ears hanging limp. In the distance, amid the hills, an owl was hooting dolefully, but the little wood was as silent as the grave. Suddenly Ben heard a footfall coming up the path, and he slipped into the bushes just in time to let Judas go shuffling by all unaware.

"The blamed old rooster," he said to himself in a tender, affectionate whisper. "The blamed old rooster! I wonder what he's a-thinkin' about jest now?"

Chawm slipped out and fell noiselessly behind Judas, following him on towards the mansion. Ben chuckled with deep satisfaction as he climbed over into Judas's patch and laid hands on the negro's large melon. What a typical thief he appeared as he hurried furtively along, stooping low with his ill-gotten load, his crooked shadow dancing vaguely beside him! Over

the fence he toiled with difficulty, the melon was so heavy and slippery, then on up the path. Once in the shadowy wood, he laid down his burden and wiped his dewy face with his sleeve. He did not realize how excited he was; it was the first time in all his life that he ever had stolen anything, even in fun. Every little sound startled him and made him pant. He felt as if running as fast as his legs could carry him would be the richest of all luxuries.

When again he picked up the melon and resumed his way he found his heart fluttering and his limbs weak, but he hurried on. Suddenly he halted, with a black apparition barring the path before him.

"Judas! you old coon!"

"Mars Ben!"

They leaned forward and glared at each other.

"Mars Ben! Yo' been er-stealin' my water-millon!"

"Judas! You thievin' old rooster! You've stole —"

Their voices blended, and such a mixture! The wood resounded. They stood facing each other, as much alike as duplicates in everything save color, each clasping in his arms the other's watermelon. It was a moment of intense surprise, of voluble swearing, of picturesque posturing; then followed a sudden collapse and down fell both great ripe, luscious spheres with a dull, heavy bump, breaking open on the ground and filling the air with a spray of sweet juice and the faint luxuriant aroma so dear to Georgian nostrils. Chawm stepped forward and sniffed idly and indifferently at one of the pieces. A little screech-owl mewed plaintively in a bush hard by. Both men, having exhausted themselves simultaneously, began to sway and tremble, their legs slowly giving way under them. The spot of moonlight in which they stood lent a strange effect to their bent and faltering forms. Judas had been more or less a thief all his life, but this was the first time he ever had been caught in the act, therefore he was as deeply shocked as was Ben. Down they sank until they sat flat on the ground in the path and facing each other, the broken melons between them. Chawm took position a little to one side and looked on gravely, as if he felt the solemnity of the occasion.

Judas was first to speak.

"Well, I jest be 'sentially an' eberlastin'ly —" he began.

"Shet up!" stormed Ben.

They looked sheepishly at each other, while Chawm licked his jaws with perfunctory nonchalance. After what seemed a very long silence, Ben said:

"Jude, ax a blessin' afore we eats."

Judas hesitated.



"Did you hear what I was a-sayin' for yer to do?" inquired Ben. "Ax a blessin', I say!" The negro bowed his old snow-fleeced head and prayed:

"Lor', hab mercy on two ole villyans an' w'at dey done steal f'om one 'nudder. Spacyially, Lor', forgib Mars Ben, kase he rich an' free an' he orter hab mo' sense an' mo' honah 'bout 'im 'an ter steal f'om po' nigger. I use to fink, Lor', dat Mars Ben 's er mighty good man, but seem lak lately he gittin' so on'ry 'at yo' 'll be erbleeged ter hannel 'im pooty sabage ef he keep on. Dey may be 'nough good lef' in 'im ter pay fer de trouble ob foolin' 'long wid 'im, but hit 's pow'ful doubtful, an' dat 's er fac'. Lor', I don't advise yo' ter go much outer yo' way ter 'commodate sich er outdacious old sneak-t'ief an' sich er—"

"Judas!" roared Ben, "yer jest stop right now!"

"An' bress dese watermillions w'at we 's erbout ter receib, amen!" concluded Judas. "Try er piece er dis here solid core, Mars Ben; hit look mighty jawleecious."

And so there in the space of moonlight they munched, with many watery mouthings, the sweet central hearts of the pilfered fruit. All around them the birds stirred in their sleep, rustling the leaves and letting go a few dreamy chirps. Overhead a great rift uncovered the almost purple sky.

They did not converse while they were eating, but when the repast was ended Judas apologized and explained in their joint behalf:

"Yo' see, Mars Ben, I 's yo' nigger an' yo' 's my marster. W'at 's yo's is mine, an' w'at 's mine 's yo's, don' yo' see? an' hit ain't no

mo' harm 'an nothin' fo' us ter steal f'om one 'nudder. Lor', Mars Ben, I been er-knowin' all my life 'at I was er-stealin' f'om yo', but I nebber dream 'at it was yo' 'at was er-takin' all er my bestest watermillions an' t'ings. 'Spec' we 's 'bout eben now, Mars Ben. Ef yo' 's a leetle bit ahead ob me I 's not er-keerin'; hit 's all right."

So they wiped their mouths and parted for the night.

"Good-night, Mars Ben."

"Good-night, Jude."

It would be cruel to follow them farther down the road of life, for rheumatism came, and then the war. Many an afternoon the trio, Ben, Judas, and Chawm, sat on the old veranda and listened to the far-off thunder of battle, not fairly realizing its meaning, but feeling that in some vague way it meant a great deal. After war, peace. After peace, reconstruction. After reconstruction, politics. Somebody took the trouble to insist upon having Ben Wilson go to the polls and vote. Of course Judas went with him. What a curious-looking twain they were, tottering along, almost side by side now, their limbs trembling and their eyes nearly blind!

"Got yer ticket, Jude?" inquired Ben.

"No, sah, dat 's all right. Yo' jest drap one in, hit 'll do fo' bofe ob us," answered Judas. And it was done.

They died a year ago. Their graves are side by side, and so close together that a single slab might serve to cover them. If I were rich it should be an imperishable monument, inscribed simply: *Ben and Judas, Æt. 70 years, one month, and fourteen days.*

*Maurice Thompson.*

## PHRYNE IN HADES.

TO Phryne, wandering by Lethe's brink,  
Spake, with rude lips, a phantom at her side:  
"Ere of this last forgetfulness we drink,  
Who in thy memory doth last abide  
Of all who loved thee living?" To and fro  
Swayed the fair head, and seemed to ponder long  
A doubtful thought: and, "Ah, that I might know!  
For these with laughter wooed me, those with song,  
And all with gifts—save one, and he with tears.  
Yet who gave most, most quickly was forgot;  
And him who praised me I remember not;  
And mirth is but a crackling in mine ears.  
Nay,"—and a mist across her wan eyes crept,—  
"Yet must I think of him with whom I wept."

*William Young.*



*Maria Mitchell*

## MARIA MITCHELL'S REMINISCENCES OF THE HERSCHEL<sup>1</sup>.



IN visiting Europe some years since with the definite purpose of traveling for study, I accepted whatever letters were offered me to aid me in my efforts. Among others, one of my scientific friends sent me half a dozen letters of introduction, and then in a private note said, "I dare not give you a letter to the 'Bear of Blackheath.'" Many times while crossing the Atlantic I found myself wondering who the "Bear of Blackheath" might be. One of the first friends I made in London was Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal at Greenwich. I was adopted at once as one of the household, and upon the care of that

family my comfort in the whole of my tour largely depended. But sitting one day in the drawing-room with the astronomer royal, I looked out upon the beautiful country around and asked, "What is this charming region called?" He replied, "Blackheath"; and I awoke to the consciousness that I was talking with the "Bear."

My acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys.

The little that is known of the ancestors of the Herschels is honorable. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the representatives of three generations were called, were sound Protestants, in days when and in places where Protestantism was a reproach. Abraham Herschel, the great-great-grandfather of John, was expelled from Mahren, his place of residence, on account of his Protestantism. Isaac, his son, was a farmer

<sup>1</sup> See "The Three Herschels," in this magazine for June, 1885.



near Leipsic. Jacob, son of Isaac, declined agricultural pursuits, and gave expression to the family aptitude for music by making it his profession, by bringing up his sons to the same calling, and by developing musical ability in all his ten children. Among the sons was the astronomer, Frederick William, who was born at Hanover in 1738, and came to England at one-and-twenty as a professional musician, but caring even more for something else than for music — metaphysics. To the end of his life, when he was known all over the world for his astronomical discoveries, his chief delight was in metaphysical study and argumentation. Perhaps we may ascribe to this taste, prevailing in the little household at Slough, the tendency of his scientific son, John, to diverge into metaphysical criticism whenever his theme, or any interruption of it, afforded occasion in the course of composition.

John Herschel was born in the well-known house at Slough, where strangers were by that time coming from far-distant lands to see the wonderful machine by which great news had already descended out of the sky.

Most astronomers come to astronomy through mathematics, or come to mathematics through astronomy. The Herschels were a musical family; music was their vocation; science was their recreation. Although of Jacob Herschel's children Sir William and Caroline are the only ones who are known to science, it is evident that the taste for science belonged to the whole family, as Caroline Herschel in her autobiography speaks of lying awake and listening to discussions between the father and the elder brothers in which the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Euler frequently occurred.

William Herschel considered himself very fortunate when he was engaged as musician to an English regiment. Growing in reputation, he was appointed organist in a church, studied Italian, Latin, and Greek by himself, and read mathematical works on music. Thus music led him to mathematics, thence to optics, to astronomy, to discoveries, to reputation. He became known to George III., was pensioned, gave himself wholly to astronomy, was knighted, and soon became a member of all the learned societies of Europe.

Sir William and Sir John were remarkable for the variety of their acquirements. Starting with a love of science, they followed where it led, into the trackless regions of space and among remote nebulae, into those tangled ways where metaphysical and mathematical sciences seem to mingle, touching the margin of that debatable land where theology and science meet without recognition, yet keeping, especially in Sir John's case, the equanimity of the philosopher and a kindliness of heart which

made him tolerant of all and rendered him beloved as well as honored by those who knew him.

Workers in physical science have generally been long-lived, perhaps because only with length of years can anything be done in science. Perhaps, too, scientific studies are health-promoting, for if it is hour after hour over books, it is also hour after hour alone with nature.

The Herschels worked a great many years. Sir William Herschel's papers, published in various scientific journals, stretch through a period of forty years. Sir John Herschel's reach through a period of fifty-seven years—about twice the average length of life. Sir William Herschel died at eighty-three, Sir John at seventy-eight; and, as if to show that a woman can live and work even longer than a man, Caroline, the sister of Sir William, died at ninety-eight.



MARIA MITCHELL'S OBSERVATORY AT LYNN, MASS.

Is it worth while to talk about the unhealthiness of "night air" when that class of people who are most exposed to its influence, whose calling keeps them breathing it, are so long-lived?—for the work of the practical astronomer is mainly out-of-doors and in good night air, instead of indoors in bad air. I think it is Florence Nightingale who asks what air can any one breathe in the night except night air.

It is scarcely possible to understand nature as the Herschels did without knowing some-



thing in many directions, particularly in physical science. One who seeks to understand the relation of worlds must know something of the constitution of those worlds,—their masses, their densities,—of physical geography, of chemistry, of geology, of natural philosophy. He must know something of language, for he must know what has been written. If he would understand the language which is unlike his own he must know something of the genius of the people whence those writings came; he must understand the national mind.

There is a phenomenon well known to astronomical observers as "personal equation." No two persons receive an impression and make it known in the same time. Thus, if one sees a star, and calls out that he sees it, the interval of time which elapses between the sight and the call, the seeing and the speaking, is different for any two persons. We call this difference "personal equation."

There seems to be a "national equation." We do not expect that even the little popular scientific work which we take up written in French shall reach conclusions by the same processes of thought as those by which the little German book will reach the same. If we would understand, then, the science of the period, we must know the national soils in which science has taken root.

A singular illustration of national differences was seen in the case of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Two leading men, one in England and one in France, sitting in their studies, proved by careful mathematical investigations that there must be a planet away out beyond what were considered the limits of our solar system. The Englishman worked out his problem first, but pondered long, thought much, and consulted with others before he published it. The Frenchman finished his computations, put his pencil down, and announced the result in the next day's papers. When the planet was found both Englishman and Frenchman claimed the discovery. But a third, and he was an American, said, "True, you have each declared a planet to exist, and a planet has been found; but you did not agree in your calculations, and the planet which has been found is not the planet announced by either."

Sir John Herschel was less a practical than a theoretical astronomer, as much a philosopher as he was astronomer or mathematician, and almost as much a poet. It is said that his bent was decidedly towards metaphysics, but that his work in astronomy was largely the result of love for his father. When I came to look over his printed papers I found that his reputation must rest mainly on his work as a natural philosopher—a work not on practical experi-

ments, but on scientific methods of thought and reasoning.

I have said that my acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys. It was in this way.

Lady Airy hoped that I should know the Herschels. She said, "Sir John Herschel is the acknowledged head of astronomy."

I proposed to go to Paris, and as I had leaned upon Mrs. Airy for all the small learning necessary for moving properly along the periphery of English circles, I asked her for a letter to some Englishwoman in Paris.

An Englishwoman's heart once reached and won is yours forever. When I asked Mrs. Airy for a letter to Paris she said: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Herschel probably does. I will ask her to give you one." And a letter was dispatched to Lady Herschel. Lady Herschel replied: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Lyell does. I will write to her." A letter was written to Lady Lyell; she was not in England; the letter followed her; she replied to her sister in England and said, "Give a letter to Mrs. Power, the sister of Sir Francis Horner, now in Paris." And from every one of these persons, wholly unknown to me, I received the courtesy so valuable to a stranger. The letter from Lady Herschel contained a kind invitation to Collingwood, and I was specially advised not "to take it on my way," but to make a separate departure.

Lady Herschel afterward wrote to me that if I would name the day I was likely to spend with them, they would send a carriage to Etchingham, the nearest station to Collingwood, where they resided; but time would not allow, and I started without any notice. I reached Etchingham at four o'clock on one of the shortest of the short English days, and taking the only cab, an open one, and an old man for driver, I started for Collingwood. The night became very dark, our path lay through dense woods, and just as I began to be frightened, the old man turned around and asked me if I knew that part of the country. I gasped out, "No," supposing the next demand would be for my purse, when he said in a very gentle way, "This is Hawkhurst, madam—a very respectable neighborhood." The good old fellow was determined that the American woman should appreciate the country.

I arrived at the Herschels' just at dinner time. While the servant was gone to announce me, I looked around the large hall, and the first thing that caught my eye was Borden's map of Massachusetts. I felt at home at once, for that map hung in the room most familiar to me in America.

The servant returned and asked me into the drawing-room, and Sir John Herschel came



in at once. He reached both hands to me very cordially and said, "We did not receive your letter, but you are always welcome in this house." Lady Herschel followed, also with a very kind welcome.

I found a cheery fire awaiting me in my room, and after a few minutes I was asked down to dinner, only Sir John and Lady Herschel being present.

After dinner the family assembled in the drawing-room, and the elder daughters were introduced to me. There were twelve children, although Lady Herschel seemed young and was still handsome; she must have been fifty years old. Sir John was at that time sixty-six years old, but he looked much older, being lame and much bent in his figure. The eldest daughter was absent; a marble bust of her stood in the drawing-room, and I could well believe what I had heard—that she was a beauty.

The second daughter was on a visit to an old lady of the neighborhood who was ill; I met her afterward at Rome, as a bride. I admired her beauty and her simplicity.

An unmarried daughter, Bella, struck me as very intelligent. She was the only Englishwoman I met in 1857 who had read Lowell's poems.

Then there were groups of boys and girls. Amelia, a pleasant-looking girl, who had been presented at court, a group of little planetoids—Julia, Rose, Francesca (named for Francis Baily), and a dear little girl, Constance Anne, the latter named for Mrs. Dawes, the wife of the astronomer, who is her godmother. The sons were young men: William was in India, Alexander in Trinity College, and John came home for a vacation from some scientific institution.

In the evening we played with letters, putting out charades and riddles, and telling anecdotes, Sir John joining the family party and chatting away like the young people.

He spoke with great admiration of the clearness of the sky at the Cape of Good Hope, which Sir John and his family had visited for the purpose of examining his father's observations.

Sir John said that one of his imaginings in regard to Saturn was that the satellites are the children of the ring, some of one ring and some of another. He told pleasant little anecdotes of some self-made astronomers who came to him with most absurd notions, such as the non-existence of the moon—founded upon the reading of his works! And one good soul sent to him to have a horoscope cast and inclosed a half-crown. Another wrote to him asking, "Shall I marry, and have I seen her?"

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical prob-

lems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence, and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast-table when he asked the question. We thought they could not. "But if they stood closely and others stood on their shoulders, man, woman, and child, how many layers would there be?" I said, "Perhaps three." "How many feet of men?" he asked. "Possibly thirty," I said. "Oh, more!" "Well, we'll say a hundred." "Oh, more!" Miss Herschel said, "Enough to reach the moon." "To the sun." "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment; "bid higher." "To Neptune," said one. "Now you burn," he replied. "*Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near.* That is my way," said he, "of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine."

Over the fireplace in the dining-room is a portrait of Sir William Herschel, painted, I think, by Russell, with a diagram of the Georgium sidus (Uranus) beside him. The expression of the face is of great vigor, very unlike that of the engravings in the print-shops. Sir John has a miniature of his father with a still better expression. He does not know the painter, for he picked it up by accident in a shop in London. It is exceedingly like Sir John himself.

Sir John's forehead was bold but retreating; his mouth was very good. He was quick in motion and in speech. He said that efforts were making to induce the English Government to accept the decimal coinage. I remarked that it would not be easy to make Englishmen change their ways. "Oh," he said, "we stick to old ways, but we are not cemented to them."

On Sunday morning Lady Herschel went to church, and I with her. The Herschels, like all the country gentry whom I knew in England, attended service in a little old stone church, with no style about it; this had not even an organ. Miss Herschel told me that a good deal of effort had been made to raise money enough to purchase one, but it had failed. In the afternoon I remained at home and looked over the manuscripts of Sir William Herschel and his sister, Sir John pointing out the interesting parts. They were very carefully preserved, and were kept with a system which was in itself a science. The great astronomer wrote his notes on slips of paper at different times; these slips were afterward compared, the results obtained from them were recorded,



and indices to the manuscripts made. The first notes on the planet Uranus, which he discovered, speak of it as a comet,—he dared not call it a planet,—and as a comet it continues for some time to be spoken of in the notes, probably after he knew it to be a planet.<sup>1</sup>

Several of the manuscripts are devoted to the methods of polishing specula; several to observations on light. One of the notes is: "Observed my sister's comet of August 1."

The copies of letters were in themselves numerous and very interesting. The loss of the planet Ceres is mentioned in one to Piazzi. One is to Sir William Watson to ask for a term for the asteroids—what to call them as a *group*. He suggests that more may be discovered. A most remarkable one is to a French gentleman about a chemical discovery, which seems to have been a foreshadowing of photography.

Caroline Herschel followed Sir William to England when he was appointed astronomer to the king, and remained there until his death. She shared in all the night-watches of her brother, and with pencil in hand and eye on clock recorded what he saw, made the calculations, registered, coördinated, classed, and analyzed them.

As a gift for the present Lady Herschel, Caroline Herschel prepared her own biography after she was ninety years of age. It is written in a very clear hand, and although English was not her native tongue, the language is good. The sentences are long, but never obscure. Lady Herschel read some passages to me. She says, "My father told me that as I had neither beauty nor riches, no man would be likely to make me an offer until I was old, when some one might like, on account of my worth, to marry me."

When I mingled with English scientists I was not prepared for so much love of poetry as I found. Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, could repeat the whole of the "Lady of the Lake." Dr. Whewell, the master of Trinity, was a great lover of poetry, and wrote verses himself, though Sir John Herschel was more particularly the poet of science.

The Herschels had breakfast about eight o'clock. I did not see Lady Herschel at that time, but Miss Herschel poured tea and coffee; Sir John was there. At five or six came dinner, and we were always told the time of day near its approach, and advised to dress, and all who were to come to table made at once some preparation. It was cold weather, but the young

ladies came to dinner in barege dresses and with short sleeves.

It is a common saying in Europe that "Princes, Americans, and fools ride in first-class carriages." Lady Herschel told me that by traveling "second class" she sometimes made valuable acquaintances; she talked with intelligent farmers and learned to know something of a class whom she could never meet socially. I pitied in England the isolation of rank, the narrow circle of class, which becomes narrower and narrower all the way from the peasant to the queen, the peasant having the largest social circle, and the queen the smallest.

I met in England, as all Americans at that time met, great ignorance in regard to America. The eldest daughter of Sir John had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she asked me if it was a true picture of life in America—if it were possible for boys and girls to be educated together; if a girl stood a public examination in America; if a young lady really received guests herself, etc.<sup>2</sup>

I could scarcely believe when I saw Sir John Herschel in his family, guessing conundrums with the children, playing at spelling, and telling funny anecdotes, that he was the same man of whom one had said to me when I first landed in England, "He is living at Hawkhurst, not very well, and not very good-natured." Probably the expression on his countenance of physical suffering has been mistaken for ill temper. He was remarkably a gentleman; more like a woman in his instinctive perception of the wants and wishes of a guest. Just before I came away he came to me, and reaching out a leaf of a manuscript said, "Miss Mitchell, I thought you would like some of my aunt's handwriting," giving me an autograph which I value extremely. It was given to me as a leaf from a folio volume.

Sir John's mind was full of vigor at the time of my visit. He was then engaged in rewriting his "Outlines of Astronomy," but was no longer an active astronomer. He talked with great enthusiasm of the Cape observatory, and described in a very interesting manner the peculiar appearance of a twisted nebula on the larger of the "Magellan Patches."

I went over the grounds the last day, rainy though it was, to get to the barn to see the remains of the telescope used by Sir William: only the tube was left. It was forty feet long, and the diameter was so great that one could sit comfortably within it. Arago says that "In 1840 the family, then residing at Slough, formed in procession and walked around this telescope, then, seated on benches within the tube, sang the song written by Sir John and sealed up the tube—its work was over."<sup>3</sup>

Sir John was said to be a man of no wealth.

<sup>1</sup> These notes of an evening's observation are always very clearly written, and the words, "Left off here," are as distinct as the rest. The writer was the sister.

<sup>2</sup> The youngest child, at that time two years old, was educated at Girton later.

<sup>3</sup> See Arago's "Memoirs," first series, p. 265, for a celebration in honor of this telescope.



The family, including the servants, numbered some twenty persons; and when I asked, "What is meant in England by a person of no wealth?" I was told that it meant one who could not portion his daughters when they married.

It was the period of our distressing financial crisis of 1857, and English as well as American families were ruined. I asked of an English lady, "What will become of the daughters of an English family in which there is no property?" She replied, "They will live on their brother." And the question was asked of me, "What will become of the daughters of an American family in which there is no money?" "They will *earn* money," I replied. The answer was, "You Americans are a sensible people."

The house was very extensive, the grounds proportionately so: the table was to me, as all English tables seemed, over-bountiful; but in style of furniture and of dress I know no merchant's family in Boston so simple.

English habits may have changed since 1857, but at that time I saw no young ladies in silk. The plain print for morning and simple white for evening were all that the daughters of the astronomer royal or those of Sir John Herschel wore; and yet in the family of the astronomer royal, as in that of Sir John Herschel, a ring of the door-bell might announce not only the highest potentate of science in England, but the highest representative of any social circle—even the Queen herself.

You would say, in looking at Caroline Herschel's portrait, which hung in the drawing-room, "She must have been handsome when she was young." Her ruffled cap shades a mild face, whose blue eyes were even then full of animation. But it was merely the beauty of age. I suspect that this is often the case, especially when the life has been such as to develop the soul, which overcomes ugliness of feature and coarseness of complexion.

If you had asked Caroline Herschel after ten years of labor what good had come of it, she would probably have answered, with the extreme simplicity of her nature, that she had relieved her brother of a good deal of wearisome labor and perhaps kept up his vigor and prolonged his life. Probably it never entered her thoughts to be other than the patient and self-sacrificing assistant to a truly great man.

The woman who has peculiar gifts has a definite line marked out for her, and the call from God to do his work in the field of scientific investigation may be as imperative as that which calls the missionary into the moral field, or the mother into the family: as missionary, or as scientist, as sister, or as mother, no woman has the right to lose her individuality. To

discuss the question whether women have the capacity for original investigation in science is simply idle until equal opportunity is given them. We cannot overrate the consequences of such lives, whether it be Mrs. Somerville translating Laplace, Harriet Hosmer modeling her statues, Mrs. Browning writing her poems, or Caroline Herschel spending nights under the open canopy; in all it is the devotion to idea, the loyalty to duty, which reaches to all ages.

One of Caroline Herschel's strong characteristics was the carefulness with which everything was done. We are apt to hurry in everything, as if railroad-speed were the law of daily life—as if our hearts did not beat fast enough. She worked slowly, as if she knew that she had ninety-eight years of this life and all eternity in the next. When she worked in the little observatory at Slough, where the first observations were made, she not only worked in every observatory of the world, but she reached to every school for girls.

If what Caroline Herschel did is a lesson and a stimulus to all women, what she did not do is a warning. Has any being a right not to be? When Caroline Herschel so devoted herself to her brother that on his death her own self died, and her life became comparatively useless, she did, all unconsciously, a wrong, and she made the great mistake of her life.

The fault was only in part her fault. She was honored—late in life—as few women have been, by her family, by her sovereign, by the savants of all Europe. It was too late. It seems probable that her gifts were as fully bestowed as those of her brother; she was left uneducated and undeveloped. It was the English way; it is still the way of the world. Living on more than twenty years after his death, she needed for her own comfort pursuits and avocations outside the life that she had given him, and throughout her nearly one hundred years the world needed all that she could do.

When she kept the records, so systematically and so scientifically that after nearly one hundred years they are still valuable, every line that she wrote was an argument for the higher education of women; when she wrapped herself in innumerable wrappings and took care of the body that the mind might do its duty, she gave a lesson which every girl ought to follow.

She showed also the lesson of the usefulness of the unmarried woman. In England much more than in our country the unmarried woman holds a secondary place—unless she has some title. She even enters the dining-room after every married woman. I would in no way underrate the higher value of the wife and the mother and the blessedness of those whom



God has placed in families, but life need not be a failure and a blank when this position is denied. The family is only a larger one; the usefulness is not so intense, but it may be wider spread.

The peculiarity of Caroline Herschel's character, which in the thought of most persons gave the great charm, was her capacity of self-abnegation. She was the sister of a great man; to help him to make his work complete, to see that it was the best work that could be done, that all guards were placed around it to preserve it, was what she believed to be her duty, and she did it. It seems ungenerous to blame at all where we admire so much.

We make close friendships in England, and then we cross the Atlantic and for a few

months, perhaps for a few years, letters pass, telling of the life on the different sides of the world; then they grow few and far between. In my case came the dreadful war, and America and Great Britain seemed to be still farther separated.

Engrossed as we all were by the great moral question in our own country, personal ties, except of the closest nature, were subordinated. Letters became fewer and then more concisely stated. I heard that Sir John Herschel suffered from "dreadful coughs" in winter, and before the war was over the letters had ceased altogether. Suddenly one spring came the news that sent a pang to many a heart in America—"Sir John Herschel is dead."

*Maria Mitchell.*

## THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

### VII.



ALL this was no less the result of Francis Underwood's desire than of the doctor's commands. The old practitioner was noted for his skill throughout the region, and after he had talked with Judge Bascom

he gave it as his opinion that the only physic necessary in the case was perfect rest and quiet, and that these could be secured only by allowing the old man to remain undisturbed in the belief that he was once more the owner of the Bascom Place.

"He 'll not trouble you for long," said Dr. Bynum, wiping his spectacles, "and I've no doubt that whatever expense may be incurred will be settled by his old friends. Oh, Bascom still has friends here," exclaimed the doctor, misunderstanding Underwood's gesture of protest. "He went wrong, badly wrong; but he is a Southerner, sir, to the very core, and in the South we are in the habit of looking after our own. We may differ, sir, but when the pinch comes you 'll find us together."

The doctor's lofty air was wholly lost on his companion.

"My dear sir," said Underwood, laying his hand somewhat heavily on the doctor's shoulder, "what do you take me for? Do you suppose that I intend to set up a hospital here?"

"Oh, by no means, by no means," said Dr. Bynum, soothingly. "Not at all; in fact, quite

the contrary. As I say, you shall be reimbursed for all—"

"Dr. Bynum," said Underwood, with some degree of emphasis, "permit me to remind you that Judge Bascom is my guest. There is no question of money except so far as your bill is concerned, and that—"

"Now, now, my *dear* boy," exclaimed the old doctor, holding up both hands in a gesture of expostulation, "don't, *don't* fly up! What is the use? I was only explaining matters; I was only trying to let you know how we Southerners feel. You must have noticed that the poor old Judge has n't been treated very well since his return here. His best friends have avoided him. I was only trying to tell you that they hold him in high esteem, and that they are willing to do all they can for him."

"As a Southerner?" inquired Underwood, "or as a man?"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Dr. Bynum. "Don't come running at me with your head down and your horns up. We've no time to fall into a dispute. You look after the Judge as a Northerner, and I 'll look after him as a Southerner. His daughter must come here. He is very feeble. He has but one irrational idea, and that is that he owns the old Place. In every other particular his mind is sound, and he will give you no trouble. His idea must be humored and even then the collapse will come too soon for that poor girl, his daughter—as lovely a creature, sir, as you ever saw."

This statement was neither information nor news so far as Underwood was concerned. "If



I see her," the old doctor went on, with a somewhat patronizing air, "I'll try to explain matters; but it is a very delicate undertaking, sir—very delicate."

"No," said Underwood; "there will be no need for explanations. My sister will go for Miss Bascom, and whatever explanations may be necessary she will make at the proper time."

"An admirable arrangement," said Dr. Bynum with a grunt of satisfaction—"an admirable arrangement indeed. Well, my boy, you must do the best you can, and I know that will be all that is necessary. I am sorry for Bascom, very sorry, and I'm sorrier for his daughter. I'll call again to-night."

As Dr. Bynum drove down the avenue, Underwood was much gratified to see Jesse coming through the gate. The negro appeared to be much perplexed. He took off his hat as he approached Underwood, and made a display of politeness somewhat unusual, although he was always polite.

"Is you seed Marse Judge Bascom?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Underwood. "He is in the house yonder, resting himself. You seem frightened; what is the trouble?"

"Well, suh, I ain't had no sech worriment sence de Sherman army come 'long. I dunner what got inter Marse Judge Bascom. He been gwine on des like yuther folks, settin' 'roun' en talkin' 'long wid hisse'f, en den all of er sudden he break out en shave en dress hisse'f, en go visitin' whar he ain't never been visitin' befo'. I done year 'im say p'intedly dat he ain't never gwine come yer les'n de Place b'long ter 'im. Do he look downhearted, suh?"

"No," said Underwood, "I can't say that he does. He seems to be very well satisfied. He has called several times for Wesley. I have heard you called Jesse, but perhaps the Judge knows you as Wesley. There are several negroes around here who answer to different names."

"No, suh," said Jesse, scratching his head. "I ain't never been call Wesley sence I been bornded inter de worl'. Dey was er nigger name Wesley what use ter go 'long wid Marse Judge Bascom en wait on 'im when I wuz er little boy, but Wesley done been dead too long ago ter talk about. I dunner what make folks's min' drop back dat away. Look like dey er sorter fumblin' 'roun' tryin' fer ter ketch holt er sump'n ne'r what done been pulled up out'n reach."

"Well," said Underwood, "the Judge is in the house. See if he wants anything; and if he asks about his daughter, tell him she will be here directly."

When Jesse went into the house he found the Judge lying on a lounge in the hall. His

eyes were closed, and he seemed to be dozing; but Jesse's movements aroused him.

"Ah! is that you, Wesley? Where is your Miss Mildred?"

"She comin', suh; she comin' right now."

"Very well, very well. You must make yourself at home here," he said to Francis Underwood, who had followed Jesse. "I am somewhat dilapidated myself, but my daughter will entertain you. Wesley, I believe I will go to my room. Lend me your arm."

"Allow me to assist you," said Underwood; and so between the two the old man was carried to the room that had been his own when the house was his. It happened to be Underwood's room, but that made no difference. It belonged once more to the Judge in his disordered fancy, and thither he went.

After a while Miss Sophie came bringing Mildred. Just how she had explained matters to the poor girl no one ever knew, but it must have been in some specially sympathetic way, for when Francis Underwood assisted the ladies from the carriage Miss Bascom appeared to be the less agitated of the two.

"The Judge is as comfortable as possible," Underwood said cheerily. "Jesse is with him, and I think he is asleep. His nervousness has passed away."

"Oh, do you think he is seriously ill?" exclaimed Mildred, clasping her hands together.

"Certainly not, just now," said Francis Underwood. "The doctor has been here, and he has gone away apparently satisfied. Sister, do you take charge of Miss Bascom, and show her how to be at home here."

And so Judge Bascom and his beautiful daughter were installed at the old Place. Mildred, under the circumstances, would rather have been elsewhere, but she was practically under orders. It was necessary to the well-being of her father, so the doctor said, that he should remain where he was; it was necessary that he should be humored in the belief that he was the owner of the old Place. It is only fair to say that Miss Sophie Underwood and her brother were more willing and anxious to enter into this scheme than Mildred appeared to be. She failed to comprehend the situation until after she had talked with her father, and then she was in despair. Judge Bascom was the representative of everything substantial and enduring in his daughter's experience, and when she realized that his mind had been seized by a vagary she received a tremendous shock. But the rough edges of the situation, so to speak, were smoothed and turned by Miss Sophie, who assumed motherly charge of the young girl. Miss Sophie's methods were so sympathetic and so womanly, and she gave to the situation such a matter-of-fact interpre-



tation, that the grief and dismay of the young girl were not as overwhelming as they otherwise would have been.

## VIII.

NATURALLY all the facts that have just been set down here were soon known to the inhabitants of Hillsborough. Naturally, too, something more than the facts were also known and talked about. There was the good old doctor ready to shake his head and look mysterious, and there were the negroes ready to give out an exaggerated version of the occurrences that followed Judge Bascom's visit to his old home.

"Well," said Major Jimmy Bass to his wife, with something like a snort, "ef the old Judge is gone there an' took holt of things, like they say, it's bekaze he's out'n his mind. I wonder what in the round world could 'a' possessed him?"

"I 'spec' he's done drapt back into his dolt-age," said farmer Joe-Bob Grissom, who had gone to the major's for the purpose of discussing the matter. "An' yit, they do say that he's got a clean title to every bit of the prop'ty ef you take into account all that talk about his wife's brother an' sech like."

"Well," remarked the major grimly, "Sarah there ain't got no brother, an' I reckon I 'm sorter prectected from them kind of gwines-on."

"Why, tooby shore you are," said his wife, who was the Sarah referred to; "but I ain't so mighty certain that I would n't be better off if I had a brother to follow you around where the wimmen folks can't go. You 've flung away a many a bright dollar that he might have picked up."

"Who, Sarah?" inquired the major, wincing a little.

"My brother," returned Mrs. Bass.

"Why, you have n't got a brother, Sarah," said Major Bass.

"More 's the pity," exclaimed the major's wife. "I ought to have had one—a great big double-j'inted chap. But you need n't tell me about the old Judge," she went on. "He tried to out-Yankee the Yankees up yonder in Atlanty, and now he's a-trying to out-Yankee them down here. Lord! You need n't tell me a thing about old Judge Bascom. Show me a man that's been wrapped up with the Radicals, and I'll show you a man that ain't got no better sense than to try to chousel somebody. I'd just as lieve see Underwood have the Bascom Place as the old Judge—every bit and grain."

"Well, I had n't," said the major, emphatically.

"No, ner me nuther," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom. "Hit may be right, but hit don't

look right. Pap used to say he 'd never be happy ontel the Bascoms come back inter the'r prop'ty."

"Well, he's dead, ain't he?" inquired Mrs. Bass in a tone that showed she had the best of the argument.

"Yessum," said Mr. Grissom, shifting about in his chair and crossing his legs, as if anxious to dispose of an unpleasant subject—"yessum, pap's done dead." To this statement, after a somewhat embarrassing silence, he added: "Pap took an' died a long time ago."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass in a gentler tone, "and I'll warrant you that when he died he was n't pestered about whether the Bascoms owned the old Place or not. Did he make any complaints?"

"No 'm," replied Mr. Grissom, in a reminiscent way, "I can't say that he did. He jest did n't bother about 'em. Hit looked like they jest natchally slipped outer his mind."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Bass, with a little shake of her head; "they slipped outer your pa's mind, and now they say the old Judge has slipped out of his own mind."

"Well, we need n't boast of it, Sarah," remarked the major with a feeble attempt at severity. "Nobody knows the day when some of us may be twisted around. We've no room to brag."

"No, we ain't," said his wife, bridling up. "I've trembled for you a many a day when you thought I was thinking about something else—a many a day."

"Now you know mighty well, Sarah, that no good-natured man like me ain't a-gwine to up an' lose their mind, jest dry so," said the major earnestly. "They've got to have some mighty big trouble."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass, grimly, "and they have to have mind too, I reckon. Nobody that never had a horse ever lost one."

The major nodded his head at Joe-Bob Grissom, as much as to say that it was only a very able man who could afford to have such a sprightly wife. The mute suggestion, however, was lost on Grissom, who was accustomed to taking life seriously.

"I hear a mighty heap of talk," he said, "but I ain't never been so mighty certain an' shore that the old Judge is lost his mind. There 'd be lots of fun ef it should happen to be that he had the papers all made out in his pocket, an' I've hearn some hints thataway."

"Well," said the more practical Mrs. Bass, "he ain't got no papers. The minute I laid eyes on him after he come back here, I says to Mr. Bass there, 'Mr. Bass,' says I, 'the old Judge has gone wrong in his upper story.' Ah, you can't fool me. I know a thing when I see it, more especially if I look at it close. I've seen folks that had to rub the silver off a thrip



to tell whether it was passable or not. I might be fooled about the silver in a thrip, but you can't fool me about a grown man."

"Nobody ain't tryin' to fool you, Sarah," said the major, with some show of spirit.

"Well, I reckon not," exclaimed Mrs. Bass, somewhat contemptuously. "I 'd like to see anybody try to fool me right here in my own house and right before my face."

"There ain't no tellin'," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom, in his matter-of-fact way, ignoring everything that had been said—"there ain't no tellin' whether the old Judge is got the papers or not. 'T would be hard on Frank Underwood an' his sister, an' they ain't no better folks than them. They don't make no fuss about it, an' they don't hang out no signs, but when you come to a narrer place in the road where you can't go forrerd nor back'ards, an' nuther can you turn 'roun', you may jest count on them Underwoods. They 'll git you out ef you can be got out, an' before you can say thanky-do, they 'll be away off yonder helpin' some yuther poor creetur."

"Well," said Major Bass, with an air of independence, "I'm at the fust of it. It may be jest as you say, Joe-Bob; but ef so, I've never knowed it."

"Hit's jest like I tell you," said Joe-Bob, emphatically.

"Well, the Lord love us!" exclaimed Mrs. Bass, "I hope it's so—I do from the bottom of my heart. It would be a mighty queer world if it did n't have some tender spots in it, but you need n't be afraid that they 'll ever get as thick as the measles. I reckon you must be renting land on the old Bascom Place," she went on, eying Mr. Grissom somewhat sharply.

"Yessum," said Joe-Bob, moving about uneasily in his chair. "Yessum, I do."

Whereupon Mrs. Bass smiled, and her smile was more significant than anything she could have said. It was disconcerting indeed, and it was not long before Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom made some excuse for depriving Major Jimmy and Mrs. Sarah Bass of his company.

As he was passing the Bascom Place on his way home he saw lights in the house and heard voices on the piazza.

"Ef it warn't for that blamed dog," he thought, "I 'd go up there an' see what they er talkin' about so mighty peart."

#### IX.

BUT Mr. Grissom's curiosity would not have been satisfied. Judge Bascom was sitting in a large rocking chair, enjoying the pleasant evening air, and the others were sitting near, talking on the most ordinary topics. This sit-

uation was one of the doctor's prescriptions, as Miss Sophie said. Those around were to wear a cheerful air, and the Judge was to be humored in the belief that he was once more the proprietor of the Bascom Place. He seemed to respond to this treatment in the most natural way. The old instinct of hospitality rose in him and had its way. He grew garrulous indeed, and sat on the piazza, or walked up and down and talked by the hour. He was full of plans and projects, and some of them were so suggestive that Francis Underwood made a note of them for further consideration. The Judge was the genial host, and while his daughter was full of grief and humiliation at the position in which she was placed, he appeared to draw new life and inspiration from his surroundings. He took a great fancy to Miss Sophie: her observations, which were practical in the extreme, and often unflattering, were highly relished by him. The Judge himself was a good talker, and he gave Miss Sophie an opportunity to vent some of her pet opinions, the most of which were very pronounced.

As for Mildred, in spite of her grief and anxiety, she found her surroundings vastly more pleasant than she had at first imagined they could be. Some instinct or prepossession made her feel at home in the old house, and as she grew more cheerful and more contented she grew more beautiful and more engaging. At least this was the opinion of Francis Underwood.

"Brother," said Miss Sophie one day when they were together, "you are in love."

"I don't know whether to say yes or no," he replied. "What is it to be in love?"

"How should I know?" exclaimed Miss Sophie, reddening a little. "I see you mooning around, and moping. Something has come over you, and if it is n't love, what is it?"

He held up his hands, white and muscular, and looked at them. Then he took off his hat and tousled his hair in an effort to smooth it with his fingers.

"It is something," he said after a while, "but I don't know what. Is love such an everyday affair that it can be called by name as soon as it arrives?"

"Don't be absurd, brother," said Miss Sophie, with a gesture of protest. "You talk as if you were trying to take a census of the affair."

"No," said he; "I am trying to get a special report. I saw Dr. Bynum looking at you over his spectacles yesterday."

Miss Sophie tried to show that this suggestion was an irritating one, but she failed, and then fell to laughing.

"I never knew I was so full of humor before," said Francis Underwood, by way of comment.

"And I never knew you could be so foolish — to me," said Miss Sophie, still laughing. "What is Dr. Bynum to me?"

"Not having his spectacles to look over, how do I know?"

"But," persisted Miss Sophie, "you need no spectacles to look at Mildred. I have seen you looking at her through your fingers."

"And what was she doing?" inquired Underwood, coloring in the most surprising way.

"Oh," said Miss Sophie, "she was pretending not to notice it; but I can sit with my back to you both and tell by the tone of her voice when this and that thing is going on."

"This, then, is courtship," said Underwood.

"Why, brother, how provoking you are!" exclaimed Miss Sophie. "It is nothing of the sort. It is child's play; it is the way the youngsters do at school. I feel as if I never knew you before; you are full of surprises."

"I surprise myself," he said, with something like a sigh, "and that is the trouble; I don't want to be too surprising."

"But in war," said his sister, "the successful general cannot be too full of surprises."

"In war!" he cried. "Why, I was in hopes the war was over."

"I was thinking about the old saying," she explained — "the old saying that all is fair in love and war."

"Well," said Francis Underwood, "it would be hard to say whether you and Dr. Bynum are engaged in war or not. You are both very sly, but I have seen a good deal of skirmishing going on. Will it end in a serious engagement, with casualties on both sides? The doctor is something of a surgeon, and he can attend to his own wounds, but who is going to look after yours?"

"How can you go on so!" cried Miss Sophie, laughing. "Are we to have an epidemic of delusions?"

"Yes, and illusions too," said her brother. "The atmosphere seems to be full of them. Everything is in a tangle."

And yet it was not long after this conversation that Miss Sophie observed her brother and Mildred Bascom sauntering together under the great cedars, and she concluded that he was trying to untangle the tangle.

There were many such walks, and the old Judge, sitting on the piazza in bright weather, would watch the handsome pair, apparently with a contented air. There was something about this busy and practical young man that filled Mildred's imagination. His individuality was prominent enough to be tantalizing. It was of the dominant variety. In him the instinct of control and command, so pleasing to the feminine mind, was thoroughly developed, and he disposed of his affairs with a promptness and decisiveness that left nothing to be

desired. Everything seemed to be arranged in his mind beforehand.

Everything, that is to say, except his relations with Mildred Bascom. There was not the slightest detail of his various enterprises, from the simplest to the most complicated, with which he was not thoroughly familiar, but this young girl, simple and unaffected as she was, puzzled him sorely. She presented to Francis Underwood's mind the old problem



FRANCIS UNDERWOOD AND MILDRED.

that is always new, and that has as many phases as there are stars in the sky. Here, before his eyes, was a combination for which there was no warrant in his experience — the wit and tenderness of Rosalind, blended with the self-sacrificing devotion of Cordelia. Here was a combination — a complication — of a nature to attract the young man's attention. Problem, puzzle, what you will, it was a very attractive one for him, and he lost no favorable opportunity of studying it.

So the pleasant days came and went. If there were any love passages between the young people, only the stately cedars or the restless poplars were in the secret, and these told it only to the vagrant west winds that crept over the hills when the silence of night fell over all things.

X.

THOSE were pleasant days and nights at the old Bascom Place, in spite of the malady with which the Judge was afflicted. They



were particularly pleasant when he seemed to be brighter and stronger. But one day, when he seemed to be at his best, the beginning of the end came. He was sitting on the piazza, talking with his daughter and with Francis Underwood. Some reference was made to the Place, when the old Judge suddenly rose from his chair, and, shaking his thin white hand at the young man, cried out:

"I tell you it is mine! The Place always has been mine and it always will be mine."

He tottered forward and would have fallen, but Underwood caught him and placed him in his chair. The old man's nerves had lost their tension, his eyes their brightness. He could only murmur indistinctly, "Mine, mine, mine." He seemed suddenly to have shrunk and shriveled away. His head fell to one side, his face was deadly pale, his lips were blue, and his thin hands clutched convulsively at his clothes and at the chair. Mildred was at his side instantly, but he seemed to be beyond the reach of her voice and beyond the limits of her grief, which was distressful to behold. He tried indeed to stroke the beautiful hair that fell loosely over him as his daughter seized him in her despairing arms, but it was in a vague and wandering way.

Judge Bascom's condition was so alarming that Francis Underwood lifted him in his arms and placed him on the nearest bed, where he lay gazing at the ceiling, sometimes smiling and at other times frowning and crying, "Mine, mine, mine!"

He sank slowly but surely. At the last he smiled and whispered "Home," and so passed away.

THE END.

*Joel Chandler Harris.*

## SUNRISE.

ONE rose before the dawn, and stole along  
The dull shore waiting for the light to be;  
That he, before the unimpatient throng,  
Might watch the sunrise on the splendid  
sea.

And one who cared not for the glorious sight,  
But for the joy to come with that first ray,  
Ran to his casement to greet there the light  
That ushered in for him his wedding-day.

But to the One who gives both sea and shore,  
Who from the darkness light and gladness  
frees,  
Rises the sweetest hymn forevermore  
Not from the lips of such glad souls as these.

He was indeed at home. He had come to the end of his long and tiresome journey. He smiled as he lay sleeping, and his rest was pleasant; for there was that in his dead face, white and pinched as it was, that bore witness to the infinite gentleness and mercy of Christ, who is the Lord.

It was an event that touched the hearts of his old neighbors and their children, and they spoke to one another freely and feelingly about the virtues of the old Judge, the beautiful life he had lived, the distinction he had won, and the mark he had made on his generation. Some, who were old enough to remember, told of his charities in the days when prosperity sat at his board; and in discussing these things the people gradually came to realize the fact that Judge Bascom, in spite of his misfortunes, had shed luster on his State and on the village in which he was born, and that his renown was based on a character so perfect, and on results so just and beneficent, that all could share in it.

His old neighbors, watching by him as he lay smiling in his dreamless sleep, shortened the long hours of the night with pleasant reminiscences of the dead. Those who sat near the door could see, in an adjoining room, Mildred Bascom sitting at Miss Sophie Underwood's feet, her arms around the older woman's waist. It was a brief and fleeting panorama, as indeed life itself is, but the two, brought together by grief and sympathy, often sat thus in the years that followed. For Mildred Bascom became the mistress of the Bascom Place; and although she has changed her name, the old name still clings to Underwood's domain.

But from the bed where one all night has lain,  
Still his moans to let his watchers sleep,  
Who suddenly across his bed of pain  
Sees the faint gray of early morning creep.

He cannot haste with eager eyes to see  
Its coming; whether it be dull or fair,—  
This day that dawns,—he knows not; it may be  
It brings him suffering keener still to bear.

Ah, God! how great the gift that thou hast  
given,  
When those who only know the night is past  
Send to thee, in thy far-off, silent heaven,  
The gladdest thanks that day has dawned  
at last!

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

# THE TRAINING OF THE TEACHER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NEW YORK COLLEGE FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.



MODELING MAPS IN PUTTY.

IT is very instructive to study the development of the professional teacher. In earlier times teaching was the duty of the parent, a little later a function of the priest. Hrabanus Maurus himself, who holds the proud title "primus præceptor Germaniæ" even against Melancthon, could not see that the monk who was to become a teacher needed anything more professional than broad culture, high character, and sound learning.<sup>1</sup> But the training of the teacher, to be adequate, must include professional knowledge and skill in addition to these general and very desirable characteristics. This professional element in the teacher's equipment is to be gained by the study of the history and philosophy of education, which unfold the principles on which education is based and the story of their growth and development; by the study of psychology, which familiarizes the future teacher with the characteristics and qualities of the human mind and the laws of

its development; and by the study of the methods of school organization and instruction, by which he is informed of the best results of experience in the field of educational practice. This knowledge is not to be gained by what is vaguely termed intuition, nor by imitation alone.

The absence of any proper and adequate professional training in the past — of over three hundred and twenty-five thousand teachers in the United States, but a small proportion are graduates even of normal schools — has made itself felt not only in the schools of the United States, but in those of Europe as well. The work of the schools, speaking broadly, has been poorly done and the mass of the school population has not even been properly instructed, much less educated. It is not meant by this that the common school, the world over, has accomplished nothing; for the history of Scotland since Knox, of the United States under the Constitution, of Prussia since Jena, and of France under the Republic, tells a far different story. But popular education has not accomplished all the results hoped for, simply because popular education does not as yet exist. The framework, constitutional and administrative, is generally provided, but the proper supply of the necessary agents, thoroughly trained and equipped teachers, is not yet forthcoming. Reasons may doubtless be given why this is so. The teacher's salary is small and his tenure of office is insecure. These obstacles are not easily removed. In the United States the absence of any national system of education makes their removal a matter of extreme difficulty and one involving great loss of time. Public opinion — which, as our latest and kindest critic, Mr. Bryce, says, is not made, but grows in America — must stimulate State, municipal, and district authorities in turn before any appreciable results can be secured. The process is a laborious and uncertain one, for the name of these authorities is legion. Because these obstacles are not removed, the profession of teaching involves a sacrifice which the lawyer, the physician, or the man of business is not called upon to make.

Another consideration, and a very important one, deserves notice. The fact that the universities have very generally neglected to provide instruction in the science of education has had a powerful influence in retarding the

<sup>1</sup> "Scientiæ plenitudinem, et vitæ rectitudinem, et eruditionis perfectionem."





A CLASS IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

progress of the teaching profession. In view of the relation which in any sound system the universities should bear to the schools and to the state at large, this neglect is nothing less than culpable, and the efforts now making to repair it come too late to prevent serious loss to the cause of popular education. At least nine German universities, two Scotch universities, and six of our own institutions of first rank have recognized the claim of the science of education to a place in their calendars. It is only a question of time when the English universities and the older and more conservative of our American colleges will follow their example. What has been lost by the delay is pictured by Professor Laurie when he says, "Had Roger Ascham's college, at Cambridge, founded a lectureship on the first two books of Quintilian and on Ascham's own work, and done nothing more, the whole character of English public education would have been revolutionized more than two hundred years ago. We should have been as great a nation, measured by the standards of imperial power and wealth, but our citizens would have had a better use of their brains, greater love of truth, more open minds, more kindly hearts, more of wisdom, justice, righteousness." Enough has been said to show that while the adequate training of the teacher is not a new subject, yet any general recognition of its importance is new. Indeed it would be concealing the truth not to say

that its earnest advocacy is to-day chiefly in the hands of those educationists who are known among their fellows as radicals and progressives.

It seems clear enough that certain fundamental principles of this professional training may be laid down. In the first place, it should follow the secondary education and be wholly distinct from it; and in the second place, it should include the practical work of teaching under competent supervision and criticism, as well as the study of educational theory. These two principles should be examined separately and somewhat carefully.

If the teacher's professional training is to follow his secondary education, it should not be begun before the student is at least eighteen years of age and in possession of what is known as a good high-school or academic education. This is the foundation on which any special education should rest, and on which it must rest if it is to be really valuable. If a college course can be added, so much the better; but the number of those who seem to be able to spare the time and expense for this advanced instruction is not large. It is not easy to see how this position as to the necessity of separating the general education from the special training can be gainsaid, yet the normal schools of this country, almost without exception (there are a few notable ones), violate this principle entirely and plead the force of circumstances as



their justification. The result is that too many normal schools are but high schools with a slight infusion of pedagogy in the curriculum of the last year. More often than not students graduate from these schools before they are eighteen years of age, and before it is possible for them to have acquired that necessary general education which should precede any special and professional training whatever. Students thus graduating become at once teachers in the common schools, and at the expense of the education of countless children slowly acquire that "experience" which is to serve as a substitute for the training they have not secured.

a knowledge of them from candidates for admission, and only refer to them again to discuss their pedagogic relations and for the purpose of explaining how their subject-matters may best be taught.

As to the principle that the professional training of the teacher should include the practical work of the school-room under proper supervision and criticism, there is little difference of opinion. But the practice of normal schools falls far below their professions in this respect. The student teaches in a practice school for a few hours each week or for a few days each month, but this is not sufficient either in



A LESSON IN SLÖJD.

This is a serious evil and one which is not being very rapidly remedied.

The contention of some normal-school principals that unless the students receive their general education under the normal-school roof it will not be good for anything will not bear examination. An educational system cannot be built up on any such basis as that. Trust, not distrust, must be the motto. The grammar schools and the high schools must be trusted to do their own work properly; the normal school can protect itself by its entrance examination. In teaching elementary or secondary subjects it is leaving its own sphere and entering that of another. The law school does not teach history, nor the medical school reading; neither should the training college give instruction in those branches. It should demand

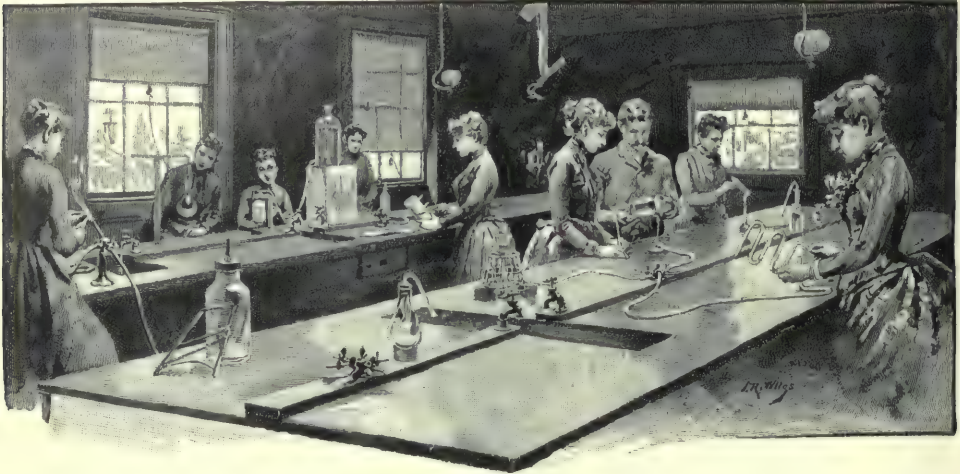
quantity or in quality. In some of the German training colleges, certainly in that at Weimar, the student has a subject assigned him which he teaches uninterruptedly for a whole year in the practice school; and careful preparation for this instruction is made. This arrangement is held to be necessary in order that the student may obtain real grasp of his subject and familiarize himself with the special needs of the children whom he instructs. That the German practice in this respect is superior to that common among ourselves is very apparent. It should be that at which we aim.

On these two principles, and on the further one that manual training should be an integral part of the common-school course, the New York College for the Training of Teachers has been founded, and on these principles it will



be developed. Its aim is to equip teachers thoroughly for the work of elementary and secondary education and to insist that in that education, and consequently in the equipment of the teacher, manual training must be permitted to occupy that place which history, philosophy, and science unite in saying is its due. This is not the place to discuss the subject of manual training. An unbroken series

of instruction. Under the head of manual training, female students only are prepared to give instruction in sewing and cooking, and male students only, when the necessary arrangements shall have been completed, in metal-working. Both male and female students are prepared to teach drawing and modeling, the Swedish *slöjd* (pronounced *sloyd*), which is the most useful form of constructive work for



THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.

of successful experiments has rendered further argument unnecessary. It is an established fact; but the College for the Training of Teachers is perhaps the first institution of its kind to accept it as such, with all that such acceptance implies. Inasmuch, however, as manual training is not generally taught in the schools and it would be impossible to insist upon candidates for admission having a thorough knowledge of it, the first principle which we have laid down above must for the time being be violated. The work of the elementary and secondary schools must be supplemented in the training-college course by that instruction in manual training which will shortly be generally given in those schools themselves. When this is the case, the training college will treat the various divisions of manual training precisely as it treats geography and spelling. That is, it will require knowledge of them for entrance; and only discuss their history and educational value and develop the best methods of presenting them to children.

Candidates for admission to the College for the Training of Teachers are required to be at least eighteen years of age, and either to pass a prescribed examination or to present a certificate of graduation from some approved academy, high school, or college. Pupils of either sex are admitted on equal conditions and are given pretty much the same course

pupils from ten to fourteen years of age, and wood-working. The excellence of the work done in wood by female students has excited no little surprise and some derision. The surprise, however, has been confined to those who have not kept pace with educational progress, and the derision to those who continue to see in manual training not education, but preparation for trades.

Instruction in these various branches of manual training shares with the study of the kindergarten and psychology the larger portion of the first part of the junior year. The careful and systematic study of children, their habits, powers, and peculiarities, is begun at once and is carried on throughout the entire course. In fact, it is principally from this study that the future teacher is to gain at the college that store of information which serves to make up what the world knows as "experience" in handling classes of children and in instructing them. A plan has been perfected by which the method of recording observations of this kind, begun at the Worcester (Massachusetts) Normal School a few years ago, will be extended and made a very prominent feature of the study of the child's mind and its development.

The work in natural science, which has so important a place in the curriculum, is designed to serve two purposes. It trains the students in habits of accurate observation and logical

thought, as well as in the methods of experimentation, and also fits them to construct from very simple and accessible materials the apparatus with which to illustrate in the school-room various physical, physiological, and mechanical processes. It is intended by the faculty to make, in connection with this science training, a fair test of the assertion of Professor Lintner, State entomologist of New York, that entomology is superior to botany as a means of training the child's power of observation.

Just as natural science is made to serve the teacher's professional purposes, so is history. The teacher needs a highly cultivated imagination and a power of illustration, which the study of the philosophy of history and the progress of civilization can supply. In order to gain this the curriculum contains instruction of this character, and it is carried on in connection with a carefully chosen course of collateral reading.

The science of education — the *pädagogik* of the Germans — is almost unknown in this country, as is the fact that Paulsen lectures on that subject to three or four hundred students each semester at the University of Berlin. It is to be developed at considerable length at the college by educators who have made it a subject of profound study. It includes a discussion of the philosophical principles underlying the theory of education, such as that given by Waitz and Rosenkranz, and also an examination of the relation of the family and the state to the work of education in the school. The subject of educational values, the relative importance of various subjects of study for the work of mental development, is also included under this head.

Instruction in the methods of teaching, in school organization and discipline, connects itself naturally with the foregoing and constitutes what is known as the art of education. It embraces didactics, discipline and punishment, school hygiene, and kindred topics. The art of education is studied experimentally as it were, for its precepts are to be observed in operation in the school of practice, and, under proper supervision, applied there by the students themselves. In all this mere formalism is to be guarded against, and this saying of Rosmini must be continually borne in mind: "It is true that the teacher, enriched by his own experience, can communicate what he knows to his pupil; but the teacher himself will, if he is wise, make himself the interpreter and disciple of nature, and lead the child's mind to the knowledge of truth by the same

gradual steps he would have to follow in gaining the knowledge for himself by the much longer road of experience."

The history of education is an education itself, and contributes largely to the professional training of the teacher. It includes the study of the development of educational institutions as well as that of educational theories, and involves a critical analysis and study of such works as Plato's "Republic," Quintilian's "Institutes," Luther's "Letter to the Burgomasters," Milton's "Tractate," Rousseau's "Émile," and Froebel's "Education of Man." It describes and compares the contemporary educational institutions in various countries; it discusses the gymnasium and the *realschule*, the *lycée* and the English board school, the question of technical education and that of electives in colleges, compulsory education laws and national aid to education in the United States.

The student who has in this way compassed the science of education and its history, the art of instruction and its practice, is entitled to his baccalaureate degree in pedagogy. The degrees of master and doctor are reserved for even higher attainments. The degree of bachelor of pedagogy is to be to the teacher what the doctorate of medicine is to the physician — at once an evidence of thorough professional preparation and a license to practice.

A single institution cannot do much directly in so large a country as our own to supply the schools with properly equipped teachers. Even should the number of its graduates reach several hundreds annually, the teachers of the United States are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Indirectly, however, it can and will accomplish a great deal. It will serve as a stimulus, and, it is hoped, call many similar training colleges into existence. But should this hoped-for result not follow, it will serve to bring home to the teacher a full appreciation of what it is to belong to a profession which boasts a splendid history, a scientific basis, and a classic literature; a profession to which Alcuin and Abelard, Colet and Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel, Thomas Arnold and Mark Hopkins belonged; a profession that has counted and still counts among its members some of the truest, noblest, and best men and women who ever lived. It will improve the character of popular education and through it the quality of citizenship, particularly citizenship in that nation which Abraham Lincoln declared to be "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

*Nicholas Murray Butler.*



# MANUAL TRAINING AS A FACTOR IN MODERN EDUCATION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MANUAL-TRAINING SCHOOL.



IN THE SMITHY DEPARTMENT.

**I**N modern education the factors may be grouped as industrial, political, social, and moral, each of which is essential to the realization of an harmonious ethical training. An education which discovers the duties men owe to themselves and to society, growing out of their natural or acquired capacities and their position and prospects in life, which trains men to fulfill the ends and aims of their existence, or to know their rights and to perform their duties, is an harmonious ethical training. The results in manual-training schools have been somewhat loosely attributed to the industrial factor alone instead of attributing them to the harmonious coöperation of all the ethical elements involved. The ethics of the modern manual-training school may be expressed in Macaulay's epitome of the philosophy of Bacon — utility and progress.

Education is acquisition and training. The type in modern society which largely determines our civilization is the industrial man; education in the United States must be considered, primarily, in relation to the needs of the masses, and the masses are of the industrial type. Less than three per centum of the boys of this country can hope to make a living by the practice of the professions; the mass of American boys must succeed, if they succeed at all, in industrial occupations. A servile adherence to traditional class interests has forced all minds along a narrow public-school course, and by the exclusion of the industrial factor has kept the curriculum a fragment and has maintained a discrimination against the essential group of industrial rights, duties, and interests into which all men are born. More important than that which may be learned at school is the discipline which comes with the

acquisition and the training. To omit industrial discipline in education is to wage war against common sense. The manual-training school is the modern means of acquiring a knowledge of things and of men; its training is a discipline that may be described as having ethical proportions. The new movement is an embodied expostulation against the fatal narrowness of our schools, and there is reason to believe that by the harmonious ethical training realized in manual-training schools some evils now crowding upon society in this country will be remedied.

To the objections that the curriculum of the public schools is already crowded; that the introduction of the industrial factor will only add to present confusion; that the industrial training is technical training, and that the schools of the country are wholly unprepared in faculty or in equipment to add the industrial factor, the reply is the experience of the present manual-training schools: the results reveal that the new education differs from the old chiefly in the administration of educational powers. The time given to manual training might be given to training in language, or mathematics, or philosophy; the question of which training is one of values. Manual training does not mean no training in language, in mathematics, or in philosophy. Given the present condition of society, the capacities of boys and girls and their respective positions and prospects in life, the question is: Shall their education consist of acquisition and training in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy only, or in a sufficient amount of these three, and in industrial training? The question becomes a practical problem in economic administration of educational forces. In academies and in high schools the tendency is to imitate the college. The true function of the academy and of the high school is to help boys and girls prepare for life; too often these schools expend their energies in merely preparing students for college. The manual-training school has for its function the fitting of the young for careers in life appropriate to their characters, their position, and their prospects: it fits boys for college, but first, by its harmonious training, it teaches them to think and fits them for making an honorable living in the world. It is a world school.

Shall a boy know less of Latin, less of Greek, less of French, less of German, less of conic sections or quaternions, less of psychology, and in place thereof know the principles of industrial occupations, the use of tools, the construction of typical forms in the applied arts, and possess both the trained mind and the skilled hand? For the mass of American boys which training is best worth having? Provided that the course in the manual-training

school is, to use a current phrase, "sufficiently literary," could not every school introduce the industrial factor into its curriculum, and by harmoniously administering educational powers already possessed, with absolute certainty increase and intensify the benefits accruing to society from educational work?

A manual-training school is composed of several departments in co-relation: science, mathematics, literature, history, economics, engineering, drawing, and manual work. The harmony of the new education is the harmony of instruction and of construction, which may thus be outlined:

Instruction in mathematics, science, drawing .....	Construction in materials, as wood, metal, etc.
	Laboratory work; graphic presentations in botany, electricity, chemistry, physics, physiology, etc.; collections and investigations.
Literature, history, and economics, drawing ..	Graphic presentations of historic events; social science; language; biography; economics.
Engineering, drawing ..	Electrical and mechanical laboratories; models; working machines; designs; ornamentation.
Manual work, drawing,	Typical forms in wood and metal; clay modeling; casting; smithing; forging; tool constructions.
Morals .....	Conduct, daily association; industrial relations; social duties; record of personal qualities and powers; self-knowledge.

Experience in Philadelphia proves that drawing, mathematics, and language underlie all other departments.<sup>1</sup> Drawing is as important in the school as are tools in the arts. It in-

<sup>1</sup> *Course of Study, Philadelphia Manual-Training School.*

FIRST YEAR.		Hours per week through year.
Studies.		
Algebra .....		3
Botany .....		2
Carpentry and Joinery .....		5
Drawing, free-hand and mechanical .....		4



volves the knowledge of things and is the graphic language of facts, forms, and objects. It is a means to an expression of the beautiful and to its conception in science, in literature, and in economics. As the ends of the school are not solely industrial, drawing becomes the means for a graphic presentation of political, industrial, and moral conditions of society. The construction of mechanical units is, educationally, only a method of discipline, and drawing becomes the medium for a logical process. In a working drawing are embodied the facts of form, the appearance of an object to the eye, and the ornamentation incorporating elements of design, beauty, and utility. The results in drawing are: the ability to make out and to interpret working drawings, *e. g.*, machine or house drawings; to produce from drawings the indicated forms in plastic material; the understanding of the phraseology of artistic constructions; and the power to elaborate a proposition. The elaborative faculty has constant use in the school in the construction of machine drawings, tracings, blue-prints, sketches, specifications, drawings to scale, and in the applications of drawing in the work of the various departments. In architectural drawing details from private and from public buildings, plans, elevations, constructions, and graphic problems, such as the combination of use and ornament in a construction, sufficiently test the practical value of the training. In free-hand the boy is fitted to delineate rapidly and accurately the apparent form of objects, models,

tools, applications of typical forms in daily life, and to understand the use of light and shade, both natural and artificial. He learns also the properties and the elementary use of colors. He can distinguish between good and bad design, recognize the historical styles of ornament, and analyze or conventionalize plant forms in artistic applications.

Were the applications of drawing and of the principles of art to go no further, the training in the school would differ but slightly from that given in schools of art. Drawing has not been in American schools long, and the greater part of it has been mere school copy work leading to no practical applications. The manual-training school applies drawing in every department. Exercises in wood, metal, smithing, or molding are first drawn to scale, to which the rough material must be reduced according to the blue-print specifications. The first lesson in the metal shop requires the reduction of a block of cast iron, rough from the foundry, to the proportions 4" X 2" X 1". The groove is cut across the rough face with a cope chisel; the whole surface is chipped off with a flat chisel and filed perfectly smooth. Each face is tested mechanically and is reduced to mathematical proportions, according to the blue-print. Successive lessons increase in difficulty as typical forms are composed, and the completion of the last lesson is the embodiment of all preceding lessons. At the completion of the course in the metal shop alone boys are fitted to enter establishments

<i>Studies.</i>	<i>Hours per week through year.</i>
English Language, Rhetoric, with classic authors.	3
Geology	2
Geometry	2
Metal work (chipping, filing, fitting)	5
Physiology	1

SECOND YEAR.

American History	2
Social and Industrial Drawing, mechanical and free-hand	4
English Literature, classic authors	3
Geometry	3
German	2
Metal work, smithing (iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting)	5
Mechanics	1
Physics	3
Pattern-making, turning	5

THIRD YEAR.

General History	3
American History, civil and political	2
Chemistry	3
Clay-modeling	1
Drawing, machine, architectural, designing	2
Engineering, electrical and mechanical	3
English Literature	3
German	2
Political Economy	2
Trigonometry	2

<i>Studies.</i>	<i>Hours per week through year.</i>
Wood-carving	2
Mechanical Constructions	6

THIRD YEAR: Individual work (constructions) in chemical laboratory, electricity, wood-working, ethical studies, depending upon the character of the student.

FOURTH YEAR: Individual work with special professors preparatory for further studies or for practical work.

*Distribution of Subjects.*

	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Hours.</i>
Mathematics, 400 hours	1	200
	2	120
	3	80
Science, 600 hours	1	200
	2	160
	3	240
Language, History, Economics, 880 hours	1	120
	2	280
	3	480
Drawing, 400 hours	1	160
	2	160
	3	80
Manual works, applications, and constructions, 1160 hours	1	400
	2	400
	3	360

Total. . . . . 3440

In the fourth year, special work in various departments; hours, voluntary.



employing skilled workmen and earn fair wages. In a few instances, such boys have been able to earn wages enough to support themselves.

In the process of transforming rough material into typical forms possessing artistic proportions a boy applies mechanical principles, produces material changes visible to himself and capable of undoubted tests; he acquires the discipline shown in muscular accuracy, perfection of sight and of judgment in the exercise involved. Industrial discipline forms habits of inestimable worth. The finished manual lesson, the construction of a typical form in metal, is an unprejudiced record of the industrial boy. In wood-working, or in forging, the same methods obtain as in the metal shop—the drawing, the instruction, the use of raw material, the reduction to required form. The boy proceeds by various exercises, graded in difficulty, in sawing, planing, squaring, chiseling, mortising, mitering, dove-tailing, and in combinations of these, and learns, during his course, the design, the structure, the use, and the care of tools.

Parallel with the work in wood and in cold metal is a course in the manipulation of hot iron. The boy learns the economy of heat and of material. He draws the design, bends, splits, upsets, punches, shapes, and tempers the iron in the construction of rings, squares, hooks, tongs, and machine tools, each of which is a typical lesson in the art of smithing. The necessity for quick work in forging and the impossibility of testing the accuracy of the strokes while the iron is hot compel a mental concentration peculiarly valuable in any system of education. The smithery is as popular with the boys as any department of the school. All courses in drawing, metal-working, wood-working, forging, tin-smithing, pattern-making, molding, and casting, together with the acquisition and the training from the other departments of the school, prepare for the culmination of the industrial training in a construction. By a construction is meant the making of a mechanical unit, such as a steam-engine, an electric dynamo, a bridge, a turn-table, or some other unit involving the composition of forces and of principles with which the previous training has made the boy familiar. These constructions are models in wood or metal, or in both, and are accompanied by complete drawings.<sup>1</sup>

Were the instruction in the school to end

here it might, perhaps, be called a trade-school. The training thus far outlined has been in mechanical principles and their applications, but the course has ethical proportions and it does not merely fit a boy for a special trade. Exercises in manual work alternate with exercises in other departments. The industrial factor in education is but one element in the recognition and the interpretation of types in the world of worths and of forms. Mechanical units can be classified, and the just administration of educational affairs provides for the training, the industrial discipline which comes by the construction of a mechanical unit after an adequate study, in a practical way, of mechanical principles. But the construction takes a far higher significance when it is made by a boy equally well trained in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy.

The more complex the construction the greater familiarity with ethical principles is demanded. All the factors in education are inseparably involved in the manual-training school. The new movement is endangered if manual work alone be made the essential characteristic of the school. Then the school becomes a shop, and the ethical completeness of the education promised by the school is lost. It is difficult to make plain the harmony of mental and manual work realized in the school to those to whom the proposition is new, or who have not examined the school personally. As far as possible, each department of the school is a laboratory. In manual work, in drawing, in chemistry and physics, and in engineering, laboratory methods have been long in use. But in conjunction with the methods of the German "seminar," manual skill has worked a revolution in the study of literature, history, and economics. It is on the so-called "literary side" that manual training displays the power of the new education. Mechanical skill acquired by industrial training in free-hand, machine, and architectural drawing; in tool constructions; in working accurately to specifications; in the composition of constructions; in the power which the boy gains to apply his various acquisitions and training to the solution of a given proposition, is a new factor in ethical training for which there is no substitute and which cannot be eliminated from modern education without defeating the primary purposes of education itself. The new education liberates hand power as brain power and the boy is enabled to express his compre-

<sup>1</sup> The training provided in the school may be outlined as follows: Drawing, free-hand, mechanical, architectural, design; wood-working, pattern-making, carving, turning, joinery; metal-working, chipping, filing, fitting; smithing, iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting; mechanical constructions in wood, metal; electrical and mechanical engineering, motor powers,

illumination; modeling and carving; mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, algebra; physics, the study of matter; economic botany; chemistry; physiology and hygiene; the English language and literature (German, French, or Latin); history, general and (specially) American; social science, government, political economy; morals.



hension of men and of things not only in the traditional manner known to schools, but by a graphic language of sketch, of chart, of diagram, and of illustration which remove the last doubt of his mental obscurity. Practical school men appreciate the worth of a trusty measure of a boy's understanding. If he can give the traditional tests of recitation, examination, and thesis, and, in addition, give a graphic presentation of his own understanding of the problem under investigation, he has attained a condition long sought in the schools and he possesses powers of recognized value among men. The manual-training school teaches a boy to think and trains him how to do; it enables him to understand his own powers.

As the school is unfettered by traditions it may incorporate all known best educational methods, and in so far as the incorporation is reasonable, the results will be the same as those already realized wherever those methods obtain. But the peculiar feature of the school — the harmonious coöperation of all the factors present — is an educational discovery. Especially has skill of hand supplemented the understanding in the study of history, economics, and literature. Such subjects as rent, taxation, public debts, banking, labor, have, by graphic presentation by the boy, become intelligible to him. Had he pursued these, or kindred topics, in an ordinary high school, he would have probably satisfied conditions by memorizing the pages of a book. By graphic illustration<sup>1</sup> the life and growth of language, the position of literary men, the tendency of historic periods, the co-relation of historic epochs, the distribution of social conditions, the economic status of nations or of communities, the movements of population, and the political condition of men under differing forms of government, are raised from the dead surface of mere verbal description into comparative reality. Graphic methods are not unknown in our best schools, but industrial training alone can impart the manual skill, the mathematical accuracy, and the mental grasp to understand and to elaborate the visible proofs that the boy understands the subject before him so thoroughly as to be able to construct, as it were, a photograph of the impression it has made upon his mind. Not from manual training alone can this power come; the boy must be trained ethically; the whole boy must be put to school.

As the school is an embodiment of the educational tendencies of the present, in addition to other departments which train boys for modern society a department of electrical

engineering was organized. Electrical science has become the world's property, and it was thought wise to provide a practical knowledge of a force which, as a motor and as a means for illumination, has become essential to the comfort of man. The study of electricity is put side by side with the study of mechanics, of literature, and of chemistry.

American boys usually leave school before they are fourteen years old. Our public schools, in the higher grades, are chiefly attended by girls. Boys find the utilities lacking in the schools, and they are tempted to leave them as soon as they are able to understand the dominant conditions in society. Less than twenty per cent. of American boys enter high schools and less than half of those who enter complete the course. Those who never enter the high school, or who leave before the completion of the course, outnumber those who graduate more than twenty-fold. The wholesome interest taken by boys in industrial training suggests a remedy for many of the evils which have so long prevailed in the higher public schools. Experience in St. Louis, in Chicago, and in Philadelphia leads to the reasonable belief that by the incorporation of manual training in public schools boys will remain longer in school, and at that critical time, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth year, when the character of subsequent life is so largely determined. Experience at Philadelphia further shows the beneficial effects of the new education in the general condition of school interests. In the manual-training school a boy's growth is wholesome because harmonious. He acquires strength of body and of mind. The healthfulness of manual training is of itself a sufficient reason for its introduction into our schools. Subject to the discipline of a harmonious training boys develop a moral power which carries them over the temptations which too often overcome the school-boy. The discipline of the school is that of an industrious and reasonable household. The reason for so healthful moral condition lies in the nature of the school: it touches life at every point; it deals with realities; the boy sees his world not by means of books alone, but also with the aid of daily wrestling with practical problems. By the addition of the industrial factor the chasm between the subjective and the objective world is practically bridged, and the boy finds a way into the meaning of his daily life. The building of this educational bridge is the departure in modern education; it is still in process of construction, but so near completion that many have already traveled safely across.

In the details of the purposes and methods of the new education those engaged in direct-

<sup>1</sup> The illustrations for this paper, taken from work done *in cursu* by boys in the Philadelphia Manual Training School, show, to some extent, the harmony of mind training and hand training.





DEPARTMENT OF JOINERY AND PATTERN MAKING.

ing it are not agreed. They agree, however, that all the ethical factors, industrial, political, social, and moral, must harmoniously dominate the movement. They agree that it provides the fittest education for boys.

It is as a public-school problem that manual training has its chief interest. In organizing these schools, whether special schools of high grade as a part of the public system, as in Philadelphia, or with manual training in each grade of school, as in New York, the faculty must consist of trained specialists. The men in charge of the mechanical departments, wood-working, metal shop, forging, constructions, etc., must be men trained for the work by long experience in great industrial establishments, or possess mechanical skill of high order, acquired in special technical training. A man may be a fine mechanic, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a real teacher. A man may be a real teacher, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a fine mechanic. The men in charge of drawing, of mathematics, of electrical and of mechanical engineering, of literature, of history, and of economics must be practical teachers, trained at the university, or possessing an equivalent preparation. There is danger that in the haste to equip these schools the men fitted to direct them may be ignored. The success of the new movement demands as a primary condition

the coöperation of skilled mechanics, practical educators, and the ablest graduates of scientific and polytechnic schools. Unless qualified men direct these schools, they will be mere shops. In the end the requirements of the new education will be a powerful factor beneficial to the teaching profession, as that profession is more likely hereafter to attract men of the highest type of mind when the possibilities in ethical training are made possible in the schools. Not only must the school be directed by high-minded men, it must also be equipped with adequate material and laboratory facilities.

With the training of the new education boys leave school fitted to pursue occupations to which they are adapted. It is a mistake to suppose that those who have completed the courses of the school are found only in shops or factories. As a rule, boys who have been obliged to leave before completing the courses have entered industrial establishments where their already acquired skill has enabled them to earn higher wages than boys who never received such training. The graduates of the school are found in all professions and in many industries. Some are still pursuing higher courses at the universities; some are teachers; others are artisans, architects, engineers, foremen, farmers, business men, and manufacturers. Experience in after life enables them to attest the value of that discipline begun in the school.





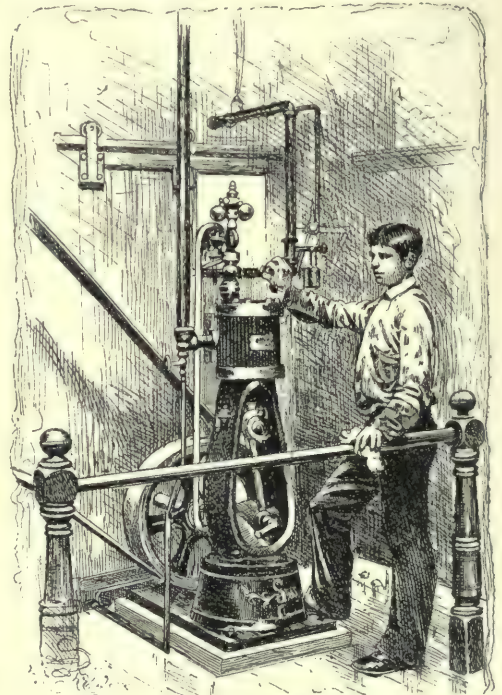
IN THE WORKSHOP.

As one happily expressed himself, "I am able to get on in life."

Popular appreciation of the school is well illustrated in Philadelphia. When the manual-training school opened, it was with doubt and hesitation that parents entered their sons. In 1887 there were 130 applicants; in 1888, 250. Of the 58 graduates in 1888, 25 were offered desirable positions before Commencement Day; 20 of whom took scholarships in the University of Pennsylvania, entered college, and before the summer had passed, the remaining boys were at work in various industrial occupations. The average age of the class of 1888 was 18 years.

Manual training is likely to increase both the cost and the efficiency of the public schools, but in a ratio immensely in favor of efficiency. A manual-training school trains boys in actual practice to become familiar with elementary notions, and to acquire a substantial knowledge of the nature of things, and of the rights and duties of men. The limits upon its provision for education can be set only by the actual wants of society as expressed in applications of all knowledge. It is a training needed both by boys and by girls, and is capable of modification suited to the wants of each. The school is a school of things, of principles, of human affairs, opened for the purpose of educating the young naturally, harmoniously, ethically, in order to fit them to enter upon their work in

the world without loss of time, without error in choice of activity, and with constant recognition of the gain both to society and to the



AT THE ENGINE.



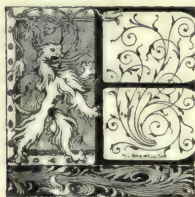
individual: a manual-training school is, in the wisest sense, a fitting-school for life and for living. Our public schools upon a philosophic basis will quicken the life of society and aid, as they have never yet aided, in the solution of the industrial problems before the country. In conclusion it may be said that the industrial factor in modern education is a permanent factor; that its early effects are already a revelation to educators of the hitherto unknown powers of boyhood, and that the manual-training school

is the nearest approach to the world of experience into which American boys have yet come. Whether in city or in country, boys need an education that is ethical in character. Experience will correct the early errors in the new movement, and the twentieth century may be well on its way before manual training is as characteristic of an academic course as literature or mathematics now are; but the economic forces in American society will work out a harmonious system of popular education.

*Francis Newton Thorpe.*

## THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WORKINGMAN'S SCHOOL AND FREE KINDERGARTEN, NEW YORK.



EDUCATION is a means to an end; the value of means is entirely dependent on the end in view. Therefore, before discussing the relative merits of educational systems it is imperative to inquire into the nature of

the end towards which education is proposed as a means. Much of the confusion which characterizes the current controversies on educational topics is due to the neglect of this preliminary inquiry. The contending parties are like a company of travelers who dispute as to the relative advantage of different roads. In the course of the discussion it appears that they are bound for different destinations: no wonder that they could not agree as to the road.

But when we ask what ought to be the aim of education we enter into deep waters. What the Germans call "Weltanschauung," the ideal of life, the conception of the universe and man's place in it, determines the scope and direction of educational systems. The history of these systems is a running commentary on the transformations through which the ideal of life has passed in various periods of history and among various peoples. The Greek education, with the prominence it assigned to the exercises of the palestra, to dietetics, music, etc., reflects the Greek ideal of the *Καλὸν Κἀγαθόν*. The medieval education was controlled by the transcendental ideal of the Church, which regarded the present life solely as a preparation for the next. To come at once to what is nearest, the common-school system of the United States is the outgrowth of democratic tendencies and democratic ideals. What strikes

every one on considering the American common school is its inclusiveness. The multitude pour through its portals; all citizens are alike invited to share its benefits; it is plainly the fruit of institutions based on the assumption that all men are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are concerned in this paper with the democratic ideal and the inferences to be drawn from it respecting the true aim, the matter and method, of elementary education. But at the start it is necessary to distinguish between the lower and the higher democracy. The lower democracy is materialistic. It regards political liberty chiefly as a means of securing to the individual larger opportunities of material well-being. It interprets the "pursuit of happiness" to mean barely more than the pursuit of riches. The public school on this standpoint ought to give its pupils such an education as will enable them to earn a living, also to read the newspapers and to vote with a due appreciation of their private interests on the political issues of the day. As the avenues of commerce are at present overcrowded, and as it is maintained that the public schools are fitting their pupils to become clerks and bookkeepers, and have no outlet in the direction of the industries and mechanic arts, the cry has lately been raised that the schools should include some form of manual training in their curriculum. But this demand is still urged from the same materialistic point of view: it is assumed that the business of the school is to educate its pupils to earn a living. If they cannot earn their living as clerks and bookkeepers, the school should offer them an industrial training, so that thus they may be



fitted to earn their living where the field of opportunity is wider.

The higher democracy, on the other hand, is idealistic in character. It looks upon political liberty as a new opportunity for the unfolding of the spiritual life of the nation. So far from regarding culture as the privilege of the few, it declares that the growth of a genuine human culture depends on the coöperation of the masses as a main factor in its develop-

But the spirit of democracy spurns such pessimistic views as these. To the first proposition, that the masses are too dull to be cultivated, it replies that this damning opinion must be pronounced a prejudice until it shall have been tested by experiment. And this has never been done, never even been attempted, on any adequate scale. On the contrary, democracy ventures to believe that the masses are dull because they have never been cultivated. In



THE MODELING-ROOM.

ment. Society is an organism; a part cannot flourish at the expense of the whole. Each function attains its maximum excellence in the perfect action and interaction of the others. At that grand wedding supper in which the senses are to be married to the soul all men are invited guests, and to each belongs a share in the feast. In taking this position democracy breaks with the traditions of the past. For from the days of Aristotle down two propositions have been accepted almost as self-evident truths — the one that the majority of mankind are too dull to repay any strenuous effort in the line of their intellectual development; the second that, even if this were not so, society is too poor to support more than a few persons in that life of tranquil leisure which is indispensable to the successful pursuit of science and art. The many, one still hears it frequently said, must spend their days in physical toil and the atmosphere of sordid cares in order that the few may dwell exempt in the pure region of contemplation, in the society of immutable courses. The multitude must pass their lives in intellectual night in order that the light of culture may burn brightly at least in a few favored places.

answer to the second proposition, that society is too poor to exempt any considerable number of its members from physical drudgery, it points to the vast increase of wealth which has come in the train of labor-saving inventions and to the prospect that a more equable distribution of this wealth will in time place sufficient leisure for continued self-culture within the reach even of the humblest. Admitting that genius and even first-rate talent will always be rare, democracy uses the following argument for the culture of the masses. It is conceded that successful intellectual effort of any kind depends as much on favorable environment as on original endowment. Now the masses of the people constitute the environment, as it were, of the men of genius or talent who appear among them. It is indispensable that the environment — that is, the masses — be rightly influenced to obtain the highest possible results. Thus the rise of a truly national art in America will depend not only on the advent of a few fine souls who shall be capable of expressing the spirit of American life in tone, form, and color, but upon the existence of an educated taste among the American people as a whole,



on which the artist may rely to control, inspire, and sustain his efforts. The same is true in regard to American science. The larger the number of persons able to appreciate the best mental work, the greater and more varied the stimulus imparted to those who are capable of doing such work.

And again: the higher the standards of morality which are erected among the people, the more exalted will be the character of the public men of America, the nobler the principles which they confess and to which they conform. Turn in whatever direction we will the same truth meets us, the stream of spiritual endeavor cannot rise higher than its source. And the source is the people, the whole people, in whom is embodied the national life, of which the individual life is but a temporary expression. Thus even if popular culture will not greatly increase the amount of genius in the world,—though some are sanguine enough to believe that it may,—it will supply the basis on which genius must rest for its support, the fertile soil in which the flower of high thinking and fine feeling will flourish as it has never done before. It is the mission of democracy to create a new environment for the grander evolution of the spiritual life.

From this point of view the higher democracy assigns to the public school an altogether new and larger aim. It is the business of the school to cultivate every individual pupil as an individual; to develop, not some particular faculty, but, so far as possible, every one of his faculties; to liberate all the powers of mind and heart latent within him; so to educate him that he may become, not a breadwinner, but a man. The true man will also be an able breadwinner, but he will be much more besides. It is the business of the schools to produce the finest possible specimens of manhood and womanhood, just as the gardener aims to produce fine specimens of fruit or flowers. Elementary education must become a liberal education.

The Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten was established as an experiment in reducing these principles to practice.<sup>1</sup> It is devoted to the democratic ideal in education. It has its place outside the public-school system, but was conceived and is carried on in direct relation to that system. It is designed to become the model of a public school. The points wherein it differs from the ordinary public school appertain to the matter and method of instruction, and may be briefly summarized as follows.

<sup>1</sup> This institution was founded in January, 1878. The name Workingman's School implies that it is primarily intended for the children of working people. Instruction is gratuitous, only children whose parents are too poor to pay a tuition fee being admitted. The

Touching the matter, a scheme of manual training is included in the course of studies. This scheme is planned for children between the ages of six and fourteen. The materials used are clay, pasteboard, wood, and metal, in the order mentioned. The educational objects aimed at are to cultivate the eye and the hand, to develop skill, to call out the active side of the pupil's nature. The series of workshop lessons is carefully graded, and so arranged as to fit in with other branches of instruction, especially geometry and drawing. Upon this organic relation of the school workshop to the classroom the greatest stress is laid. Because it does not satisfy in this particular, the Swedish *slöjd* is not used. Hand culture, apart from its value *per se*, is a means towards a more effective brain culture; the shop lesson is an advance on the so-called object lesson. The latter is based on the principle that the pupil shall learn the elementary properties of things by observing them; the former, on the principle that the pupil shall learn the properties of things by making the things, by toiling over them.

Modeling in clay, in connection with free-hand drawing and designing, is employed to cultivate the taste. The results obtained in this department by children twelve years old, and even younger, are surprising. The artistic capacity of the American people has been likened to the deposits of the precious metals underneath our hills, which remained so long undiscovered but yielded an astonishing return the moment they were systematically mined. The delight in beautiful things, and the feeling for art which we have discovered in a brief experience among some of the poorest children of the tenement-house class of New York, seem to indicate that this comparison is not entirely extravagant. The principle upon which instruction in art is based is essentially the same as that stated above; namely, to cultivate a taste for beautiful objects by the reproduction of those objects.

The teaching of the elements of science fills a larger space than elsewhere in the plan of instruction. The aim of the teacher in this department is to instill a love of nature and to develop the faculty of minute observation. With this end in view what is called "the laboratory method" has been adapted to the requirements of beginners, and is in use for pupils of eleven years and upwards.

A course of unsectarian instruction in morals has been mapped out for the school and will shortly be introduced. In the series of moral

number of pupils at present is about 350. The school and kindergarten are maintained by a society called the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture. See an Open Letter in this magazine for June, 1888.



lessons thus outlined care has been taken to avoid all disputed points of theology or metaphysics, and to confine attention solely to that important body of moral truths in regard to which all good men are happily agreed.

The method of the school is identical in all its branches. Since the main purpose is to give an "all 'round culture,"—that is, to develop the faculties of the child harmoniously,—and since a faculty is strengthened by its exercise, the method everywhere is to excite the pupils to self-activity. Hence our anxiety in the science department to make the laboratory method available for elementary instruction. Hence our eagerness to put tools into the hands of the little workmen six years old. Hence in the teaching of history, geography, etc., our determination to exclude as far as possible the use of text-books, to deprive teacher and pupils alike of those props of indolence, to make them construct their text-books as they go along.

It is the mission of the school to convert potential into kinetic mental energy; to build up faculty and ever and only faculty; to be, in the Socratic phrase, "the midwife" of the soul in its process of self-manifestation. It does not attempt to load the memory of its pupils with facts, it is not solicitous about the amount of positive knowledge which they may carry away with them; it is satisfied to train them in such a way that they may be able later on to attain the ends of knowledge and virtue, to whatever degree their nature permits, through their own exertions. The school is a gymnasium of the faculties. This, I think, in a single phrase expresses its character.

The extension of the subject-matter and the change in the method of instruction thus described lead to certain incidental advantages, among which the following may be mentioned: 1. The alternation of manual with mental labor is stimulating. Change of occupation is proverbially almost as refreshing as rest. The pupils pass from the shop to the classroom, and

conversely, with new zeal and zest for their tasks in either department. 2. The range of studies, including so much that is concrete and capable of presentation to the senses, affords an excellent choice of subjects for English composition, and constant contact with realities re-acts beneficially on the formation of style. 3. The habits of order, exactness, and perseverance fostered by manual training have an incalculable moral value. 4. Many pupils who seem hopelessly defective on the literary side prove to be "easily first" in the shop, in the modeling-class, etc. Finding that they can do some one thing well their self-respect is restored, and they acquire new confidence and courage to try harder even in those branches in which they have hitherto failed. In this way the shop has been the means of saving souls; that is, of saving children who under the ordinary system would have been regarded, and who gradually would have learned to regard themselves, as hopeless dunces. 5. The variety of educational instruments placed at the disposal of the pedagogue by the new system helps to solve the difficult and delicate problem of the pupil's future vocation. These new educational aids are all so many questions addressed to the child's nature. They help the thoughtful teacher to discover the child's bent, the direction in which it should receive its special training later on. For this is perhaps the gravest charge which can be brought against the prevalent methods, that they take too little account of the specific differences by which human beings are distinguished from one another, and endeavor to fashion all alike upon a preconceived and arbitrary pattern. And this, doubtless, is the highest aim which the educator can set himself: to be not a master but an interpreter of nature, to guide it in the way it would go, to regard every child committed to his charge as a distinct manifestation of the Infinite, and to transform into beneficent reality the divine possibilities of which it is the vehicle.

*Felix Adler.*

## ILLUSIONS.

ILLUSIONS wrap us still, whate'er befall:  
The child's illusions, like the gold of dawn,  
Faded in the strengthening day, but youth and age  
Find fresh illusions at each sequent stage  
Of life to fill the lack of those outworn.  
Illusions wrap us still, whate'er befall,  
Till death, that last illusion, ends them all.

*H. S. Sanford, Jr.*

# WAR DIARY OF A UNION WOMAN IN THE SOUTH.

EDITED BY G. W. CABLE.

[The following diary was originally written in lead pencil and in a book the leaves of which were too soft to take ink legibly. I have it direct from the hands of its writer, a lady whom I have had the honor to know for nearly thirty years. For good reasons the author's name is omitted, and the initials of people and the names of places are sometimes fictitiously given. Many of the persons mentioned were my own acquaintances and friends. When some twenty years afterwards she first resolved to publish it, she brought me a clear, complete copy in ink. It had cost much trouble, she said, for much of the pencil writing had been made under such disadvantages and was so faint that at times she could decipher it only under direct sunlight. She had succeeded, however, in making a copy, *verbatim* except for occasional improvement in the grammatical form of a sentence, or now and then the omission, for brevity's sake, of something unessential. The narrative has since been severely abridged to bring it within magazine limits.

In reading this diary one is much charmed with its constant understatement of romantic and perilous incidents and conditions. But the original penciled pages show that, even in copying, the strong bent of the writer to be brief has often led to the exclusion of facts that enhance the interest of exciting situations, and sometimes the omission robs her own heroism of due emphasis. I have restored one example of this in a footnote following the perilous voyage down the Mississippi.—G. W. CABLE.]

## I.

### SECESSION.

*New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1860.*—I understand it now. Keeping journals is for those who can not, or dare not, speak out. So I shall set up a journal, being only a rather lonely young girl in a very small and hated minority. On my return here in November, after a foreign voyage and absence of many months, I found myself behind in knowledge of the political conflict, but heard the dread sounds of disunion and war muttered in threatening tones. Surely no native-born woman loves her country better than I love America. The blood of one of its revolutionary patriots flows in my veins, and it is the Union for which he pledged his "life, fortune, and sacred honor" that I love, not any divided or special section of it. So I have been reading attentively and seeking light from foreigners and natives on all questions at issue. Living from birth in slave countries, both foreign and American, and passing through one slave insurrection in early childhood, the saddest and also the pleasantest features of slavery have been familiar. If the South goes to war for slavery, slavery is doomed in this country. To say so is like opposing one drop to a roaring torrent.

*Sunday, Dec.—, 1860.*—In this season for peace I had hoped for a lull in the excitement, yet this day has been full of bitterness. "Come, G.," said Mrs. — at breakfast, "leave *your* church for to-day and come with us to hear Dr. — on the situation. He will convince you." "It is good to be convinced," I said; "I will go." The church was crowded to suf-

focation with the élite of New Orleans. The preacher's text was, "Shall we have fellowship with the stool of iniquity which frameth mischief as a law?" . . . The sermon was over at last and then followed a prayer. . . . Forever blessed be the fathers of the Episcopal Church for giving us a fixed liturgy! When we met at dinner Mrs. F. exclaimed, "Now G., you heard him prove from the Bible that slavery is right and that therefore secession is. Were you not convinced?" I said, "I was so busy thinking how completely it proved too that Brigham Young is right about polygamy that it quite weakened the force of the argument for me." This raised a laugh, and covered my retreat.

*Jan. 26, 1861.*—The solemn boom of cannon to-day announced that the convention have passed the ordinance of secession. We must take a reef in our patriotism and narrow it down to State limits. Mine still sticks out all around the borders of the State. It will be bad if New Orleans should secede from Louisiana and set up for herself. Then indeed I would be "cabined, cribbed, confined." The faces in the house are jubilant to-day. Why is it so easy for them and not for me to "ring out the old, ring in the new"? I am out of place.

*Jan. 28, Monday.*—Sunday has now got to be a day of special excitement. The gentlemen save all the sensational papers to regale us with at the late Sunday breakfast. Rob opened the battle yesterday morning by saying to me in his most aggressive manner, "G., I believe these are your sentiments"; and then he read aloud an article from the "Journal des Débats" expressing in rather contemptuous terms the fact that France will follow the policy of non-



intervention. When I answered: "Well, what do you expect? This is not their quarrel," he raved at me, ending by a declaration that he would willingly pay my passage to foreign parts if I would like to go. "Rob," said his father, "keep cool; don't let that threat excite you. Cotton is king. Just wait till they feel the pinch a little; their tone will change." I went to Trinity Church. Some Union people who are not Episcopalians go there now because the pastor has not so much chance to rail at the Lord when things are not going to suit; but yesterday was a marked Sunday. The usual prayer for the President and Congress was changed to the "governor and people of this commonwealth and their representatives in convention assembled."

The city was very lively and noisy this evening with rockets and lights in honor of secession. Mrs. F., in common with the neighbors, illuminated. We walked out to see the houses of others gleaming amid the dark shrubbery like a fairy scene. The perfect stillness added to the effect, while the moon rose slowly with calm splendor. We hastened home to dress for a soirée, but on the stairs Edith said, "G., first come and help me dress Phœbe and Chloe (the negro servants). There is a ball to-night in aristocratic colored society. This is Chloe's first introduction to New Orleans circles, and Henry Judson, Phœbe's husband, gave five dollars for a ticket for her." Chloe is a recent purchase from Georgia. We superintended their very stylish toilets, and Edith said, "G., run into your room, please, and write a pass for Henry. Put Mr. D.'s name to it." "Why, Henry is free," I said. "That makes no difference; all colored people must have a pass if out late. They choose a master for protection and always carry his pass. Henry chose Mr. D., but he's lost the pass he had."

## II.

### THE VOLUNTEERS.—FORT SUMTER.

*Feb. 24, 1861.*—The toil of the week is ended. Nearly a month has passed since I wrote here. Events have crowded upon one another. On the 4th the cannon boomed in honor of Jefferson Davis's election, and day before yesterday Washington's Birthday was made the occasion of another grand display and illumination, in honor of the birth of a new nation and the breaking of that Union which he labored to cement. We drove to the race-course to see the review of troops. A flag was presented to the Washington Artillery by ladies. Senator Judah Benjamin made an impassioned speech. The banner was orange satin on one side, crimson silk on the other, the pelican and brood embroidered in pale green and gold.

Silver crossed cannon surmounted it, orange-colored fringe surrounded it, and crimson tassels drooped from it. It was a brilliant, unreal scene; with military bands clashing triumphant music, elegant vehicles, high-stepping horses, and lovely women richly apparelled.

Wedding cards have been pouring in till the contagion has reached us; Edith will be married next Thursday. The wedding dress is being fashioned, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen have arrived. Edith has requested me to be special mistress of ceremonies on Thursday evening, and I have told this terrible little rebel, who talks nothing but blood and thunder, yet faints at the sight of a worm, that if I fill that office no one shall mention war or politics during the whole evening, on pain of expulsion.

*March 10, 1861.*—The excitement in this house has risen to fever heat during the past week. The four gentlemen have each a different plan for saving the country, and now that the bridal bouquets have faded, the three ladies have again turned to public affairs; Lincoln's inauguration and the story of the disguise in which he traveled to Washington is a never-ending source of gossip. The family board being the common forum, each gentleman as he appears first unloads his pockets of papers from all the Southern States, and then his overflowing heart to his eager female listeners, who in turn relate, inquire, sympathize, or cheer. If I dare express a doubt that the path to victory will be a flowery one, eyes flash, cheeks burn, and tongues clatter, till all are checked up suddenly by a warning rap for "Order, order!" from the amiable lady presiding. Thus we swallow politics with every meal. We take a mouthful and read a telegram, one eye on table, the other on the paper. One must be made of cool stuff to keep calm and collected, but I say but little. This war fever has banished small talk. Through all the black servants move about quietly, never seeming to notice that this is all about them.

"How can you speak so plainly before them?" I say.

"Why, what matter? They know that we shall keep the whip-handle."

*April 13, 1861.*—More than a month has passed since the last date here. This afternoon I was seated on the floor covered with loveliest flowers, arranging a floral offering for the fair, when the gentlemen arrived and with papers bearing news of the fall of Fort Sumter, which, at her request, I read to Mrs. F.

*April 20.*—The last few days have glided away in a halo of beauty. But nobody has time or will to enjoy it. War, war! is the one idea. The children play only with toy cannons and soldiers; the oldest inhabitant goes by every



day with his rifle to practice; the public squares are full of companies drilling, and are now the fashionable resorts. We have been told that it is best for women to learn how to shoot too, so as to protect themselves when the men have all gone to battle. Every evening after dinner we adjourn to the back lot and fire at a target with pistols. Yesterday I dined at Uncle Ralph's. Some members of the bar were present and were jubilant about their brand-new Confederacy. It would soon be the grandest government ever known. Uncle Ralph said solemnly, "No, gentlemen; the day we seceded the star of our glory set." The words sunk into my mind like a knell, and made me wonder at the mind that could recognize that and yet adhere to the doctrine of secession.

In the evening I attended a farewell gathering at a friend's whose brothers are to leave this week for Richmond. There was music. No minor chord was permitted.

### III.

#### TRIBULATION.

*April 25.*—Yesterday I went with Cousin E. to have her picture taken. The picture-galleries are doing a thriving business. Many companies are ordered off to take possession of Fort Pickens (Florida), and all seem to be leaving sweethearts behind them. The crowd was in high spirits; they don't dream that any destinies will be spoiled. When I got home Edith was reading from the daily paper of the dismissal of Miss G. from her place as teacher for expressing abolition sentiments, and that she would be ordered to leave the city. Soon a lady came with a paper setting forth that she has established a "company"—we are nothing if not military—for making lint and getting stores of linen to supply the hospitals.

My name went down. If it had n't, my spirit would have been wounded as with sharp spears before night. Next came a little girl with a subscription paper to get a flag for a certain company. The little girls, especially the pretty ones, are kept busy trotting around with subscription lists. Latest of all came little Guy, Mr. F.'s youngest clerk, the pet of the firm as well as of his home, a mere boy of sixteen. Such senseless sacrifices seem a sin. He chattered brightly, but lingered about, saying good-bye. He got through it bravely until Edith's husband incautiously said, "You did n't kiss your little sweetheart," as he always called Ellie, who had been allowed to sit up. He turned and suddenly broke into agonizing sobs and then ran down the steps.

*May 10.*—I am tired and ashamed of myself. Last week I attended a meeting of the

lint society to hand in the small contribution of linen I had been able to gather. We scraped lint till it was dark. A paper was shown, entitled the "Volunteer's Friend," started by the girls of the high school, and I was asked to help the girls with it. I positively declined. To-day I was pressed into service to make red flannel cartridge-bags for ten-inch columbiads. I basted while Mrs. S. sewed, and I felt ashamed to think that I had not the moral courage to say, "I don't approve of your war and won't help you, particularly in the murderous part of it."

*May 27.*—This has been a scenic Sabbath. Various companies about to depart for Virginia occupied the prominent churches to have their flags consecrated. The streets were resonant with the clangor of drums and trumpets. E. and myself went to Christ Church because the Washington Artillery were to be there.

*June 13.*—To-day has been appointed a Fast Day. I spent the morning writing a letter on which I put my first Confederate postage-stamp. It is of a brown color and has a large 5 in the center. To-morrow must be devoted to all my foreign correspondents before the expected blockade cuts us off.

*June 29.*—I attended a fine luncheon yesterday at one of the public schools. A lady remarked to a school official that the cost of provisions in the Confederacy was getting very high, butter, especially, being scarce and costly. "Never fear, my dear madam," he replied. "Texas alone can furnish butter enough to supply the whole Confederacy; we'll soon be getting it from there." It's just as well to have this sublime confidence.

*July 15.*—The quiet of midsummer reigns, but ripples of excitement break around us as the papers tell of skirmishes and attacks here and there in Virginia. "Rich Mountain" and "Carrick's Ford" were the last. "You see," said Mrs. D. at breakfast to-day, "my prophecy is coming true that Virginia will be the seat of war." "Indeed," I burst out, forgetting my resolution not to argue, "you may think yourselves lucky if this war turns out to have any seat in particular."

So far, no one especially connected with me has gone to fight. How glad I am for his mother's sake that Rob's lameness will keep him at home. Mr. F., Mr. S., and Uncle Ralph are beyond the age for active service, and Edith says Mr. D. can't go now. She is very enthusiastic about other people's husbands being enrolled, and regrets that her Alex is not strong enough to defend his country and his rights.

*July 22.*—What a day! I feel like one who has been out in a high wind, and cannot get my breath. The news-boys are still shouting with their extras, "Battle of Bull's Run!



List of the killed! Battle of Manassas! List of the wounded!" Tender-hearted Mrs. F. was sobbing so she could not serve the tea; but nobody cared for tea. "O G.!" she said, "three thousand of our own, dear Southern boys are lying out there." "My dear Fannie," spoke Mr. F., "they are heroes now. They died in a glorious cause, and it is not in vain. This will end it. The sacrifice had to be made, but those killed have gained immortal names." Then Rob rushed in with a new extra, reading of the spoils captured, and grief was forgotten. Words cannot paint the excitement. Rob capered about and cheered; Edith danced around ringing the dinner bell and shouting, "Victory!" Mrs. F. waved a small Confederate flag, while she wiped her eyes, and Mr. D. hastened to the piano and in his most brilliant style struck up "Dixie," followed by "My Maryland" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

"Do not look so gloomy, G.," whispered Mr. S. "You should be happy to-night; for, as Mr. F. says, now we shall have peace."

"And is that the way you think of the men of your own blood and race?" I replied. But an utter scorn came over me and choked me, and I walked out of the room. What proof is there in this dark hour that they are not right? Only the emphatic answer of my own soul. To-morrow I will pack my trunk and accept the invitation to visit at Uncle Ralph's country-house.

*Sept. 25.*—When I opened the door of Mrs. F.'s room on my return, the rattle of two sewing-machines and a blaze of color met me.

"Ah! G., you are just in time to help us; these are coats for Jeff Thompson's men. All the cloth in the city is exhausted; these flannel-lined oilcloth table-covers are all we could obtain to make overcoats for Thompson's poor boys. They will be very warm and serviceable."

"Serviceable, yes! The Federal army will fly when they see those coats! I only wish I could be with the regiment when these are shared around." Yet I helped make them.

Seriously, I wonder if any soldiers will ever wear these remarkable coats. The most bewildering combination of brilliant, intense reds, greens, yellows, and blues in big flowers meandering over as vivid grounds; and as no table-cover was large enough to make a coat, the sleeves of each were of a different color and pattern. However, the coats were duly finished. Then we set to work on gray pantaloons, and I have just carried a bundle to an ardent young lady who wishes to assist. A slight gloom is settling down, and the inmates here are not quite so cheerfully confident as in July.

## IV.

## A BELEAGUERED CITY.

*Oct. 22.*—When I came to breakfast this morning Rob was capering over another victory — Ball's Bluff. He would read me, "We pitched the Yankees over the bluff," and ask me in the next breath to go to the theater this evening. I turned on the poor fellow: "Don't tell me about your victories. You vowed by all your idols that the blockade would be raised by October 1, and I notice the ships are still serenely anchored below the city."

"G., you are just as pertinacious yourself in championing your opinions. What sustains you when nobody agrees with you?"

*Oct. 28.*—When I dropped in at Uncle Ralph's last evening to welcome them back, the whole family were busy at a great center-table copying sequestration acts for the Confederate Government. The property of all Northerners and Unionists is to be sequestered, and Uncle Ralph can hardly get the work done fast enough. My aunt apologized for the rooms looking chilly; she feared to put the carpets down, as the city might be taken and burned by the Federals. "We are living as much packed up as possible. A signal has been agreed upon, and the instant the army approaches we shall be off to the country again."

Great preparations are being made for defense. At several other places where I called the women were almost hysterical. They seemed to look forward to being blown up with shot and shell, finished with cold steel, or whisked off to some Northern prison. When I got home Edith and Mr. D. had just returned also.

"Alex.," said Edith, "I was up at your orange-lots to-day and the sour oranges are dropping to the ground, while they cannot get lemons for our sick soldiers."

"That's my kind, considerate wife," replied Mr. D. "Why did n't I think of that before? Jim shall fill some barrels to-morrow and take them to the hospitals as a present from you."

*Nov. 10.*—Surely this year will ever be memorable to me for its perfection of natural beauty. Never was sunshine such pure gold, or moonlight such transparent silver. The beautiful custom prevalent here of decking the graves with flowers on All Saints' day was well fulfilled, so profuse and rich were the blossoms. On All-hallow eve Mrs. S. and myself visited a large cemetery. The chrysanthemums lay like great masses of snow and flame and gold in every garden we passed, and were piled on every costly tomb and lowly grave. The battle of Manassas robed many of our women in mourning, and some of those who had no



graves to deck were weeping silently as they walked through the scented avenues.

A few days ago Mrs. E. arrived here. She is a widow, of Natchez, a friend of Mrs. F.'s, and is traveling home with the dead body of her eldest son, killed at Manassas. She stopped two days waiting for a boat, and begged me to share her room and read her to sleep, saying she could n't be alone since he was killed; she feared her mind would give way. So I read all the comforting chapters to be found till she dropped into forgetfulness, but the recollection of those weeping mothers in the cemetery banished sleep for me.

*Nov. 26.*—The lingering summer is passing into those misty autumn days I love so well, when there is gold and fire above and around us. But the glory of the natural and the gloom of the moral world agree not well together. This morning Mrs. F. came to my room in dire distress. "You see," she said, "cold weather is coming on fast, and our poor fellows are lying out at night with nothing to cover them. There is a wail for blankets, but there is not a blanket in town. I have gathered up all the spare bed-clothing, and now want every available rug or table-cover in the house. Can't I have yours, G.? We must make these small sacrifices of comfort and elegance, you know, to secure independence and freedom."

"Very well," I said, denuding the table. "This may do for a drummer boy."

*Dec. 26, 1861.*—The foul weather cleared off bright and cool in time for Christmas. There is a midwinter lull in the movement of troops. In the evening we went to the grand bazaar in the St. Louis Hotel, got up to clothe the soldiers. This bazaar has furnished the gayest, most fashionable war-work yet, and has kept social circles in a flutter of pleasant, heroic excitement all through December. Everything beautiful or rare garnered in the homes of the rich was given for exhibition, and in some cases for raffle and sale. There were many fine paintings, statues, bronzes, engravings, gems, laces—in fact, heirlooms and bric-à-brac of all sorts. There were many lovely Creole girls present, in exquisite toilets, passing to and fro through the decorated rooms, listening to the band clash out the Anvil Chorus.

*Jan. 2, 1862.*—I am glad enough to bid '61 good-bye. Most miserable year of my life! What ages of thought and experience have I not lived in it.

The city authorities have been searching houses for fire-arms. It is a good way to get more guns, and the homes of those men suspected of being Unionists were searched first. Of course, they went to Dr. B.'s. He met them with his own delightful courtesy. "Wish to search for arms? Certainly, gentlemen."

He conducted them all through the house with smiling readiness, and after what seemed a very thorough search bowed them politely out. His gun was all the time safely reposing between the canvas folds of a cot-bed which leaned folded up together against the wall, in the very room where they had ransacked the closets. Queerly, the rebel families have been the ones most anxious to conceal all weapons. They have dug graves quietly at night in the back yards, and carefully wrapping the weapons, buried them out of sight. Every man seems to think he will have some private fighting to do to protect his family.

V.

MARRIED.

*Friday, Jan. 24, 1862. (On steamboat W., Mississippi River.)*—With a changed name I open you once more, my journal. It was a sad time to wed, when one knew not how long the expected conscription would spare the bridegroom. The women-folk knew how to sympathize with a girl expected to prepare for her wedding in three days, in a blockaded city, and about to go far from any base of supplies. They all rallied round me with tokens of love and consideration, and sewed, shopped, mended, and packed, as if sewing soldier clothes. And they decked the whole house and the church with flowers. Music breathed, wine sparkled, friends came and went. It seemed a dream, and comes up now again out of the afternoon sunshine where I sit on deck. The steamboat slowly plows its way through lumps of floating ice,—a novel sight to me,—and I look forward wondering whether the new people I shall meet will be as fierce about the war as those in New Orleans. That past is to be all forgotten and forgiven; I understood thus the kindly acts that sought to brighten the threshold of a new life.

*Feb. 15. (Village of X.)*—We reached Arkansas Landing at nightfall. Mr. Y., the planter who owns the landing, took us right up to his residence. He ushered me into a large room where a couple of candles gave a dim light, and close to them, and sewing as if on a race with Time, sat Mrs. Y. and a little negro girl, who was so black and sat so stiff and straight she looked like an ebony image. This was a large plantation; the Y.'s knew H. very well, and were very kind and cordial in their welcome and congratulations. Mrs. Y. apologized for continuing her work; the war had pushed them this year in getting the negroes clothed, and she had to sew by dim candles, as they could obtain no more oil. She asked if there were any new fashions in New Orleans.

Next morning we drove over to our home



in this village. It is the county-seat, and was, till now, a good place for the practice of H.'s profession. It lies on the edge of a lovely lake. The adjacent planters count their slaves by the hundreds. Some of them live with a good deal of magnificence, using service of plate, having smoking-rooms for the gentlemen built off the house, and entertaining with great hospitality. The Baptists, Episcopalians, and Methodists hold services on alternate Sundays in the court-house. All the planters and many others, near the lake shore, keep a boat at their landing, and a raft for crossing vehicles and horses. It seemed very piquant at first, this taking our boat to go visiting, and on moonlight nights it was charming. The woods around are lovelier than those in Louisiana, though one misses the moaning of the pines. There is fine fishing and hunting, but these cotton estates are not so pleasant to visit as sugar plantations.

But nothing else has been so delightful as, one morning, my first sight of snow and a wonderful, new, white world.

*Feb. 27.*—The people here have hardly felt the war yet. There are but two classes. The planters and the professional men form one; the very poor villagers the other. There is no middle class. Ducks and partridges, squirrels and fish, are to be had. H. has bought me a nice pony, and cantering along the shore of the lake in the sunset is a panacea for mental worry.

## VI.

## HOW IT WAS IN ARKANSAS.

*March 11, 1862.*—The serpent has entered our Eden. The rancor and excitement of New Orleans have invaded this place. If an incautious word betrays any want of sympathy with popular plans, one is "traitorous," "ungrateful," "crazy." If one remains silent and controlled, then one is "phlegmatic," "cool-blooded," "unpatriotic." Cool-blooded! Heavens! if they only knew. It is very painful to see lovable and intelligent women rave till the blood mounts to face and brain. The immediate cause of this access of war fever has been the battle of Pea Ridge. They scout the idea that Price and Van Dorn have been completely worsted. Those who brought the news were speedily told what they ought to say. "No, it is only a serious check; they must have more men sent forward at once. This country must do its duty." So the women say another company *must* be raised.

We were guests at a dinner-party yesterday. Mrs. A. was very talkative. "Now, ladies, you must all join in with a vim and help equip another company."

"Mrs. L.," she said, turning to me, "are you

not going to send your husband? Now use a young bride's influence and persuade him; he would be elected one of the officers." "Mrs. A.," I replied, longing to spring up and throttle her, "the Bible says, 'When a man hath married a new wife, he shall not go to war for one year, but remain at home and cheer up his wife.'"

"Well, H.," I questioned, as we walked home after crossing the lake, "can you stand the pressure, or shall you be forced into volunteering?" "Indeed," he replied, "I will not be bullied into enlisting by women, or by men. I will sooner take my chance of conscription and feel honest about it. You know my attachments, my interests are here; these are my people. I could never fight against them; but my judgment disapproves their course, and the result will inevitably be against us."

This morning the only Irishman left in the village presented himself to H. He has been our wood-sawyer, gardener, and factotum, but having joined the new company, his time recently has been taken up with drilling. H. and Mr. R. feel that an extensive vegetable garden must be prepared while he is here to assist or we shall be short of food, and they sent for him yesterday.

"So, Mike, you are really going to be a soldier?"

"Yes, sor; but faith, Mr. L., I don't see the use of me going to shtop a bullet when sure an' I'm willin' for it to go where it plazes."

*March 18, 1862.*—There has been unusual gaiety in this little village the past few days. The ladies from the surrounding plantations went to work to get up a festival to equip the new company. As Annie and myself are both brides recently from the city, requisition was made upon us for engravings, costumes, music, garlands, and so forth. Annie's heart was in the work; not so with me. Nevertheless, my pretty things were captured, and shone with just as good a grace last evening as if willingly lent. The ball was a merry one. One of the songs sung was "Nellie Gray," in which the most distressing feature of slavery is bewailed so pitifully. To sing this at a festival for raising money to clothe soldiers fighting to perpetuate that very thing was strange.

*March 20, 1862.*—A man professing to act by General Hindman's orders is going through the country impressing horses and mules. The overseer of a certain estate came to inquire of H. if he had not a legal right to protect the property from seizure. Mr. L. said yes, unless the agent could show some better credentials than his bare word. This answer soon spread about, and the overseer returned to report that it excited great indignation, espe-



cially among the company of new volunteers. H. was pronounced a traitor, and they declared that no one so untrue to the Confederacy should live there. When H. related the circumstance at dinner, his partner, Mr. R., became very angry, being ignorant of H.'s real opinions. He jumped up in a rage and marched away to the village thoroughfare. There he met a batch of the volunteers, and said, "We know what you have said of us, and I have come to tell you that you are liars, and you know where to find us."

Of course I expected a difficulty; but the evening passed, and we retired undisturbed. Not long afterward a series of indescribable sounds broke the stillness of the night, and the tramp of feet was heard outside the house. Mr. R. called out, "It's a serenade, H. Get up and bring out all the wine you have." Annie and I peeped through the parlor window, and lo! it was the company of volunteers and a diabolical band composed of bones and broken-winded brass instruments. They piped and clattered and whined for some time, and then swarmed in, while we ladies retreated and listened to the clink of glasses.

*March 22.*—H., Mr. R., and Mike have been very busy the last few days getting the acre of kitchen-garden plowed and planted. The stay-law has stopped all legal business, and they have welcomed this work. But today a thunderbolt fell in our household. Mr. R. came in and announced that he has agreed to join the company of volunteers. Annie's Confederate principles would not permit her to make much resistance, and she has been sewing and mending as fast as possible to get his clothes ready, stopping now and then to wipe her eyes. Poor Annie! She and Max have been married only a few months longer than we have; but a noble sense of duty animates and sustains her.

## VII.

### THE FIGHT FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING.

*April 1.*—The last ten days have brought changes in the house. Max R. left with the company to be mustered in, leaving with us his weeping Annie. Hardly were her spirits somewhat composed when her brother arrived from Natchez to take her home. This morning he, Annie, and Reeney, the black handmaiden, posted off. Out of seven of us only H., myself, and Aunt Judy are left. The absence of Reeney will be not the least noted. She was as precious an imp as any Topsy ever was. Her tricks were endless and her innocence of them amazing. When sent out to bring in eggs she would take them from nests where hens were hatching, and embryo chickens would be served up at breakfast, while Reeney stood by grinning to see them

opened; but when accused she was imperturbable. "Laws, Mis' L., I nebber dun bin nigh dem hens. Mis' Annie, you can go count dem dere eggs." That when counted they were found minus the number she had brought had no effect on her stolid denial. H. has plenty to do finishing the garden all by himself, but the time rather drags for me.

*April 13, 1862.*—This morning I was sewing up a rent in H.'s garden-coat, when Aunt Judy rushed in.

"Laws! Mis' L., here's Mr. Max and Mis' Annie done come back!" A buggy was coming up with Max, Annie, and Reeney.

"Well, is the war over?" I asked.

"Oh, I got sick!" replied our returned soldier, getting slowly out of the buggy.

He was very thin and pale, and explained that he took a severe cold almost at once, had a mild attack of pneumonia, and the surgeon got him his discharge as unfit for service. He succeeded in reaching Annie, and a few days of good care made him strong enough to travel back home.

"I suppose, H., you've heard that Island No. 10 is gone?"

Yes, we had heard that much, but Max had the particulars, and an exciting talk followed. At night H. said to me, "G., New Orleans will be the next to go, you'll see, and I want to get there first; this stagnation here will kill me."

*April 28.*—This evening has been very lovely, but full of a sad disappointment. H. invited me to drive. As we turned homeward he said:

"Well, my arrangements are completed. You can begin to pack your trunks to-morrow, and I shall have a talk with Max."

Mr. R. and Annie were sitting on the gallery as I ran up the steps.

"Heard the news?" they cried.

"No! What news?"

"New Orleans is taken! All the boats have been run up the river to save them. No more mails."

How little they knew what plans of ours this dashed away. But our disappointment is truly an infinitesimal drop in the great waves of triumph and despair surging to-night in thousands of hearts.

*April 30.*—The last two weeks have glided quietly away without incident except the arrival of new neighbors—Dr. Y., his wife, two children, and servants. That a professional man prospering in Vicksburg should come now to settle in this retired place looks queer. Max said:

"H., that man has come here to hide from the conscript officers. He has brought no end of provisions, and is here for the war. He has chosen well, for this county is so cleaned of men it won't pay to send the conscript officers here."

Our stores are diminishing and cannot be



replenished from without; ingenuity and labor must evoke them. We have a fine garden in growth, plenty of chickens, and hives of bees to furnish honey in lieu of sugar. A good deal of salt meat has been stored in the smoke-house, and, with fish from the lake, we expect to keep the wolf from the door. The season for game is about over, but an occasional squirrel or duck comes to the larder, though the question of ammunition has to be considered. What we have may be all we can have, if the war lasts five years longer; and they say they are prepared to hold out till the crack of doom. Food, however, is not the only want. I never realized before the varied needs of civilization. Every day something is *out*. Last week but two bars of soap remained, so we began to save bones and ashes. Annie said: "Now, if we only had some china-berry trees here we should n't need any other grease. They are making splendid soap at Vicksburg with china-balls. They just put the berries into the lye and it eats them right up and makes a fine soap." I did long for some china-berries to make this experiment. H. had laid in what seemed a good supply of kerosene, but it is nearly gone, and we are down to two candles kept for an emergency. Annie brought a receipt from Natchez for making candles of rosin and wax, and with great forethought brought also the wick and rosin. So yesterday we tried making candles. We had no molds, but Annie said the latest style in Natchez was to make a waxen rope by dipping, then wrap it round a corn-cob. But H. cut smooth blocks of wood about four inches square, into which he set a polished cylinder about four inches high. The waxen ropes were coiled round the cylinder like a serpent, with the head raised about two inches; as the light burned down to the cylinder, more of the rope was unwound. To-day the vinegar was found to be all gone and we have started to make some. For tyros we succeed pretty well.

#### VIII.

##### DROWNED OUT AND STARVED OUT.

*May 9.*—A great misfortune has come upon us all. For several days every one has been uneasy about the unusual rise of the Mississippi and about a rumor that the Federal forces had cut levees above to swamp the country. There is a slight levee back of the village, and H. went yesterday to examine it. It looked strong and we hoped for the best. About dawn this morning a strange gurgle woke me. It had a pleasing, lulling effect. I could not fully rouse at first, but curiosity conquered at last, and I called H.

"Listen to that running water; what is it?"

Hesprung up, listened a second, and shouted:

"Max, get up! The water is on us!" They both rushed off to the lake for the skiff. The levee had not broken. The water was running clean over it and through the garden fence so rapidly that by the time I dressed and got outside Max was paddling the pirogue they had brought in among the pea-vines, gathering all the ripe peas left above the water. We had enjoyed one mess and he vowed we should have another.

H. was busy nailing a raft together while he had a dry place to stand on. Annie and I, with Reeney, had to secure the chickens, and the back piazza was given up to them. By the time a hasty breakfast was eaten the water was in the kitchen. The stove and everything there had to be put up in the dining-room. Aunt Judy and Reeney had likewise to move into the house, their floor also being covered with water. The raft had to be floated to the store-house and a platform built, on which everything was elevated. At evening we looked round and counted the cost. The garden was utterly gone. Last evening we had walked round the strawberry beds that fringed the whole acre and tasted a few just ripe. The hives were swamped. Many of the chickens were drowned. Sancho had been sent to high ground where he could get grass. In the village every green thing was swept away. Yet we were better off than many others; for this house, being raised, we have escaped the water indoors. It just laves the edge of the galleries.

*May 26.*—During the past week we have lived somewhat like Venetians, with a boat at front steps and a raft at the back. Sunday H. and I took skiff to church. The clergyman, who is also tutor at a planter's across the lake, preached to the few who had arrived in skiffs. We shall not try it again, it is so troublesome getting in and out at the court-house steps. The imprisonment is hard to endure. It threatened to make me really ill, so every evening H. lays a thick wrap in the pirogue, I sit on it and we row off to the ridge of dry land running along the lake-shore and branching off to a strip of woods also out of water. Here we disembark and march up and down till dusk. A great deal of the wood got wet and has to be laid out to dry on the galleries, with clothing, and everything that must be dried. One's own trials are intensified by the worse suffering around that we can do nothing to relieve.

Max has a puppy named after General Price. The gentlemen had both gone up town yesterday in the skiff when Annie and I heard little Price's despairing cries from under the house, and we got on the raft to find and save him. We wore light morning dresses and slippers, for shoes are becoming precious. Annie donned a Shaker and I a broad hat. We got the raft



pushed out to the center of the grounds opposite the house and could see Price clinging to a post; the next move must be to navigate the raft up to the side of the house and reach for Price. It sounds easy; but poke around with our poles as wildly or as scientifically as we might, the raft would not budge. The noonday sun was blazing right overhead and the muddy water running all over slipped feet and dainty dresses. How long we staid praying for rescue, yet wincing already at the laugh that would come with it, I shall never know. It seemed like a day before the welcome boat and the "Ha, ha!" of H. and Max were heard. The confinement tells severely on all the animal life about us. Half the chickens are dead and the other half sick.

The days drag slowly. We have to depend mainly on books to relieve the tedium, for we have no piano; none of us like cards; we are very poor chess-players, and the chess-set is incomplete. When we gather round the one lamp—we dare not light any more—each one exchanges the gems of thought or mirthful ideas he finds. Frequently the gnats and the mosquitoes are so bad we cannot read at all. This evening, till a strong breeze blew them away, they were intolerable. Aunt Judy goes about in a dignified silence, too full for words, only asking two or three times, "W'at I dun tole you fum de fust?" The food is a trial. This evening the snaky candles lighted the glass and silver on the supper-table with a pale gleam and disclosed a frugal supper indeed—tea without milk (for all the cows are gone), honey, and bread. A faint ray twinkled on the water swishing against the house and stretching away into the dark woods. It looked like civilization and barbarism met together. Just as we sat down to it, some one passing in a boat shouted that Confederates and Federals were fighting at Vicksburg.

*Monday, June 2.*—On last Friday morning, just three weeks from the day the water rose, signs of its falling began. Yesterday the ground appeared, and a hard rain coming down at the same time washed off much of the unwholesome débris. To-day is fine, and we went out without a boat for a long walk.

*June 13.*—Since the water ran off, we have, of course, been attacked by swamp fever. H. succumbed first, then Annie, Max next, and then I. Luckily, the new Dr. Y. had brought quinine with him, and we took heroic doses. Such fever never burned in my veins before or sapped strength so rapidly, though probably the want of good food was a factor. The two or three other professional men have left. Dr. Y. alone remains. The roads now being dry enough, H. and Max started on horseback, in different directions, to make an

exhaustive search for food supplies. H. got back this evening with no supplies.

*June 15.*—Max got back to-day. He started right off again to cross the lake and interview the planters on that side, for they had not suffered from overflow.

*June 16.*—Max got back this morning. H. and he were in the parlor talking and examining maps together till dinner-time. When that was over they laid the matter before us. To buy provisions had proved impossible. The planters across the lake had decided to issue rations of corn-meal and pease to the villagers whose men had all gone to war, but they utterly refused to sell anything. "They told me," said Max, "We will not see your family starve, Mr. R.; but with such numbers of slaves and the village poor to feed, we can spare nothing for sale." "Well, of course," said H., "we do not purpose to stay here and live on charity rations. We must leave the place at all hazards. We have studied out every route and made inquiries everywhere we went. We shall have to go down the Mississippi in an open boat as far as Fetter's Landing (on the eastern bank). There we can cross by land and put the boat into Steele's Bayou, pass thence to the Yazoo River, from there to Chickasaw Bayou, into McNutt's Lake, and land near my uncle's in Warren County."

*June 20.*—As soon as our intended departure was announced, we were besieged by requests for all sorts of things wanted in every family—pins, matches, gunpowder, and ink. One of the last cases H. and Max had before the stay-law stopped legal business was the settlement of an estate that included a country store. The heirs had paid in chattels of the store. These had remained packed in the office. The main contents of the cases were hardware; but we found treasure indeed—a keg of powder, a case of matches, a paper of pins, a bottle of ink. Red ink is now made out of pokeberries. Pins are made by capping thorns with sealing-wax, or using them as nature made them. These were articles money could not get for us. We would give our friends a few matches to save for the hour of tribulation. The paper of pins we divided evenly, and filled a bank-box each with the matches. H. filled a tight tin case apiece with powder for Max and himself and sold the rest, as we could not carry any more on such a trip. Those who did not hear of this in time offered fabulous prices afterwards for a single pound. But money has not its old attractions. Our preparations were delayed by Aunt Judy falling sick of swamp fever.

*Friday, June 27.*—As soon as the cook was up, again, we resumed preparations. We put all the clothing in order and had it nicely done



up with the last of the soap and starch. "I wonder," said Annie, "when I shall ever have nicely starched clothes after these? They had no starch in Natchez or Vicksburg when I was there." We are now furbishing up dresses suitable for such rough summer travel. While we sat at work yesterday the quiet of the clear, calm noon was broken by a low, continuous roar like distant thunder. To-day we are told it was probably cannon at Vicksburg. This is a great distance, I think, to have heard it—over a hundred miles.

H. and Max have bought a large yawl and are busy on the lake bank repairing it and fitting it with lockers. Aunt Judy's master has been notified when to send for her; a home for the cat Jeff has been engaged; Price is dead, and Sancho sold. Nearly all the furniture is disposed of, except things valued from association, which will be packed in H.'s office and left with some one likely to stay through the war. It is hardest to leave the books.

*Tuesday, July 8.*—We start to-morrow. Packing the trunks was a problem. Annie and I are allowed one large trunk apiece, the gentlemen a smaller one each, and we a light carpet-sack apiece for toilet articles. I arrived with six trunks and leave with one! We went over everything carefully twice, rejecting, trying to shake off the bonds of custom and get down to primitive needs. At last we made a judicious selection. Everything old or worn was left; everything merely ornamental, except good lace, which was light. Gossamer evening dresses were all left. I calculated on taking two or three books that would bear the most reading if we were again shut up where none could be had, and so, of course, took Shakespeare first. Here I was interrupted to go and pay a farewell visit, and when we returned Max had packed and nailed the cases of books to be left. Chance thus limited my choice to those that happened to be in my room—"Paradise Lost," the "Arabian Nights," a volume of Macaulay's History I was reading, and my prayer-book. To-day the provisions for the trip were cooked: the last of the flour was made into large loaves of bread; a ham and several dozen eggs were boiled; the few chickens that have survived the overflow were fried; the last of the coffee was parched and ground; and the modicum of the tea was well corked up. Our friends across the lake added a jar of butter and two of preserves. H. rode off to X, after dinner to conclude some business there, and I sat down before a table to tie bundles of things to be left. The sunset glowed and faded and the quiet evening came on calm and starry. I sat by the window till evening deepened into night, and as the moon rose I still looked a reluctant farewell to the

lovely lake and the grand woods, till the sound of H.'s horse at the gate broke the spell.

## IX.

## HOMELESS AND SHELTERLESS.

*Thursday, July 10.* (— *Plantation.*)—Yesterday about four o'clock we walked to the lake and embarked. Provisions and utensils were packed in the lockers, and a large trunk was stowed at each end. The blankets and cushions were placed against one of them, and Annie and I sat on them Turkish fashion. Near the center the two smaller trunks made a place for Reeney. Max and H. were to take turns at the rudder and oars. The last word was a fervent God-speed from Mr. E., who is left in charge of all our affairs. We believe him to be a Union man, but have never spoken of it to him. We were gloomy enough crossing the lake, for it was evident the heavily laden boat would be difficult to manage. Last night we staid at this plantation, and from the window of my room I see the men unloading the boat to place it on the cart, which a team of oxen will haul to the river. These hospitable people are kindness itself, till you mention the war.

*Saturday, July 12.* (Under a cotton-shed on the bank of the Mississippi River.)—Thursday was a lovely day, and the sight of the broad river exhilarating. The negroes launched and reloaded the boat, and when we had paid them and spoken good-bye to them we felt we were really off. Every one had said that if we kept in the current the boat would almost go of itself, but in fact the current seemed to throw it about, and hard pulling was necessary. The heat of the sun was very severe, and it proved impossible to use an umbrella or any kind of shade, as it made steering more difficult. Snags and floating timbers were very troublesome. Twice we hurried up to the bank out of the way of passing gunboats, but they took no notice of us. When we got thirsty, it was found that Max had set the jug of water in the shade of a tree and left it there. We must dip up the river water or go without. When it got too dark to travel safely we disembarked. Reeney gathered wood, made a fire and some tea, and we had a good supper. We then divided, H. and I remaining to watch the boat, Max and Annie on shore. She hung up a mosquito-bar to the trees and went to bed comfortably. In the boat the mosquitoes were horrible, but I fell asleep and slept till voices on the bank woke me. Annie was wandering disconsolate round her bed, and when I asked the trouble, said, "Oh, I can't sleep there! I found a toad and a lizard in the bed." When dropping off again, H. woke me to say he was very sick; he thought it was from drinking the river



water. With difficulty I got a trunk opened to find some medicine. While doing so a gunboat loomed up vast and gloomy, and we gave each other a good fright. Our voices doubtless reached her, for instantly every one of her lights disappeared and she ran for a few minutes along the opposite bank. We momentarily expected a shell as a feeler.

At dawn next morning we made coffee and a hasty breakfast, fixed up as well as we could in our sylvan dressing-rooms, and pushed on, for it is settled that traveling between eleven and two will have to be given up unless we want to be roasted alive. H. grew worse. He suffered terribly, and the rest of us as much to see him pulling in such a state of exhaustion. Max would not trust either of us to steer. About eleven we reached the landing of a plantation. Max walked up to the house and returned with the owner, an old gentleman living alone with his slaves. The housekeeper, a young colored girl, could not be surpassed in her graceful efforts to make us comfortable and anticipate every want. I was so anxious about H. that I remember nothing except that the cold drinking-water taken from a cistern beneath the building, into which only the winter rains were allowed to fall, was like an elixir. They offered luscious peaches that, with such water, were nectar and ambrosia to our parched lips. At night the housekeeper said she was sorry they had no mosquito-bars ready and hoped the mosquitoes would not be thick, but they came out in legions. I knew that on sleep that night depended recovery or illness for H. and all possibility of proceeding next day. So I sat up fanning away mosquitoes that he might sleep, toppling over now and then on the pillows till roused by his stirring. I contrived to keep this up till, as the chill before dawn came, they abated and I got a short sleep. Then, with the aid of cold water, a fresh toilet, and a good breakfast, I braced up for another day's baking in the boat.

If I had been well and strong as usual the discomforts of such a journey would not have seemed so much to me; but I was still weak from the effects of the fever, and annoyed by a worrying toothache which there had been no dentist to rid me of in our village.

Having paid and dismissed the boat's watchman, we started and traveled till eleven to-day, when we stopped at this cotton-shed. When our dais was spread and lunch laid out in the cool breeze, it seemed a blessed spot. A good many negroes came offering chickens and milk in exchange for tobacco, which we had not. We bought some milk with money.

A United States transport just now steamed by and the men on the guards cheered and waved to us. We all replied but Annie. Even

Max was surprised into an answering cheer, and I waved my handkerchief with a very full heart as the dear old flag we have not seen for so long floated by; but Annie turned her back.

*Sunday, July 13. (Under a tree on the east bank of the Mississippi.)*—Late on Saturday evening we reached a plantation whose owner invited us to spend the night at his house. What a delightful thing is courtesy! The first tone of our host's welcome indicated the true gentleman. We never leave the oars with the watchman; Max takes those, Annie and I each take a band-box, H. takes my carpet-sack, and Reeney brings up the rear with Annie's. It is a funny procession. Mr. B.'s family were absent, and as we sat on the gallery talking it needed only a few minutes to show this was a "Union man." His home was elegant and tasteful, but even here there was neither tea nor coffee.

About eleven we stopped here in this shady place. While eating lunch the negroes again came imploring for tobacco. Soon an invitation came from the house for us to come and rest. We gratefully accepted, but found their idea of rest for warm, tired travelers was to sit in the parlor on stiff chairs while the whole family trooped in, cool and clean in fresh toilets, to stare and question. We soon returned to the trees; however they kindly offered corn-meal pound-cake and beer, which were excellent.

Eight gunboats and one transport have passed us. Getting out of their way has been troublesome. Our gentlemen's hands are badly blistered.

*Tuesday, July 15.*—Sunday night about ten we reached the place where, according to our map, Steele's Bayou comes nearest to the Mississippi, and where the landing should be, but when we climbed the steep bank there was no sign of habitation. Max walked off into the woods on a search, and was gone so long we feared he had lost his way. He could find no road. H. suggested shouting and both began. At last a distant halloo replied, and by cries the answerer was guided to us. A negro came forward and said that was the right place, his master kept the landing, and he would watch the boat for five dollars. He showed the road, and said his master's house was one mile off and another house two miles. We mistook, and went to the one two miles off. At one o'clock we reached Mr. Fetter's, who was pleasant, and said we should have the best he had. The bed into whose grateful softness I sank was piled with mattresses to within two or three feet of the ceiling, and with no step-ladder getting in and out was a problem. This morning we noticed the high-water mark, four feet above the lower floor. Mrs. Fetter said they had lived upstairs several weeks.



## X.

## FRIGHTS AND PERILS IN STEELE'S BAYOU.

*Wednesday, July 16. (Under a tree on the bank of Steele's Bayou.)*—Early this morning our boat was taken out of the Mississippi and put on Mr. Fetler's ox-cart. After breakfast we followed on foot. The walk in the woods was so delightful that all were disappointed when a silvery gleam through the trees showed the bayou sweeping along, full to the banks, with dense forest trees almost meeting over it. The boat was launched, calked, and reloaded, and we were off again. Towards noon the sound of distant cannon began to echo around, probably from Vicksburg again. About the same time we began to encounter rafts. To get around them required us to push through brush so thick that we had to lie down in the boat. The banks were steep and the land on each side a bog. About one o'clock we reached this clear space with dry shelving banks and disembarked to eat lunch. To our surprise a neatly dressed woman came tripping down the declivity bringing a basket. She said she lived above and had seen our boat. Her husband was in the army, and we were the first white people she had talked to for a long while. She offered some corn-meal pound-cake and beer, and as she climbed back told us to "look out for the rapids." H. is putting the boat in order for our start and says she is waving good-bye from the bluff above.

*Thursday, July 17. (On a raft in Steele's Bayou.)*—Yesterday we went on nicely awhile and at afternoon came to a strange region of rafts, extending about three miles, on which persons were living. Many saluted us, saying they had run away from Vicksburg at the first attempt of the fleet to shell it. On one of these rafts, about twelve feet square,<sup>1</sup> bagging had been hung up to form three sides of a tent. A bed was in one corner, and on a low chair, with her provisions in jars and boxes grouped round her, sat an old woman feeding a lot of chickens.

Having moonlight, we had intended to travel till late. But about ten o'clock, the boat beginning to go with great speed, H., who was steering, called to Max:

"Don't row so fast; we may run against something."

"I'm hardly pulling at all."

"Then we're in what she called the rapids!"

The stream seemed indeed to slope downward, and in a minute a dark line was visible ahead. Max tried to turn, but could not, and in a second more we dashed against this immense raft, only saved from breaking up by the men's quickness. We got out upon it and ate supper. Then, as the boat was leaking and the

current swinging it against the raft, H. and Max thought it safer to watch all night, but told us to go to sleep. It was a strange spot to sleep in—a raft in the middle of a boiling stream, with a wilderness stretching on either side. The moon made ghostly shadows and showed H., sitting still as a ghost, in the stern of the boat, while mingled with the gurgle of the water round the raft beneath was the boom of cannon in the air, solemnly breaking the silence of night. It drizzled now and then, and the mosquitoes swarmed over us. My fan and umbrella had been knocked overboard, so I had no weapon against them. Fatigue, however, overcomes everything, and I contrived to sleep.

H. roused us at dawn. Reeney found light-wood enough on the raft to make a good fire for coffee, which never tasted better. Then all hands assisted in unloading; a rope was fastened to the boat, Max got in, H. held the rope on the raft, and, by much pulling and pushing, it was forced through a narrow passage to the farther side. Here it had to be calked, and while that was being done we improvised a dressing-room in the shadow of our big trunks. During the trip I had to keep the time, therefore properly to secure belt and watch was always an anxious part of my toilet. The boat is now repacked, and while Annie and Reeney are washing cups I have scribbled, wishing much that mine were the hand of an artist.

*Friday morn, July 18. (House of Colonel K., on Yazoo River.)*—After leaving the raft yesterday all went well till noon, when we came to a narrow place where an immense tree lay clear across the stream. It seemed the insurmountable obstacle at last. We sat despairing what to do, when a man appeared beside us in a pirogue. So sudden, so silent was his arrival that we were thrilled with surprise. He said if we had a hatchet he could help us. His fairy bark floated in among the branches like a bubble, and he soon chopped a path for us, and was delighted to get some matches in return. He said the cannon we heard yesterday were in an engagement with the ram *Arkansas*, which ran out of the Yazoo that morning. We did not stop for dinner to-day, but ate a hasty lunch in the boat, after which nothing but a small piece of bread was left. About two we reached the forks, one of which ran to the Yazoo, the other to the Old River. Max said the right fork was our road; H. said the left, that there was an error in Max's map; but Max steered into the right fork. After pulling about three miles he admitted his mistake and turned back; but I shall never forget Old River. It was the vision of a drowned world, an illimitable waste of dead waters, stretching into a great, silent, desolate forest.

<sup>1</sup> More likely twelve yards.—G. W. C.



Just as we turned into the right way, down came the rain so hard and fast we had to stop on the bank. It defied trees or umbrellas and nearly took away the breath. The boat began to fill, and all five of us had to bail as fast as possible for the half-hour the sheet of water was pouring down. As it abated a cold breeze sprung up that, striking our wet clothes, chilled us to the bone. All were shivering and blue—no, I was green. Before leaving Mr. Fetler's Wednesday morning I had donned a dark-green calico. I wiped my face with a handkerchief out of my pocket, and face and hands were all dyed a deep green. When Annie turned round and looked at me she screamed and I realized how I looked; but she was not much better, for of all dejected things wet feathers are the worst, and the plumes in her hat were painful.

About five we reached Colonel K.'s house, right where Steele's Bayou empties into the Yazoo. We had both to be fairly dragged out of the boat, so cramped and weighted were we by wet skirts. The family were absent, and the house was headquarters for a squad of Confederate cavalry, which was also absent. The old colored housekeeper received us kindly and lighted fires in our rooms to dry the clothing. My trunk had got cracked on top, and all the clothing to be got at was wet. H. had dropped his in the river while lifting it out, and his clothes were wet. A spoonful of brandy apiece was left in the little flask, and I felt that mine saved me from being ill. Warm blankets and the brandy revived us, and by supper-time we got into some dry clothes.

Just then the squad of cavalry returned; they were only a dozen, but they made much uproar, being in great excitement. Some of them were known to Max and H., who learned from them that a gunboat was coming to shell them out of this house. Then ensued a clatter such as twelve men surely never made before—rattling about the halls and galleries in heavy boots and spurs, feeding horses, calling for supper, clanking swords, buckling and unbuckling belts and pistols. At last supper was dispatched, and they mounted and were gone like the wind. We had a quiet supper and good night's rest in spite of the expected shells, and did not wake till ten to-day to realize we were not killed. About eleven breakfast was furnished. Now we are waiting till the rest of our things are dried to start on our last day of travel by water.

*Sunday, July 20.*—A little way down the Yazoo on Friday we ran into McNutt's Lake, thence into Chickasaw Bayou, and at dark landed at Mrs. C.'s farm, the nearest neighbors of H.'s uncle. The house was full of Confederate sick, friends from Vicksburg, and while

we ate supper all present poured out the story of the shelling and all that was to be done at Vicksburg. Then our stuff was taken from the boat, and we finally abandoned the stanch little craft that had carried us for over one hundred and twenty-five miles in a trip occupying nine days. The luggage in a wagon, and ourselves packed in a buggy, were driven for four or five miles, over the roughest road I ever traveled, to the farm of Mr. B., H.'s uncle, where we arrived at midnight and hastened to hide in bed the utter exhaustion of mind and body. Yesterday we were too tired to think, or to do anything—but eat peaches.

## XI.

### WILD TIMES IN MISSISSIPPI.

THIS morning there was a most painful scene. Annie's father came into Vicksburg, ten miles from here, and learned of our arrival from Mrs. C.'s messenger. He sent out a carriage to bring Annie and Max to town that they might go home with him, and with it came a letter for me from friends on the Jackson Railroad, written many weeks before. They had heard that our village home was under water, and invited us to visit them. The letter had been sent to Annie's people to forward, and thus had reached us. This decided H., as the place was near New Orleans, to go there and wait the chance of getting into that city. Max, when he heard this from H., lost all self-control and cried like a baby. He stalked about the garden in the most tragic manner, exclaiming:

"Oh! my soul's brother from youth up is a traitor! A traitor to his country!"

Then H. got angry and said, "Max, don't be a fool."

"Who has done this?" bawled Max. "You felt with the South at first; who has changed you?"

"Of course I feel *for* the South now, and nobody has changed me but the logic of events, though the twenty-negro law has intensified my opinions. I can't see why I, who have no slaves, must go to fight for them, while every man who has twenty may stay at home."

I, also, tried to reason with Max and pour oil on his wound. "Max, what interest has a man like you, without slaves, in a war for slavery? Even if you had them, they would not be your best property. That lies in your country and its resources. Nearly all the world has given up slavery; why can't the South do the same and end the struggle. It has shown you what the South needs; and if all went to work with united hands the South would soon be the greatest country on earth. You have no right to call H. a traitor; it is we who are the true patriots and lovers of the South."



This had to come, but it has upset us both. H. is deeply attached to Max, and I can't bear to see a cloud between them. Max, with Annie and Reeney, drove off an hour ago, Annie so glad at the prospect of again seeing her mother that nothing could cloud her day. And so the close companionship of six months, and of dangers, trials, and pleasures shared together, is over.

*Oak Ridge, July 26, Saturday.*—It was not till Wednesday that H. could get into Vicksburg, ten miles distant, for a passport, without which we could not go on the cars. We started Thursday morning. I had to ride seven miles on a hard-trotting horse to the nearest station. The day was burning at white heat. When the station was reached my hair was down, my hat on my neck, and my feelings were indescribable.

On the train one seemed to be right in the stream of war, among officers, soldiers, sick men and cripples, adieus, tears, laughter, constant chatter, and, strangest of all, sentinels posted at the locked car-doors demanding passports. There was no train south from Jackson that day, so we put up at the Bowman House. The excitement was indescribable. All the world appeared to be traveling through Jackson. People were besieging the two hotels, offering enormous prices for the privilege of sleeping anywhere under a roof. There were many refugees from New Orleans, among them some acquaintances of mine. The peculiar styles of [women's] dress necessitated by the exigencies of war gave the crowd a very striking appearance. In single suits I saw sleeves of one color, the waist of another, the skirt of another; scarlet jackets and gray skirts; black waists and blue skirts; black skirts and gray waists; the trimming chiefly gold braid and buttons, to give a military air. The gray and gold uniforms of the officers, glittering between, made up a carnival of color. Every moment we saw strange meetings and partings of people from all over the South. Conditions of time, space, locality, and estate were all loosened; everybody seemed floating he knew not whither, but determined to be jolly, and keep up an excitement. At supper we had tough steak, heavy, dirty-looking bread, Confederate coffee. The coffee was made of either parched rye or corn-meal, or of sweet potatoes cut in small cubes and roasted. This was the favorite. When flavored with "coffee essence," sweetened with sorghum, and tintured with chalky milk, it made a curious beverage, which, after tasting, I preferred not to drink. Every one else was drinking it, and an acquaintance said, "Oh, you 'll get bravely over that. I used to be a Jewess about pork, but now we just kill a hog and eat it, and kill another and do the same. It's all we have."

Friday morning we took the down train for the station near my friend's house. At every station we had to go through the examination of passes, as if in a foreign country.

The conscript camp was at Brookhaven, and every man had been ordered to report there or to be treated as a deserter. At every station I shivered mentally, expecting H. to be dragged off. Brookhaven was also the station for dinner. I choked mine down, feeling the sword hanging over me by a single hair. At sunset we reached our station. The landlady was pouring tea when we took our seats and I expected a treat, but when I tasted it was sassafras tea, the very odor of which sickens me. There was a general surprise when I asked to exchange it for a glass of water; every one was drinking it as if it were nectar. This morning we drove out here.

My friend's little nest is calm in contrast to the tumult not far off. Yet the trials of war are here too. Having no matches, they keep fire, carefully covering it at night, for Mr. G. has no powder, and cannot flash the gun into combustibles as some do. One day they had to go with the children to the village, and the servant let the fire go out. When they returned at nightfall, wet and hungry, there was neither fire nor food. Mr. G. had to saddle the tired mule and ride three miles for a pan of coals, and blow them, all the way back, to keep them alight. Crockery has gradually been broken and tin-cups rusted out, and a visitor told me they had made tumblers out of clear glass bottles by cutting them smooth with a heated wire, and that they had nothing else to drink from.

*Aug. 11.*—We cannot get to New Orleans. A special passport must be shown, and we are told that to apply for it would render H. very likely to be conscripted. I begged him not to try; and as we hear that active hostilities have ceased at Vicksburg, he left me this morning to return to his uncle's and see what the prospects are there. I shall be in misery about conscription till he returns.

*Sunday, Sept. 7. (Vicksburg, Washington Hotel.)*—H. did not return for three weeks. An epidemic disease broke out in his uncle's family and two children died. He staid to assist them in their trouble. Tuesday evening he returned for me and we reached Vicksburg yesterday. It was my first sight of the "Gibraltar of the South." Looking at it from a slight elevation suggests the idea that the fragments left from world-building had tumbled into a confused mass of hills, hollows, hillocks, banks, ditches, and ravines, and that the houses had rained down afterwards. Over all there was dust impossible to conceive. The bombardment has done little injury. People have returned and resumed business. A gentleman asked H. if he knew of a nice girl for sale. I



asked if he did not think it impolitic to buy slaves now.

"Oh, not young ones. Old ones might run off when the enemy's lines approach ours, but with young ones there is no danger."

We had not been many hours in town before a position was offered to H. which seemed providential. The chief of a certain department was in ill-health and wanted a deputy. It secures him from conscription, requires no oath, and pays a good salary. A mountain seemed lifted off my heart.

*Thursday, Sept. 18. (Thanksgiving Day.)*—We staid three days at the Washington Hotel; then a friend of H.'s called and told him to come to his house till he could find a home. Boarding-houses have all been broken up, and the army has occupied the few houses that were for rent. To-day H. secured a vacant room for two weeks in the only boarding-house.

*Oak Haven, Oct. 3.*—To get a house in V. proved impossible, so we agreed to part for a time till H. could find one. A friend recommended this quiet farm, six miles from — [a station on the Jackson Railroad]. On last Saturday H. came with me as far as Jackson and put me on the other train for the station.

On my way hither a lady, whom I judged to be a Confederate "blockade runner," told me of the tricks resorted to to get things out of New Orleans, including this: A very large doll was emptied of its bran, filled with quinine, and elaborately dressed. When the owner's trunk was opened, she declared with tears that the doll was for a poor crippled girl, and it was passed.

This farm of Mr. W.'s<sup>1</sup> is kept with about forty negroes. Mr. W., nearly sixty, is the only white man on it. He seems to have been wiser in the beginning than most others, and curtailed his cotton to make room for rye, rice, and corn. There is a large vegetable garden and orchard; he has bought plenty of stock for beef and mutton, and laid in a large supply of sugar. He must also have plenty of ammunition, for a man is kept hunting and supplies the table with delicious wild turkeys and other game. There is abundance of milk and butter, hives for honey, and no end of pigs. Chickens seem to be kept like game in parks, for I never see any, but the hunter shoots them, and eggs are plentiful. We have chicken for breakfast, dinner, and supper, fried, stewed, broiled, and in soup, and there is a family of ten. Luckily I never tire of it. They make starch out of corn-meal by washing the

meal repeatedly, pouring off the water and drying the sediment. Truly the uses of corn in the Confederacy are varied. It makes coffee, beer, whisky, starch, cake, bread. The only privations here are the lack of coffee, tea, salt, matches, and good candles. Mr. W. is now having the dirt-floor of his smoke-house dug up and boiling from it the salt that has dripped into it for years. To-day Mrs. W. made tea out of dried blackberry leaves, but no one liked it. The beds, made out of equal parts of cotton and corn-shucks, are the most elastic I ever slept in. The servants are dressed in gray homespun. Hester, the chambermaid, has a gray gown so pretty that I covet one like it. Mrs. W. is now arranging dyes for the thread to be woven into dresses for herself and the girls. Sometimes her hands are a curiosity.

The school at the nearest town is broken up and Mrs. W. says the children are growing up heathens. Mr. W. has offered me a liberal price to give the children lessons in English and French, and I have accepted transiently.

*Oct. 28.*—It is a month to-day since I came here. I only wish H. could share these benefits—the nourishing food, the pure aromatic air, the sound sleep away from the fevered life of Vicksburg. He sends me all the papers he can get hold of, and we both watch carefully the movements reported lest an army should get between us. The days are full of useful work, and in the lovely afternoons I take long walks with a big dog for company. The girls do not care for walking. In the evening Mr. W. begs me to read aloud all the war news. He is fond of the "Memphis Appeal," which has moved from town to town so much that they call it the "Moving Appeal." I sit in a low chair by the fire, as we have no other light to read by. Sometimes traveling soldiers stop here, but that is rare.

*Oct. 31.*—Mr. W. said last night the farmers felt uneasy about the "Emancipation Proclamation" to take effect in December. The slaves have found it out, though it had been carefully kept from them.

"Do yours know it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Finding it to be known elsewhere, I told it to mine with fair warning what to expect if they tried to run away. The hounds are not far off."

The need of clothing for their armies is worrying them too. I never saw Mrs. W. so excited as on last evening. She said the provost-marshal at the next town had ordered the women to knit so many pairs of socks.

"Just let him try to enforce it and they will cow-hide him. He'll get none from me. I'll take care of my own friends without an order from him."

"Well," said Mr. W., "if the South is de-

<sup>1</sup> On this plantation, and in this domestic circle, I myself afterward sojourned, and from them enlisted in the army. The initials are fictitious, but the description is perfect.—G. W. C.



feated and the slaves set free, the Southern people will all become atheists, for the Bible justifies slavery and says it shall be perpetual."

"You mean, if the Lord does not agree with you, you'll repudiate him."

"Well, we'll feel it's no use to believe in anything."

At night the large sitting-room makes a striking picture. Mr. W., spare, erect, gray-headed, patriarchal, sits in his big chair by the odorous fire of pine logs and knots roaring up the vast fireplace. His driver brings to him the report of the day's picking and a basket of snowy cotton for the spinning. The hunter brings in the game. I sit on the other side to read. The great spinning wheels stand at the other end of the room, and Mrs. W. and her black satellites, the elderly women their heads in bright bandanas, are hard at work. Slender and auburn-haired, she steps back and forth out of shadow into shine following the thread with graceful movements. Some card the cotton, some reel it into hanks. Over all the fire-light glances, now touching the golden curls of little John toddling about, now the brown heads of the girls stooping over their books, now the shadowy figure of little Jule, the girl whose duty it is to supply the fire with rich pine to keep up the vivid light. If they would only let the child sit down! But that is not allowed, and she gets sleepy and stumbles and knocks her head against the wall and then straightens up again. When that happens often it drives me off. Sometimes while I read the bright room fades and a vision rises of figures clad in gray and blue lying pale and stiff on the blood-sprinkled ground.

*Nov. 15.*—Yesterday a letter was handed me from H. Grant's army was moving, he wrote, steadily down the Mississippi Central and might cut the road at Jackson. He has a house and will meet me in Jackson to-morrow.

*Nov. 20. (Vicksburg.)*—A fair morning for my journey back to Vicksburg. On the train was the gentleman who in New Orleans had told us we should have all the butter we wanted from Texas. On the cars, as elsewhere, the question of food alternated with news of the war.

When we ran into the Jackson station H. was on the platform, and I gladly learned that we could go right on. A runaway negro, an old man, ashy colored from fright and exhaustion, with his hands chained, was being dragged along by a common-looking man. Just as we started out of Jackson the conductor led in a young woman sobbing in a heart-broken manner. Her grief seemed so overpowering, and she was so young and helpless, that every one was interested. Her husband went into the army in the opening of the war, just after their

marriage, and she had never heard from him since. After months of weary searching she learned he had been heard of at Jackson, and came full of hope, but found no clue. The sudden breaking down of her hope was terrible. The conductor placed her in care of a gentleman going her way and left her sobbing. At the next station the conductor came to ask her about her baggage. She raised her head to try and answer. "Don't cry so, you'll find him yet." She gave a start, jumped from her seat with arms flung out and eyes staring. "There he is now!" she cried. Her husband stood before her.

The gentleman beside her yielded his seat, and as hand grasped hand a hysterical gurgle gave place to a look like Heaven's peace. The low murmur of their talk began, and when I looked round at the next station they had bought pies and were eating them together like happy children.

Midway between Jackson and Vicksburg we reached the station near where Annie's parents were staying. I looked out, and there stood Annie with a little sister on each side of her, brightly smiling at us. Max had written to H., but we had not seen them since our parting. There was only time for a word and the train flashed away.

## XII.

### VICKSBURG.

[Here follow in the manuscript the writer's thrilling experiences in and throughout the siege of Vicksburg, as already printed in this magazine for September, 1885. It is just after the fall of Vicksburg that she resumes.]

*Aug. 20.*—Sitting in my easy chair to-day, looking out upon a grassy slope of the hill in the rear of this house, I have looked over this journal as if in a dream; for since the last date sickness and sorrow have been with me. I feel as if an angry wave had passed over me bearing away strength and treasure. For on one day there came to me from New Orleans the news of Mrs. B.'s death, a friend whom no tie of blood could have made nearer. The next day my beautiful boy ended his brief life of ten days and died in my arms. My own illness caused him to perish; the fatal cold in the cave was the last straw that broke down strength. The colonel's sweet wife has come, and I do not lack now for womanly companionship. She says that with such a pre-natal experience perhaps death was the best for him. I try to think so, and to be glad that H. has not been ill, though I see the effects. This book is exhausted, and I wonder whether there will be more adventures by flood and field to cause me to begin another.

## TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

THE gusty morns are here,  
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;  
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,  
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine  
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine:  
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,  
Together roam no more!

The world, all grass and air,  
Somehow hath lost thee; and the roadsides wear  
A heavy silence since thy welcomes fail  
Bonfires, and fiddles, and the van we knew  
Gleaming with gypsies, and the bear that drew  
Thy kindled eye, the sulky dancer through  
Our leafy Auburndale.

Soft showers go laden now  
With odors of the sappy orchard bough,  
And brooks, bewitched, begin a madder march;  
The late frost smokes from hollow sedges high;  
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,  
The cowslip's outcast gold that children spy,  
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream—  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,  
Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground;  
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful! Arise in might and mirth  
(For we were tameless travelers from our birth)—  
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,  
And keep the watch for me!

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*





## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### History and Current Politics.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

WE recall to our readers with sorrow their loss and ours in the untimely death on the 20th of July last of Professor Alexander Johnston of Princeton College. He had been for a few years past a frequent and acceptable contributor to this department of THE CENTURY, and those who have found in his acute discussion of current themes an impulse to deeper interest in contemporary history, and a help to the more accurate knowledge and juster appreciation of the great social and political movements of their fellow-citizens, will find a sad interest in a short account of his work. He was born in Brooklyn forty years ago, on the 29th of April, fitted for college in the preparatory schools of that city, and graduated with the highest honors from Rutgers in the class of 1870. The direction of his studies up to that time was exclusively along the old-fashioned college course, and he excelled in the classics, winning the more important prizes in that department. For the next five years his time was divided between teaching and the study of law, and in 1875 he was admitted to the bar of New Jersey. Not long afterwards he removed to Norwalk, Connecticut, where he founded a classical school, still in existence, and began his literary career. His success as an author brought him in 1884 a call to the chair of jurisprudence and political economy in the College of New Jersey. He carried to his new field enthusiasm and ripe scholarship, the disposition and experience of the teacher, and enjoyed for the short but illustrious remnant of his life such unbroken success and increasing popularity as only genius and goodness can command.

The list of his published works is a long one for a life comparatively so short, and argues not only untiring industry but the possession of the literary gift in a high degree. He wrote for Lalor's "Cyclopædia of Political Science" the articles over his signature on American political history; the article on American history in the American Supplement to the Philadelphia edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; "The Genesis of a New England State," No. 12 of the Johns Hopkins Historical Series; edited the three volumes of "Representative American Orations," and wrote for the periods into which the selections are divided a series of comprehensive and charming summaries; Chapter VII. of Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," that on Political Parties, is by him; the splendid account of our history in Vol. XXIII. of the "Britannica," itself a volume of perhaps four hundred pages; and several other articles in the same encyclopædia, notably that on Washington, are also from his pen. His separate and independent publications are his well-known "History of American Politics," a school "History of the United States," and the volume on "Connecticut" in the American Commonweal Series. Much of his most original research, moreover, was printed from time to time in reviews and periodi-

icals. All this work is characterized by thoroughness and sincerity. He was the first to correct, and acknowledge, as he discovered them, the few errors in fact or judgment which he made. With such powers it is no wonder that his reputation had crossed the sea, and that the editors of the great "Encyclopædia Britannica" found him the fittest guide for their public as for ours in matters of American history. "The Pall Mall Gazette" playfully remarked, in reviewing the "History of American Politics," that with such a handbook the British editor would thereafter put aside his too well-known habit of blundering over American politics, and in the absence of a similar guide to the story of English parties disport himself in ignorance of his native land.

It was therefore from the hand of the lawyer, the scholar, the author, the professor, that came the terse, incisive, and intelligent criticisms of current politics which we were happy to lay so often before our readers. Professor Johnston's mind was eminently practical, and his success in the class-room, aside from his gracious manner and warm interest in his pupils, was, we hear, largely due to the concreteness of his teaching. It was his habit to make concise statements of principles and then flood them with a mass of adequate illustrations from the everyday world which enthralled his hearers and fixed his instruction in their mind, showing as it did the immediate value of correct theory. The same characteristics marked his editorial work in this department. He had learned in his studies the basis and development of American institutions, and was therefore little affected by modern sciolism. He valued above all else the old-fashioned idea of personal freedom with its corollary of personal initiative and responsibility, emphasized at all times the essential character of local rights and government, and the subservience of political theory to historical induction. Add to this the high ethical plane on which his mind worked, his keen scent for reforms and judicial appreciation of their value, and we have such an outline of his character as it is permitted a friendly co-worker to draw. It seems to us that the moral of his life is to be found in the words at the head of this notice—the value to a sane, practical mind of the study of history not merely for the construction of a science of politics, but for the formation of sound opinions about daily life and about politics as a discipline and an art.

### Disasters.

ONE of the dreadful aspects of such recurring horrors as the flood at Johnston and the burning of Seattle and Spokane Falls, which, with the hurricane of Samoa, will probably be the extraordinary events of the year's annals, is the easy facility with which, after all, the public mind is disposed to deal with them. The Pennsylvania misfortune seems to have lacked none of the tints necessary for the darkest of pictures. The population of a whole mountain region is put into

imminent peril of life and limb; death carries off about as many as it claimed during any of the great battles of the civil war; and the scenes of pathos or despair, by day and night, from flood and flame, seem to have made our newspapers a mass of harrowing details for the possible instruction of posterity. Apart from the loss of life, the fate of the Northwestern cities seems to have had its own dramatic elements. The region is one where but a few years ago the poet found synonyms for desolation in the long roll of the solitary river, but where the enterprise, industry, and thrift of American men and women have established civilization, have built up new States like magic, and have endowed them with rich and splendid cities whose names are still hardly familiar to the rest of the country. It reads like a mockery of history that the burning of a single city in this new region should already entail losses such as, fifty years ago, constituted the "great fire" of our great commercial city. The popular impulse is the same in either case. The response of the popular heart is as instant as electricity. Money, material aid, personal assistance, are hurried to the point of need; for some time no one can think or talk of anything else; a few lessons from the pulpit or the press serve to point a moral of one sort or other; and then the debris is removed and the usual struggle for existence is renewed until, perhaps, it is interrupted by another case of the kind.

And yet there are lessons which should be scored into the popular intelligence by every new case of the kind. One is that we must no longer expect that such calamities, if they are to occur, are likely to be small ones; it is one of the penalties for our growth of population that they are now increasingly likely to be dire misfortunes. The great earthquake of 1811 has left its transient marks in a few swamps and lakes along the Mississippi and in some wild stories of the early settlers; but such an event could not occur in the denser population of our times without reviving and strengthening our memories of the overthrow of Charleston. We see the ancient track plowed by the meteorite through earth and rock: what if such a visitant should have its billet to some great house and distinguished audience in one of our modern cities? It is but in the nature of things that those natural calamities which must be reckoned with as non-preventable and inevitable should nevertheless find more and more shining marks as the surface of the country swarms more thickly with population, industry, and wealth.

But this impossibility of obviating the growing peril of modern life from inevitable natural calamities only adds a keener point to the growing necessity for care in guarding against the results of preventable events. In the case of many of these events responsibility is already fixed and measured by law; but there is still danger enough that the judicial conception of this measure of responsibility will continue to be limited by the smaller facts of the past, and will not grow, as it should, with the growth of the attendant perils. The fool who flings about firebrands and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?" becomes a greater and still greater offender with the passage of every year and the consequent development of more important human interests which may fall indirect victims to his folly. The theory of progressive culpability is one in which

public opinion may furnish the best stimulus for the judicial conscience, so that the law's perception may not stand still, or wait for statutory enactment which is likely to be weighted with obsolete circumstances.

But there remain other fields, perhaps of less definite limitation, but of probably greater public importance, in which still greater service may be done by a trained public opinion. If it be admitted, as it surely must be, that both the avoidable and the unavoidable perils to human life and property are increasing with the density of population, that fact should be enough of itself to establish a rising standard of municipal care and forethought. Indeed, the standard should rise faster than population increases, for the dangers increase more rapidly. Why, for example, should that heathen abomination the fire-cracker be tolerated in one of our growing American cities for even a single additional year? The increase of the danger from this source over last year or ten years ago is not merely in the ratio of the intervening growth of population, but very much greater.

It is not enough, then, that public opinion should rest content with public benevolence, or that it should write off its responsibility as the last car-load of supplies is shipped to the scene of disaster. Every such recurrent event is a warning to other centers of population that it is time for public opinion to push the standard of municipal care yet a little higher. In many of our cities there are still hordes of men who lay hungry claim, as political rewards, to offices for whose duties they are not competent. The disasters of this year are a new and louder warning to every such city to bar out such applicants more strenuously, and to announce more definitely and clearly that it can no longer take such risks or afford to permit its offices to serve as political rewards. The question is no longer one of money, or of taxes, or of the formation of an "office-holding class"; it has taken the more fundamental shape of the increased, the immeasurable, extent to which disasters of every grade may be multiplied beyond their natural limits, by incapacity or carelessness in the occupant of even the minor administrative offices of our modern cities. In this and innumerable relations of the kind public opinion may find its most cheering work in the regeneration of our cities; and by raising the standard of municipal management and municipal civil service it may defeat some disasters altogether and reduce and hold down the evils even of those which are inevitable.

#### A New College for Women.

THERE have been three distinctly marked stages in the higher education of women in America: co-education, pure and simple, first tested at Oberlin, in 1833; then separate colleges for women, in which line Vassar, in 1865, made the first departure; and last the "annex" plan, marked by the opening of the Harvard Annex in 1879. In England, on the other hand, the first effort to give collegiate training to women came from colleges open exclusively to women (Queen's, 1848), and in 1869 Girton made the first trial of the annex plan. No important co-educational scheme, as we understand co-education, has been tried in England.

The most popular and widely known women's colleges in England are Newnham and Girton, "annexed"



to the University of Cambridge. That is, the students of these colleges perform the same work as the university men, but in their own college building. There is no co-education such as is in operation at Cornell and Ann Arbor. The Newnham women are satisfied so long as they attain the standard of excellence prescribed by the university, and it is a matter of slight importance to them whether or not they receive instruction at the same hour, and in the same room, with their brothers.

There is unquestionably a prejudice in America against annexes. At the Woman's International Congress at Washington one delegate protested in the following terms: "Those bright, enthusiastic, large-framed, and big-hearted young women of the West, those young women who have in their eyes the distant horizon of their prairie homes, will have nothing to do with annexes." Possibly the prejudice is due wholly to unfortunate associations with the word itself. It is certainly difficult to respect the word in its educational significance, when we have annexes to hotels, to shops, and to ferryboats! The English expression for the objectionable term is "affiliated college," a description certainly more dignified.

A new affiliated college opens in October in New York City. It is new in that it is the first woman's

college situated in the heart of a great city, and, again, it is new in being the first affiliated college whose graduates are entitled to a university degree. The students of Newnham, Girton, Somerville, Lady Margaret, and the Harvard Annex must content themselves with what is called a "degree certificate," testifying that the candidate's scholarship would have entitled her to a degree if she had been a man.

The new college, affiliated to Columbia College, will bear the name Barnard, a name made eminent by one of the most far-sighted and advanced educators of America — the late president of Columbia College. Barnard College is situated at 343 Madison Avenue, five blocks from Columbia College. A student of Barnard College will do the same work as a student of Columbia, will have the same instructors, and will take the same examinations. Barnard College opens with a school of arts only, but in time she hopes to offer the broadest opportunity for scientific training.

The college will receive for the first year a freshman class only; consequently, its first graduates will receive their degrees in 1893. It is to be hoped that Barnard College will meet a support which will enable her to keep ahead of the present movement at Columbia towards encouraging and providing for graduate work.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### A View of the Confederacy from the Inside.<sup>1</sup>

A LETTER FROM JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL, FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, C. S. A.

FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA, 20th July, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: I learn that you have interfered in my behalf to obtain my release from arrest and confinement. I am obliged by your interposition, and appreciate it the more because that the war has made no change in my feelings toward yourself.

You are aware that I was not a patron or friend of the secession movement. My condemnation of it and my continuance in the Supreme Court were regarded as acts for which there could be no tolerance. When I returned to Alabama in May, 1861, it was to receive coldness, aversion, or contumely from the secession population. I did not agree to recant what I had said, or to explain what I had done; and thus, instead of appeasing my opponents, I aggravated my offense. This was still more aggravated by my opinion that cotton was not king; that privateering would not expel Northern commerce from the ocean, but would affront European opinion, and that privateering and slavery would prevent recognition, and that the war would be long and implacable; that the Northern people were a proud and powerful people that would not endure the supposed insults they have suffered, and that their "pocket nerve" was not their most sensitive nerve. Messrs. Toombs and Benjamin were promising peace before the winter. I had no connection with the Con-

federate Government in 1861, nor until the last of October, 1862. General Randolph, whom I scarcely knew, asked me to be Assistant Secretary of War, with an apology for doing so.

The war had then assumed gigantic proportions: confiscation acts and emancipation proclamations, and the administration of government in New Orleans and North Alabama, seemed to place a new face upon the war. It appeared to be a war upon political and civil society and government within the Confederate States.

The Southern country had greatly suffered: I had spent much time with the sick and wounded, and had witnessed bereavement, distress, destitution, suffering, as well as devotion and fortitude. The civil institutions were debilitated. Much of the business and feeling of the country centered in the War Department, and there was a want of some controlling mind in regulating its civil and judicial business. The conscription brought all persons of military age under its jurisdiction; impressments affected property, military domination very often infringed personal liberty and private right. There had been delay and vexation in the transaction of business.

I did not desire a conspicuous place, and every overture to place me in Mr. Davis's cabinet had been discountenanced with emphasis. I declined to go abroad. My wish was to be of use in mitigating the evils there were upon the country. I cannot make you feel how large they were.

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter, here printed for the first time, is in the possession of Charles P. Greenough, Esq., of Boston. When Judge Campbell was imprisoned in Fort Pulaski his former associates on the Supreme Bench, Judges Curtis and Nelson, both

wrote to President Johnson, and finally succeeded in getting Judge Campbell released. This letter was written when Judge Campbell learned that Judge Curtis was making efforts in his behalf. The text of the original letter has been carefully followed. — EDITOR.



I never labored more. I do not know that any one man has suffered from any act of mine any aggravation of his calamity. I do know of large classes that experienced sympathy and assistance. When my arrest was known the leading member of the Society of Friends called on Mrs. Campbell to say that every member of the society in the district would petition for my release, and he actually carried to Washington City such a paper.

There are other testimonials equally grateful to my feelings. I resigned twice and attempted to do so at other times. But there were considerations that would not allow me to press the offer. I did not hold to the office from avarice, for the annual salary was never worth \$500 in specie, and became at last just \$100. When I entered the office I supposed I might become useful in the settlement of a peace if I were connected with the Government. There was no opportunity for this in 1863, and not until 1864 had nearly expired could the subject be broached with any advantage.

There were discontents with Mr. Davis, and those who desired to weaken him made use of the desire for peace to effect the object. They represented him as averse to peace and that negotiations would bring peace. None spoke of union as a basis of peace; all repudiated a disposition for peace on that basis. In 1864 I became satisfied that the resources of the Confederacy for another campaign were exhausted. The finances, recruiting of soldiers, commissariat, transportation, ordnance and ammunition, and medical supplies had all failed. None were adequate for another campaign. The Secretary of the Treasury did not make a fair and candid report in November, 1864. The unanswered requisitions amounted to \$170,000,000, and he had no means to answer them. He had issued (nearly) to the maximum limit, treasury notes, and they were at the time thirty to one as compared with specie. But his failure to supply these requisitions, and his inability to do so, prevented the making of requisitions for \$250,000,000, which were also due. This was not regarded in his report nor provided for in his estimates or budget. I brought this matter to the attention of the Secretaries of War and Treasury and the truth was admitted. It became finally to be seen that the finances were in hopeless ruin. Treasury notes to \$400,000,000 had been issued; these were selling as sixty to one for specie at the treasury. The supply of specie 15th February was \$750,000; bonds and certificates of deposit were not salable, taxes were difficult of collection, and irritation and discontent existed because the outstanding indebtedness was not liquidated. The estimates of the year for the War Department were \$1,337,000,000 in Confederate bills and the restriction on issues not taken off.

The condition as to men was nearly as bad. In April, 1862, conscription embraced those between 18 and 35; in October, 1862, those between 35 and 40 were added; in July, 1863, those of 40 and 45 were added; in February, 1864, those between 17 and 50 were added; all men who had placed substitutes in service were called for and exemptions were curtailed. During the war there had been exemptions and details for civil and industrial service. Manufactures, mechanical and agricultural employments, were sustained by details, but in October, 1864, a sweeping order of revocation was made. This order evinced extreme

weakness; it carried despondency and dismay among the people. It did not serve to recruit the army—the supply of men was exhausted.

The army was reduced by desertions, and these now became more numerous and from a better class of men. The difficulties of the time led to desertions from the workshops and manufacturing establishments. The commissariat experienced the pressure of the time earliest among the bureaux. Supplies were hoarded. Sales were refused for bonds, and certificates and bills could not be had. Impressment could not be relied on. The army was for most of the time on half-rations, and the largest supply at Richmond and Petersburg during the whole winter was a supply of six days.

The transportation was almost exhausted. The Piedmont road, through Danville and Greensborough, North Carolina, became the principal channel of communication. Its entire capacity was 192 tons daily, and the daily demand of the army was 120 tons. The road was put out of repair three days during the winter by rains, and we had to ask the citizens of Richmond for flour from their reduced family supplies, and the 1000 barrels obtained cost \$650,000. In the same woful condition was the transportation by animals. The facts in regard to arms, ammunition, medical supplies, etc. disclose a similar condition of ruin.

You would suppose there could be no difficulty in convincing men under such circumstances that a peace was required. But when I look back upon the events of the winter, I find that I was incessantly employed in making these facts known and to no result.

A committee of Congress was appointed to examine the state of the commissariat; was informed of it and did not report. The President was called upon to afford knowledge of finances, recruiting, etc.,—in a word, the state of the Confederacy,—and did not answer. Letters were addressed on single portions of the deficiency and no heed was taken of them.

In December I wrote to Judge Nelson a letter inviting an interview with him, and asking that Messrs. Ewing, Stanton, or yourself might come. I obtained a license to write this letter and to have this communication.

There were for discussion, as the issue of the war, the questions of union, slavery, confiscation, pains and penalties, forfeitures for taxes, limits of western Virginia—in fact, all civil society in the Confederacy was involved. I supposed that with these intelligent and sober-minded men the embarrassments and perils of the condition could be mitigated. I was then fully disposed for peace. I have never had a reply to the letter, though I was told there was one. In lieu of this there came Francis P. Blair.

He duped Mr. Davis with the belief that President Lincoln regarded the condition of Mexico with more concern than the war; that he would be willing to make a suspension of hostilities under some sort of collusive contract, and to unite Southern and Northern troops on the Rio Grande for the invasion of Mexico, and that after matters were assured in Mexico affairs might be adjusted here. This was the business at Hampton Roads. I was incredulous, Mr. Hunter did not have faith. Mr. Stephens supposed Blair to be “the mentor of the Administration and Republican party.”

We learned in five minutes that the assurances to



Mr. Davis were a delusion, and that union was the condition of peace. I had always supposed this to be the case, and had refused all discussions on the subject of negotiation unless that condition was first admitted. I had never regarded a peace on that basis as inadmissible; but, on the contrary, was firmly persuaded that the programme of independence had failed with the loss of the Chesapeake Bay, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers, and the coasts of the Carolinas.

The change in the conditions of the war by the confiscation acts and proclamation unquestionably prolonged it. When I came from Hampton Roads I recommended the return of our commission or another commission to adjust a peace. I believed that one could be made upon the concession of union and the surrender of slavery, upon suitable arrangements. I so advised my colleagues. I wrote to Governor Graham of North Carolina a careful letter explaining all my views, for exhibition to his brother senators. A committee was raised to wait on Mr. Davis (Graham, Hunter, Orr) and conversations were had with him. This failed. I then wrote a careful review of all the conditions of the military service and of the financial and political state of the country, and recommended a negotiation for peace on the basis of union, as necessary. This was addressed to General Breckinridge. It was submitted to General Lee, and reports from the Commissary-General, Quartermaster-General, and Chief of Ordnance obtained, and the whole placed before Mr. Davis. This led him to ask Congress to repeal their resolution to adjourn. He submitted these in a secret message, without note, comment, or exposition, and at the same time submitted a public message, scolding Congress for delay and inattention and urging a vigorous prosecution of the war and the adoption of the following measures:

1. Suspension of habeas corpus.
2. Organization of militia.
3. To raise \$3,000,000 in gold.
4. To impress without cash payments.
5. To modify the law as to the use of detailed men.
6. Arm slaves.

The four last were granted, and could not have affected, and did not affect, our condition in the slightest measure.

No notice was taken of the secret message. The Congress replied with tartness to the charges as to delays and inattention, and retorted the charges. Governor Graham was ready with resolutions for negotiations, but the conduct of Mr. Davis indisposed others to consider them.

There seemed to be a superstitious dread of any approach to the one important question of settlement by negotiation. Mr. Davis, with the air of a sage, declared that the Constitution did not allow him to treat for his own suicide. All that he could do would be to receive resolutions and submit them to the sovereign States; that his personal honor did not permit him to take any steps to make such a settlement as was proposed. The result is, that each citizen of the Confederacy is making his separate treaty on the basis of President Johnson's merciful amnesty proclamation.

I have stated to you the facts. I do not pretend to have done more than to accept conditions that were inexorable, and to endeavor to stop the effusion of blood, and to husband the remnants of the resources that had not been consumed by the war. This I did with more urgency, and a more consistent and definite purpose

than any other, I believe. The idiosyncrasy of one man defeated the design. It would not be proper to speak of Mr. Davis in his present circumstances with any harshness. I do not believe for a moment that he participated in the plot to destroy Mr. Lincoln. His humanity, pride, sense of his own reputation and character, tenacious observance of the rules he esteems important, not to take into account his religious and moral principles of action, forbid me to believe this without strong and direct proof. But he was unfitted to manage a revolution or to conduct an administration. Slow, procrastinating, obstructive, filled with petty scruples and doubts, and wanting in a clear, strong, intrepid judgment, a vigorous resolution, and a generous and self-sacrificing nature, he became in the closing part of the war an incubus and a mischief.

I decided to abide the fate of Richmond—an inevitable fate; General Lee could neither hold it nor move away from it. His ruin was sealed, and with that the fate of the Confederacy. This I stated in the letter referred to; I told the Secretary of War I should remain, and should take an opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln, if possible. I would like to have his authority to do so, but should do so without it.

The United States troops entered Richmond the morning of the 3d of April. The evacuation took place the night previously. There was only wanting a licentious soldiery to make the scene appalling, but the United States soldiers behaved with propriety. There was conflagration, plunder, explosions of arsenals, magazines, gun-boats, and terror and confusion.

Mr. Lincoln came to Richmond the 4th of April. I had an interview with him. I told him that the war was virtually ended, that General Lee could not hold his army together, that the public men in Virginia would aid him to restore the Union, and that he might rely on this. I urged him to adopt a course of leniency and moderation—"That when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner"; that I had regarded this war as one between communities, the one contending for independence, the other for continued union; that the successful party in any event should have made his success as little aggravating to the other as possible; that were independence to be won, still a close union was anticipated to be formed. I stated to him my position—that I had remained because I knew that the war was virtually over, and to perform my duty to the country.

It so happened that I was the only person who had occupied any position of prominence that did remain, and so I had to speak for Virginia what would have been more appropriate for a Virginian. I noticed this to Mr. Lincoln.

He concluded to remain until the next morning to have another interview. He made no reply to what I said at this time. The next morning I met him on the *Malvern*, Mr. G. A. Myers, an established member of the bar of Richmond, going with me, and General Weitzel being present.

Mr. Lincoln had reduced to writing his terms of peace. There were three indispensable conditions: 1. Recognition of the national authority. 2. No cessation of hostilities till this was entirely done. 3. No receding by the Executive in reference to slavery, as



manifested in his proclamation and other official papers. All other questions to be settled on terms of sincere liberality.

He agreed to release all confiscations to those States that would forthwith recognize the national authority, and proposed to charge those for the continued expenses that rejected this offer. He handed me this paper after explaining it. He spoke of pains and penalties. He said that it would not be proper to offer a pardon to Mr. Davis,—whom we familiarly call Jeff. Davis,—who says he will not take one, but that almost any one could have anything of the kind for the asking.

I replied to his remarks by urging the suspension of hostilities to treat.

I told him that the effect of such a measure would be peace on his own terms; that General Lee could not hold his army together under such circumstances; that our trouble had been to find the man or men who would take upon themselves the responsibility of action. Mr. Davis objected that he could not constitutionally make peace and destroy himself. General Lee had said that he could only make military conventions; Congress had been unwilling to act without Mr. Davis and General Lee; but that now there would be no hesitation, because the military situation was more critical and the necessity more urgent.

I submitted to him the draft of a convention I had drawn and placed before General Breckinridge and Mr. Davis as a mode to make peace on the basis of union. He assented to the existence of the difficulty, took my paper for consideration, and said he had been considering of a plan to call the Virginia legislature together that they might restore the State to the Union. He said that it was important for that legislature to do so, that they were in the condition of a tenant between two contending landlords, that the tenant should atton to the successful party who had established his right. He said he had a government in northern Virginia, but that its margin was small and that he did not desire to enlarge it. He learned from Mr. Myers the condition of the legislature and whether it could be convened, and declared that he would make known his conclusion when he got to City Point.

In this conversation there was no effort to mystify or to overreach. I knew that General Lee's army would fall apart, or suffer a great disaster. The stores at Richmond were lost in the evacuation; there were no magazines in the country, and I did not believe that the stock saved in Petersburg could sustain his army five days if all were saved. But the fact was that he lost his supplies at Petersburg, and that his capture was compelled by the disorganized state of his army in consequence of a loss of his provisions. This had been made known as a probable consequence a month previously.

Three days after my conversation the capture of General Lee took place. In the intervening period commenced the work of fulfilling Mr. Lincoln's wishes. He consented in a letter to General Weitzel to the call of the Virginia legislature, but upon the capture of General Lee revoked the call, and the newspapers, with their usual and characteristic disposition to censure, have charged upon General Weitzel and myself some impropriety. The charge against me is that of having circumvented Mr. Lincoln.

Undoubtedly the capture of Lee made the use of the machinery I have suggested as unnecessary for the purpose of securing peace, and I have not complained of Mr. Lincoln. Whether a better plan to secure a prompt, cheerful, and complete pacification could have been suggested or has been adopted remains to be seen. I desired that the men who could control opinion and who commanded the public confidence, and who were ready to abide by the Union, should not be discarded or disfranchised, but their coöperation and aid should be received with cordiality. But I do not place any stumbling-block in the way of any other policy, and am content to have peace and pacification as they may be awarded by the conquering powers.

You are well aware that I was not a fanatical proslavery man; I had voluntarily liberated all of my slaves before the war some years. In 1847 I had, in a review on slavery in the "Southern Quarterly Review," advocated as a duty the amelioration of the law of slavery and proposed the establishment of the legal relations of slaves in the family on a firm foundation, and the removal of restraints on voluntary emancipations, on education, and to abolish all sales under legal or judicial orders or process. In articles on the same subject, and in conversation, I agreed that amelioration was a duty and necessity. In 1860-61 some of the Southern papers called me an abolitionist.

I agree too that President Lincoln's proclamation was one of that class of measures that determine the policy of a people for weal or woe. In the state of the world's opinion there could not be a step backward. Mr. Lincoln felt this, and one of his conditions of peace was "no receding by the Executive" from his position, and his explanation was his promise never to recede.

We have now to test the wisdom of the measure. In regarding the subject of slavery in former years, I have esteemed as the greatest calamity that could befall the country the introduction of emancipation except through the agency of the State governments; that the conditions of the society should be ameliorated by the society itself. I have uniformly admitted that there was a fatal error in supposing that the perils of the South were to be obviated by political or party arrangements at Washington. The remedy was in a social amelioration at home, commencing in the manner indicated in the article in the "Review" and others of a similar nature.

But the precise evil before us is emancipation by the armed force of States not holding slaves and who have enlisted in their armies probably one-sixth of the virile population of slaves as auxiliaries.

Whether prosperity will follow from this disturbance of the society is the difficult problem before us, and surely it is one that will task all the faculties of our peoples and the best qualities of their nature. It does seem to me it is a sufficient burden, and that the conquest is sufficiently embarrassing without the enforcement of the laws that Mr. Seward stated to me at Hampton Roads were the offspring of the most vehement passion in time of war. Mr. Burke, in his tract on the Policy of the Allies, has exposed with his characteristic clearness the rules by which statesmen may compose the elements of a state torn by revolutionary factions and plunged in the worst excesses of civil war. In his speech on Conciliation of America he developed



counsels for enlightened patrial statesmen, who would soothe the discontents in an empire and to preserve it from war. I should rejoice to see these adopted in the present crisis.

I was arrested the 22d of May, at 10 P.M., under a short, abrupt order from the War Department. I was at home, where I had been since the evacuation of Richmond, and expected no evil and thought none. I remained on the gunboat (*Mosswood*) in James River before Richmond a few days, and after an hour's notice was sent to this fort. I saw in the report of the military court a letter that had an indorsement of mine. I supposed it possible that this had something to do with my arrest. I addressed General Ord, commanding at Richmond, a letter of explanation, and requested that copies might be sent to Mr. Stanton and Mr. Holt. But I am still here. The officers are courteous and considerate and I suffer no indignity. But I should be glad to know why I am arrested and detained.

My affairs greatly need attention. Without any fault my fortune has been nearly exhausted. An explosion that took place at Mobile has put in ruins that upon which I depended to support my family. I earnestly desire to labor in their behalf. With kind remembrance to your daughter,

I am your friend,

*J. A. Campbell.*

HON. B. R. CURTIS, BOSTON, MASS.

**Maria Mitchell.**

WHATEVER is most characteristic and strongest in the New England type was perceived at once in Maria Mitchell. To those who are not well acquainted with that type she would have appeared perhaps a little hard and brusque. But in the genuine New England character there is always a depth of tenderness which can be depended on to appear when most wanted, and that quality was not lacking in her. She was especially fond of children, and a welcome friend to them, because at once they felt in her the sincerity which was the keynote of her whole being. Those who had only revered and respected her learned to love her after seeing her with children. Respect she always commanded, not only from those who knew her, but from strangers. I remember being impressed with this power when I heard her rebuke a rough man who undertook to smoke in an omnibus; the absolute fearlessness, the plain straightforward telling of the truth that he had no right to do this and that he infringed on the rights of others, and his instant obedience to her request, made an impression upon me which never can be forgotten.

The New England characteristics were perhaps intensified in her by the Quaker training and home influence. Those who were at Vassar during the first years of the college must all remember the silent "grace" at table, which was a tribute of respect to the old father brought to live there by his daughter as one condition of her accepting the call to a professorship. The bond between her and her father was unusually strong, and the two had a happy home together in the observatory building till the old man died. After that time Miss Mitchell still lived there, having some one of her students as a companion, so that her life was, whenever she chose to make it so, quiet and solitary in the company of her telescope and surrounded by

her professional work. The special students in astronomy were never very many, but her influence was not confined to them. She took her meals in the large hall and was familiar with all the students, and wherever she appeared there blew a fresh breeze of genuine life. Clear and strong and pure as the sea breeze over the south shore of her native island, her personality made itself felt, sweeping away all tendency to the sickly sentimentality which is apt to be found where many girls are congregated, and to the flattery of which so many women teachers weakly yield. Her absolute truthfulness of character never failed to find and fortify the honest intent, never missed striking and banishing all affectation. No girl could come before her without being self-judged. Such a presence is of inestimable value in a college like Vassar.

Nothing was more characteristic of her than the way in which she accepted the position and the salary offered her, without ever thinking to inquire whether the salary was the same as that given to the other professors. It was the chance to work that she wanted, the chance for influence in one of the first colleges for women. The money she was to receive was a minor consideration, and quite as characteristic was her indignation when, after being there for a considerable time, her attention was at last called to the fact that she, a mature woman, with a European fame, was receiving a salary less than that paid to some of the professors who were young men, almost entirely without experience, and quite destitute of reputation. The indignant protest, which then called for an equal salary, was not a personal affair. She flamed out in behalf of all women, and of abstract justice, with a glow which forced an immediate increase in salary. The excuse for this injustice must be found first in the fact that, at the time when Vassar College was established, women had not proved what they can do in professional lines, and, second, in the very conservative influences which guided the policy of the institution. In her religious belief Maria Mitchell was attached to one of the so-called most liberal sects. The children of the old Quaker families of Nantucket generally went over to the Unitarians if they departed from the strict faith of their fathers, so that in this matter also she was almost if not quite alone at Vassar. But she was appointed on the ground of her reputation as an astronomer, and fortunate was it for the college that the question of her religious belief was not raised till after her appointment.

The absolute truth which, as I have said, was the keynote of her character, could not fail to make her teaching thorough, for a love of truth is one and the same, whether in the intellectual or the moral sphere. But, as with all true teachers, it was the force of her personal character that acted most upon the young women with whom she came in contact. No one of them but was lifted and strengthened by her strength, sincerity, and single-heartedness. It was difficult for her to use diplomacy in never so small a degree, and what skill in it she did gain was the outcome of long years of experience, and she never employed it without a mental protest. She gave the New England stamp to whatever work she touched, and the lines of influence she has left on many characters are as indelible as those on the rock surfaces of New England's granite hills.

*Anna C. Brackett.*



## The Single Tax on Land Values.

IN your issue for July you publish, under the title "Confiscation no Remedy," a letter from W. M. Dickson of Cincinnati, Ohio. Pray grant me the opportunity to answer briefly the objections raised.

Your correspondent says: "In his book Henry George clamors boldly for the confiscation of the land; for its seizure by the state without compensation to the owner. But of late, in his paper and speeches, he would reach this confiscation indirectly, by imposing upon land the whole weight of taxation."

Far from having advocated any such measures in "Progress and Poverty" as those here attributed to him, Henry George expressly protests against them. In Book VIII., Chapter II., on page 364, he gives the keynote of his theory: "I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private right to property in land. The first would be unjust, the second needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent." No further comment is needed.

Next your correspondent states that at present the land in Ohio, his native State, pays about one-third the taxes, and improvements and personal property two-thirds; that to place this whole burden of taxation on land would greatly decrease its value and throw such of it as was not worth the tax on the market. The single tax on land values would undoubtedly act just as described—and *that is its object*. But your correspondent jumps at the conclusion that, this being so, the farmers would be most injured and would enlist in a body against the tax on land values; and probably knowing that the farmers constitute fifty per cent. of our population, he continues: "Hence, whatever its theoretic merits may be, George's plan is outside of practical politics. It is simply impossible."

This is a statement, but not an argument. The farmer is as good as any other citizen, but no better, and he is entitled to no special consideration, or special legislation. Nor is land in the country, whether under cultivation or not, any different, economically considered, from land in the city used for building sites. Land is land, and the taxation on its value will fall no heavier on the farmer than upon the manufacturer, or importer, or other citizen. On the contrary, being on land values, most of the tax will be paid where the value is highest—in cities, in mining districts, and upon land held under franchises. But your correspondent having from sentimental reasons selected the farmers (of Ohio) as a standard by which to test the justice of the measure, let us examine the effect the introduction of the single tax upon land values would have upon their condition.

There are three kinds of farmers in Ohio, as elsewhere:

*First.* Those who lease their farms and pay rent, in money or in produce.

*Second.* Those who fondly believe they own their farms, but who have them mortgaged.

*Third.* Those who own their farms free from all incumbrances.

The first class may be dismissed at once, for they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They would pay their rent to the state in place of paying the landlord, and would be relieved of all the direct personal taxes and the indirect revenue and tariff taxes that they now pay upon everything they consume, from lumber, salt, and woollens through the whole category down to the Bible.

The second class is really part of the first class; for if their farms are mortgaged they do not own them to that extent, but are actually paying rent, and so far belong to the first class, and would enjoy the same advantages under the single tax. Another great and direct gain would be, that to start in life they would not be compelled to invest a large sum of money to buy a farm, but could lease it from the state for a moderate sum annually, and enjoy the same security of tenure as now under private ownership of land. The temptation to buy more land than they can cultivate, for speculative purposes only, thus making themselves land-poor, would also be removed. Inasmuch as they own their land clear of all incumbrance, they would belong to the third class.

This third class, holding their land free of all incumbrance, would of course, with the rest of the community, be relieved of all the direct and indirect taxes. Then it should be remembered that they now pay an annual tax not only on their land but also on their improvements. This tax, which now increases every year the more they improve their property, would be entirely removed. And, finally, consider the following:

In the census of 1880 these figures are given for the State of Ohio: Assessed valuation of real estate, \$1,093,677,705. And in another part of the same census: (Real) value of farms in Ohio, including land, fences, and buildings, \$1,127,497,353.

It will be seen from these figures that *all* the real estate of the State of Ohio was assessed at less than the *real* value of all the farms and their improvements, leaving out all city lands and mining lands, which are by far the more valuable. Two reasons or explanations exist for this: first, the undervaluation of improved property, which is practiced everywhere more or less, but especially in the large cities; and, secondly, the entire absence from or nominal valuation upon the tax-lists of tracts of unimproved farm lands. These two facts are notorious, and result in the shifting upon the shoulders of the working farmer of taxes that should be paid or shared by land speculators, city property holders, and corporations.

We therefore confidently assert that, by taking all taxes from improvements, by removing all existing direct and indirect taxes, by assessing all land at its full value, whether improved or unimproved, and by taxing all land values to the extent of their rental value, the taxes of the farmers of the third class also would be less than they are at present, and that they would for the first time get the full return of their labor. This is self-evident when we consider that under the single tax upon land values the farmer would pay *no* taxes whatever except the rent of his bare land, and that being based upon the natural advantages he enjoyed, he could *always* afford to pay. All this is more ably discussed in "Progress and Poverty," Book IX., Chapter III.

As to believing that the single tax is a cure for all



ills that flesh is heir to, Henry George does not assert, nor has he ever asserted, it. He does believe that the land monopoly is the greatest of all monopolies, and that it should be the first attacked; but the social benefits to be derived from an introduction of the single tax are so numerous and so far-reaching that even a partial enumeration of them seems indeed like setting up a claim for a panacea.

And here is Mr. Dickson's solution of the social question: "The remedy is restraint, pruning, regulation, not confiscation." But this, instead of being a remedy, is exactly what we have been doing for centuries. No! decidedly other measures are necessary.

First of all, we must stop the restraining, pruning, regulating work of those unjust laws which take from one to give to another; which in violation of the spirit of our Constitution create a privileged class. And after that we must give all the same opportunity to that element *land*, which is as much a matter of necessity to man as air. This will be doing justice; and this the single tax on land values will accomplish, by killing land speculation and practically restoring the land to the people, without disturbing security of titles or tenure.

*William S. Kahnweiler.*

NEW YORK.

#### Country Roads.

THE average country road as at present maintained and repaired is a constant source of unnecessary expense to taxpayers and an almost constant vexation to travelers. At its best the dirt road is good for only a few months in the year, and those months the time when the farmer — the man most interested in good country roads — is using his horses on the farm. In the fall, winter, and early spring, when the great bulk of teaming is to be done, the roads are in bad shape, except when kind Providence sends a snow that makes "good sleddin'." Bad roads mean small loads, and small loads mean to the farmer proportionately small profits. I know many and many a farm where the saving in time from hauling larger loads, the saving in wear and tear of horseflesh, wagons, and harness, would over and over again pay for the increased initial cost of a good macadam road.

Made of the best dirt obtainable, applied under intelligent supervision, and kept in order with proper road-making tools, the dirt road never is entirely satisfactory. What, then, can be expected of the quality of roads made of the material most easily obtained, applied by men ignorant of the first principle of road-making, working without proper tools, and supervised either by men equally ignorant, or not at all?

The true remedy for poor dirt roads is good macadam; but with no greater expenditure of money than now, the present roads might be vastly improved. The road tax should be paid in cash: the system of loafing out the tax under pretense of "working the roads" should be abolished. This money should be expended under the immediate supervision of one man for each township, selected for a knowledge of road-making, and put under bonds for the faithful performance of his duties. This would introduce into the system the element of responsibility, which is sadly lacking at present, and to the lack of which are due many of the abuses of the present methods. One man hiring his labor where he pleased, and paying cash for a day's

work, would get considerably more done for the money than a dozen or fifteen roadmasters working out the tax in conjunction with their neighbors and fellow-farmers.

Proper tools should be provided to work with. Road-scrappers are almost unknown in many country districts, and plows and shovels are the tools most commonly used. Very good road-scrappers can be bought to-day for only two or three times the cost of a good plow, and two men, two horses, and a road-scraper will do the work of an equal number of horses and ten men with plows and shovels, and do it better.

Only the best obtainable materials should be used in repairing the roads — gravel when possible, and when not, the dirt most nearly approaching it in quality. The use of "gutter-wash," sods, and stones larger than two inches in diameter should be forbidden. I have seen roads, "mended" with sods, that were for weeks impassable at any gait faster than a walk, and I have seen holes in the road-bed filled with large stones that were a nuisance for years.

The roads should be worked at proper times. The need of the dirt road is little repairs often made. The common practice is to do almost all the work just after "corn-planting." This is wrong, for two reasons: it is too late for the best results, and too much is done at one time. Six inches of earth or gravel will make a far better road if put on in layers of, say, two inches at intervals of a month or so, than will the entire amount applied at once. Just as soon as the roads are settled in the spring, and before they have become dry and hard, the scraper should be put to work leveling and filling the ruts worn during the winter, and slightly rounding the road-bed towards the center. The ground being still moist, and not compact as at the usual time of doing this, the work can be done more easily and rapidly and the road will pack better. Later, a light coat of earth or gravel, to be followed by another when the first becomes packed hard, and this in turn by a third if possible. Lastly, in the fall the entire road should be gone over to see that all gutters and bridges are free, that the road may not be washed out by winter storms and spring rains. All mudholes of course should be filled promptly at all times so that no water may stand in the road, and loose stones should be removed at least once a month.

The usual time for cutting brush — August — seems right, but some reform is needed in the way of doing it. The brush should be cut close down to the ground, and not, as often is the case, cut a foot or more above it, leaving long unsightly stubs to sprout the ensuing spring. It should be piled at once, and burned when sufficiently dry. Under the present system I have seen brush cut, left as cut, the next year's growth cut over the top of that, and the resulting tangle abandoned the third year.

With some such system as this I have sketched, the application to the road work of the business rules which govern every progressive farmer in the conduct of his farm, with the work done under the supervision of a responsible man, done at the proper times instead of whenever convenient, with the proper tools and with a proper quality of earth, by men who were compelled to give a day's work for a day's pay, the dirt road could be made not good, but vastly better than it is. But at its best the dirt road is a costly one to repair:



its only redeeming feature is its comparative initial cheapness, and in the long run repairs even this up. Country communities are apt to complain of the first cost of the macadam road, while annually spending millions of dollars and moving countless tons of earth, without having good permanent roads.

R. A. Learned.

#### The Iowa Experiment.

"How is prohibition working in your State?" is the question oftenest asked the Iowa man abroad. The inquirer as he listens to the story his question invites usually wears upon his face a peculiar expression which translated into words would read, "I acquit this man of intent to mislead, but my private opinion is, he's romancing." A rather skeptical acquaintance of mine in the East recently said to me, "Your story of empty jails, flourishing schools, and homes of thrift and comfort that were not there before, sounds like one of Washington Gladden's fascinating dreams of an ideal 'Christian League'; but don't you think you'd find it rather difficult to verify your statements with facts and figures drawn from official sources?"

Leaving to others the picturesque features of the subject, let me lay before the readers of *THE CENTURY* a few suggestive "facts and figures drawn from official sources"—some of the results of an investigation suggested by my practical friend's inquiry.

Permit me to say, in passing, that Iowa, far from being "a commonwealth of temperance cranks," as an Eastern journal has it, is a commonwealth of "plain people"—to borrow a phrase from Lincoln; people who do their own thinking, and have their own way of doing, and are daring enough to believe that some things can be done which the wisdom of the conservative East pronounces impossible. Taking advantage of the fact that we have no great centers of population to dictate our policies and load us down, we of Iowa have applied to the State as a whole the identical theory for handling the social evil known as the saloon which Georgia and Illinois apply to counties, and which New York applies to townships; namely, the theory that the majority shall determine whether the evil shall be tolerated and controlled, or prohibited. At a non-partisan election held in the summer of 1882, the question of prohibition *vs.* toleration was submitted to the people, and the voters of Iowa, by thirty thousand majority, declared they had no longer any use for the saloon. But the constitutional amendment which then carried had not been properly submitted, and was by our Supreme Court declared invalid. A disappointed majority then turned to the State legislature for relief, and in the spring of 1884 a prohibitory law was passed. The legislatures of 1886 and 1888 sustained the law and strengthened it by amendments. Thus steadfastly have the people sustained the prohibition, anti-toleration method of handling the saloon.

"But you will not deny the fact that there have been saloons in Iowa during all these years of prohibition? You cannot truthfully say there are no saloons in your State at the present time?"

The outlawed saloon does still linger on our borders; still maintains a precarious, characterless, hole-in-the-wall existence in many of our cities; but its social and

political prestige is gone, and in at least 70 of the 99 counties in the State there cannot be found an open saloon.

Seven years have elapsed since the voters of Iowa formally withdrew their sanction from the saloon. Five years have passed since the voters of Iowa, through their representatives, outlawed the saloon. Is there anything in the present situation to warrant a return to the toleration policy? Let us turn to the figures and see what they say on the subject.

I am indebted to Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Secretary of State, for advance sheets of the "Official Register of Iowa" for 1889. From this source, and by comparison with reports of other years, I discover that the total expense of the counties of Iowa, "on account of criminal prosecutions," was in 1882, the year in which the prohibitory amendment carried, \$401,431.18. In 1883 the total expense of criminal prosecutions was reduced to \$361,173.78. In 1884, presidential year, there was a slight increase in criminal expenses. In 1885 and 1886, years marked by the return of the outlawed saloon and a consequent reign of lawlessness, there was a large increase, the total in the year last named being \$421,024.31. In 1887, the year following the passage of the Clark (enforcement) law, the criminal expenses were reduced to \$282,877.66; and in 1888 they aggregated \$300,424.06 for ten months.

Compare the record of "leading crimes" in 1888 with the same in 1882. In 1888 there were 94 convictions for assault, 13 for breaking and entering, 47 for burglary, 13 for forgery, 13 for gambling, 42 for keeping a gambling-house, 143 for larceny, 9 for murder, 6 for manslaughter, 190 for keeping a nuisance, 59 for selling intoxicating liquors; total, 634. In 1882 there were 188 convictions for assault, 18 for breaking and entering, 78 for burglary, 30 for forgery, 14 for gambling, 41 for keeping a gambling-house, 215 for larceny, 14 for murder, 1 for manslaughter, 658 for keeping a nuisance, 25 for unlawfully selling intoxicants; total, 1282—more than double that of 1888.

A few weeks ago I met Warden Barr, of the Anamosa Penitentiary, on his way to Fort Madison with a carload of prisoners, under orders from Governor Larrabee to take these men from the State quarries to the State shops. I learned that the transfer was ordered in response to a loud call from Warden Crossley, of the Fort Madison Penitentiary, for more hands to enable him to comply with certain contracts for labor into which the State had entered with certain manufacturers. The circumstance led me to write Governor Larrabee for information as to the comparative number of prisoners in our penitentiaries this year and in previous years. From our chief executive I learn that the monthly average of prisoners in the two penitentiaries in 1886 was 696; in 1887 it was 667, and in 1888 it was 607. On the last day of September, 1888, the end of the fiscal year, there were but 535 prisoners in both penitentiaries. I am informed by those who have investigated the subject that no other State in the Union, unless it is Vermont, has as small a percentage of convicts as has Iowa at the present time.

But, going back to the counties, what say our judges? Here is a small pamphlet containing the answers of forty-one district and superior-court judges to a number of questions put to them by Governor Larrabee, one of the inquiries being as to the expediency of re-



pealing the prohibitory law. I find that of the forty-one, 4 favored repeal, 9 were non-committal, and 28 were of the opinion that the law should stay. Let me quote several specially significant passages from these letters.

Judge Traverse, Bloomfield: "My experience is that, wherever saloons are closed, crime is diminished."

Judge Harvey, Leon: "It has reduced crime at least one-half, and the criminal expenses in like ratio."

Judge Lewis, Sioux City: "The law is as well enforced as any other, and has decreased criminal expenses at least two-thirds."

Judge Deemer, Red Oak: "In many of the counties the jail is getting to be almost an unnecessary building, and in the last three counties I visited there was not an occupant."

Judge Carson, Council Bluffs: "When in the senate I favored local option, but I am now satisfied the statute should stand."

Judge Thornell, Sidney: "I should regard its repeal as a calamity."

Judge Bank, Keokuk: "This was the first and only term in my recollection that there was no criminal business transacted in court."

Judge Wilson, Creston: "I was not in favor of the law, thinking that high license would work better. I have carefully watched its workings and am convinced that I was wrong."

Judge Wakefield, Sioux City: "As the saloons were driven out, other business came in to occupy the vacant places."

Judge Wilkinson, Winterset: "Crime and criminal expenses have been lessened."

Judge Johnson, Oskaloosa: "The effect of the prohibitory law has been to reduce very materially crime and criminal expenses in this district."

Judge Kavanaugh, Des Moines: "It has decreased crime over 50 per cent. and added largely to individual happiness."

Judge Granger, Waukon (now of the Supreme Bench): "The closing of the front door of the saloon, whereby it is destroyed as a place of social resort, has canceled nine-tenths of the drunkenness. . . . Our grand juries have comparatively nothing to do. . . . Our criminal expenses since the closing of the saloons have been comparatively nominal."

But roving correspondents for journals in the large cities about us inform their readers that prohibition is killing, or has killed, Iowa. Let us see for ourselves.

The census of 1880 gave our State a population of 1,624,615. The State census of 1885 put the population at 1,753,980—an increase of 129,365. The fact that there has been a decided increase in population since the last census (in 1885) is shown by comparison of the vote of 1884 with that of 1888. The total vote of Iowa in 1884 was 377,153, while that of 1888 was 404,130; an increase of 26,977—an estimated increase of 134,885 in four years.

Iowa years ago won, and has never since lost, the honor of having less illiteracy in proportion to population than any other State in the Union. But note the educational progress she has made during these six years of prohibition. In 1883 there were 11,789 school-houses in Iowa; in 1884, 11,975; in 1885, 12,285; in 1886, 12,444. The value of these school-houses was, in 1883, \$10,473,147; in 1886, \$11,360,472. State Super-

intendent Sabin's report to the last Iowa legislature begins thus: "It is gratifying to be able to report a most satisfactory and prosperous condition of education throughout the State. The past two years have been years of increased interest, activity, and growth. . . . The number of school-houses has been increased by about 500, and their aggregate value by more than \$550,000. The number of teachers is increased by about 500, while our school population is 10,000 greater than the same as reported two years ago."

Another index of Iowa's increasing prosperity is the showing made by our savings-banks. The reports made to our Auditor of State show that the "total assets and liabilities" of Iowa's savings-banks were, in 1883, \$8,419,739.83; in 1885, \$9,618,866.97; in 1887, \$12,666,347.72. Auditor Lyons informs me that on June 30, 1888, the total assets, etc., of the savings-banks had increased to \$14,625,024.84. These figures show that since the adoption of prohibition the resources of these depositories of the poor man's surplus earnings have increased over six million dollars, or over 73 per cent.

*Johnson Brigham.*

#### A Tenor Farm.

WE are a conservative people in New England and there is plenty of idle money among us awaiting safe investment. Flaming prospectuses of riotously rich Western farm lands attract only after insistent iteration; even then, I fancy, they draw comparatively few of the hoarded dollars which have escaped the depression in "C. B. and Q." and "Atchison and Topeka." I have a plan for using these dollars on a Western farm. It is this. Let a company of capitalists buy the most fertile five hundred acres in Dakota, Kansas, or Southern California, anywhere thereabouts where land is good and the climate equable. Let them erect thereupon a set of dwellings and school-buildings, obeying in the process every sanitary law; also gymnasium, theater, and concert-hall. They should thoroughly fence their property with barbed wire. Now to people it. Let agents be sent throughout the United States in search of tenor voices, behind which are robust bodies and good average minds. Contract with the parents or guardians of these voices and bodies for their time and keep for a term of years, say six. After selecting competent agriculturists to run the farm, and a teacher of physical science,—for the farm and the gymnasium are to furnish the before-mentioned voices and bodies with healthy, normal, and discreet exercise,—get a good corps of teachers of the voice, who know their business (alas! alas! our scheme may fail at this point), another to teach music, and set them to the task of developing these voices and bodies into manly and beautiful singers. It can be done. It will pay a large dividend. Why? Because in this country there is a great cry for tenors. Twenty oratorio societies, ten societies giving high-class instrumental concerts, and scores of vocal clubs would keep the product of this tenor farm continually employed eight months out of every twelve, at from two hundred dollars to four hundred dollars per individual per engagement.

There is not one great American tenor singer. There is only one in England who is kindred to us on account of the language he speaks. Our concert audiences yearn to hear a good tenor. Look at a file of Boston Sym-

phony or New York Philharmonic programmes for the season of 1887-88; how many tenors are numbered thereon? One in Boston, where twenty-four concerts were given; none in New York. And the Boston singer was a *German*! Why is this? Because the right kind of tenors do not exist. Scores of puny, pretty, and weak voices arise to the parlor and church-quartet state of the vocal art, but for some reason go no further. The great need of the country to-day is tenors. Our tenor farm would easily pay twenty per cent.

G. H. Wilson.

#### Irish Estates.

In the valuable and interesting article "The Temperance Question in India," published in the July

number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, on page 445 there is drawn a comparison between the tenants of "Out Stills" in India and an agent over an Irish estate which is calculated to convey a wrong impression of the management of properties in Ireland.

The author says:

He [viz., the highest bidder] has farmed the job, just as a man farms the rents of a landlord holding an Irish estate, and it is his interest to get all the money out of it he can.

Such an arrangement is certainly not the custom in Ireland; and even had it been, it would now be impossible to carry it out, since the tenants have the right to have their rents judicially fixed.

George W. Ruxton,  
J. P. County Louth, Ireland.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### When Polly Goes By.

**T**IS but poorly I 'm lodged in a little side-street,  
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,  
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away  
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;  
And I sit with my pipe in the window and sigh  
At the buffets of fortune — till Polly goes by.

There 's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,  
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,  
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue  
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;  
And once in a while, if the wind 's blowing high,  
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.  
"She 's coming!" it whispers. "She 's here! She has passed!"

While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down  
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,  
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why  
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell  
She has woven about me has done its work well,  
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air  
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,  
And my poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,  
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

M. E. W.

### The Elder Galvanism.

A PARABLE FOR NOVELISTS.

I, PAULUS, who love science more than money,  
Self, woman, fame, or art,  
Dissect a certain sleek, tame household bunny  
And galvanize its heart.

Comes Paula, liking science less than habit,  
Wit, beauty, youth, and flowers:  
Storms — calls me monster — wants her old live  
rabbit,  
Whose heart beats — beats — like ours!

Dora Read Goodale.



BY THE SEA.

OLD SALT. "I jes want ter give ye a pointer, young man. With that ther net sot as it is and them durned scoop nets you're a-handlin' you'll never catch a fish around yere in a thousand years."

### Reflections.

THE mischief of opinions formed under irritation is that men feel obliged to maintain them even after the irritation is gone.

VOTES should not be counted, but weighed.

THE small writer gives his readers what they wish, the great writer what they want.

To be content with littleness is already a stride towards greatness.

MEN are equally misunderstood, from their speech as well as from their silence; but with this difference: their silence does not represent them; their speech misrepresents them.

J. A. Macon.



## Ol' Pickett's Nell.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool  
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.  
She onct wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen  
( 'Nd better friends you never seen );

But now — oh, my!

She 's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,  
'Nd l'arnin' — she jes knows it all.  
*She* 's eighteen now, but I 'm so slow  
I 'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week  
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,  
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,  
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.

But now — oh, my!

She rides in Pickett's new coopay  
Jes like she 'd be'n brung up that way,  
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —  
Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease  
Me fer to take her on my knees;  
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,  
'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.

But now — oh, my!

She sets up this way — kinder proud,  
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.  
You w'u'd n't hardly think thet she  
Hed ever see-sawed on my knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I 'd choose  
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,  
I 'd wake with burdocks in my hair  
'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now — oh, my!

Somebody said ('t wuz yesterday):  
"Let 's hev some fun w'ile Ned 's away;  
Let 's turn his jacket inside out!"  
But Nell — she 'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd onct when I wuz dreamin'-like,  
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,  
She put her arms clean round my head,  
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned";

But now — oh, my!

She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,  
'Nd never onct held out her hand,  
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!  
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago  
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;  
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,  
"Nell Pickett 's jes cut out fer Ned."

But now — oh, my!

She held her purty head so high,  
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by —  
I w'u'd n't dast (afore last night)  
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out  
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;  
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,  
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';

'Nd then — oh, my!

She said she 'd cried fer all th' week  
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;  
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,  
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars  
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,  
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,  
Afore th' cows come home last night.  
But now — oh, my!

Mather Dean Kimball.

## The Dialect Tale.

WE have had it in Irish and Dutch,  
From the east, from the north, from the south;  
The spelling is generally such  
As to twist the most classical mouth.  
We have meekly submitted for long,  
We have patiently tried to pronounce  
This language of story and song,  
But there comes to each pound a last ounce.

O brothers, we pray and beseech,  
If you have a "short story" to tell,  
Put it into your everyday speech,  
And spell as the spelling-books spell!  
If you find it devoid of all wit,  
If it lacketh both humor and sense,  
If it aimeth and faileth to hit,  
Spare, spare us the final offense!

Has the reader no rights of his own?  
Must he read his once-loved magazines  
In language which makes him to groan  
With struggles to guess what it means,  
While, haunted by similar tales,  
He tries to compare and collate,  
Till overtaxed memory fails,  
And he yields to bewildering fate?

"Take care of the sense," we are told,  
"And the sounds will take care of themselves."  
It is time to return to the fold,  
O fillers of library shelves!  
If man is a savage at heart,  
Conventions may suddenly fail,  
And an *auto da fe* in the mart  
Be the end of the dialect tale!

Margaret Vandegrift.

## Teddy.

TEDDY 's been to seek his fortune,  
Been a long, long way;  
Weary, foot-sore, and disheartened,  
He 'll be home to-day.

Handsome, winsome, lazy Teddy!  
Boys and girls and old crones say  
With ne'er a penny in his pocket  
He 'll be home to-day.

'T was for my sake that he wanted  
Store of wealth without delay,  
'T is for my sake that he 's coming,  
Coming home to-day.

Shall I frown upon poor Teddy?  
Let his luck his worth outweigh?  
Sure he needs a smile, I 'm thinking —  
I 'll give him one to-day.

William Zachary Gladwin.



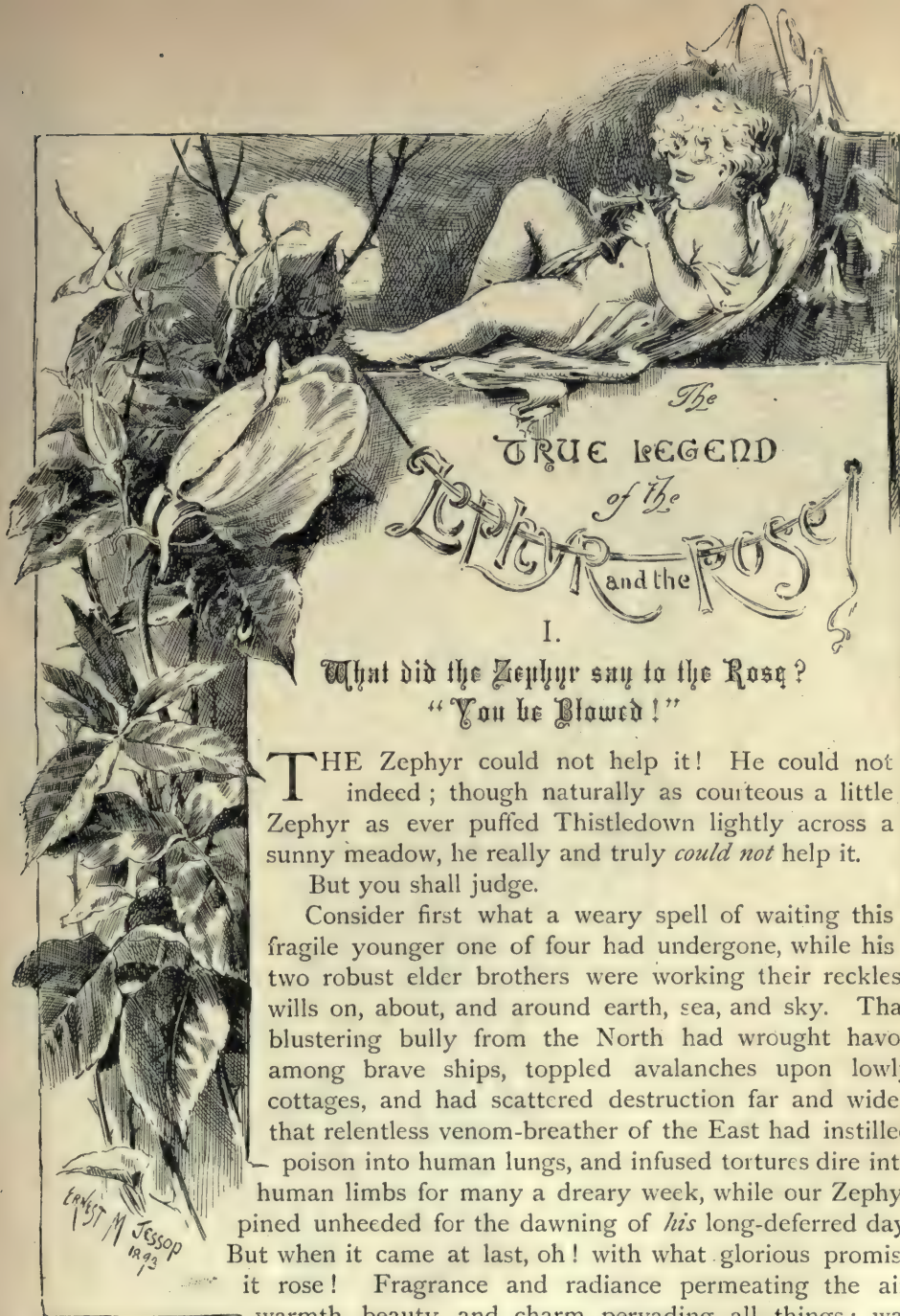




Pall Mall Magazine

## DUTCH PEASANT GIRL.

*(from an original painting by Miss E.G. Cohen.)*



I.  
What did the Zephyr say to the Rose?  
"You be Blowed!"

THE Zephyr could not help it! He could not indeed; though naturally as courteous a little Zephyr as ever puffed Thistledown lightly across a sunny meadow, he really and truly *could not* help it.

But you shall judge.

Consider first what a weary spell of waiting this fragile younger one of four had undergone, while his two robust elder brothers were working their reckless wills on, about, and around earth, sea, and sky. That blustering bully from the North had wrought havoc among brave ships, toppled avalanches upon lowly cottages, and had scattered destruction far and wide; that relentless venom-breather of the East had instilled poison into human lungs, and infused tortures dire into human limbs for many a dreary week, while our Zephyr pined unheeded for the dawning of *his* long-deferred day. But when it came at last, oh! with what glorious promise it rose! Fragrance and radiance permeating the air, warmth, beauty, and charm pervading all things: was not this a day of all others to bear unclouded happiness in its train?

So deemed at least young Zephyr, as, requiting with a soft caress the sunbeam on which he had been resting, he glided swiftly down it to visit the gardens of Earth.

For in a secluded nook of one such garden, sheltered from public gaze, and, as he fondly hoped, awaiting in maidenly expectation his coming,



was enshrined the long, though adoration, in the form of a ment into flowerhood. Though

secretly, worshipped object of his budding rose on the verge of develop- her eventual hue was still unrevealed, and her exquisite outline imperfectly indicated, the existing suggestions of latent sur-

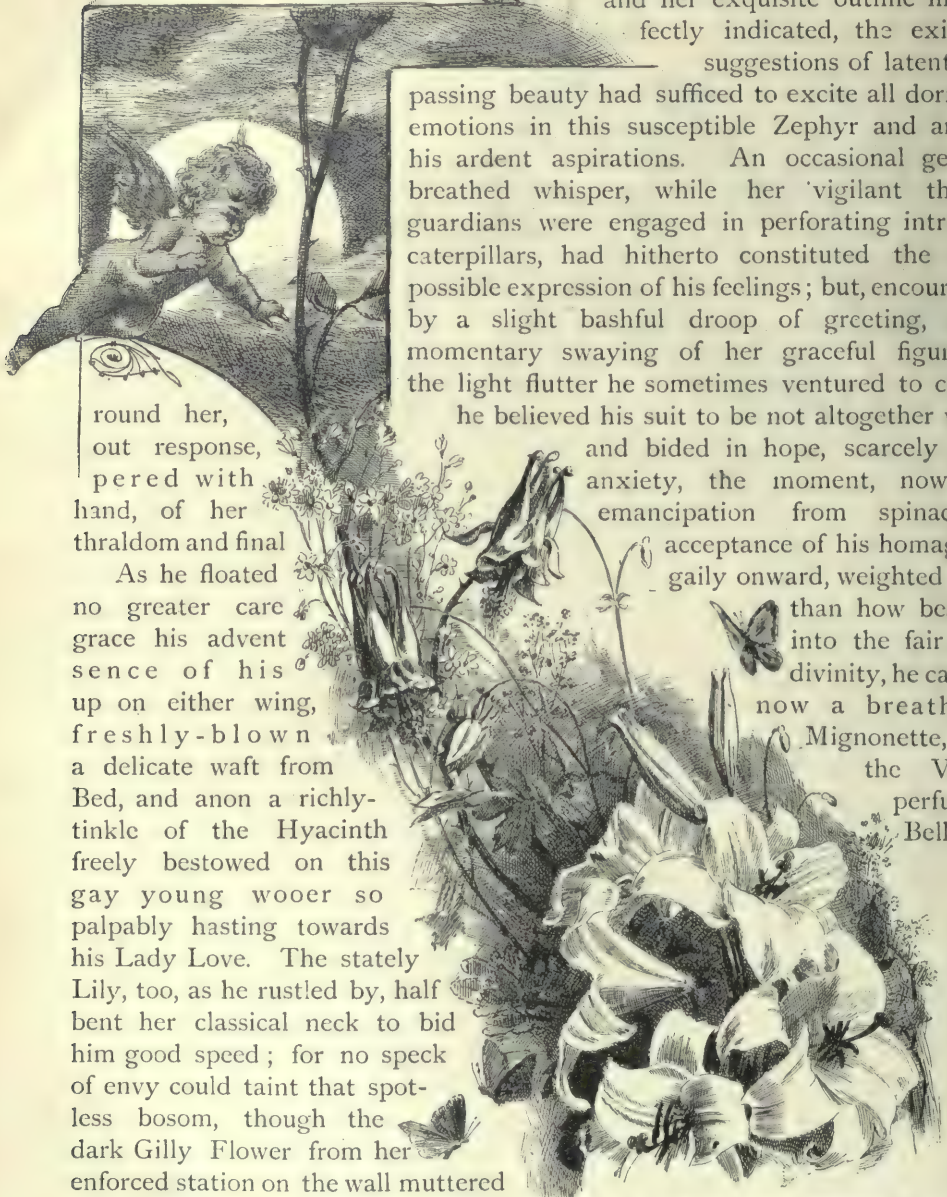
passing beauty had sufficed to excite all dormant emotions in this susceptible Zephyr and arouse his ardent aspirations. An occasional gently-breathed whisper, while her vigilant thorny guardians were engaged in perforating intrusive caterpillars, had hitherto constituted the only possible expression of his feelings; but, encouraged by a slight bashful droop of greeting, or a momentary swaying of her graceful figure in the light flutter he sometimes ventured to create

round her, out response, pered with hand, of her thralldom and final

As he floated no greater care grace his advent sence of his up on either wing, freshly-blown a delicate waft from Bed, and anon a richly-tinkle of the Hyacinth freely bestowed on this gay young wooer so palpably hasting towards his Lady Love. The stately Lily, too, as he rustled by, half bent her classical neck to bid him good speed; for no speck of envy could taint that spotless bosom, though the dark Gilly Flower from her enforced station on the wall muttered

he believed his suit to be not altogether with- and bided in hope, scarcely tem- anxiety, the moment, now at emancipation from spinaceous acceptance of his homage.

gaily onward, weighted with than how best to into the fair pre- divinity, he caught now a breath of Mignonette, now the Violet perfumed Bells, all

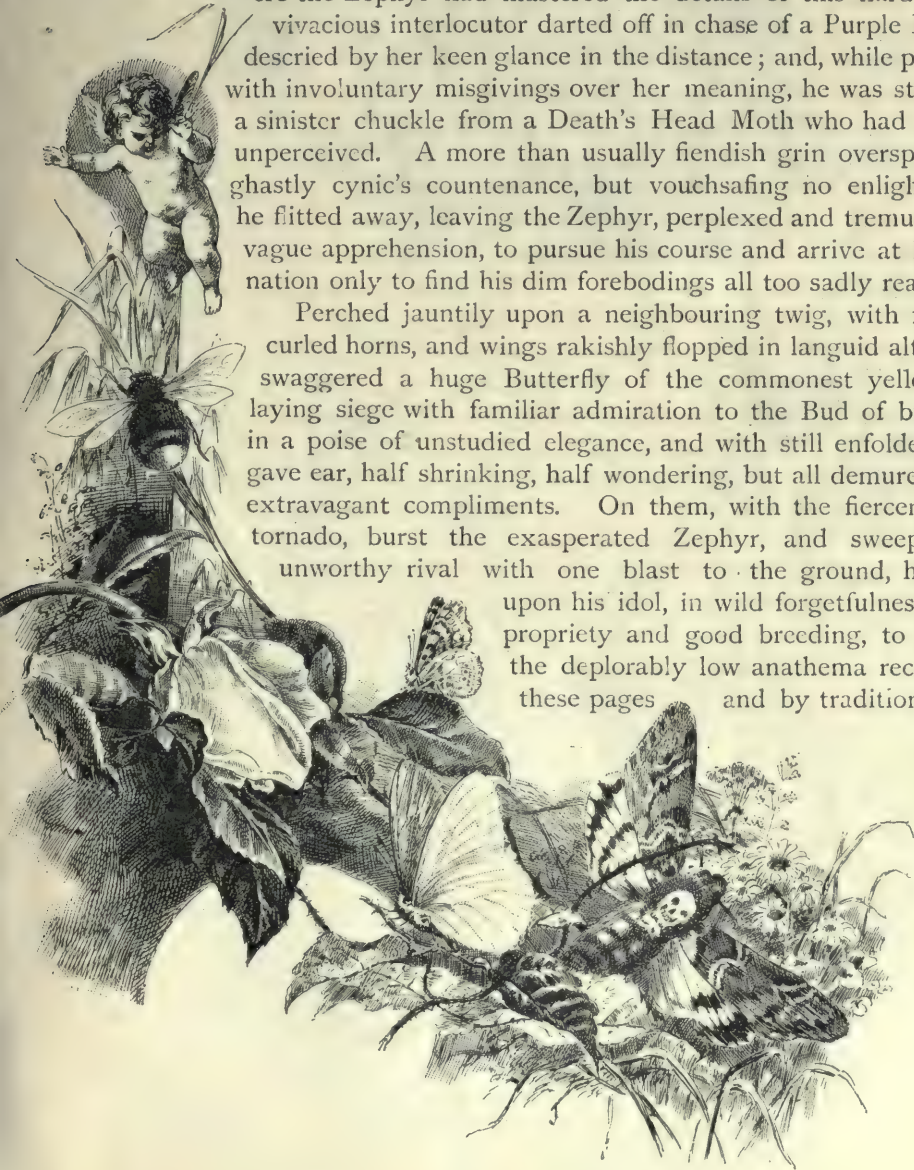


her discontent at being always overlooked for pert unfledged blossoms, while the Lady's Smock and Columbine exchanged coinciding views on the superiority of fine garments over fine looks, and the London Pride, in a toss of haughty disdain at the bare idea of a rustic beauty, nearly snapped off the head of an unfortunate Bachelor's Button, who had rashly ventured to differ in opinion.

Unhceding these clashing and clangs, on sped our Zephyr to his enchanted ground, which he had nearly reached when his progress was suddenly disturbed by the eruption into its current of an indignant and portly Bumble Bee, who, too incensed to be conscious of his rudeness, bounced about, humming loud denunciations of some indecorous flirtation carried on close by. As neither apology nor explanation seemed forthcoming from this irate patriarch of more highly-trained morals than manners, the Zephyr placidly shook him off, but was incontinently arrested by the shrill ejaculations of an excited Painted Lady Butterfly appealing loudly to his sympathies on the score of the abrupt desertion of her own particular Butterfly swain, so foolishly infatuated by a chit of a baby Bud ; but

ere the Zephyr had mastered the details of this hard case, his vivacious interlocutor darted off in chase of a Purple Emperor, descried by her keen glance in the distance ; and, while pondering with involuntary misgivings over her meaning, he was startled by a sinister chuckle from a Death's Head Moth who had come up unperceived. A more than usually fiendish grin overspread this ghastly cynic's countenance, but vouchsafing no enlightenment, he flitted away, leaving the Zephyr, perplexed and tremulous with vague apprehension, to pursue his course and arrive at his destination only to find his dim forebodings all too sadly realised.

Perched jauntily upon a neighbouring twig, with foppishly curled horns, and wings rakishly flopped in languid alternation, swaggered a huge Butterfly of the commonest yellow order, laying siege with familiar admiration to the Bud of buds, who, in a poise of unstudied elegance, and with still enfolded petals, gave ear, half shrinking, half wondering, but all demurely, to his extravagant compliments. On them, with the fierceness of a tornado, burst the exasperated Zephyr, and sweeping this unworthy rival with one blast to the ground, he turned upon his idol, in wild forgetfulness alike of propriety and good breeding, to hiss out the deplorably low anathema recorded by these pages and by tradition.





## II.

*What did the Rose say  
to the Zephyr?*

THE insulted Bud quivered  
with anger, astonishment,  
and, it must be  
owned,  
a slight  
mixture of fear.

For, limited  
as was her

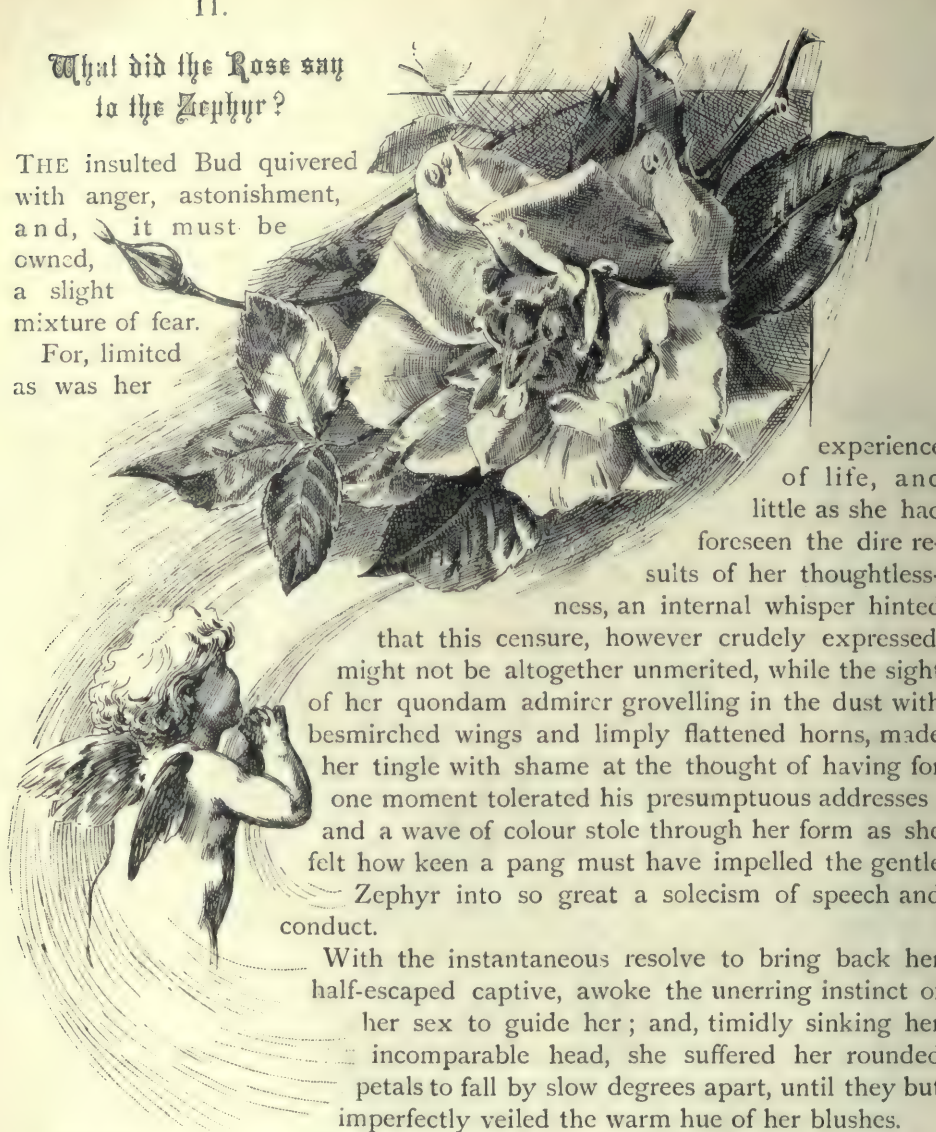
experience  
of life, and  
little as she had  
foreseen the dire re-  
sults of her thoughtless-  
ness, an internal whisper hinted

that this censure, however crudely expressed,  
might not be altogether unmerited, while the sight  
of her quondam admirer grovelling in the dust with  
besmirched wings and limply flattened horns, made  
her tingle with shame at the thought of having for  
one moment tolerated his presumptuous addresses ;  
and a wave of colour stole through her form as she  
felt how keen a pang must have impelled the gentle  
Zephyr into so great a solecism of speech and  
conduct.

With the instantaneous resolve to bring back her  
half-escaped captive, awoke the unerring instinct of  
her sex to guide her ; and, timidly sinking her  
incomparable head, she suffered her rounded  
petals to fall by slow degrees apart, until they but  
imperfectly veiled the warm hue of her blushes.

At such a sight could the already relenting Zephyr remain  
unmoved? Ah, no!—transported with penitence and devotion, he hung  
entranced over her, as, raising for a second her lovely face to glance  
upwards with indescribable softness, she bashfully murmured, “Blow  
me, oh! my beloved, blow me!”

So, fanned into bloom by the breath of Love, and filling all space with  
ineffable sweetness, one by one her glowing leaves expanded into the  
adorable proportions of the Coupe d’Hébé, and the fairest of buds stood  
forth the Queen of Flowers!



## III.—The Sequel.

WOULD that we could take our leave of them in this phase of supreme happiness, believing that it so continued without lapse or change! Would that the all-compelling Spirit of Truth did not enforce the completion of this idyllic episode, and lead us, albeit reluctantly, to the contemplation of its latter state!

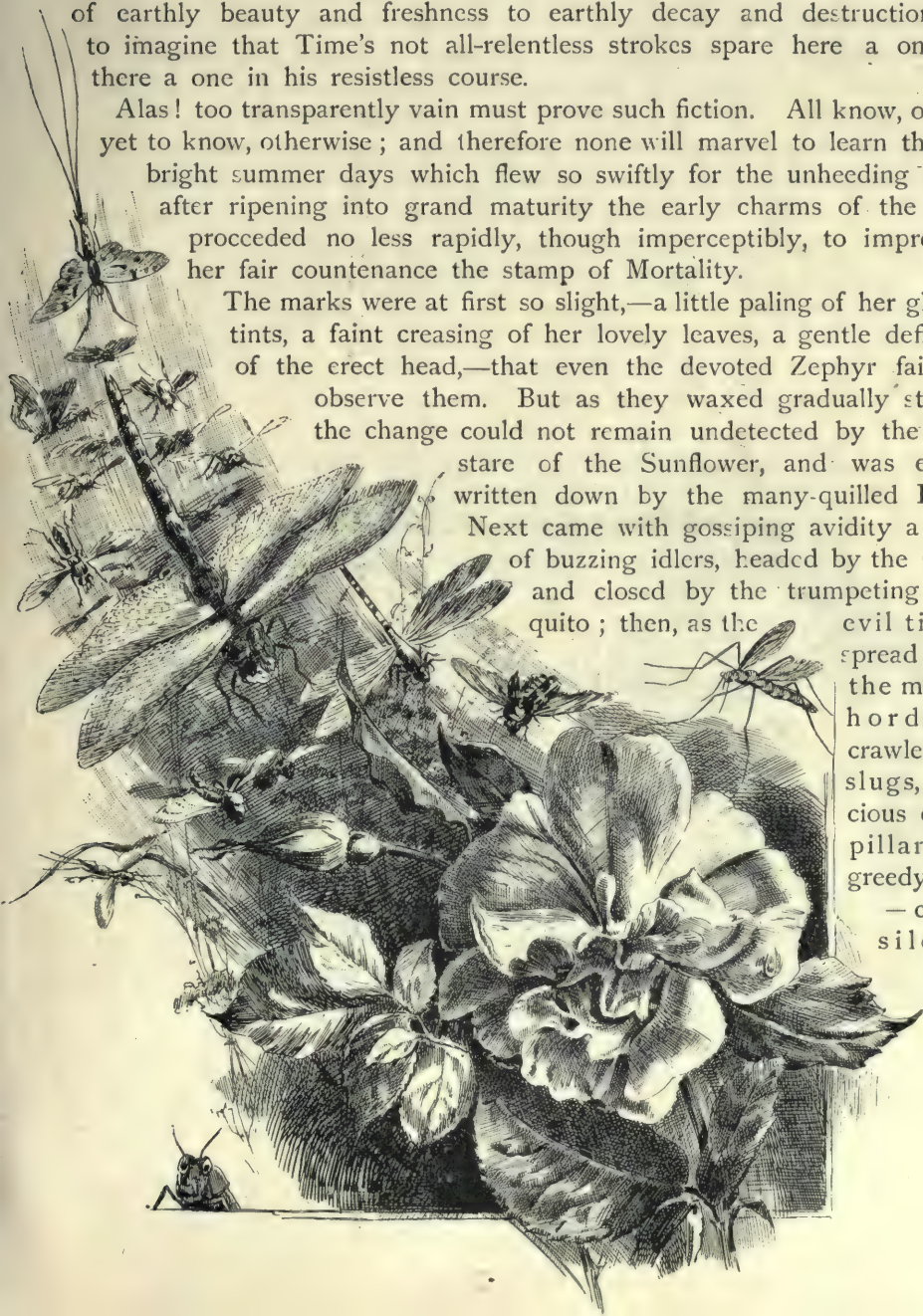
It were pleasant, were it not? to ignore for once the inevitable tendency of earthly beauty and freshness to earthly decay and destruction, and to imagine that Time's not all-relentless strokes spare here a one and there a one in his resistless course.

Alas! too transparently vain must prove such fiction. All know, or have yet to know, otherwise; and therefore none will marvel to learn that the bright summer days which flew so swiftly for the unheeding lovers, after ripening into grand maturity the early charms of the Rose, proceeded no less rapidly, though imperceptibly, to impress on her fair countenance the stamp of Mortality.

The marks were at first so slight,—a little paling of her glorious tints, a faint creasing of her lovely leaves, a gentle deflection of the erect head,—that even the devoted Zephyr failed to observe them. But as they waxed gradually stronger the change could not remain undetected by the broad stare of the Sunflower, and was eagerly written down by the many-quilled Dahlia.

Next came with gossiping avidity a string of buzzing idlers, headed by the Gadfly and closed by the trumpeting Mosquito; then, as the

evil tidings spread afar, the meaner horde of crawlers—fat slugs, voracious caterpillars and greedy snails—crept silently near,



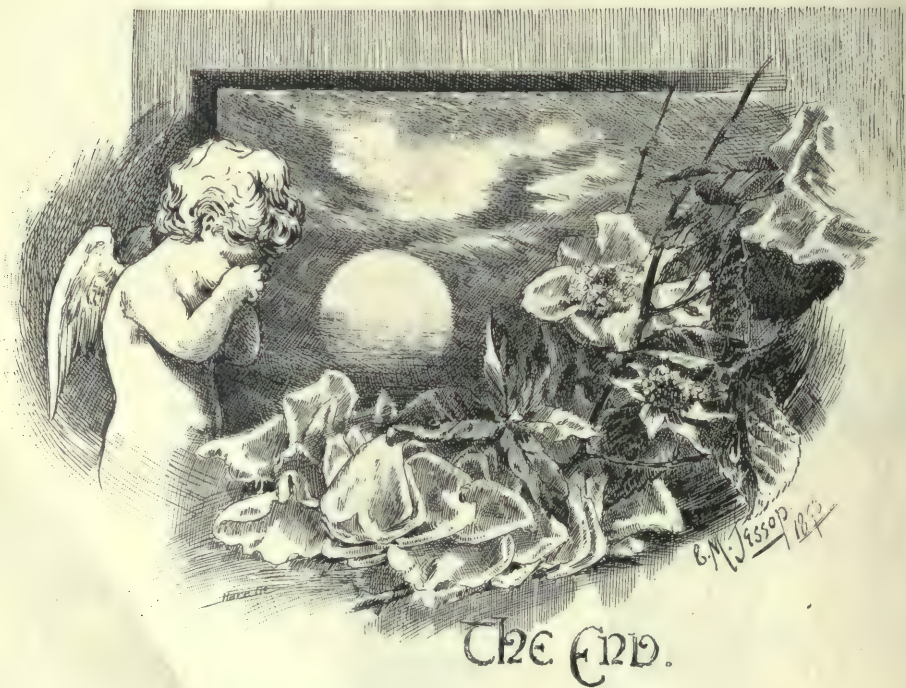


waiting with loathsome patience for the downfall of Perfection and the gorging of their foul maws.

In the midst of this malignant throng the brave Rose bore herself gallantly, while the hard touches that day by day marred her loveliness were powerless to taint her perfume ; for the sweetness of true love endures to the end, and the consciousness of a few remaining loyal friends was not denied her ; but the Heart's Ease strove in vain to struggle within reach, the little Forget-me-not lost power to make its comforting message heard, and the mourning Rue could only grieve in silence. Unweariedly did the faithful Zephyr attend upon his loved one, but his strength too was gradually waning in an unbroken spell of drought and sultriness, insomuch that even his skill in fanning seemed departing, while her steady supporters, the Night Dews, found themselves in too sorry plight to continue their refreshing visits.

Thus, with her vitality ebbing slowly, down floated, first singly, next by twos and threes, and, at length, in one countless odoriferous shower—shedding fragrance alike upon friends and foes to the last—the final store of her shrivelled but still balmy petals ; and as the last leaf of her Book of Life dropped into nothingness, with one long-drawn sigh the stricken Zephyr died—away !

E. C. CORK.









*[Engraved by W. Biscoe Gardner.]*

A STUDY.


*[From an original painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.]*

# The Sere, the Yellow Leaf

## A STUDY FROM LIFE.

"For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

### I.

" HERE will be no one to see you off to-day, as I cannot go myself," my mother said; "but I suppose if I send you to the station in the carriage you will be able to manage; and, now that you are out, the sooner you learn to look after yourself the better."

"All right," I replied confidently, under the impression that I had very little to learn. And so it happened that, on this particular occasion in my early girlhood, I found myself, with the most delightful sense of importance, travelling from London seawards, alone. The sensation was more than agreeable—it was ecstatic. On the way to the station I felt as if I had never been in a carriage before. I was looking at life from a new point of view, and the people in the streets seemed to see me as I saw myself—at least I fancied that their eyes expressed a different feeling for me from any that had ever shone on me before; but I did not try to translate it. Being pleased and happy myself, it seemed only natural that a pleased and happy expression should come into every face that was turned towards me.

Having arrived at the station, found my train, and secured a seat, I began to loiter up and down the long platform, ostensibly watching the people, but really, with the happy conceit of youth, absorbed in myself, as it appears to me now; yet it was not altogether conceit, but rather the blissful absence of that sense of comparison which comes later on with chastening effect to show us our own unimportance. The sudden sense of freedom had revealed me to myself all out of focus, as it were, and magnified, as objects appear at first to one who has just recovered his sight; and I believe if I had done a portrait of myself at that moment I should have made myself seven feet high.

But pride goeth before a fall, and I was brought up out of this happy state with a jerk which effectually upset the dignity of my demeanour. I had perceived that the train was in motion, and it flashed through my mind that it was being inconsiderate enough to depart without me. As it was the last one in the day that would suit my purpose, I made a desperate dash for a carriage door, and scrambled in, regardless of the howling officials on the platform who would have hindered me. In doing so I became aware of exactly the same performance taking place at the farther end of the compartment; it was as if I had caught a flying glimpse of myself in a mirror as I jumped on to the footboard, opened the door, and swung myself in, after the deliberate manner peculiar to guards on the Underground. But, as often happens, although I



had seen the thing done, the fact did not rise from my sub-consciousness to the surface of my thoughts, in order to present itself for my consideration, for some time after I had taken my seat.

The train slid out of the dingy station, and now everything was of interest. I even strained my eyes to read the advertisements paraded on blank brick walls, corners of squalid houses, parapets and arches of railway bridges, any- and everywhere, till my brain reeled.

But then came a glimpse of the river. The unpolluted summer air streamed in upon me. The summer sunshine, unthinned by smoke, lit up the landscape, sparkled on the water, brightened the blue of the sky, whitened the clouds, reddened the roofs, intensified the green, and flooded my whole soul with another kind of joy in life, very different from that which I had just been experiencing. There had been excitement in the crowd, but here alone there was supreme content.

It was a torrid day ; but Fate had befriended me, for it was a cushionless third-class compartment I had stormed, all open and airy, and also empty, as I at first supposed ; but in this I was mistaken. There had been nobody visible to begin with, but, on looking across after a while, I was surprised to see a pair of bright dark eyes just appearing above the backs of the seats, at the farther end of the compartment. These eyes were fixed upon me in a confident way ; and involuntarily I felt, the moment they met mine, that a flash of intelligence had passed between us. The immediate consequence was, that the owner of the eyes, a lanky, dark girl, got up, fixed a struggling bull pup under her arm, where she held it firmly in spite of its kicks and yelps and snaps, clambered clumsily over the backs of the seats from her end of the compartment to mine, regardless of any display she might make of lean legs by the way, and sat down opposite to me.

"Two's company," she remarked oracularly.

"Quite so ; but you were two to begin with," I answered.

"Counting the bull pup," she said, drawing the creature from under her arm as she spoke. "Isn't he a beauty?" She held him up by his forelegs, and shook him playfully, addressing him the while in tender tones : "Look at um's chin, and um's legs how um bows ; and look at um's werry magnificent nose !"

But the puppy, evidently not appreciating these compliments, began again to kick and growl and snap impatiently, exercises which drew from his delighted mistress assurances that "he *was* a game un, den !" as she settled him comfortably upon her lap. He was already a formidable-looking creature, a brindle of exceptional beauty, judged, of course, by his own standard of excellence.

"I bought him," the young lady proceeded, "to draw Aunt Marsh. I want to make her believe that the outcome of Woman's Rights is bull pups. But now I'm beginning to love him—'a beauty, den !'—for his own sake. What a nuisance it is metaphors will mix ! I was just going to remark that Aunt Marsh is the kind of bull you must take by the horns if you would get on with her ; and that's what I mean, only it isn't quite right, somehow. Now, my mother is sixty thousand times cleverer than Aunt Marsh, yet she gives in to her—they're sisters-in-law, you know—but I'm a generation in advance of my mother, thank goodness !"

"I ought to tell you," I observed, "that I believe I know your Aunt : Lady Marsh, is she not?"

She looked at me with a pitying smile. "Yes, that's the person," she answered. "But, now, do you suppose that I'm quite such an idiot as to express myself so freely to a stranger of whom I know nothing?"

"Well, you have the advantage of me, for I am quite sure I have never seen you before, nor have I ever heard of anything like you."

"Anything like me! Now, that's delicious. But you mean who am I? I can't abide that roundabout way of asking who a body is. But I'll tell you who I am, just because you're not egotistical."

"How have you discovered that I'm not egotistical?" I asked.

"Because you thought first of me rather than of what concerned yourself. Most people would have wanted to find out what I knew about them, and until I told them they wouldn't have taken any interest in me."

"But you haven't told me——"

"Oh, I'm Adalesa Shutt," she interrupted offhand. "Adalesa Shutt-up is the form it generally takes with the impolite. I may mention that my parents are responsible for the name. They still survive."

There was a pause after this, during which she hugged her brindle bull dog absently, with her dark eyes fixed on a far-away point of the horizon.

While under the influence of her bright, sharp, slangy manner as she talked, I had supposed her to be about fifteen. She wore her dress short, and her hair hanging down her back in a thick plait, as girls of that age generally do; but now, as she sat silently contemplative, she looked older.

"But why should you 'draw' your aunt, as you call it?" burst from me involuntarily, as I watched her.

She turned upon me with her infectious smile. "It is the only possible attitude for me in her abode," she said—"a don't-care-came-to-be-hanged kind of attitude. I daren't be docile or affectionate, because I have to keep her at a distance, otherwise she would give me good advice. She *did* make me suffer the first time I stayed with her!"

"But——"

"Oh yes, I know all that," she put in impatiently. "She's the kindest woman in the world, you were going to say. Everybody says so. But just you observe! I would rather have a termagant to fight. One wouldn't be afraid of hurting her. But these soft, sweet women bruise so easily, they make you suffer all round. There are your nerves and your better nature both on the alert, while your good sense is being outraged, and your worst self is fighting to be up in opposition. Heaven help me from having to encounter a feather-bed woman!"

"But how did she make you suffer?"

"Oh—I'll show you when we arrive."

"How do you know I am going there?" I asked in surprise.

Again she looked at me, and laughed, but only repeated: "I'll show you when we get there. Mind you, I don't suffer now."

The train pulled up at a little country station as she spoke, and we both alighted. An open carriage

was waiting outside for us.



"You and John  
must go inside."

alighted. An open carriage



"Ah, there is my friend Barkins," Adalesa exclaimed, meaning the coachman. "*I'm* going to drive, Barkins—Barkins bein' willin'," she added aside to me.

"You and John must go inside," she further insisted, "because Mademoiselle here only sits on the box. She always travels third class, and sits on the box. Those are her ladyship's orders. I have them here in my pocket"—and she slapped that receptacle.

The coachman hesitated, and looked at me as if for confirmation, but I preserved my gravity. The misstatement Adalesa had made with regard to my usual mode of travelling led me to infer that the rest of the story was rather more facetious than accurate; but I would not have betrayed her for the world. I wanted to see what next.

The coachman slowly descended from his box, keeping a wary eye on Adalesa all the time, as if he were seeking a sign for his guidance, or suspected firearms. As he descended on the one side, however, she scrambled up on the other, and when she had seated herself he handed her the reins. I had followed her on to the box, so that there was nothing now but for him and the footman to get into the carriage.

"You'd better put the luggage in too," Adalesa suggested; and it was with a look of relief that the men complied. "Otherwise," she whispered to me, "any one meeting the carriage, and seeing you and me on the box, driving the servants, might have mistaken us for a travelling lunatic asylum."

"Not such a very great mistake, perhaps, after all," I ventured.

"Oh, my dear, speak for yourself," she promptly rejoined; "as for me, there's a method, you know."

She put the bull pup between her feet as she spoke, and tightened the reins; and then we were off—not at a wild gallop, as I quite expected, but at that rapid, exhilarating trot at which only a good whip can keep a good pair of horses. I understood the coachman's easy acquiescence better now. It was evident that the girl was accustomed to drive. She had that negligent look and attitude, and apparently careless way of holding the reins, which betoken mastery of the art. The road itself she scarcely seemed to see. Her eyes wandered away from it on all sides, and at that moment one would have said they were dreamy eyes, seeking sharp contrasts of sunshine and shadow less than mystical effects of dimness and distance.

The drive left impressions in my mind of a dusty road with heavy frondage of ferns by the wayside, all drooping, as though wearied and reposing from the ardent summer heat. Then there came a fertile land, well wooded; the sheen of a copper beech; low hills lifting a belt of sombre pines up to the azure of the sky; the grey-white wool of sheep against the green of grass; the reflection of indolent cattle standing ankle-deep in a pool; the heavy foliage on overhanging boughs; bracken on the banks, and wild flowers everywhere. Adalesa pointed out two objects of interest with her whip: "Those chimneys there in the wood—you can see the smoke above the trees—that is the house. And there, beyond, don't you see? that shining line, that is the sea—the sea!" She drew in her breath as if the very word were a joy to her. But presently she burst out again in her usual way:

"I should think you feel like a figure in a farce," she said, on seeing me glance behind at the servants sitting solemnly with folded arms and their backs to the horses, opposite our trunks, which arrogantly occupied the other seat.

Then we entered the chase, and began to catch glimpses of a great house among the trees. Some places have an aspect of self-denial impressed upon every feature: as you approach they seem to insist that you shall observe the economies they have

had to practise ; but this was just the opposite. There was a self-indulgent, spick-and-span, affluent air about everything.

"Oh !", Adalesa exclaimed, "I begin to feel feather bedding about, don't you ? Nasty unwholesome stuffy thing, feather bedding. Aunt Marsh is by way of softening me, rubbing off the rough edges, don't you know. Just you watch !"

## II.

LADY MARSH must have heard the crunch of carriage wheels as we drew up at the door, for she came hurrying down to meet us ; but the men-servants had hopped out alertly, and we ourselves had descended from the box before she appeared, so that I doubt if she ever knew how we had come.

"Do come in, dears !" she exclaimed. "Come to the drawing-room and have some tea. Evangeline is out. She will be so sorry. She had to go for a ride, but of course she expected to be back in time, only one can't always calculate. Dear children ! I am so glad to see you. Why, you seem to have grown, Adalesa. You are certainly taller and—and slimmer."

"Longer and lankier," Adalesa translated, cheerfully.

"But isn't your dress just a little short, dearest, for your age ?" Lady Marsh ventured in the gentlest way, when we were seated. She was known as "a *sweet* woman," "one of those whom it is restful to recall" ; and I was not at all pleased to find that that seed of corruption, the trick of absurdly associating her with feather beds, had taken root in my mind ; but it had, and there it remains.

"Long dresses !" Adalesa ejaculated : "no, thank you ! I know what is expected of long dresses."

"Dignity, is it not, dear ?" her aunt ventured, with a deprecating smile.

"Yes," Adalesa groaned ; "and dignity, they say, is a mysterious carriage of the body to cover defects of the mind."

Lady Marsh sat down at the tea-table, and began to pour out tea. "But, you see, dear, men say such things," she replied, in her gentle way.

"Ah—men !" Adalesa drawled. "You see, I haven't made up my mind to like men yet—a man, perhaps, eventually—but *men* ! too conceited, you know."

"Dear child ! what do *you* know about men ?"

"Absolutely nothing," was the frank rejoinder ; "and that's why I wear short dresses. I want to study man, and he only shows himself to short frocks. He's off guard with them. But I'll find him out ! My angles fit me for the task. Thank heaven for my angles ! No man who looks at me will think of me as a young lady, that most awful of human weaknesses."

"I don't like to hear you speak in that flippant way, dear," her aunt deprecated. "The man is the head of the woman, you know."

"Yes, sometimes," said Adalesa, judiciously ; "and sometimes he isn't, because the woman is a long way ahead of him. But the rule is much of a muchness, I believe."

"Well, then, it would be a case of two heads are better than one in a household," her aunt answered, good-humouredly.

"Or too many cooks spoil the broth—you never know," came the ready response. "But where's my pup ?" she broke off ; then rushed from the room, exclaiming that she'd forgotten him.

"That child's sharpness is quite uncanny," Lady Marsh remarked when she had disappeared. "But, oh dear, it is all so terrible—so very wrong-headed, you know ! And"—stooping over to speak in an undertone, as if the matter were not quite



delicate—"I am afraid it is all my poor sister's fault. She is so sadly what they call 'advanced'—woman's rights, the suffrage, short hair, and all that, you know."

Lady Marsh spoke in a confidential tone, very flattering to a young girl from a woman of her age and station, and also flattering in that it was natural to infer from it that she thought I had been brought up in a superior manner.

Adalesa returned with the bull pup under her arm. "Isn't he *sweet*?" she demanded, putting him down, and making him run towards her aunt.

"No!" Lady Marsh exclaimed, drawing her skirts together lest he should touch her—"anything but sweet. Oh!—do take him away! How could you bring such a dreadful creature here?"

"'Dreadful creature!'" Adalesa repeated in an injured tone; then picking up her



"Adalesa returned with the bull pup. 'Isn't he sweet?' she demanded."

grotesque pet she hugged him like a mother whose babe has just been insulted. "And I *thought*— Well, if it is *womanly* to be so hard-hearted, I'd rather *not* be womanly."

"My dear child," Lady Marsh cried in consternation, "what have I done? You don't expect me to like that dreadful creature? I should be ashamed to have it seen about the house. Who ever heard of a gentlewoman petting such a——"

Adalesa uttered a little scream. "Don't—don't say nasty things about him. I shall hate—*any one*—who doesn't appreciate him." She drew herself up, glanced at me, and walked haughtily out of the room.

"Well!" Lady Marsh exclaimed for the second time. "Now, you see, my dear, what comes of this nonsense—taking women out of their sphere and all that!"

"Do you mean," I began, "that you think a fondness for bull pups——" But

here I checked myself, for I perceived that I was inadvertently playing into the hands of the wicked Adalesa.

On my way upstairs to dress for dinner, I discovered that young person's dark head inserted in a doorway, round which she was peering. "Come in and kiss my pup," she said, persuasively, looking at me with languishing eyes.

"Tell me," I said. "How much of your late misconduct was by way of 'drawing' your aunt, and how much was——"

"Innate cussedness?" she suggested.

"Innate cussedness!" I gravely repeated.

"Oh—you pays your money, *et cætera*," she answered easily. "But I'm dressed and you're not," she proceeded; "and you're late. Let me go to your room and help you."

I led the way, smiling a little to myself as I pictured the sort of help I thought I might expect from her; but I soon found I was utterly mistaken. I had imagined her awkward and inefficient, but found her deftness itself, and, what is more, she was kind. It was loving service that she did me when she laughed at some inartistic arrangement of ornaments I had devised for my hair, threw the artificial things aside, and cleverly replaced them with fresh and fragrant flowers. And all the time she talked!

"When I first saw you to-day I thought you were older than I am," she said, "but it seems you are younger. You say such wise things, though, and look so grave, it's easy to be mistaken. But now I see you are only a babe with a big head, and you want a lot of attention. You'll have to go through a period of feather-bedasia, and you'll suffer; but don't be disheartened. Just do as I do. Be vulgar, buy a bull pup, and chatter."

"I don't in the least see what I'm to suffer from," I protested. "Your aunt is charming."

"Yes," she rejoined; "didn't I *warn* you that she was?"

"And as for your cousin Evangeline——"

"Now, stop," she interrupted. "I won't let you commit yourself to *that* stupid fallacy. Evangeline isn't charming. I am the reaction from feather-bedasia; she is the consequence of it; and she's a pig."

"I don't agree with you at all," I answered decidedly; "and I should think I know as much about her as you do, for we were at school together; and she was most popular with all the girls."

"Oh yes," Adalesa answered, imitating her aunt. "She has such pretty manners, as Aunt Marsh says, 'so gentle, so refined, so unaffected'—a whole string of adjectives, a set formula that has been flung at me—no, I should say, *gently insisted upon* for my benefit so often that I am not likely to forget it. And then she always promised to be a beauty, I suppose, which must have added greatly to her *prestige* with girls at school. But all the same, she's a pig. Why wasn't she here to receive us to-day?"

"Her mother said she had had to ride——"

"Her mother ought to know better than to excuse her. It was a fine day, and Evangeline thought it would be more amusing to go for a ride than to come in the carriage to meet us; so she went, and she has not yet returned; and that is Evangeline all over. Oh, I know her! And so would you if you'd ever been here before. Have you, by the way?"

"I thought you knew all about me! You seemed to say so in the train to-day."

"I knew your name and address, for I read them on the luggage you were looking after when you came into the station," she answered, with charming candour. "I saw you peacocking about as if you were somebody, and, as your belongings were



deposited under my eyes, I had the curiosity to look and see. If I hadn't known that you were coming here you wouldn't have had the honour of making my acquaintance so early in the day, for, although free with my friends, I am not in the habit of picking up any goodness-knows-who for a travelling companion."

"Aren't you?" I said in surprise. "I should have thought——"



"'Well, yes,' she rejoined, 'I am sharp, very.'"

"You would have thought!" she exclaimed. "You innocent babe! You haven't learnt to think yet. But you are very entertaining. I nearly missed my train watching you. You were so smily and pleased with yourself and everybody else, anybody could see it was the first time you'd ever been on your own hook. My, what a blush! It's running all down your back. Well, forgive me! I didn't mean to wound your

pride. But you're too sensitive, my dear—as sensitive as you're simple, and as transparent. Those who run might read your every emotion; and that would be rapid reading too, for you suffer from a singular variety of emotions in a short time."

"You seem to be a singularly acute young person," I observed, bridling.

"Well, yes," she rejoined, with unvarying cheerfulness, "*I am* sharp, very." She stood off as she spoke to see the effect of a big bow she had pinned on my dress; adding, as she looked, with her head on one side, "So you have never been here before?"

"No," I answered. "Your aunt was a friend of my mother's, long ago, before either of them was married; but they hadn't met for years until last season, when Evangeline and I left school, and came out; and then they renewed their acquaintance. They agreed that Evangeline and I mustn't consider our education finished simply because we had left school; and as Evangeline is an only child, Lady Marsh entreated my mother to let me come here for awhile to work with her. My mother is great on the question of education. She says she has suffered all her life long from having had hers curtailed, and she is determined therefore that her daughters shall have every advantage that her sons have. If we are not clever enough to profit there will be no harm done; and if we are she expects us to be thankful that we were allowed to experiment and see what we could do, instead of being kept ignorant in deference to a mere theory that we have no mental capacity. But of course we are not coerced. Since I left school I have been allowed to follow my own inclinations, and I have chosen to be taught the same things that my brothers are studying."

"Gracious, how clever the child talks!" Adalesa exclaimed in her irrepressible way. "It's just like a book. Perhaps you learnt it by heart. I begin to suspect you have a mind. What a terrible thing! But, anyway, what a blessing it is you met me! A few years more, and you would have been unendurable." She stood off again, with her arms akimbo, and contemplated me from this new point of view, derisively at first, but by degrees her face softened. "And so you have come here to work with Evangeline, you innocent babe!" she said humorously. "You *must* be clever. Only a very clever person would have done such a stupid thing—a book-clever person I mean, not a world-clever person. It isn't human to be up to everything, and your world-clever people are all out of it in literature, but your book-clever people fail in their knowledge of life. Now, do you really suppose that Evangeline will keep up anything but showy accomplishments? And even those she will only do superficially,—a little music, a little drawing, rather more French because of the naughty books, which she reads regularly, but never leaves lying about, for Evangeline is wise in her generation. Yah, Simple Sincerity! Child of Light! Hot water, that's what's in store for you here—perpetual hot water. You'll always be putting your foot in it."

"You encourage me," I said.

"Don't mention it," she answered.

### III.

HAVING dressed me to her satisfaction, much as a nurse does a child without consulting it, Adalesa made me a deep reverence, offered me her arm, and conducted me downstairs in the most gentlemanly manner. She had quite taken me under her wing by this time, and was prepared to pet and patronise me; but somehow I did not resent her assumption of superiority, for her mind was more mature than mine was, and I had to yield of necessity to her force of character, having no strength of my own at that time to oppose to it.



"What a lovely old house!" I exclaimed, on our way to the drawing-room.

"Yes, it is like Uncle Henry," she answered—"big, solid, comfortable, strong, warm, and good. He's early English himself, and splendid. You'll see!"

He was alone in the drawing-room when we entered, in appearance a typical English country gentleman of the best kind, standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fireplace in the typical attitude. He received us both most kindly, but with few words, contenting himself with looking from one to the other with a benign smile on his face, as if he were sorting our separate attractions, comparing and approving of us.

"That pig, Evangeline, has not been near us yet," Adalesa grumbled. "It's pretty bad manners to me, but it's downright rude to——"

The door opened as she spoke, and Evangeline herself, all in white tulle, floated towards us, exclaiming: "*So* sorry. I was afraid you would think me rude"—she clasped her hands towards me with a little entreating gesture—"but, oh, pray don't. I really *have* an excuse."

"Let's hear what it is, then," Adalesa answered bluntly.

"My horse—I rode too far," she commenced, stammering.

"That's no excuse," Adalesa interrupted.

"Dear, do excuse me," Evangeline said to me; and when I found her so sweetly apologetic I did excuse her at once, and, moreover, felt angry with Adalesa for making such a scene, although the moment before, while under her exclusive influence, I had agreed that Evangeline was rude. Now, however, with Evangeline there to delight my eyes and soothe my senses with her gentleness and grace, I could not believe anything of her that was not altogether lovely and adorable.

"You may say what you like," Adalesa added; "but you have committed a breach of hospitality, and for the honour of the family I take upon myself to reprove you."

"Thanks," Evangeline said, smiling with unruffled sweetness.

Sir Henry sat down in an easy chair, fixed his eyes on some ferns in the grate, and looked as if he had not heard; but when Adalesa went presently and lounged on the arm of his chair, with her elbow on his shoulder, he took her hand and caressed it gently.

Lady Marsh came into the room just then, smiling amiably as usual, and dressed in an opulent manner. "Adalesa, *dear*," she said: "do move away. You will make your uncle quite hot."

Adalesa languidly complied, and Sir Henry leant back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. His silence struck me as significant. He seemed to be, either by way of acquiescing in, or of utterly ignoring the sayings and doings of the ladies of his family, a singularly indifferent or singularly neutral person; and I wondered if he always let Lady Marsh decide whether he was too hot or not, and that sort of thing.

There were a few good pictures in the dining-room, and after dinner he showed them to me, and told me anecdotes, also, about some family portraits that hung in the hall, and some ancient armour. The house was several centuries old, with a long, unbroken family history, which was illustrated by most of its contents. The old-carved cabinets, and everything else in the way of ornament, had their associations, and even the furniture, some of it, had a history attached to it, to which I listened with an honest interest that satisfied Sir Henry. Lady Marsh and Evangeline had remained at table discussing the details of a dinner-dress they had seen somewhere; but Adalesa went with us, clinging to her uncle's arm with both hands.

"I would have you observe that there are no meaningless feminine fripperies here,"

she cried. "This has been the cradle of a sturdy race ; and it looks like it. I'm one of the race," she added, laughing up at her uncle.

"Dear child !" Lady Marsh exclaimed, coming out of the dining-room at that moment, "don't hang on your uncle so ; you will tire him." Then to me, in her amiable way : "This is but a bare old place at present, but now that Evangeline is old enough to take an interest in it, we must see what can be done."

"Oh dear !" Adalesa groaned ; "if Aunt Marsh and Evangeline are to desecrate it, the good old oak and ebony will be disguised in down cushions and dimity in no time."

"Dear, is that quite respectful ?" Lady Marsh exclaimed.

"No ; nor would it be respectful for an alien to alter anything here," Adalesa rejoined doggedly.



*"He showed us miniatures, arms, and ancient gems."*

"I am afraid, dear, your uncle spoils you," Lady Marsh said in her gentlest way, and then swept on to the drawing-room, arm-in-arm with Evangeline. At the door she looked back over her shoulder, and said to Sir Henry : "Don't make that child do too much, dearest. She has had a journey, you know."

"Which child ?" he asked in an undertone, looking from one to the other, as soon as the drawing-room door was shut.

"Neither," Adalesa said, scornfully.

"Then take an arm each, my dears," he rejoined, almost in a whisper, "and we'll see what there is to be seen."

From which I perceived that this benign-looking gentleman, seemingly so yielding, was in reality a bold, bad man, capable of opposition, who had put himself in my power ; and I slipped my hand through his arm, and smiled up at him confidently, just as



Adalesa, on the other side, was doing. He beamed down upon us both, and led us away to the library, where he lived as a rule when he was not out of doors; and there he showed us miniatures, arms, and ancient gems of his ancestors, who seemed to fill the great comfortable room as he talked about them, and to be nearer to him than the wife and daughter, with their marvellous charms of manner, whose tastes and interests were all so modern, of the Society kind, so far removed, if not so utterly opposed, to everything he cherished.

#### IV.

EVANGELINE had a sitting-room of her own, a sunny south room, and here we girls were to work. We settled down to it next day, and during the morning Lady Marsh looked in, "just to see how you are getting on, dears! And what are *you* doing?" meaning me.

"Mathematics," I answered.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "You must excuse me, dear child, but is it nice for a young lady to study such a very masculine subject? A girl's manner, you know, should be so very different. The woman's sphere is to refine and elevate man."

"But do mathematics make one's manners masculine?" I asked in alarm. I was diffident in those days, as became my age, and the least shade of disapproval made me unhappy.

"Well, they have not done so as yet in your case, dear child," Lady Marsh answered, with infinite tact. "But still, you know, dear, they are not womanly pursuits. You will not be fit for the duties of wife and mother by-and-by if you injure your constitution now. I know your mother's idea, but I cannot agree with her, and I often tell her I am sure she would not now be the dear, sweet, *womanly* woman she is, if she had been taught these new-fangled notions as a girl. I cannot think it is right for young ladies to be educated like their brothers, and go to the university and all that nonsense, getting such ideas! I don't believe that a woman's mind is inferior to a man's, you know—far from it; and, in fact, in some things"—she looked round and lowered her voice—"there can be no doubt as to which is the superior sex, only it doesn't do to say so, men make such remarks. But, as to professions for women, and that sort of thing, why, fancy *me* a professional woman! Evangeline, *dearest*, put your French away, that's a good child, and get a story book. I am sure you have done enough for to-day."

When she had spoken she patted my shoulder kindly, smiled on us all, and left the room.

"Now see what you have brought on yourself, with your mathematics!" Adalesa exclaimed, her dark eyes dancing mischievously. "Aunt Marsh knew your mother's idea, and I believe she's got you down here to cure you of it. That's the sort of kind thing she's celebrated for. She suspected mathematics this morning, and came in prepared." ☺

Evangeline, who had risen with cheerful alacrity to put her books away, in obedience to her mother's suggestion, turned now from the bookshelf at which she was standing dipping into a novel, and looked at Adalesa indignantly. "I don't think it is nice of you," she said, "to speak like that about my mother. She must know better than either you or I. Why, just think! You will own that we were intended to be healthy and happy—that we require to be so in order to be equal to such duties as we have to perform—and how can we be so if we go and injure ourselves with work we are not fit for? It's only common-sense, if you will think. Men were clearly intended to do

all the hard work, and keep us in comfort, and screen us from anything objectionable. *My* ambition is to be a *womanly* woman. I think mamma is quite right."

By this time I was feeling very uncomfortable. To be thought unwomanly seemed to me as dreadful as to be thought wicked; but yet I felt there was something wrong somewhere, for I could not see sex in a subject of study. Why should one be masculine and another feminine?

Evangeline had departed, and Adalesa was watching me with a grin on her intelligent countenance. "There is no resisting a feather bed, is there?" she asked. "Aunt Marsh is on the war path, I think, this morning. She'll go and order Uncle Henry's day till she's feather-bedded all the comfort out of it. Let's go and see!"

She jumped up, seized me by the arm, and dragged me away to the library, where we found Sir Henry slowly pacing up and down, deep in thought. He looked from one to the other of us almost sadly when we entered, but smiled indulgently at Adalesa when she dropped my arm and, seizing his in her energetic way, squeezed it between both hands, and then worked it up and down like a pump handle, as if she could get what she wanted out of him so.

"Tell us about education," she demanded.

"Ah — education," he answered. "Your aunt has just been talking to me about education. She thinks you have been foolishly over-educated, and that has made you rough; and she fears for this little lady here"—meaning me—"she is anxious about you, my dear. She has a great loving heart, and every girl is her daughter. She wants you all to *have a good time*." He used this last expression apologetically.

"And so do you," Adalesa exclaimed, on the defensive. She had dropped his arm, and stood frowning intently, and biting one of her fingers between her words. "But, isn't it nonsense? Of course I'm rough. I'm rough on purpose. I'm rougher here than anywhere. If I lived like Evangeline, in cotton wool, I should grow flabby; and she says it's education! When she sees, too, that it hasn't had that effect in this



"Adalesa seized his arm in her energetic way."



other most notable case"—looking at me. "Tell me all over again about education, Uncle Henry. I'm all ruffled. I want to know."

Sir Henry began to walk up and down the room with his hands behind him. "What we learn is but a small part of education," he said, and it sounded as if he were reflecting aloud. "It is what we think of things, not what we know of them—our opinions—that affect our conduct. If you learn the multiplication table by heart, and merely remember that you know it, the knowledge will have no consequence one way or the other; but if you are taught to think that because you know the multiplication table you ought to be a very high-principled person, you'll find yourself insensibly seeking to live up to that idea. If, however, on the other hand, you hear continually that a knowledge of the multiplication table must be lowering in effect upon the character—if it is insinuated that your taste will be corrupted by it and your manners coarsened, until the notion that such a consequence is inevitable takes possession of your mind in spite of yourself—then it is only too probable that that will be the case."

"Now, that is true!" Adalesa exclaimed, "and here are we two in evidence of the fact."

Sir Henry stopped a moment to look at us, and then resumed his walk. "There's a great deal of cant rife just now on the subject of women and their education," he observed, "most of which, being summed up, amounts to a firm conviction that a half-educated girl, a creature who has learnt to live for the pleasure of the moment, to love for the joy of loving, and to marry in order to secure as many of the good things of this world as she can, is in every way a suitable and congenial companion for an educated man, and an admirable specimen of the 'woman's-sphere-is-home' woman. A toy—that's what the creature is, an unreasonable and illogical toy, neither reason nor logic having entered into the curriculum of that kind of 'womanly woman,' it having been supposed that a large establishment is most admirably managed by a mistress whose reasoning powers have never been cultivated, and a young family best brought up on the superstitious practices solemnly confided in mysterious whispers by Mrs. Gamp—" ;

The windows stood wide open, and Lady Marsh looked in at one of them. "Dearest children!" she cried, "don't you see how fine it is? You ought to be out. Adalesa, what are you worrying your uncle about? I am sure he doesn't want you here at this time of day."

## V.

IN the afternoon I went out for a ride with Adalesa. Evangeline would not accompany us. She had a packet of sweets in her pocket, and was deep in an entrancing novel by that time, from which she could not be induced to separate herself for the rest of the day, and on the next she had a bad headache. "Which just shows," her mother protested, with gentle emphasis, "how very necessary it is to supervise a young girl's studies, and what it would be if the dear child were being brought up, as too many young ladies are nowadays, alas! learning quite *masculine* matters: it is really dreadful!"

Adalesa looked older and better in her riding dress than I had yet seen her, and perhaps some consciousness of this had its effect upon her manner. So far, while looking like a child, she had talked like a cynical worldly woman; but now, as she took her horse skilfully down a difficult rutty lane, her face fanned by the balmy country air, heavy with odours of full-blown flowers, and at the same time freshened

by the near neighbourhood of the sea, there came a far-away look into the girl's eyes, an expression of yearning tenderness which culminated, as seemed most natural, in a long-drawn sigh.



The lane we rode in was a steep by-way—a short cut to the shore, she said—only just wide enough for our two horses abreast, and so uneven that we had to look well to their feet. On either hand green banks, bedecked with foxglove and harebell, rose high above us and before us, making the winding way look like a *cul de sac*, and



shutting out all view save that of the sky above us, a radiant strip of sky, intensely blue—blue like a dark sapphire, and full of colour, which contrasted well with the opaque blue-green of a belt of firs that crowned the summit of the bank and held their heavy plumes up motionless against the brightness. The air was so still that inanimate nature scarcely seemed to breathe; but all about us a myriad atoms of life buzzed, and chirped, and fluttered, rejoicing to be, making the most of their moment, and claiming a kinship with us in inarticulate murmurs, quite untranslatable, and yet becoming curiously comprehensible to some sense the longer we lingered to listen to them. The horses glanced hither and thither with big sagacious eyes, flipping a long ear swiftly towards each separate sound—now to the croak of a yellow frog in the grass, and now to the cheep of a nestling up on a branch, the bleat of an unseen sheep in the meadow above to its lamb, the low of a cow to her calf; seemingly anxious to understand, nervously glad to know; gathering the import of everything with an intelligence beyond ours, perhaps, that made them more one with the teeming beings about us than we were.

But after that sigh Adalesa burst into the midst of my meditation abruptly.

"Did you ever feel a glow in your chest, and have little warm shivers run down your backbone, and all the time keep smiling?" she demanded.

"No, never," I answered decidedly.

"Ah! then you have never been in love," she observed in a disappointed tone. "I thought, perhaps, with those eyes,—and you're not so plump either."

"I don't see the connection."

"Why—don't you know? Oh, I think when girls are plump, like Evangeline, it is because they haven't felt much. Now, I'm skinny because I have a burning fiery furnace within that consumes me. So many things—interests, passions, affections,—I don't know what all! are fuel to my fire; it never goes out."

"But love——?" I said, shy of the subject, yet aglow on a sudden with natural girlish curiosity about it, newly inspired; for the moment she mentioned love I knew what was in the air.

She laughed, whipped up her horse, and rode on ahead recklessly.

When I overtook her we were in the open country, on a hard high road, with a long level of fields on either hand, and not a glimpse of the sea.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Oh, I had forgotten," she answered apologetically. "I was leading you away in the wrong direction. I'm sorry—I was thinking. I was thinking of him!" and she flipped at the hedge with her whip, and laughed in a shamefaced way.

"Of whom?" I asked.

"Of my man," she replied. "Oh, you're obtuse! Don't you gather? I'm in love. Sometimes I'm sick with love—love-sick. But you don't know what that is, and you're a little shocked!" She looked at me keenly. "You think I am committing a breach of decorum. So it would be, perhaps, for most girls; but, don't you see—with me—oh, you must let it be different with me!"

The high road was taking us towards a belt of wood now, above which the chimneys of the great house appeared, smoking cheerfully.

"Why, we're going back!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a little way," she answered. "I'm sorry. I took the wrong turn. We should have gone to the left through the wood, instead of to the right, down that lane. But here we are. I'd better lead the way. Look out for your hat under the branches!"

The high road ran through the wood at this point, and was bordered on either side by trees, which looked like a forest of slender masts, canopied and

curtained with greenery, through which the sunlight filtered in shining shafts, making mystical pathways of dazzling brightness, beyond which the tender gloom beneath the branches deepened perceptibly. Adalesa had turned off under the trees, taking a diagonal course confidently, although there was no track that I could see; but I followed her, now in sunshine and now in shadow, winding in and out about the tree-stems, watchfully, like a princess in a land of weird enchantment, who goes, with wide-open, wistful eyes, seeking to see deep into the verdant shadows, in timidly glad anticipation of something to come that would satisfy the hunger at her heart, that strange importunate ache.

Branches broken by last year's storms crackled beneath our horses' feet, or their hoofs sank deep in delicious moss. Rabbits ran at our approach, and the shrill cry or clumsy flight of a startled pheasant sounded oddly insulting, as if uttered to injure the charmed silence. And here again there was life—superabundant, palpitating, generous—a joyous riot, in which we were asked to join by every little living thing that spoke. At first, in the wood, the soothing *susurrus* of leaves, stirred by light airs, sounded incessantly, a sort of softly whispering sound, all-pervading yet unobtrusive, not the main melody, but a manifold accompaniment. Presently, however, we were seized upon by a mightier voice, muffled at first and murmurous, but growing in distinctness and volume as we advanced; and at the same time we ceased to see sunshafts and shadows through the wood; the green depths disappeared; and now between the trees there sparkled into view the yellow sands and the sea. We had come out upon the shore, and both involuntarily drew rein.

"Yes," Adalesa resumed, as if there had been no break, "you must let it be different with me. I take everything so severely—measles, whooping cough, mumps, scarlatina—all infantile diseases. Each in its turn has threatened to kill me, and now comes this new fever—love. I had to tell Evangeline even. I should have died if I hadn't said something to some one. But now I am sorry. I wish you had come sooner, Simple Sincerity: you are another sort. If only I hadn't told Evangeline that we are engaged!"

"Engaged!" I exclaimed. "*Secretly?*"

"Yes: isn't it dreadful?" she answered, laughing at my horror. "But it happened in this way. I was staying with his people, and he and I were always together because we were the only young pair on the premises; and at last—oh, the usual thing, you know! And I wanted to tell Uncle Henry, but he seemed to dislike the idea. My father and mother are in India, you know—that is why I am here; and Percy said, weren't they the proper people to be first informed? They are on their way home by this time, I believe, round the Cape—oh the weary time of waiting! months! And I hate to keep Uncle Henry in the dark. I always tell him everything. But then of course there is Aunt Marsh. If I told him he would make me tell her, and then we should have the affair confided to the whole county in solemn confidence. At least," she corrected herself emphatically, "I don't believe he would tell her; he's too good altogether; and besides, I've told him lots of other things, but I can't make Percy understand, and he says, too, that his knowing would put the affair on quite a different footing—whatever he may mean by that. I hate concealment myself; but perhaps he has finer feelings than I have, for he says something about this being altogether sacred to ourselves—not an ordinary concealment. It sounds all right as he puts it; but I am sadly afraid I don't feel about it quite what he does, because I want to tell. I must talk. My joy bubbles up and bursts out so that I cannot contain it. There's a singing at my heart I can't quite smother; if only Uncle Henry suspected, he



would hear it and question me, and then I should be glad indeed—satisfied. Now at times it is only a kind of half glad. However, are you relieved? I am not so sly as you suspected, perhaps.”

“I should never have thought you sly,” I declared.

“Well, reckless then,” she replied, “as when I told Evangeline. That was an instance of a bubbling up and a bursting out. If I had had Uncle Henry to talk to—but there! Yet I know Evangeline is not to be trusted, for all her promises.”

“Oh, surely she will not betray you if she promised!” I exclaimed, shocked by the accusation.

For a moment the cynical expression returned to Adalesa’s face.

“It just depends upon what will suit her own convenience,” she answered, with her usual downright directness.

The horses, tired of standing, sniffed the salt air, tossed their heads, and pawed impatiently.

“We’ll let them go for a gallop in a minute,” she said; “but first, just look at the sea, and listen to it. That inarticulate murmur is full of meaning to me now; and so it is with the sough of the breezes in the branches and the rustle of leaves. Since *he* came into my life I have awakened to full consciousness of a curious kinship with all things, animate and inanimate. The gladness in me, the singing in my heart, is all a part of some great whole, some universal plan, something I *know*, but can’t express. But wait!—wait till you know it too!”

She had looked down at the sand as she spoke, frowning intently in the effort to put what she felt into human speech; and her horse, as if waiting upon her words, ceased for the moment to be restive; the very sea-voice seemed suspended, and the scene, itself—sandhills, and shore, and grey-white, green-crowned cliffs, curving arm-like about the bay, passed from my consciousness. I saw and heard her alone till she stopped; then the waves rang out their merry murmur, the cliffs whitened into view in the sunshine, the breeze sang in my ears, the open space invited, and our horses, with one accord, as though they felt our own fine impulse to fly, to be free, plunged out from amongst the heavy, dry drifts, on to the smooth, hard sand, and carried us off at a gallop into another world.

## VI.

EVANGELINE came to my room late that night. We had not had an hour’s talk together since my arrival. The moon was near the full, and she found me with my window wide open, luxuriating in the sense of stillness, which is peculiar to the exquisite, shadowy, silent night.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, with a little shiver. “Won’t you take cold? Isn’t that mist down there on the meadows? and aren’t the trees black? It is all so comfortless——”

I shut the window.

“Ah, that’s better!” Evangeline pursued, as she curled herself up in an easy chair. “I love lays of the moon, and the sapphire solitudes one reads about; but the real thing falls far short of the description. I believe those rhapsodies are written in bed at night, with the curtains drawn, and a big fire blazing. At all events, that’s the best way to read them. One forgets then, as the poet seems to have forgotten, all the unpleasant details—that it is chilly out in the merry moonlight; fatiguing to linger or loiter long, though it sounds so nice; and too damp to sit, couch, or recline on anything growing or blowing. I love poetry, but preserve me from having to live it!

Cushions and comfort are my delight, ease is my ambition, and all things ordered to please me by some competent person as long as I live, my one desire !”

She cooed all this so prettily that I began to draw an invidious comparison between the sound of her words and of Adalesa's. The sense did not impress me. The gentleness of her manner, the sweetness of her voice, and the charm of her appearance disarmed criticism. One felt at rest in her presence ; one did not think.

She left the easy chair, and came and sat down beside me. “Pet me,” she said, putting her arms round me. “I don't seem to have seen you at all since you came ; and oh, I have such lots of things I want to talk to you about. How pretty your neck is !—just like a baby's. I must kiss it ! I could *eat* you, I think, you're so sweet ! But you're not very responsive, I must say ! I believe you like Adalesa best. Tell me, do you ? I should be so miserable if I thought you did. But what do you think of her ?”

“I think her delightful.”

“So she is,” Evangeline answered, returning to her chair. “But isn't it rather a pity, when she's so nice, that she shouldn't be perfect ? She does say and do such outrageous things. She has gone and engaged herself secretly.” This breach of confidence slipped out so easily and so naturally that I should have hesitated at the moment to apply any harsh epithet to it. “Yes,” she pursued ; “I met the man in London afterwards, and now he has become quite an ally of mine. When he found I knew all about the affair, he said he was glad, and would like to discuss it with me.

You do believe, don't you, that men and women can have Platonic friendships ? I think it so cynical for people

not to believe in disinterestedness. He says he loves to talk to me ; and of course there can be no harm when it is all about another girl. What do you think ?”

“I think I am inclined to be sorry for the other girl.”

“Oh, now that is not nice of you !” she said reproachfully.

“Well, the things that are said about the kind of man who spends all his time with one girl in order to talk about another, are not nice either.”

“Oh, but I'm sure *you* would never judge a man by the unkind things people say !” She said this so earnestly, so caressingly, she made me feel mean. “And, besides,” she went on gravely, “I don't think he is quite satisfied, somehow. It is not that he says anything, you know, only he makes me fancy—and I think it just as



“She came and sat down beside me.”



well that the engagement was not announced. If there is any change—if nothing comes of it, you know, nothing can be said. I only tell you about it in confidence, because I know you are safe, and I did so want to consult some one. You see, he confided in me, and asked my advice, and I feel it is such a responsibility. But perhaps Adalesa told you herself. I thought she might, as you get on so well——” She stopped here, and looked at me expectantly, but as I only replied with a steady stare, she demanded, point-blank: “Did she?”

“How can you ask?” I answered without emphasis, so as not to betray my friend; and I saw that she was baffled, but she did not like to repeat the question.

SARAH GRAND.

*(To be continued.)*









AT ANCHOR—TAKING IN STORES.



## RUSSIAN JEWRY.

### SCENES OF HOME LIFE IN POLAND AND THE PALE.

#### ENGLISH VIEW OF THE PERSECUTION.



IN England there appears to be only one view of the persecution of the Jew in Russia: that it is a purely religious persecution.

"It is scarcely needful for me to say," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer, "that I condemn in the strongest manner all religious persecutions, be it of Jews or any sect of Christians or adherents to other creeds. An utter reprobation of the course pursued by Russia in this matter is a necessary corollary from the views I am known to hold."

"So far as the Jews are concerned," says Mr. Huxley, "I do not find it alleged that they are other than industrious, thrifty, sober people, devoid of any political by-ends."

"I am not well," wrote Mr. Spurgeon at the end of 1891; "but if I had all the health and strength that could fall to the lot of man, I should be quite unable to express my feelings when I read of Russian intolerance towards Jews and Dissenters. That this conduct should be sanctioned by a Church bearing the name of Christian or Orthodox is as sad as it is strange. The genius of the religion of Jesus is love, not oppression. Surely there must be thousands of Greek churchmen to whom the persecution of other religionists must be shocking."

Mr. Gladstone "hopes that a full and fair exposition of the facts, deplorable as they are, with respect to the Jews in Russia, may gradually form a public opinion favourable to humanity and justice."

#### THE RUSSIAN VIEW.

Such, then (as seen in the zealous pages of *Darkest Russia*), is the English view of the Jewish question in Russia—a view which takes account of the religious aspect only. But the Russian view is a very different thing. It may be summarised as follows:—

1. A religious question.
2. A national question.
3. An economic question.

Of these nine-tenths are economic, and no more than one-tenth is national and religious. The grievance of the Russian against the Jew—never yet stated in



England with any precision or fulness—would appear to be capable of classification under six heads:—

1. That he is a voluntary alien—a Jew, not a Russian—separating himself by dress and custom from the people among whom he lives.
2. That his personal character is revolting; that he is dirty, heartless, and impure.
3. That his religious character is hypocritical; that he uses his religion to hood-wink his God, and to deceive his sovereign.
4. That he is grossly ignorant and fanatical, and has both resisted and misused all efforts to educate him.
5. That he is a bad soldier; that he flies from military service; and that he joins himself to the Nihilists and other enemies of the Government.
6. That, above all, he is an immoral trader, a cheat, a base usurer, a friend of the drink traffic, and that he has one *morale* for his dealings with his Jewish brethren and another for his dealings with Christians.

#### THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE AND ENGLISH OPINION.

It is time we considered the Russo-Jewish question from the Russian standpoint. We have dealt with it from the English point of view again and again, awakening much moral indignation at home, but doing no good abroad. If we are to help to form a public opinion in Russia that shall be "favourable to humanity and justice," we must begin by showing the Russians that we understand them, that we know the history of their relations with the Jews who live in their midst, that we sympathise with their motives where they are just and right, and only reprobate them where selfish and cruel and mistaken. Thus far, I fear, we have done nothing of that kind. With the best impulses of humanity we have denounced the Russian people and their methods of government, knowing both imperfectly. That has sometimes aroused their wrath, and often provoked their ridicule.

I chanced to be in Russia when Mr. Herbert Spencer's letter was first published, and I shall not easily forget the howl of derision with which it was received. It seemed to the Russians that the best men in England were finding no better occupation than that of setting up their own Russian nine-pins merely for the satisfaction of knocking them down. Mr. Gladstone's "humanity and justice," Mr. Huxley's "industrious, thrifty, sober people, devoid of political by-ends," Mr. Spurgeon's "Greek churchmen," to whom the doings of the Greek Church "must be shocking," and Mr. Spencer's "religious persecutions," were all phantoms of the air at which Englishmen might fire away until the crack of doom without ever touching a reality which kept very close to the ground.

The Russians were not wholly wrong. Our English view of the Russo-Jewish question has been partial and imperfect. This is not to say that the English public has been misled. Still less is it to say that the American public has been so. If there has been any misleading, the people of England and of America have misled themselves. The noble and generous juices of the most unselfish race on earth are more easily touched to pity and to indignation by the sight of oppression for conscience' sake than by the spectacle of suffering arising out of political or economical differences. What wonder if for once the two nations, whose freedom is the freest in the world, have troubled themselves to learn no more than that an ancient people has been persecuted because it worships Jehovah only and not Christ as well!

But the truth is the whole truth, and the whole truth is the mightiest ally of the wronged and the down-trodden. In the conviction that the strong case for the

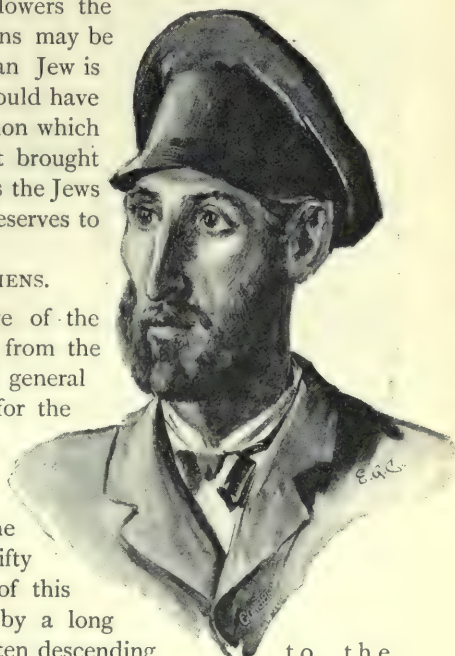
Russian Jew is strongest in the light of Russian fact, Russian history, and Russian opinion, I could wish to traverse the Russian impeachment point by point, and try to show where the Russians are right and deserve our sympathy (as well as the sympathy of all right-minded and enlightened Jews), and where they are wrong and their argument is their reproach.

#### THE JEWISH CHARACTER.

No estimate of the conduct and fate of the Russian Jews would be right that did not begin by taking account of the character of the Jewish people. They are a hot-hearted race and not always a cool-headed one; they are fanatical; they are liable to extremes; they are imitative, and they are responsive. This character-chart may be questioned in part by those who know the Jews in one relation only, the relation of business; but it will be sanctioned by everybody who has seen them under many conditions, in many lands and many Ghettos. The strange paradox which pursues them in all external ways of life, in fortune, in fate, in history, in literature (making them at the same time the masters of the world and its despised servants), follows them into their own inmost characters. They are a nation without a country, a Church without a Jerusalem; they hold together throughout the ages in the teeth of everything that is calculated to disperse them; they observe their Sabbaths in spite of commerce, and their habits in the face of progress; and yet they are, man with man, more under the influence of their surroundings than any race that ever lived in the world. If the Jew in Russia is not a Russian, he is most certainly a Russianised Jew. The Jew cannot help but take his colour from the qualities of the people among whom he lives. This is a fact that should never be forgotten. It is so in England, in America, in France, in Germany, and it is even so in Morocco and in Palestine. The Jews of Russia are a subdued race with the faults of a subdued race. They are treated as dogs and cheats, and what wonder if they are developing or acquiring the vices of dogs and cheats? Persecution always lowers the moral tone of a people, and the Russian Christians may be right when they say that the *morale* of the Russian Jew is going down headlong. Only a race of heroes could have withstood the demoralising effect of the persecution which has been going on since 1882, and heroes are not brought forth in a whole race at a time. Every nation gets the Jews it deserves because it has made them what it deserves to find them.

#### THE JEWS AS ALIENS.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller on approaching the frontier of Russia from the countries of Northern Europe is the costume and general appearance of the Jews. These are Polish Jews, for the most part a feeble, sickly, pallid, and often puny race. There are faces of all Jewish types among them, from the noblest to the basest; but the most common is long and thin, with more than the ordinary proportion of aquiline nose, and with a shift expression in the egg-shaped eyes. The effect of this countenance is intensified in its unpleasantness by a long "candle" curl worn in front of each ear, and often descending to the level of the chin. These curls are called the "peies." The dress of the Polish Jew





seems to consist of just two garments and a pair of elastic-side boots. They wear a long kaftan, usually of black cloth, but often of black silk, and sometimes of alpaca, cut on a model that is a compromise between the simple gabardine of the East



and the tailed and collared frock-coat of the West. Their hat is a peaked cap like that of an English yachtsman, but higher in its sides, and always "concertinaed" to its utmost elevation in the front, and depressed to its greatest level at the back.

Now, this costume serves the Russian as a visible sign that the Jew is a voluntary

alien who keeps and guards his peculiarities as no one else does except the gipsy. Certainly you may distinguish it from the costume of the ordinary Pole or Russian of any class at a distance of five hundred yards. Undoubtedly it cuts off the Jew from the people about him, reminding both that there is a difference of race between them. It is at once a little matter and a very great concern.

One day I was walking with a Jewish friend from the west in a Jewish cemetery in Galicia, waiting for a funeral of which I was anxious to see the Eastern rites. We were whiling away the time by looking at the inscriptions, and they were nearly all in the Hebrew language, and in the form of acrostics. Presently we came upon a stone which, besides being inscribed in the usual way, was scribbled over with a thousand pencillings on its flat face, and stuck full of little pellets of white paper in its carved places. It was the grave of some Doctor of the Talmud, and the pencillings and the pellets were the names of sick and dying people written on the tomb by sorrowing friends in the hope that God would spare the lives of their dear ones for sake of the good man who lay below. While we stood looking, a Jewish boy came up. He wore kaftan and cap, but no elastic-side boots, and he had the roguish face of a goat.

"That was my old schoolmaster," he said, and he slapped the stone with the familiar and affectionate slap which the gravedigger gives to the skull of Yorick. And then he laughed and chuckled and crowed, as if with the memory of tricks played on the good old man; or perhaps with the thought of spankings administered by him whereof the smart and sting were gone.

"Well," said my Jewish friend, "can you read his acrostic?"

The goat face lengthened and the lips pursed out. No, he could not. He knew enough holy language to follow the prayers in *schule*, but that was the end of his Hebrew.

"Then listen to this," said my companion, and he read the schoolmaster's inscription aloud.

The goat face became very grave, and then took a look of bewilderment. Slowly the boy's eyes gazed at my friend's barbered hair, and traversed his garments from head to foot. Here was a mystery. A man come from goodness-knows-what region who could read holy language and yet wore no peies, and was dressed like the common *gojim* in a tweed suit of jacket and trousers!

The amazement of that Jewish boy in a Galician cemetery is the straw that tells how the wind blows. For the Polish Jew, the accidental things of kaftan and peies are wrapped up with the fundamental things of custom and religion. He knows they cut him off from his Christian neighbours, but they are a part of all that is sacred to him, and therefore he clings to them. Little and foolish as the whole matter may be, the costume and the curl of the Russian Jew have played their part in the Russo-Jewish question. Let me tell their story.

#### STORY OF THE KAFTAN AND PEIES.

The costume was not Jewish in its origin, and, so far as I am aware, it has nothing to do with Jewish faith. I understand that it was originally the Polish peasant costume, and was imitated from the Poles. But towards the end of the last century it had become the distinctive costume of the Jewish people. When in 1792 Catherine annexed Poland, her first intention was to leave the laws and customs of the Jews as she found them. The Jews under Catherine were allowed to live wherever they liked, and to dress as they pleased. Then came Alexander I., and he left things as they



were, except that he limited the Jews to the towns. The Church was tolerant in his day,—it would be nearer the truth to say indifferent, for Russia, like France, was under the influence of Voltaire and Diderot, and at a time when popular preachers in both countries had dropped the name of Christ in their sermons and spoke only of the “legislator of the Christians,” it was not worth while to trouble about the fashions of an insignificant people who merely wore their hair and their coats a few inches longer than their neighbours.

But in 1825 came Nicholas, and his first thought was to make his people one. No longer were they to be merely Jews and Christians. They were first of all to be Russians and good subjects of the Czar. There were to be no outward distinctions. So the Jews were ordered to abandon their national costume.

It was a good idea (good from the point of an absolute monarch), but it was cruelly carried out. Nicholas was a fiery and impetuous soul, whose intentions were nearly always good and whose methods were nearly always brutal. He wished to do everything in a hurry, and in this matter of the costume of the Jews he was true to his infirmity of over-haste. Nevertheless he punished some of his own officials who carried out his wishes too brutally. The kaftan was sometimes stripped off the backs of the Jews in the open streets, and their curls were often cut in public. The Jews were terrified at such meddling with their national costume, and thought it the forerunner of religious attacks.

Then came Alexander II., and he introduced measures of toleration. His aim also was to make of the Jews good Russian subjects, who should be distinguished from the Christians by their beliefs alone. But his methods were humane. He once said to a member of his Privy Council that the Jewish question in Russia was to be solved by the same means as in England and France. There were two periods in his dealings with the Jews. The first period, a liberal period, began with his accession in 1856, and ended in 1872; the second period, a reactionary period, began in 1872 and ended with his death. He was perhaps the warmest friend, and at the same time (though unwittingly), the deadliest foe of the Jew that ever sat on the Russian throne. He began by permitting the Jewish people to wear the kaftan and peies, though the law against these things was allowed to remain. Then the external distinction of Jew from Christian became again more marked. But year by year the difference disappeared by voluntary action of the Jews. At present the old law of Nicholas is practically inoperative, yet in South Russia the peies is no more to be seen, and the kaftan is becoming rare. Indeed, you may recognise the Polish Jew in the southern provinces by those marks alone. The greater part of the Jews in Russia are now reconciled to the shortening of their coats and the cutting of their hair. They see that the kaftan does not constitute the Jew, and that the absence of peies does not make the Christian. But the Polish Jew has not yet advanced so far.

We who live in an entirely free country can think of no proper limitations of costume except the limitations of decency—that a man shall not wear the garments of a woman, or a woman the garments of a man. But where from political reasons, as in Russia, or from religious reasons, as in Morocco, a distinctive manner of dress makes a man an alien, who parades and proclaims his foreign nationality as loudly as the town-crier in the streets, it constitutes an offence, and almost an outrage, and ought to be put away. I say this reluctantly, for as an observer of life I should be sorry to miss the variety which the Jewish costume gives. The average “Pollack,” the uncultured Polish Jew, can badly spare the one thing that makes him worth a second glance. Poverty and oppression have already crushed out of his poor featureless body nearly all sense of the picturesque.

## THE JEW AND HIS COUNTRY.

As to the deeper matter of the alien spirit that is said by the Russians to lie beneath the foreign dress, I would say emphatically that I have never seen it, and I do not believe that it exists. The Russian Christian will tell you that while in Germany, in England, in France, and in America the Jew is sometimes truly outraged when you speak of him as a foreigner, in Russia such indignation is never felt. I believe in my heart that this is a mistake. The Russian Jew loves Russia and is sorry to leave it. In the way of a grown-up child he is proud of it,—proud of it as an Empire, that it is big and great, and a terror throughout Europe. There is nothing more curious, perplexing, amusing, and even pathetic, than this love of Russia in the poor miserable creature who has been kicked out of it. You hear his story of official corruption and tyranny, of expulsion and privation on the way, and your teeth gnash together, and you say, "If this is true of Russia, if it is not a wicked subterfuge and a lie, how does God suffer such a country to exist?" But the Jew does not share your anger. It is not Russia that he hates, because it has wronged him, or the Czar because he is the enemy of the Jewish people; least of all is it his Christian neighbours because they have badgered him;—it is only the Inspector General whom he could not conciliate, the "Antonoviches" whom he could not bribe, the "Tchitchikoffs" who could buy him up, bag and baggage, body and soul.

On the frontier of Russia, within a mile of a frontier station, in clear sight of its yellow-and-black posts and its soldiers on guard, an old Jewish woman who had just crossed by help of a borrowed passport was brought up to me that I might hear her story. The poor creature mistook me for a Russian officer sent to arrest her. She trembled and wept, hastened to excuse herself, then tried to steal away, and when escape seemed hopeless, she flung herself at my feet and prayed of me not to send her back to Russia. It was a terrible scene while it lasted, and it lasted too long, for I knew little or nothing of her language and could not reassure her instantly. This was my first experience of Russia, and I was appalled. What a country it must be from which poor helpless women had to fly in terror such as this! All the world says that the Czar himself is a good and noble man. Does he hear the cry of his people? If he does not, then why has he created a thing that stifles that cry, a thing that buries it as in a sepulchre and rolls over it the stone? Let evil men and tyrants shut themselves up from the voice of their subjects, but for the good father of his people there should be no sound more sweet.

Such were my feelings while that poor subject of the great Czar grovelled before me, but I had imperfectly understood both her and her country. She was in fear of being sent back home, but that was not because she hated Russia. She had been born in it, and her people lay buried there. But she was going to rejoin her two sons, one of them a discharged Russian soldier who had been expelled. Thus her emotion was only a struggle between love of country and love of kin, wherein blood was thicker than water. And this is the case with half the Jewish women who leave Russia for the Argentine.

## THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

There is a sense in which the poorer Jew is not at home in Russia, but that is only the sense in which he is not at home in Europe. Always before him there is the dream of a day and a land to come, the day and the land of his restoration to the place and power of his fathers. Prosperity may help him to put by the thought of it,



culture may tempt him to deride the chance of it, but poverty and persecution keep it fresh in his memory. If there is any difference between the patriotism of the English Jew and the patriotism of the Russian Jew, that is the only ground of it. The English Jew is rich and happy, or, at least, *free*, and he may be content to put by the haunting thought of the glories that his race has known; but the Russian Jew is poor and oppressed, and he cannot help but dream his dreams of a time foretold when he shall



*A Jewish Funeral.*

be poor and oppressed no more. He may see no light before him, but his hope lives on. His fathers have lived as he is living, but still he waits and trusts; his comrades are melting like wax under persecution, but nevertheless he will not despair. He is like the convict doomed to imprisonment for life, yet looking for his release after twenty, thirty, even forty years. He is sure that his time will come. He may be an old man then, fifty, sixty, even seventy, but he will be still young. "I shall live to see it yet," he thinks. Palestine is before him; after all, he is a stranger in Russia. This is the only sense in which the Russian Jew is an alien.

## THE LAND OF THE RUSSIAN JEW.

To know the personal character of the Russian Jew it is necessary to see him at home. This is a course attended by difficulty, and even some danger. The next best thing is to see him in the frontier towns and villages of Austrian Galicia, where he is exactly the same man under a more liberal government, and therefore betrays more freely his racial qualities. It was there (though I saw the Jew in Russia also) that I made my own acquaintance with his character and ways of life.

The region to which the Russian Jew is confined, the Pale of Jewish settlement, wherein alone, since the time of Catherine, he has had a legal right of residence, is a district of about 800 miles long by 400 miles broad, stretching from the shores of the Baltic on the north to the shores of the Black Sea on the south, and from the eastern margin of Poltava to the western line of Podolia. But this large tract is not all free to the Jew. There is a Pale within the Pale. The Jew may not live within fifty versts (about thirty-five miles) of the Russian frontier of Austria. He may not live in a village, meaning by that a locality of indefinite size, ranging downward from a thousand or five hundred inhabitants. Also, he may not live in the holy city of Kief. Thus there are left to him about three towns with an ordinary population of upwards of 100,000 people; about four of upwards of 50,000; about fifteen of upwards of 20,000; about fifty of 10,000; about a hundred of 5000, and a vast number of 2000 or less. If these towns were occupied by the Russian Jews exclusively there would be shelter and perhaps livelihood for about three and a-half millions of their number. But there are nearly six millions of Russian Jews, and if the law were strictly enforced (which it is not, never has been, never will be, and never can be) there would be neither bed nor board for at least a million and a half of the Jewish subjects of the Czar, who might as properly be shot down and pitched into the sea as subjected to the full rigour of enactments which were intended to fit the conditions, not of to-day, but of nearly a hundred years ago.

## GALICIA AND THE PALE.

The Pale is not a region enriched by nature. Having seen something of the world, I should say, without much fear, that there is hardly in all the earth a land less favoured of God. From the point of the picturesque it is flat and featureless. Swampy and ague-stricken plain, stretching for miles on miles, unbroken by trees or hedges. Roads like canals dissect it; black in the south (where black loam lies), light in the north. Rivers without banks fray off into ponds and broads and marshes. Fields in formal stripes, like the patches of a patchwork quilt. At long distances, villages of log-houses, each with the cemetery within stone walls a little apart, and the wooden cross, like a gibbet (generally leaning to the wind), at a space beyond. In summer, green with the grass, and yellow with the crops, and red and crimson with the poppy, the geranium, and the hollyhock; but always drowsy with hot haze and a palpitating vapour that rises up before the sun. In winter, white with snow and grey with frozen water, which goes on and on like the surface of an unbroken sea.

Such is the steppe, the country of Galicia, Volhynia, and Podolia—a weary waste, not so dead as the beds of lava in Iceland, for at least the birds sing and the bees hum in it; but more disheartening, more sickening, and almost more tempting to the blasphemy that this is a place where God is not. The true child of the open air can see beauty wheresoever the sun shines and the green blade grows; he can find joy in all seasons, for every day has its own delight. But oh the oppression of those marshy plains!—unlike the desert, for they touch your imagination with no visions and no sense of awe; unlike the sea, for they fill your



inner eye with no pictures of a giant asleep; but like both when known too long at a time, and your heart hungers for the sight of a mountain, and your blood rushes to it at the first glimpse of something that has come at last between you and the dominating and everlasting sky.

#### THE TOWNS OF THE PALE.

If it is little that God has done to cheer the spirits and brighten the minds of His poor people in the Pale, that which man has done is nothing, or worse than nothing. It must be partly the fault of the Jew himself that an entirely Jewish town is often a disgustingly ugly, foul, and filthy place. If I had found the habitations of the Jew only thus in the Ghettos of Russia, I should be tempted to lay the blame to the account of his masters. But in the Ghettos of Galicia, where the Jews are not always poor, and in the mellahs of Morocco, where they are frequently rich, I saw uncleanness greater than anything of the kind round about. Let us not blink the manifest fact—the poor and ignorant Jew is not a cleanly person, whether he lives in the streets of Berdechief or in the slums of Whitechapel. His quarter is often the most squalid and abject in the town—squalid with a squalor and abject with an abjectness which have little or nothing to do with his poverty. In many districts of Russia, however, he does not suffer by comparison with his neighbours. Neither in his home nor his person can any soapless son of Adam be dirtier than the average Russian moujik.

Putting Odessa out of the question, and not considering Kief,—for the Jew who is rich enough (always a powerful consideration in Russia) may live in the Krashtshatik, the Christian district, as well as the Podol, the Jewish quarter,—the larger Jewish towns of the Pale are, as far as I know, neither picturesque nor comfortable. They give the effect of an interminable line of streets resembling the streets of old Clare Market. The prevailing colour is yellow, the dominant odour is noxious, the ways are narrow and often unpaved. In the busier quarters the shops are sometimes spacious, but more frequently only chambers like passages, with no opening but the doorways. The doors are generally colossal structures two inches thick, and clamped with iron. When closed, as on Saturday, they give the street the appearance of a line of prison cells. When open, they always display some rude pictorial sign on the inner face. These are frescoes in red, and yellow, and blue, of corsets, trousers, and caps, wigs and crinolines in skeleton. Such typology is necessary to a people that have not, as a whole, been taught to read. The shops are of many kinds, for the Jew at home cannot always be a broker or a butcher. But the word *kosher*, in Hebrew characters, seems to shine out on the doorpost of every tenth tradesman in every street. The food displayed within does not always tempt one by its cleanliness, but the Jew has faith in it.

#### THE JEWISH SATURDAY NIGHT.

There can be no scene more full of life than an ordinary business thoroughfare in one of the poorer Jewish towns in Russia on Saturday night. The eating-houses are full, and the pathways are choked. There is a face at every open window up to three stories high; the air is full of the smell of fried fish, and of the nasal cries of the butchers as they call on their customers to “buy! buy! buy!” There are screaming, and shrieking, and bellowing, and every note of vociferation as Jew threatens to fight Jew or to bring down on him “the curse of the Rabbi,” and then, like a true son of Israel, repents of his purpose and weeps over his adversary and kisses him. And there are laughter and much playful banter, and some public love-making that does not dream

of being ashamed. One observes by the flare of the street lamps that nearly every face has the Hebrew stamp on it, and that many of them are pitted with small-pox.

#### THE DRINKING CELLARS.

There is next to no outward sign of drunkenness, but here and there, not usually in



*In a Polish Synagogue.*

Jewish quarters, one comes across a Jewish drinking cellar. You go down some half-dozen steps to it from the street, and find it like an inverted honey-comb, built of brick, and lighted both day and night by lamps or candles. It is like the comb of the bee-hive, too, in the low hum and drone that pervades it. In each of the alcoves there is a table, and around it sit people drinking. Usually they are little friendly groups of Russians, often car-drivers or porters, sometimes tradesmen, sometimes students, and all



cordial in their cups, for liquor makes the Russ convivial. There are few Jews among them, for the Jew wastes no time as a drinker, but occasionally in a corner there is a keen-eyed Israelite of the baser sort sipping his half glass of corn brandy, and listening in silence to the unwise disclosures that are being made about him. And always the Jewish tavern-keeper behind his counter lifts his tiny glass of vodka as you pass in or out, and drinks his fraction of a thimbleful "To Peace!" or "To Life!"

#### MARKET DAY IN A LITTLE JEWISH TOWN.

The smaller Jewish town usually differs from the larger one in being more openly squalid, dirty, and foully drained. It has the advantage of showing the Jew at closer quarters. If he is a butcher you may find him slaughtering his beasts according to the strict ritual of the law (a merciful ordinance as well as a cleanly one) by the side of the town's river—usually a reeking open sewer, smelling horribly. If he is a confectioner you may see him kneading his little twisted loaves, peppered with aniseed, in a bakehouse that is cheek-by-jowl with an unwashed stable. If he is an artisan (a tailor or shoemaker, a tinman or a locksmith) his workshop is usually the lower storey of a square court, the middle space whereof is the manure-pit, ash-pit, and general cesspool for the tenements that are built above. If he is a tradesman, a dealer in left-off clothes, a hardware dealer, a dealer in crudely-coloured religious pictures and almanacks, a dealer in odds and ends, or any other species of curator to the ragbasket of humanity, he may by chance have a shop under a roof-tree, but more likely he has a stall in the open town "Ring," which is nearly always a square. To this public market-place once, twice, or three times a week he brings his goods for sale, hanging them on the nails of his wooden frames if they are coats or trousers, setting them in a rising gallery on the unpaved ground if they are pots and pans, and swinging them across his shoulders if they are long-legged boots, and he is so poor that he must needs make his own back his perambulating stall.

It is high fair with him at mid-day, and then his mart is a various and animated scene. Crowds of people cover the ground—the Russian in his belted shirt, the Pole in his kantoucher, the long yellow coat with red facings (the red conferatka he may not wear), the Polish Jew in his silk kaftan, and the married Jewess in her shaitel. Women fumbling the clothes and cheapening them, dealers snatching them away and praising them; dogs prowling through the throng and snarling, and the itinerant pedlars with boots on their backs, and cataracts of shoe laces hanging from their button-holes, ploughing along and shouting, "How much! How much I say? What will you give? A rouble? Mercy on my soul! But take it, take it in God's name. I am giving it away. You are starving me to death! My wife will be a widow, and my children fatherless! You are shedding my blood in public! But take it, take it!"

Around and about are the toppling storeys of lofty, ill-built, yellow houses, and at one corner stands the ancient synagogue, a dilapidated place, with flagged floor, coarse unpainted seats, the women's gallery behind gratings, covered by linen cloths, and looking like the bars of a prison, frayed and greasy prayer-book, and rude altar burning the unwaning oil.

In the midst of the bustling scene, lying quiet within its high walls, and rank under its long grass and nettles, is the little space that was once the Jewish cemetery, but is now disused, its gates taken off, its gateway bricked up, and its pencilled gravestones seen no more by man, but only by the birds and the stars. And under foot, running through and along, are channels of rain and filth, the refuse of horses and houses, rotten, reeking, and slimy, sending up in the rays of the hot sun of summer a dazzling haze of noxious vapour.

## THE JEW ABROAD.

It must be allowed that in these scenes the Russian Jew does not show to advantage. That even amid such surroundings he is capable of heroism the records of persecution abundantly prove. But it is not the hero that usually appears; it is (if I may say so without unkindness) the half-famished human wolf fighting for food for himself and for his offspring. Let us not blink the truth—the Russian Jew can bear his great troubles of eviction and expulsion and even death with fortitude that is thrilling, and patience that is profoundly touching; but in his fight with the lesser difficulties of life, the difficulties of livelihood, of trade rivalry, of money-getting and saving, he cannot be called a noble creature. He can be small and mean and capable of deceit and over-reaching. In these respects he is not a whit worse than his average Christian competitors, but if he were found to be baser beyond comparison it would have to be remembered that, unlike his rivals, he has only the money outlook, that he knows he is an alien who may be turned out of house and country, and can claim no succour from the State in his hour of penury and destitution.

It is said that the Russian Jew is often cruel to his animals. That may perhaps be true. Certainly he has not the big, soft, tender, flabby, stupid, generous heart of the Russian moujik, who will lie on the stove all winter, and drink in the vodki shops half the summer, and then feed his horse on the thatch of his roof when the famine comes, and weep on its neck when he has to part with it. The Jew is a thriftier and less affectionate soul. He may be capable of breaking the wind of his horse with a heavy load going up hill, and straightway selling it at the top for a sound animal. He may whip his mule on the sore flank, and kick his dog on the limping leg. These charges are made against him, and, taken broadly and generally, not too literally, as typical instances of inhumanity, they may be just. The faults are the faults of a subdued race, and it would be marvellous if the uncultured Russian Jew were free from them. Just as he deals (so far as he can or dare) with the world and the creatures of the world, even so has the world dealt with him and his children. As the world deals with him so may he deal with the world. Such has been the natural logic of the oppressed in all countries and in all ages.

## THE JEW AT HOME.

The Russian Jew may be dirty, he may even be cruel, but he is not impure. When he crosses his threshold he leaves his vices behind him. All day long in the market-place he may scheme like a conspirator to take his great enemy, Life itself, unawares; but when night comes he returns as a child to his children, and as a woman to the side of his wife. A man may ask no credit for love and care of his own offspring. If he does not feel an instinct that calls him to cherish them, or if he feels it and resists it, he is not only not a man but less than the meanest of the creatures of God. Neither can a man ask credit for fidelity to the wife he has married. If he knows nothing of a law of the human heart which demands that he should do to the woman as he would have the woman do to him he is a moral idiot, and, outside the domain of intellect, no better than a beast of the field. But the fidelity of the Russian Jew amounts to a virtue, and his paternal love to a heroism. He does not marry his wife; in a sense more strict than that of Leonato, he is married *to* her. She is never, or next to never, a woman of his own choice, and he has neither "nay" nor "yea" in her adoption. His parents



purchase her by aid of a *schatchen*, a match-maker, who arranges the terms of the transaction and is paid for his intervention. It would be more exact to say that his parents sell their son, for it is the father of the bride who pays the dowry. This part of the transaction is only a crude version of the farcical comedy that is enacted in more enlightened communities, but the marriage of the Jew in the Pale is no mere marriage of convenience. In five cases out of ten the Jew never sets eyes on his bride until he looks at her through her veil under the wedding canopy. It may even happen (as Mr. Zangwill shows in the profoundly touching episode of old Haman and his old wife-sweetheart) that the Jew beholds his wife for the first time when he sees a strange face on the pillow beside him in the morning. She may be revolting to him, and his parents may have been deceived as to the value of her fortune, but he is expected to be true to her. And she on her part must submit to whatsoever misrepresentations have been adopted to dispose of her, and to take the consequences in cold looks or dislike or hatred, or even blows. Ill-favour heightens her price, but kinship with a great Rabbi moderates it. She cuts off her hair when she marries her husband, and makes herself hideous to all other men in a *scheitel*, a married woman's wig, or perhaps only a band of black alpaca bound across her brow. Thus, body and possessions, she belongs to him, and is for ever after at his mercy.

#### THE MARRIAGE-MAKER.

The marriage-maker is a despised person even in the Pale ; but he is thought to be a necessary one, for nobody whatever marries without his aid. There are both male and female marriage-makers ; the competition between them is keen ; their fees are small, and always dependent on results. Therefore, the professional *schatchen* is a professional liar, whose lying has far-reaching results, such as affect the chastity of women, the fidelity of men, and even the love and tending that is the right of all children.

#### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

I regret to find another argument for Count Tolstoi against the marriages of romantic love ; but it is a fact that in spite of this powerful machinery of fanaticism for the making of immorality, the Jew of the Pale, of Poland, and of Galicia is a faithful husband and a devoted father. He has many temptations to be otherwise. Marriage among the poorer Russian Jews is a marvellously simple ceremony. The patriarchal process whereby Jacob "took" Rachel was not more primitive. No Scotch marriage of the irregular order can ever be more swift. In the presence of ten witnesses, of whom the Rabbi is generally one, the man puts a ring on the first finger of the woman's right hand and says, "I take you to be my wife according to the laws of Israel and Moses." This is all that is essential. The woman's consent is not needful. Of course the law of Russia does not consider such marriages sufficient. The State Rabbi keeps a civil register, and gives marriage lines ; but that is a thing superadded to the moral code of the Jew. And the ceremony of divorce is yet more simple and speedy. The man can divorce a woman if he gives her a written paper saying, "I divorce you." No offence on the woman's part is necessary to be proved, no consent to their separation, no knowledge of the man's intention. If she takes the document out of his hand into hers, she is instantly a divorced woman. All this is a rough-and-ready rendering of Mosaic law, unilluminated by thought. Enlightened Hebrew congregations demand an ordeal less liable to the abuses of caprice. But it is a proper ceremony nevertheless, and parents and guardians of girls with beauty or large possessions have been known to adopt

precautions against their forcible marriage by casual ruffians in the street, and against their unjustifiable divorce at the hands of mercenary husbands. Yet notwithstanding this fatal facility, this one-sided duel of wrong, this battery for the assault of woman's chastity and for the protection of man's immorality, the poor, ignorant Russian Jew lives happily with his purchased wife, grows to love her and to cherish her, looks like a miserable man when he is separated from her, and is altogether a contrast to some of his censorious Christian neighbours, who seem to get along together with their wives only when they are living apart from them.

#### JEWES RETURNING TO RUSSIA.

I speak with more than common authority on this point, for I have not only observation to guide me, but most material facts and figures. It is known that several hundreds of the Russian Jews who were sent out by the European Committees to the colony founded by Baron Hirsch in the Argentine, came back home of their own choice after only a brief stay. This circumstance gave occasion for the rumour that the colony had failed. But the voluntary return of the emigrants meant no such mischief. I chanced to be at Hamburg when their ship arrived, and by help of Mr. Henrichsen and Mr. Melchoir (leading Jews of that hapless city) I was able to question them, and to hear their reasons. The reasons were various—some of them specious and some false; but fully half turned on the domestic affections. Their women and children were in Russia; they could not live without them; they had tried, but could not do so any longer; the managers had said that only when they were able to keep their families in the New World would they be allowed to send for them; it would be years and years before they could keep them there, for they had "nothing but the earth and the sky." So, if they might, they would go back to the Old World after all.

Such was the story told in my hearing of nearly a hundred out of a hundred and fifty of the Jews who came back from the Argentine. It may have been false sometimes, and now and then a mere sop for sympathy; but after years spent in observing life, I will not think so meanly of my skill as to believe that I was mistaken in the heart's hunger which I saw written on so many faces.

HALL CAINE.

(To be continued)







## AN IMPERIAL CITY.



**L** WAS lately reading a paper by Mr. Grant Allen, entitled "Postprandial Philosophy," the spirit of which disclosed none of that equanimity which Plato held to constitute philosophy's better part; denouncing London as a squalid village, unworthy of honourable mention with Paris, Vienna, Brussels, Antwerp, Munich, or Turin. In order that postprandial reflections should rise to the level of philosophy it is essential that the dinner be such as to stimulate the imagination and develop the more generous side of the critic's nature. But our philosopher had undoubtedly dined badly; and his criticism is deeply tinged with that pessimistic extravagance which is too often associated with an inefficient *chef*. He will allow our poor Capital no virtue. London, he asserts, is a straggling, invertebrate, inchoate, overgrown village: it has no ground plan, no street architecture, no decorations, though it has many "uglifications." There is not, he affirms, a single street in London worth showing to a foreigner, while the hopeless state of this shapeless, neglected suburb is the fault of the old Corporation, of Gog and Magog, with their attendant Lord Mayors and the vested interests they represent and perpetuate.

Now, it cannot be denied that there is some truth in this criticism, unpleasant though it be to our national pride. The Corporation of London no doubt are the least guilty parties, and the portion of the Metropolis which is under their charge is the best ordered, and, from the utilitarian point of view, possesses both stateliness and beauty. But we all allow that the general administration of London is infinitely mean and inefficient, and that vested interests are chiefly to blame for the national disgrace. But what I would suggest, in no spirit of patriotic prejudice, is that the meanness and

the squalor are only associated with the superficial adornment of the capital. Like the beggar-maid in Mr. Burne Jones' picture, London is as a beautiful woman, fair of face and noble of form, and only needs the transforming hand of some future King Cophetua to strip off her sordid rags and clothe her in the lustrous raiment which befits a queen. I have seen almost all the famous capitals of the world,—Paris, Rome, and St. Petersburg; Constantinople and Cairo; New York, Washington, and Ottawa; Kabul, Calcutta, and Mandalay—and I do not know one which possesses more conspicuously than London the necessary and inherent qualities of beauty and splendour. There are doubtless cities, as Edinburgh, Venice, and Stockholm, which are more picturesque in their surroundings, but London can only be compared with her imperial sisters, which may be counted on one hand. Rome, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna and Delhi, and perhaps Moscow, exhaust the list; for it does not suffice for a



*From the Ornamental Water, St. James's Park.*

city to be the capital of a rich and powerful nation to attain imperial rank. For this, size and population are essential, but count less than antiquity and world interest, and the fact of being to-day, or having been in the past, the centre of national, intellectual, political, and social life.

For this imperial rank, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and the cities of America are too new; while, as for the United States, the absence of a Court, and diffusion of political influence and interest, which is the result of democratic and federal institutions, prevent any of the large cities taking indisputably the first place. Washington, which is in some sense the capital, is but a small town, of the size of Brighton or Leicester. Other famous cities, such as Florence, Athens, and Jerusalem, are provincial, and their special influence, intellectual or religious, however deep and world-embracing, has not been imperial in its nature. Moscow may perhaps take rank with ruling cities, though it has never represented a free and worthy national life;



and Madrid can hardly be disregarded, although it was the home and centre of a gloomy fanaticism which deluged the old and the new world with blood, and which drove its most gifted children—Moors, Jews, and Protestants—to death or exile.

Among these famous cities Rome may, by the common assent of mankind, be allowed the first place, while for the second London and Paris may fairly contend. To-day it must be confessed that Paris is infinitely cleaner, brighter, and more suited to the enjoyment of out-of-doors life than London. But these are matters which are susceptible of change and improvement, and Paris has of late years fallen off, while London has steadily advanced. London tends more and more to become the world-city, and to draw to itself the intellect, wealth, and beauty of other countries. It is, far more than any American city, the metropolis of the United States as of the British Empire, the central home of the two most powerful nations in the world—the united Anglo-Saxon race. It is true that the American colony in Paris is a large and influential one; but it daily diminishes in favour of London. In Paris Americans live



*Lincoln's Inn Fields as they might be.*

apart, in London they are at home; while the cultured society of London, many times as numerous as that of Paris, makes its social life infinitely more agreeable. If London only possessed a climate it would be a paradise. If the delightful spring of this year were the rule, the English would be the gayest of people, as they are now the most open-handed and hospitable. But to the climate is due not only the gloom of the city, but the anxious and depressed air of the people. What nation can be gay when the possibilities of the weather are its constant preoccupation, and the recollections of popular holidays only recall rainy skies and ruined dresses? The smoke and fog of London are an ancient subject of complaint. In the month of June 1665, the three members of "La Célèbre Ambassade; MM. Comminges, Courtin, and De Veneuil—wrote bitterly of "les vapeurs du charbon," and in 1713 another French Ambassador, Le Duc d'Aumont declared: "Tout ce que je désirais serait que le brouillard, l'air, et la fumée ne me prisent pas si fort à la gorge."

In the natural and inherent elements of beauty London is superior to Paris. In the first place, there is the noble and historical river, by the side of which the Seine

is little better than a ditch. Secondly, there is the succession of glorious parks, the lungs of the great city, stretching from Whitehall to Kensington Palace, such as are possessed by no other city in Europe. What view is there in Paris so beautiful as that from the Buckingham Palace end of the artificial water in St. James's Park, looking towards the Foreign Office, or that from the bridge over the Serpentine. The Bois de Boulogne is altogether charming; but it is outside the city, and might be rather compared with Richmond Park than Hyde Park. The more notable buildings of London do not compare unfavourably with those of Paris. Westminster Abbey is more beautiful and interesting than Notre Dame, St. Paul's than the Panthéon; while, in spite of some grave defects and over-elaboration of detail, there



*Trafalgar Square as it is.*

is no modern building in Europe which is superior in dignity, size, and beauty of position to the Houses of Parliament. The Opera House at Paris is a magnificent monument of lavish expenditure, far in excess of the result obtained, by a despotic government with absolute control of the public purse. It would not be possible in London; nor do we require it, for there are many better ways in which we might spend a couple of millions. With the exception of the Opera House, the London theatres are superior in every particular, except in the important one of the acting, to those of Paris. The only modern building in Paris which I covet for London is the Arc de Triomphe: not on account of its record, for the English have as many victories to chronicle from Crécy and Agincourt to Tel-el-Kebir, but for its simple splendour and completeness. It is indisputably the chief glory of modern Paris.

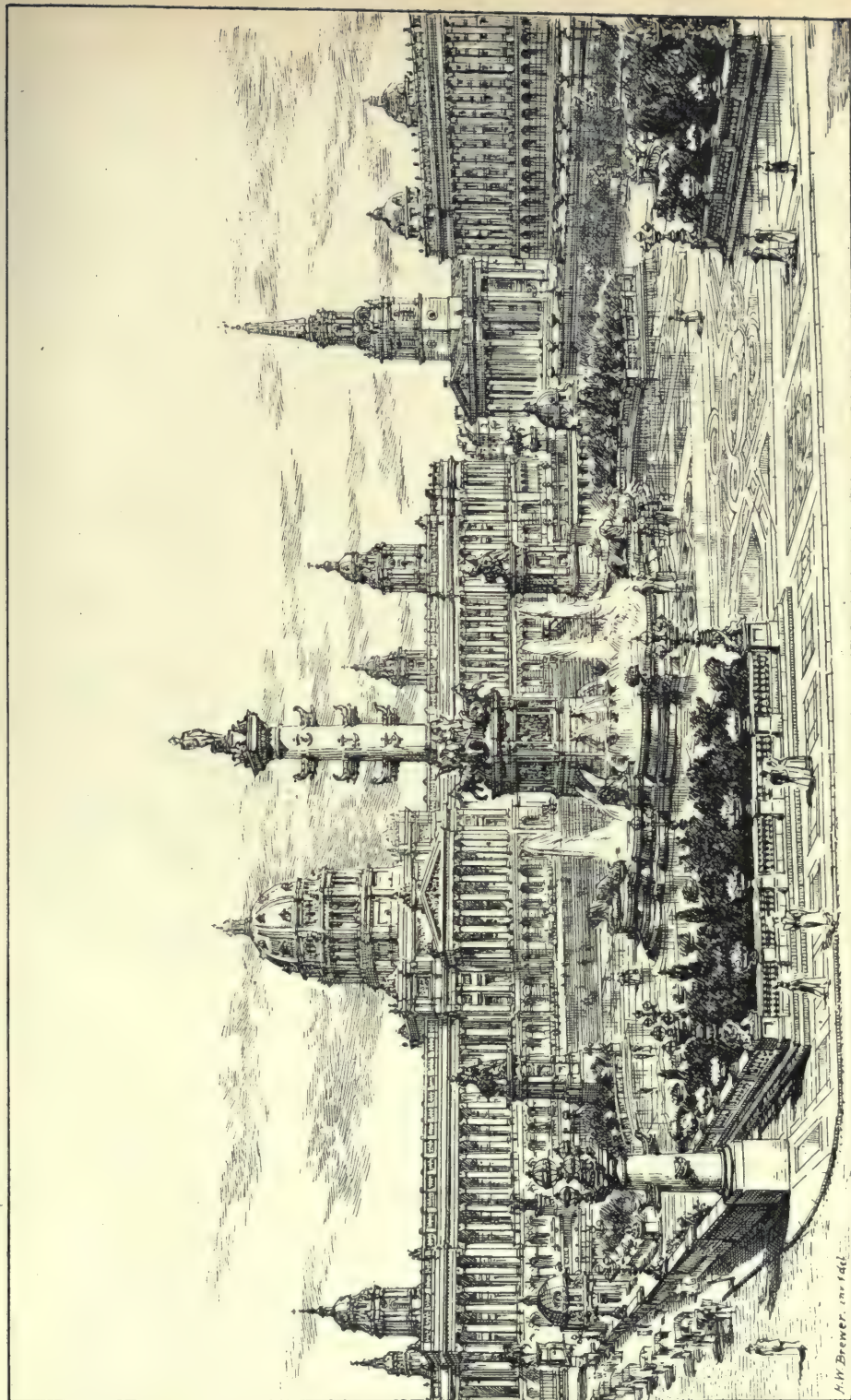
Before discussing the streets and street architecture of the two cities, a few words are necessary on the conditions which have created them. Paris, as we see it to-day,



with its wide boulevards, and tall, monotonous, stone houses, identical in size and form, is the creation of the Second Empire, and strategical considerations rather than beauty were the chief thought of its designers. Before the time of Napoleon III. the streets of Paris were far narrower and meaner than those of London; so much so that M. Taine, a thoroughly competent observer, suggests that the Emperor only rebuilt Paris so largely and liberally because he had lived in London. Writing of the latter city, in his "Notes sur l'Angleterre," he observes: "Paris est médiocre à côté de ces squares, de ces crescents, de ces cercles et de ces files de maisons monumentales en pierre massive, à portiques, à façades sculptées, de ces rues si larges; il y en a cinquante aussi vaste que celle de la Paix: certainement Napoléon III. n'a démolì et rebâti Paris que parce qu'il a vécu à Londres."

London, as we all know, has grown up naturally, without Government interference, to whose apathy, indeed, its squalor and defects are chiefly due. This gives to many of its principal streets that irregularity of height and style which is the distinction and charm of London, as compared with the deadly commonplace of the best Parisian streets. If any one thinks this monotony beautiful he can find abundance of it still in London; but from the artistic point of view it is a fault, and we may rejoice that it is slowly disappearing. The reconstruction of London practically commenced when that of Paris was completed, about twenty-five years ago; and its inauguration was the embankment of the Thames, a magnificent work which, though still incomplete in decoration, is unsurpassed in any European city. Those who remember London in 1860 or 1870 will appreciate the enormous advance which has been made, and which is still continuing with ever-increasing rapidity. Some of the great London landlords, notably the Duke of Westminster and Lord Cadogan, have acknowledged their obligation to the Metropolis in a splendid and princely manner; and if all landholders were equally enlightened the reconstruction of London might safely be left in their hands. But this is far from being the case, and some change in the law of freehold is essential, giving to leaseholders the right, under certain conditions, of acquiring the freehold, and themselves improving or rebuilding the property. Whichever political party carries such a measure would probably obtain a long tenure of power in London, so great would be the stimulus given to the building and allied trades.

The architecture of new London, in spite of many mistakes and extravagances, is, on the whole, dignified and worthy. As examples, it is sufficient to mention the new buildings in Mount Street, Duke Street, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Place, and Grosvenor Gardens, Cadogan Square, Lennox Gardens, and Pont Street; while many business premises in the City, in Lombard Street, Broad Street, in Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and the Strand, are models of commodious and splendid street architecture. No city in Europe can surpass the business palaces with which the City is filled; but the traffic is so great that, to really inspect them satisfactorily and safely, they should be visited on Sunday, or early in the morning before business hours. Even the vast buildings at Albert Gate and on the Victoria Embankment have considerable merit, and their sky line especially adds greatly to the beauty of the view from many directions. A remarkable article on Architecture in last January's *Quarterly Review* is well worth perusal, and is as clever as it is suggestive. But the author is so hostile to the Royal Institute of British Architects, that he will allow no goodness or beauty in any work to which its members have put their hand. He even prefers the plain, not to say hideous, houses which used to stand at the top of Grosvenor Place, and which were of the dismal Georgian pattern with which we are too familiar, to the splendid buildings which have taken their place. These have their defects, no doubt, and



Trafalgar Square as it might be.

J. W. Brewer. inv. sculp.



contain a great deal of wasted space, but they greatly add to the beauty and dignity of Hyde Park Corner.

But the reviewer's chief scorn is reserved for the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, which he considers a typical product of the Royal Institute, of debased taste, wasteful both in its decorative work and its useless halls, staircases and towers, unsuited to the scientific collections it contains; while the stoneware, a mechanical and moulded substitute for art, of a nauseous, reddish-yellow tint, produces an effect which the critic considers revolting. I would directly join issue with him as to this building, which is well proportioned, admirably lighted and ventilated, and one of the most satisfactory lately erected in London. I never enter it or drive past it without a feeling of cheerfulness and pleasure. The terra-cotta work, which the reviewer so dislikes, is a most happy discovery for London, and, resisting the influence of fogs and damp, remains bright and clean for a far longer period than any other material in use. Wherever employed, it lights up a street: witness the Constitutional Club



*Piccadilly and the Green Park,—a Suggestion.*

in Northumberland Avenue, or the Congregational Church in Duke Street. The architecture of the Natural History Museum may not be very original; but it is an eminently pleasing, dignified, and suitable building, and the hypercritical arguments of ten Quarterly Reviewers will not prove the contrary. Of somewhat similar style, though more ambitious, and of inferior merit, is the Imperial Institute. But it is a representative example of the later Victorian architecture; while the vast additions to the South Kensington Museum, which are now to be commenced, may do much to beautify this somewhat gloomy and monotonous quarter. The Royal Institute of British Architects may be as worthy of contempt as the Quarterly Reviewer insists, but there is undoubtedly a very wholesome spirit abroad among British architects: an impatience of the old types, Gothic, Classic, Renaissance, or simple Georgian ugliness. It has been recognised that new London should have a style of its own for public and private buildings, suited to the climate, the light, the disintegrating effect of the smoke, the habits of the people; and, in consequence, there have been built in the last twenty years, in London, more houses remarkable for beauty, variety, originality, suitability, and power, than in the preceding two hundred years.



*Parliament Square as it might be.*

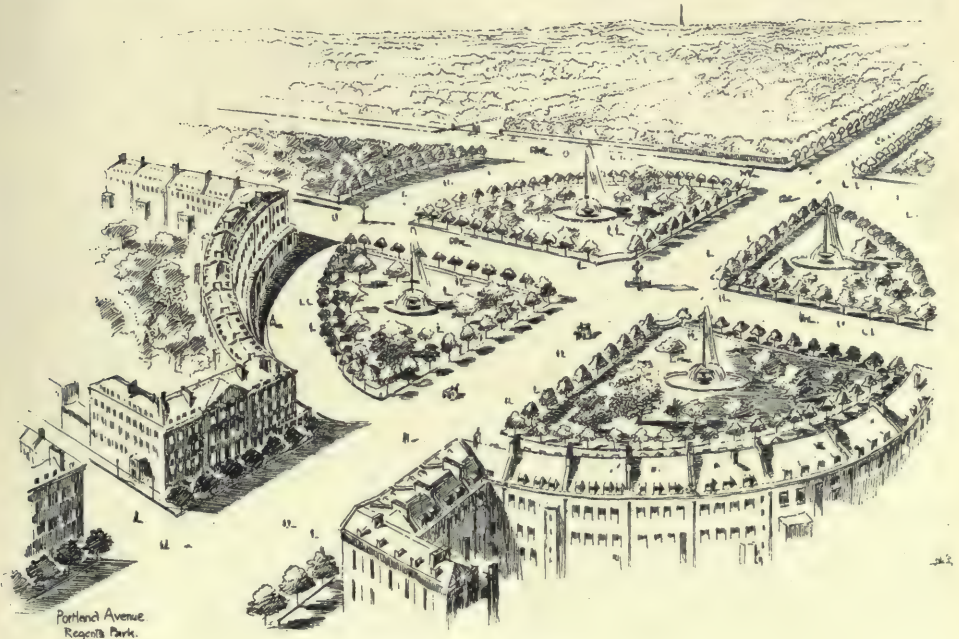


Very little of the improvement of the Metropolis is due to the initiative of the Government. No public building, however urgently needed, is granted without years of persistent worry. Like a sloth in a South American forest, the official screams and resists if he is urged to move onward. It is upon the Government directly that the blame for the worst of the blots and blemishes of London must directly fall. No matter which party is in office—whether the witty Mr. Plunket directs affairs, or the amiable Mr. Shaw Lefevre—there is the same record of apathy, waste, incompetence, and indifference to the public interests. In minor matters, where the permanent secretaries to the Department of Works are responsible, there is evidence of both energy and taste. It is to Mr. Freeman Mitford and Mr. Primrose that we owe the admirable landscape gardening and the beautiful flowers in Hyde Park, and elsewhere. But in street improvement and public works, the inefficiency has long been a scandal. England is, undoubtedly, with the single exception of the United States, the only country in which a State Department would be permitted to so neglect its proper business, to outrage public taste and waste public money. If the Department is attacked, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is equally at fault, comes to its defence, and the blame is shifted on to the last Administration, the County Council, or the Vestries. As if a Government or a Department had any *raison d'être* beyond efficiently doing its duty! If it is unable to compel Councils and Vestries, it should make way for those who can. The Metropolis is covered with the marks of the carelessness and blunders of the Department of Works; and little improvement can be hoped for until the First Commissionership ceases to be a political appointment, given to any partisan who may understand architecture no more than shoemaking, and is entrusted, for a term of years, to the most competent person who can be found. The present arrangement is worthy of Laputa. If we were fortunate enough to secure a First Commissioner of both energy and genius, the beautifying of London would be soon ensured. Take, as an example, Piccadilly, which is one of the famous streets of the world, and even now far more beautiful than the monotonous and ugly Rue de Rivoli in Paris, with which alone it can be fairly compared. How easily and cheaply might its attractiveness be doubled! Sweep away the hideous iron railings, which suggest a county jail; widen the roadway thirty feet from the Isthmian Club to Hyde Park Corner, and throw out a broad and handsome terrace, with suitable balustrades and wide steps into the Park, on which people might walk or sit in the full shade of the trees. In accomplishing this there are no difficulties, and only eight half-grown plane trees would require to be removed. Nothing would be taken from the Park which was not restored to it many times over in usefulness and beauty.

Let us look for a moment at Whitehall, the most interesting street historically in the British Empire, and which should form a worthy approach to the Abbey and Palace of Westminster. For thirty years the Government have been vainly trying to pull down the mean row of houses between King Street and Parliament Street, and, to my personal knowledge, the project was farther advanced twenty years ago than it is to-day. An energetic Board of Works would sweep them away in a month, and not only these houses, but the whole nest of shabby dwellings between the India Office and the Abbey, creating, what would be, for London, the only possible rival to the magnificent Place de la Concorde in Paris. For Trafalgar Square is too shut in to be imposing; though it might be greatly improved if a Government which thought more of beauty than of the favour of the roughs, were to remove the paving stones and turn the whole inner area into a flower garden.

A stone's throw from this standing disgrace to the Government at Westminster is the desolation, the open wound, caused by the demolition of Lord Carrington's house

opposite the Horse Guards, and next door to the Banqueting Hall. When the lease fell in, the Government ruthlessly, under pretence of immediately utilising the space for important public offices, pulled down this splendid house on which enormous sums had been spent, in spite of the protests of the owner. For years the ground has lain idle, a Golgotha of rubbish and oyster shells, in this historic thoroughfare, surrounded by hoardings, and exposing in its hideous nakedness the back part of the abandoned United Service Institution, and other squalid ruins. And now the First Commissioner has the audacity to announce in the House of Commons that this scandal is to continue for another seven years, and that the vacant space will not be utilised until the Admiralty buildings on the Horse Guards Parade are completed. Let, at any rate, the House insist that the vacant place be cleansed and laid down with grass, shrubs,



*Portland Avenue. A Suggestion.*

and flowers until it is required, in the same manner as private munificence has adorned the vacant ground adjoining the Courts of Justice.

The history of the new Admiralty is as discreditable to the Department of Works as either of the preceding cases. In 1887 the Committee of the House of Commons who recommended the buildings, declared that they would be ready in two or three years. It is now 1893; and while the original estimate was £195,000, no less than £304,500 have been already spent, and the First Commissioner does not believe the buildings will be completed till 1900. It is obvious that the contractors who built the palatial mansions on the Victoria Embankment or at Albert Gate could finish the Admiralty out of hand in two years; but the Government prefers to waste the public money, exactly as they used to take seven years to build an ironclad, which they have now discovered can be far more cheaply completed in two. So that, in addition to the loss of £16,000 a year on the cost of the land, there is the rent of the houses of clerks who are to be accommodated in the new building, *plus* the loss on the vacant land on the opposite side of Whitehall, which is not to be built upon until 1900, the value of



which is estimated at £400,000. If a private company managed its affairs in this manner it would soon be bankrupt. All this waste might be forgiven were the Government intending to place a worthy building on this incomparable site. But the elevation of the new Admiralty is altogether without distinction. In material, in decoration, in design, it is mean and commonplace, and as pretending to express the public taste of a great country, is a disgrace to those who sanctioned it.

These three examples, situated close together in Whitehall, are sufficient to show the incapacity of the Government for taking action, and their indifference to such matters as raising the public taste and beautifying the metropolis of the Empire. Those who desire other examples may look at the horrible addition to the Embankment front of Somerset House, or to the collection of rotting hoardings, corrugated iron sheds and dilapidated shops and public-houses at Albert Gate, between Knightsbridge Road and Tattersall's, which would not be tolerated for a month in any other civilised city; or they may reflect on the fact, which is not sufficiently known to the public, that it was by the personal influence of the late Mr. W. H. Smith as Member for Westminster, that the whole of the beautiful gardens of the Victoria Embankment, which forms the most splendid modern improvement of the city, were not laid out in building lots.

Into the numerous questions which concern the improvement of London—lighting, cleaning, the abolition of smoke, the condition of the roadways, kiosks for newspapers and refreshments, shelters for omnibus passengers, and innumerable other questions of interest, I have no space in this paper to enter. I would only observe that if London were adequately cleaned and lighted, its beauty would be very speedily acknowledged. I know few cities, foreign or provincial, which are so inadequately lighted as London. Even the lighting of the principal thoroughfares, such as Piccadilly, after the shops are closed, is little superior to that in the reign of George III., the feeble gas jets giving hardly more light than the oil lamps of our ancestors, while fashionable thoroughfares, like Park Lane and Grosvenor Place, are left in all but Cimmerian darkness. I cannot imagine this state of things being tolerated in any city except London, which is so vast that no individual taxpayer exerts himself to set matters right. The traveller may wander to the uttermost parts of the earth, to towns in the far West like Denver and Cheyenne; to obscure African or European towns, like Tangier or Syracuse, and he will find them more brilliantly lighted with electricity than the imperial city of London. In the matter of cleaning again. Has the pavement of London been ever washed in the memory of man except by the rain? The condition of London in wet or damp weather, which is ordinarily three parts of the year, is a disgrace. The water-supply is abundant; there is an army of unemployed asking for work, and the authorities have not sufficient energy or public spirit to form them into such a cleaning brigade as in Paris, washing down the pavement and roadway of every principal street early every morning.

The best hope of the regeneration of London is in the County Council, which has already shown both energy and enlightenment in the preservation and improvement of parks and gardens, and making a commencement in supplying music for the enjoyment of the people.

There are many who distrust the Council and oppose any extension of its present powers. This is a mistake. Nothing can be more ignominious than the rule of the vestries under which we have groaned so long; and our best chance of deliverance from our grievances is in the extension of the power of the Council. I would give them larger authority than at present over roads, buildings, water, gas, electricity, the beautification of the streets, the parks, the architecture, sanitation. Indeed, the whole

machinery and material of our municipal life I would place in their hands, with the sole exception of the police. Even the School Board I would like to see subordinate to the Council, receiving its due share of the local taxation, and not an extravagant share as at present. An educational board, independent of control, and its expenditure regulated by no regard for the comparative merits of other claims on the common purse of the taxpayer, is an anachronism far more glaring than that of the separate administration of the City by the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

The police should always remain under the direct control of the Government. They now represent, more perfectly than any other institution, the claims of London as a great imperial city. They are indisputably the best police in the world, and are so far the first that there is no second. I remember asking a very intelligent Indian prince, on his return from England, what had most struck him there, and he at once replied, "The London police." All foreigners are impressed in a similar manner. The patience and gentleness of the police; their courtesy to strangers, women and aged people; their courage and resource, make them to me, as to many Londoners, a constant object of admiration and esteem. There is no position in life in which the best qualities of Englishmen are more conspicuously shown than in the Metropolitan police. They cannot be improved, so it would be an act of folly to change their masters. The second, and equally cogent, reason against placing them under the Council is the obvious necessity that the protection of the Sovereign, the Houses of Parliament and the public buildings and the very heart of the empire, should be entrusted to no other authority than the responsible ministry of the day. No sane European government has surrendered the control of its metropolitan police, and any English minister who should propose it would deserve to be impeached. If an example of the danger of entrusting the police of a great city to a corrupt municipality be needed, New York furnishes the warning, where the Irish police are far more a terror to honest citizens than to the criminal classes, and where they break the heads of harmless people as merrily and light-heartedly as if they were still enjoying the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

But the County Council is not at present so constituted as to satisfactorily perform its important duties, far less those wider and larger functions which should be entrusted to it. It has not yet won the confidence of the taxpayers. Greater dignity and authority should be conferred upon it, and at the same time it should be so directed as to ensure an enlightened, sober, and continuous policy. It should include all Metropolitan Members of Parliament, the number of whom will be largely increased with the next Redistribution Bill. Its president should be selected from among these by a majority of three-quarters or two-thirds of the Council, and he should be a paid official with a salary of not less than £4,000 a year, so that his whole time might be devoted to his important duties. The requirement of a two-thirds majority would probably ensure that he would not be a mere politician but a competent man of business. He should be appointed for five years, with the right of re-election by a majority as large as his original appointment required.

The number of the present members of Council should be reduced proportionally to the increase in parliamentary members, and a certain number of gentlemen whose advice would be valuable should be appointed *ex officio*—such as the First Commissioner of Works and the Presidents of the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of British Architects. Thus we might obtain a Council worthy of London, which would secure and retain the confidence of the citizens, and devote its energies, now too often dissipated in party warfare, to the well-being, comfort, and adornment of what must become the most beautiful and stately of imperial cities.



To preserve a proper continuity in policy, and to avoid crude and hasty decisions, it should be ruled that, for every question of principle, additional local taxation, the initiative in legislation, or change in the constitution of the Council, a three-quarter majority would be needed ; while to start efficiently on their beneficent career the coal and wine duties should be reimposed. Their abolition was unnecessary and unwise, discreditable to Conservatives and Liberals alike ; and both parties are now heartily ashamed of a surrender which crippled the administration of London for the sole benefit of coal merchants and middlemen.

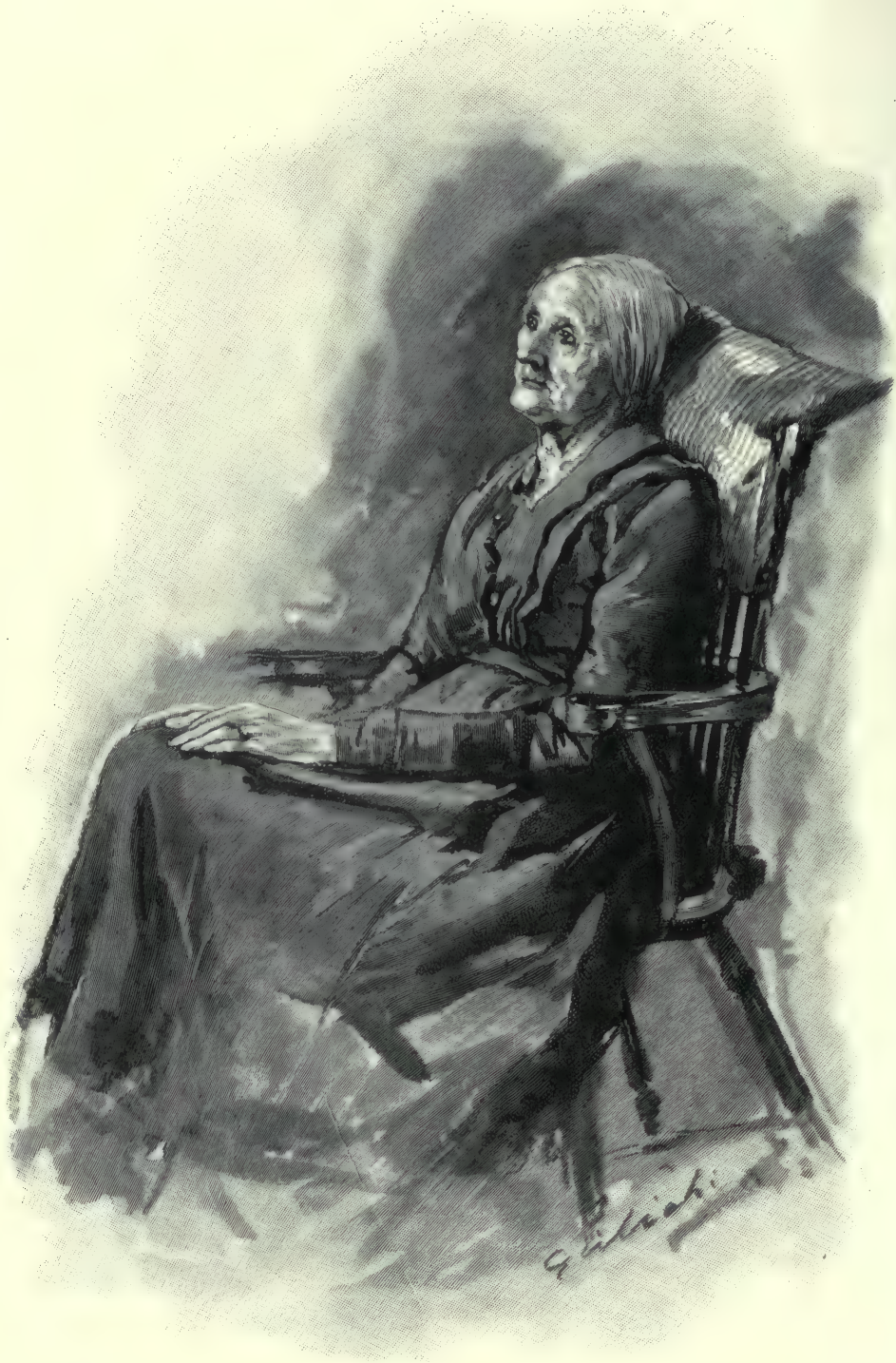
The last question of importance concerns the City proper, with its separate government by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and its wealthy and powerful Guilds, the twelve most important of which possess an annual revenue of upwards of half a million sterling. To this rich spoil many Socialist eyes eagerly turn. Like Marshal Blucher, they consider London a fine city to plunder. But we may hope that the national conscience will insist on these enthusiasts understanding that to rob a Corporation is as immoral as robbing a shop, and that the City will be allowed to preserve her ancient rights and privileges. Should the time come when the Corporation and the great Companies betray their trust and forget their duties, their separate jurisdiction will not be supported by public opinion. But now the City is the cleanest, best lighted, most orderly part of London, and the revenues of the Guilds are utilised liberally and wisely for purposes of charity and for the endowment of science, art and education. When the County Council have raised the general administration of London to the standard of the City they may speak with better grace of the abolition of its special jurisdiction and privilege.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.









"There she sat, her thin hands lying open on her lap."—See page 677.

# DICK DENHOLME



FEW people could guess why George Oakworth, master of the National School at Crag-side, extended the patronage of his friendship to Dick Denholme, drunkard and law-breaker. He was a handsome, pale, intellectual youth of twenty-five years, with a taste for botanising and geological speculation; while Dick, fifteen years his senior, was a man of no taste whatever, unless the taste for ale be counted—a being whose rough and dissolute aspect spoke with such unblushing effrontery of his flagrant knavishness, that a little dissimulation might have passed, in him, for a kind of negative virtue.

Yet the relationship which subsisted between them was that of the most intimate comrades. They lived in the same cottage; they spent their Saturdays in long excursions; and it was understood that those who wished to quarrel with the young teacher might hope to indulge themselves also in the hostility of Dick. The opinion was boldly hazarded by some that, if the truth could be told, George Oakworth was no better than he ought to be, because a man is known by the company he keeps. There were others who pointed out that the schoolmaster, out of motives of personal timidity, had merely possessed himself of a stout defender. Not only were both these views mistaken ones, but when the friendship was struck up it was Dick who took the initiative.

Abandoning a hopeful career and the meretricious insincerities of a big city, George Oakworth had sought oblivion and honest dealing in a village community. The first week of his duties at the National School was disturbed by an incident which, trivial in itself, sufficed to shape for a while his course of life. He had begun with a gentle hand, hoping to interest the boys rather than to govern them; and although some at times had fallen happily asleep, and others—on the back benches—had exhibited a mortifying preference for the furtive game called “noughts and crosses,” he had persevered with heroic good temper. But one restless morning, the sharp crack of an explosive paper pellet sounded on the wall behind him, and the school burst out laughing. His face flushed, and his practised eye travelled at once to the delinquent, an overgrown and lubberly youth named Puggy Cullingworth, who was accustomed to slaver on his copy-book, and whom his father had sent to school at an age when it was no longer possible to teach him anything.



Puggy sat at the end of a bench. Advancing upon him slowly, the teacher administered a box on the ear which smote, as the lightning smites, before it was seen, and which set a big bell booming in his head.



The school felt that the incident had only commenced, and was thrilled with a gleeful expectancy. Puggy had long been admired for his amazing effrontery and unmanageable dulness. He could fight any three small boys of the normal school age, and it was well known that old Scaife, who kept the school when he first came to it, did not dare to frown at him. Consequently, when the effeminate new master, pale and unsuspecting, advanced upon the raw-boned hero and struck him, an impressive silence brooded in the room. And the wide-eyed onlookers were right. The incident had not terminated. When the young boor sprang to his feet with a cry of rage, the dominie gripped him by the slack of his waistcoat, kneading his fists into the rebel's abdomen, and rushed him down the schoolroom till his back struck the wall, with a crash that knocked all the breath out of his body and all the expression out of his face.

"You big baby!" he cried hoarsely. "Go to your seat. If you had been more of a man I'd have thrashed you!" And, turning to the rest, he added, with a quietness of manner that was equally appalling with his fury: "I wish to treat this school as a seminary of gentlemen; but I will be treated as a gentleman myself."

Which was very fine, but rather above the heads of his juvenile audience, whose hearts were beating fast at the spectacle of this vivid and awful example. Moreover, a clamorous bellowing of inarticulate threats and protests burst the next moment from the humbled booby, and could not be subdued. Master Puggy Cullingworth was put out of doors, and drifted homewards, while a blessed state of receptivity came upon the smaller fry, and his dismal ululations died away gruesomely into the far distance.

Nevertheless, when the school assembled the next day, the master noted a certain restlessness among his pupils, the symptom of suppressed anxiety. He got more stupid answers than usual; and on several occasions, at the sound of passing footsteps in the road, all eyes were turned towards the door. In vain he rattled on the desk with his ruler: he only made the little wretches nervous.

At last curiosity got the better of him. "Does any one know," he asked, "why Cullingworth is not at school this morning?"

All hands went up.

"Well?" he said, pointing to the youngest volunteer, a dumpy red-headed child with honest big blue eyes.

"Please, teacher," that innocent lisped, "'cause his father's comin' to slug yo' for what yo' did yusterda'."

"Very well," said the master. "Slates away now, and get out your history cards." But in spite of his *sang froid* the feverish apprehensiveness increased; and at last, when a trampling of feet made itself heard on the playground gravel, with the sound of loud voices, the children mounted the forms to look out of the windows.

"Silence!" cried the master, in a sharp, metallic voice. "Keep your places!"

The door was opened, and as if pushed into the room by the pressure of those behind them, several hulking fellows made a trailing step or two forward from the threshold, and paused sheepishly. All but the foremost took off their caps, and he was scowling royally.

"Well, gentlemen," said the schoolmaster, prompt to speak first, "to what may I attribute this intrusion?"

Ephraim Cullingworth—whom he had recognised by his unmistakable likeness to the absent scapegrace—strode out and answered him. "None o' thi damned impudence!" he shouted. "Wilt-a tak' it standin' or liggin'?"

Mr. Oakworth's behaviour was admirable. "One moment, gentlemen, please," he said—his eyes had flashed and then turned grave—"I am placed here in charge of your children, and, whatever they may hear elsewhere, I cannot have bad language in the schoolroom. We will discuss this affair outside."

A murmur of approval passed through the crowd. Walking quickly past his antagonist, he stood with the key in his hand while that individual, sulky and irresolute as if he suspected a trick, hesitated before following the rest into the playground. Then, putting the key in his pocket, he handed his coat to the nearest bystander—who happened to be Dick Denholme—and said briefly, for every one's hearing,

"I suppose you know what fair play is in Craggside?"

"Comed to see it gi'en," Dick answered with a grin. The ring was formed, and the stripling offered his hand to his burly adversary.

"Keep that for my lad," he said, "an' frame tha [get ready]!"



The result of the fight was a complete surprise. Less than five minutes sufficed, amid a scene of unbridled enthusiasm, to demonstrate the master's supremacy. His



challenger lay groaning, unable to respond to the call of "Time," and he resumed his coat, breathing hard, but without a scratch. A shrill shout went up within the school-house, whose windows were thronged with wide-eyed faces pressed against the glass.

Dick Denholme spoke up like the funny man in a melodrama. "Nowthen!" he cried, above the din of voices, "ther' some on yo' talkin' o' what ye'd do. Are ye bahn to get agate? He's here, is t' lad, an' just i' fettle [in 'form']. He willn't keep yo' waitin'.—What, ye're back'ard i' comin' forrard? Well, then, he s'll feight wi' his coit on. Six to one bar one—is't a fair wager?"

But the victorious dominie cut short this flattering stream of banter. "Excuse me," he said stiffly; "I think we have wasted too much time already. Be good enough to clear the playground as soon as your man can go with you." And he went in without further parley, leaving them to straggle away with as much dignity as they could muster.

If he had cared to think of it, George Oakworth might have found in this *rencontre* the means of becoming popular; but as it was, he only made the acquaintance of Dick. That uncomely outlaw was so seized with admiration of his skill as a boxer, that he regularly waylaid him on the road home, and kept him in conversation with queer

stories of village life. The sequel the reader knows. It should be added, however, that old Mrs. Denholme, who soon afterwards became the teacher's landlady, made him so comfortable, and so plainly looked upon him as her ne'er-do-weel's good angel, that he found himself very much at home; and further, that Dick had fewer occasions for over-indulgence in malt liquor than aforetime, and began to respect himself accordingly.

In one particular only did Dick find the schoolmaster an uncongenial friend. He could never bring him to talk sympathetically of affairs of the heart. Yet he made to him a most intimate confession, which, until then, had never passed his lips.

"Ye willn't hardly believe it," he said—they were lying one afternoon among the heather of the parish common—"but there's a lass i' Craggside parish 'at 'ould wed me to-morn if Aw could but keep teetotal. Aye, there 'is. Aw'm a gaumless [stupid] foil, mate, that's what Aw am. Shoo's t' grandest lass i' four parishes, an' Aw do believe shoo fancies me! But—well, tha knows. Aw git droughen wi all my mates but thee."

George Oakworth, prone on his back, with his hat tilted over his eyes, listened to this touching avowal in absolute silence. Most people would have divined that, in a man so youthful, this kind of taciturnity indicated a recent disappointment; but Dick, in his innocence, admired it despairingly as a mark of superiority.

"Tha thinks Aw'm soft, mebbe," he said, raising himself on his elbow from a similar position of repose. "But tha's nivver seen her. Eh, lad! shoo's like a fine mornin' i' t' springtime. It maks a man's blood dance just to look at her!"

But the teacher's cynicism was not long to be left undisturbed. On a summer evening of the very next week, as he struck into a wonted field-path on his way homewards, he came face to face with a romantic adventure. Walking with his gaze bent upon the ground, he became conscious of a female figure standing right in his path, and mechanically raised his eyes. For an instant he faltered in his stride: the girl's glance was upon him as if she would speak, and in the whole course of his life he had not beheld so superb a creature.

Her clear beauty of complexion, and the lusty health and strength which confessed itself in every generous line of her queenly figure, were the features which first amazed him. She was clad in a homely print gown, which might have fitted her when it was new, but which she had so outgrown that its seams were bursting on the rounded arms, and it was only held across the ample bosom by a few precarious buttons. Her smooth and lustrous brown hair was auburn where it was touched by the sunlight, and set on the back of her graceful head she wore a huge straw sun-hat, in an advanced stage of dilapidation.

"You mustn't go this way," she said, and advanced her hands as if she would push him back; for he had been about to pass her when she found her tongue.

The teacher smiled, and raised his hat with a town-bred courtesy.

"Why not?" said he, glad of the chance to stop and feast his eyes upon such fresh and salient loveliness. What ripe, sweet lips she had! and how tender was the blue of her lustrous eyes!

"Eh, you mustn't, Mr. Oakworth. They've planned to fettle you down yonder. I heard 'em planning it yesternight, when they were drunk, and they're drunk to-day. They'll do it, for sure." And then she became conscious of his too eager gaze and of her own astonishing boldness, and blushed to the roots of her hair, and looked the picture of modest distress.

"I think I dare face them with you to stand by me," said the graceless rogue. "Are you going that way?"



"*Me!* Nay, I'm going home again, as quick 's my legs 'll carry me!" And with a Parthian glance, that seemed to rest upon him a thought longer than it might have done, she tripped away along the path by which she had come.

Without the presence of mind to cry "Good-bye!" or "Thank you!" George Oakworth stood very stupidly looking after her, and then—turned back to follow. Once she glanced over her shoulder, perhaps to see if he had heeded her warning; but, whether she suspected his manœuvre or was merely satisfied, she looked behind no more. Her pace quickened presently into a run, so rapid that, himself walking, he could not keep her in sight; and coming soon afterwards to a place where the road divided, he had to abandon the pursuit.

It was within a month of this adventure that Mrs. Denholme's lodger, in explanation of a sudden change in his habits, volunteered the remark that he thought it bad for his health to sit up reading so late as he had been used to do, because it deprived him of the morning air. Nature, he declared, never looked so beautiful as when the dew was still on the grass and the smell of the cool earth was in the air. And the simple soul, who almost loved him, told him that he looked a vast deal better for early rising already—"pearter" was the word she employed. All she wished was that he could persuade "that idle lad" to get up earlier too. Deary me! He lay abed sometimes till

nine o'clock, when the best of the day was gone.

Stealing silently downstairs one balmy morning at four o'clock or thereabouts,



Mr. Oakworth discovered the cause of Dick's apparent slothfulness. A couple of hares which he had not noticed overnight lay on the slopstone ; and Dick was out in the yard in his stockinged feet, laboriously scraping a coat of fresh soil from his hobnailed boots. Palpably, he had not yet been in bed. As their eyes met the poacher started, but Mr. Oakworth, merely shaking his head, turned and went indoors again. On several occasions he had seen his boon companion come in of an evening with similar spoils, which he was understood to have "won in a raffle": and Dick's luck in raffles was so extraordinary that he had thought it prudent not to pry too closely into the method of their manipulation. It did not occur to him that on this occasion at all events his own behaviour must appear a little curious in the eyes of Dick, trained as he was by his way of life in habits of acute observation.

He hurried through the fields with the rapid stride of a man who either has too much in view, or is too familiar with his path, to spare a glance for objects by the way. Dipping after a while into a copse of beech and birch and mountain ash, he picked his way confidently through the hazel and briar undergrowth, and, crossing the head of a gorge which the trees concealed, he arrived behind a high stone wall on the farther side. Thence, from a distance of twenty or thirty yards, one looked upon Ephraim Cullingworth's farm. His approach in this fashion had been masked until the last moment, but oh ! *étourderie* ! it had been observable from the window of his own abode up to the point where he had entered the wood.

He stood impatiently waiting, tearing up the long tangled grass about his feet, and strewing it on the bushes. For odd moments he drowsed in pleasant reveries, vaguely smiling ; and then fell to again on the grass and the leaves with a vehemence that startled the big thrushes into flight. Besides which, he sighed often, and turned pale and red by turns, and otherwise behaved in the most eccentric manner. Ten minutes passed, or something less or more (time, we know, is not counted by the clock alone), ere the lithe and upright figure of Maggie Cullingworth, first seen by him on a certain evening which the reader wots of, appeared in the trellised porch of the kitchen-garden and moved sweetly towards him into the home pasture.

She was carelessly swinging a basket, and thinking, you are to suppose, of nothing at all, which, as Hamlet said, is a fair thought for maids to think. To and fro she went, gathering mushrooms to line her basket ; and behind the stone wall a pair of ardent, longing eyes watched her till she was hidden by an envious knoll. And thereupon the owner of those eyes turned aside down the darksome glen, and made his way unseen to a dense thicket of holly, where, in the dim depth of it, there was a natural alcove, softly carpeted with dry leaves. And here he waited again, his head in a whirl.

A rustle among the branches, and his wood-nymph came peeping. But as he stepped eagerly forward she beat a quick retreat, and stood laughing at him from behind a hazel-bush and shaking her lovely head. He, the rascal, approaching her with a look of tame supplication, made a sudden dash and caught her round the waist to snatch a kiss ; but, adroitly, with a moist palm laid upon his mouth, she baulked the proffered embrace, and still laughed upon him over her rosy arm. The tantalising situation ! Her face so near his own that he could perceive the most marvellous new and gleaming beauties in it, her glorious blue eyes looking right into his, and dancing with frank enjoyment of his baffled ardour.





"Oh, Maggie!" he said, with a quick-piercing pang, "you promised"—and let her go.

"Now then!" quoth Maggie, "you've spilled all my mushrooms."

He began to pick them up, but she would not let him do so much as that for her, and hastened to do it herself, manœuvring all the time against another surprise.

"Well?" she asked, when they had finished, and she stood facing him with one hand on her hip. "Is that all? Where's your gathering?"

He had to confess that he had forgotten to look for any.

Maggie tossed her head.

"Oh, Mr. Oakworth!" she said, mimicking his

doleful manner exactly, "you promised!"

This rustic goddess, with her liberal manners and her virtue ever on the *qui vive*, put him quite out of countenance.

His glance rested upon her with an expression she had not hitherto seen in him—an

expression grave and piercing, before which her eyes fell and the beat of her heart quickened. How pure and womanly she seemed to him to be, in that moment!

"Come," he said softly, "we'll look for them together."

She understood, and did not meet his glance. This open love was of a new complexion. They walked side by side down the glen into the pasture, neither speaking a word. Once or twice her keen, familiar ear detected a crackling of fallen twigs in the underwood on the opposite slope. She would have been all eyes at the sound a few minutes ago, but now she gave it no heed.

The quiet happiness, which on that bright morning began to flow into George Oakworth's life, was balm to an old raw wound. But while it healed that sore, it mingled as vinegar upon nitre with certain dregs of memory, and set them in a ferment. Into the fair heaven of an innocent love he entered, as many and many a man does whose youth has been spent in some big city, with trembling and with bitter self-reproach. He said to himself, as many a man does, that he was in no wise worthy of this chaste and beauteous being with whom a heedless fate had graced his pathway. But, he lacked, like all such men, that sublimity of heroism which would have refused the boon. It may be that he prized it so much the more highly. There was at least one un-

important person who would have approved his reasons, whatever they were. "Puggy" Cullingworth in those days found him perfectly delightful, and passed in one short week from his habitual mood of hate, vented behind the teacher's back in surreptitious moppings and mowings, to a condition of hero-worship that did him credit.

But in his roseate egotism the schoolmaster neglected Dick; and that affronted patron fell tragically away from grace. He was drunk daily, and never merry in his cups. Their long and intimate rambles were ended; their pleated ties of friendship had somehow come all undone; Dick's budding self-respect and his comrade's fostering interest had vanished together—and Dick was a lost man.

Coming home one Friday evening, glad that his labours for that week were over, the insouciant lover found his landlady shedding quiet tears as she went about her work. In some strange way he was irritated; but when he had eaten the meal that she spread for him, and had sat a while smoking in the twilight, his heart smote him, for he realised on a sudden that she must then have been sitting for some time in silence and semi-darkness in the little scullery behind the living-room. He arose and looked. There she was indeed, her thin hands lying open on her lap, her jaw fallen, and her dim eyes gazing out of the tiny window upon the last grey streaks of daylight in the western sky. He was shaken by a gruesome apprehension on perceiving her so. She made no sign, and it struck him that she would look like that if she were dead.

"Mother!" he said, in a voice that sounded strange to himself. It was a name he had called her by sometimes, half in jest and half in affection, and now it came involuntarily to his lips.

She turned her head, and rose hastily to put away the tea-things.

"No, not that," he smiled, holding out his hand. "There's no hurry. But what's the matter to-night, mother?"

She potted back into the kitchen, and fumbled with the lock of a drawer, from a corner of which she took out something. "Reyk me down t' lamp, wilt-a?" she said, "an' Aw'll let tha see."

He took it down from the high mantelshelf; and when she had lighted it, she laid before him on the bleached harden cloth a framed pencil-sketch, yellow with age behind the glass that had been put over it to keep the flies off. It was the portrait of a chubby boy, with his hair combed smoothly down to his eyebrows, and a comical look of speechless weariness on his face.

"Aw wor thinkin' o' times goan," she said, "an' they moidered me a bit. Ye'd hardly fancy 'at he wor iver like that, wo'd ye? Eh, but Aw mind it weel. His uncle James did that pictur', one Sunday o' t' efternooin, an' Aw can mind t' little lad poolin' a button off his jacket, thro' bein' forced to sit quiet so lang. Aw've kept it i' that drawer sin' his father deed, for he took a mislikin' tul 't when he growed up, an Aw're flaid [afraid] he'd burn it. Aye, he're a grand little lad. He used to say, 'Mother, when Aw grow up a big man, Aw willn't git droughen like my father. Then Aw can win [earn] summat, cannot Aw?' But someway he—he's ne'er done mich."

The frail old woman pushed up her spectacles and wiped her eyes.

"But there's some 'ats waur," she resumed, more cheerfully. "Aw s'ould be thankful. He's rare an' fond of his shiftless owd mother. Aw'm little use now. If Aw could think—if he didn't seem—— Eh, dear!"

Suddenly she began to weep without restraint, rocking her body to and fro in the chair, and gripping her shrunken arms.

"Aw fancied, when ye com'," she went on, "'at he mud git steadier like; an' he did mend; but latterly—Aw cannot tell what to think on 't. He used to drink



just wi' his mates like, as it leeted [happened] they com' together. But there's summat strange: he's nut been out o' liquor for three wik, an' this nooinin'—they browt him home, an' he—he didn't knaw me."

The teacher was alarmed, and profoundly touched. Three weeks drunk, and he not to know it!

"We must have a doctor to him," he said—and unwittingly added the last straw to the burden of the mother's grief, for in Cragside a doctor is not often called in except in grave cases.

He had much ado to assuage her fright, for Dick proved to be comatose and horribly livid; and when he got back from the surgery, he found her trembling from head to foot. But when, having used the stomach-pump and applied other restoratives, the doctor gave her some medicine and said that the rascal would be all right by Monday if he could be kept in the house, she took courage again, though crying a little after the doctor left her.

A period of delirium followed. George Oakworth undertook the duties of nurse, and sat with his friend for three nights and two days. He found him pitifully changed—unshaven and dirty, yellow-skinned and haggard. He saw him cower, and boggle,



and fight desperately, beset by phantom horrors; and, still more monstrous, he saw the abject palsy of mind and body which succeeded to the frenzy. It was his part to oppose an unyielding resistance to the tricks and entreaties by which the miserable sufferer, with incessant iteration, sought to regain his liberty and renew his debauch. Only in the small hours of Monday morning, when Dick sank at last into a healthy slumber, did he cease from the horrid vigil. Then, absolutely worn out, he fell asleep instantly where he sat.

He was roused by a click of the latch on the bedroom door; but roused so imperfectly that he did not at once connect the sound with any cause. But it was broad morning, and starting up in fear of being late at school, he saw that Dick was gone. He bounded downstairs. As he entered the kitchen, Dick was hurriedly closing a drawer where both of them knew that the table-knives were kept.

George Oakworth strode over to him.

"You fool!" he said.

The poor devil turned to him meekly, and moved toward the staircase again.

"It'll bide [keep]," he muttered.

"Nonsense, man!" cried the young fellow, sick with dismay. "I shall want you for best man one of these days."

Dick had the piteous gaze of a wounded animal. His eyes wandered.

"He doesn't know," he gasped.

"Cheer up, old man," urged his nurse and preserver. "What is it I don't know? Tell me."

"Say nowt, mate," answered Dick feebly, steadying himself by the wall and avoiding his questioner's eyes; "but it's my lass 'at ye're coortin'."

Mrs. Denholme, coming downstairs an hour later to begin the labours of the little household, found George Oakworth lying on the big sofa, his hands under his head and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. If her sight had been good, she would perhaps have been struck by his excessive pallor; but he bade her good morning pleasantly, almost tenderly, and filled her with joy by announcing confidently that her son was himself again.

"I don't think," he said, "he'll drink like that any more."

While she busied herself lighting a fire, he went up to speak to the convalescent. Dick, who was sitting on the bedside, looked up shamefacedly as he entered the room.

"Good-bye, old chap," said the teacher, holding out his hand.

Dick started to his feet.

"Ye—ye munnot do that!" he cried.

But the hand was still extended, and the teacher was even smiling.

"Aw willn't hev it!" he burst out, hysterical. "Ye're a better man nor me."

So George Oakworth laid hold of the coarse fist that was clenched on his comrade's knee, and grasped it warmly with both hands.

"It's you that don't know," he said. "Good-bye; and—God bless you!"

A man feels like a coward at such times, and the schoolmaster got out of the house without saying a farewell to Dick's mother. He could write for his boxes when he should need his books again. Again? Would he ever have the courage to begin life a third time? Was it worth while?

He must leave some message for Maggie, to make Dick's happiness sure if he could. What a fool he had been! The first time, that was comprehensible; he had been green, eager, and careless, and the woman had been—well, none of these. But a second time! His cheeks burned and his ears tingled. A country wench



had now the laugh of him ; a wench that carried the perfume of hay and of cows about her. How it pierced through him to think of it, and of her smile, so loyal and artless, and full of the promise of sweet things, that he could never look at her longer than a moment or so !

Last time he saw her he had nearly kissed her. They were together by a brook, in close concealment among the nut trees, she sitting, and he lying at her elbow, gazing on the pure outline of her face, the pretty coral of her little ear, and the rounded neck. The temptation came upon him to snatch a kiss just there where the skin is whitest. Why didn't he do it ? A kiss—a thing very sweet to think of, and borne lightly by the conscience. Heavens ! what would he not give, now it was all over and past—what would he not give to be tempted so again ? All over and past ! The chance to touch her hand as he walked by her side, and her gown when the briars caught it, the gentle melody of her voice in simple talk, the soft magic of her eyes when she said, "Good-bye : it's milking-time"—even the sight of her tripping away across the dewy grass.

Here was the place where he once had her in his arms for an instant—only once—and let her go so easily—let her go as if she were not a prize for the gods. She had been there that morning, without doubt, two hours ago at most. Was that her voice calling the dog ? Ah, if he had but kept the tryst instead of falling asleep like a fool ! But Dick ! The thought made him shiver with a thrill of horror which before he had not felt.

He found a pencil and a bit of paper ; and, still shaking, he wrote some formal words of parting :—

"DEAR MISS CULLINGWORTH,—I am going away, for I have no right to see you again. I was never worthy to be your friend ; but I assure you I did not know till this morning about Dick. Make him happy. He loves you more than he does his life. Good-bye. There have been no pleasanter times in all my life than those walks and talks with you. Good-bye. For you there are happier things in store ; but I hope you will sometimes spare a kind thought of remembrance for one who is for ever—YOUR DEVOTED ADMIRER."

He folded the note, and fixed it with his scarf-pin upon the trunk of an oak tree, by the mouth of their holly-grove. It pleased him a little to think of the scarf-pin as a keepsake. It had been his mother's gift to him ; and there was no woman else so worthy to keep it as this rustic maiden for whom his heart was bleeding. He must have been mad to think of her for one instant as false, as like—

He had barely time to hide, warned by the familiar click of a gate, before she came in sight of the spot where he had been standing. He crouched among the bushes, trembling at the thought of being found there ; and oh ! the dolorous pang that pierced him when a little cry of joy announced that she had seen the note.

In the moments of dizzy throbbing confusion and heart-sickness that followed, he was vaguely conscious of hearing a moan and something like a fall ; but when he came to himself, starting and beginning to listen intently, he wondered whether it was possible that *he* could have made those sounds. But, if not—if it was Maggie, and she was lying there ! Heavens ! did she love him, then ? and so much, so strangely ? He came out from his hiding-place, and stood, with white face and listless hands, distracted with indecision. He could not leave her so ; but to go to her was never to leave her again.

A heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder, and shook him much as an electric discharge shakes one.

"Dick!"

Of all men in the world the least welcome. His eyes restless with a hidden intent, and his manner betraying a frightful affectation of gaiety.



"Aye, Dick!" he said, with a short laugh that sounded cynical and fierce. "Dost think Aw didn't know wheer ye do yo'r sweetheartin'?"

The schoolmaster made a gesture of desperation.

"For God's sake," he burst out, "don't let's quarrel here. Go and see to that poor girl. I dare not."

Dick laughed again as the younger man began to speak; but at the allusion to Maggie, though he could not have understood it, his face grew suddenly grave, and his lips moved queerly.



"Nay," he replied, speaking quickly and between gasps, "that's what Aw've comed for. Ye know nowt what ye're doin'. If it be agean her will—an' thee goin' away, mate, fro' Craggside.—Damn it, we're mates, lad—we've been like mates, choose how!"

The schoolmaster looked at him, comprehending nothing yet.

"Sitha, Aw willn't hev it! Dost hear? Aw tell tha Aw cannot thoil 't!"

He was shouting, and his face was like that of a furious man.

There was a rustle in the thicket of holly, and Maggie, a vision of loveliness among the dark leaves, stood gazing out upon the two men, very pale and wild-eyed. A moment later, with a tremulous cry of mingled fright and joy, she had thrown herself upon the schoolmaster's breast, and was whispering eagerly, "You won't go now! Oh, say you won't go! I should die, I think."

He clasped her passionately, with a great sob and the blindness of sudden tears.

"Tha sees!" blurted Dick unheeded; "shoo're noan o' my lass. Dunnot stand theer like a stuck sheep! Dang tha, tha maks me wild!" And he plunged headlong down the side of the gorge.

Dick's matchmaking was disconcerted for a while by the unappeasable sulkiness of Ephraim Cullingworth, Maggie's turbulent and raffish father. But she came of age a few months later, and one bright morning in the winter they were married quite happily without his consent. The merrymakings at George Oakworth's new home near the schoolhouse were presided over by Dick in his predestined and voluntary capacity of best man. At their height they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the malcontent, who came noisily in without knocking, and waved aside the outraged chairman, who had started up with a prodigious look of ferocity.

"It's all reight," he said, with a bearish unceremoniousness which was meant to pass for good humour. "'Course it is. Bud tha's gitten a rare wench for thi wife, George Oakworth. Hesn't ta now? By —, shoo's t' bonniest i' ten parishes! Well, gie's thi hand. Aw wodn't ha' let her goa, but, dang it! tha's ta'en her—an' tha knows how to keep her, Aw judge."

Saying which, he made a show of "sparring," and burst out laughing at himself, and at the joyfulness of their welcome.

J. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.









MRS. ABINGDON.  
[After Sir Joshua Reynolds.]



## THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

### PART III.

ILLUSTRATED BY FACSIMILES OF OLD PRINTS IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. PARR.

“SAYS Beauty to Fashion, as they sat at the toilette,  
 ‘If I give a charm you surely will spoil it,  
 When you take it in hand there’s such murth’ring and mangling,  
 ’Tis so metamorphos’d by your fiddling and fangling,  
 That I scarce know my own when I meet it again,  
 Such changelings you make both of women and men.’”

And Fashion, protesting against this reproach, winds up her defence by :

“Yet, say what you please, it must be allowed  
 That a woman is nothing unless *à la mode*.”

True, from all time, and true now, Fashion is the *passe partout* to many follies, and blinds the eyes of her votaries to the absurdities she leads them to.

“It is better,” says Horace Walpole, “to leave the Mode to its own vagaries ; if she is not contradicted she seldom remains long in the same mood. She is very despotic ; but though her reign is endless, her laws are repealed as fast as made.”

In former papers we have portrayed the ladies as they appeared in their towering head-dresses and enormous hoops. In 1789 every head was lowered, and gradually the clothing became so scanty that, it was said, the dressmakers dreaded the approach of summer, fearing that no clothes would be worn, and that their occupation would be gone :—

“Beauty now wears each hour some changing dress,—  
 One day scarce any, and the next day less.”

The discarded hoops were replaced by enormous cork bustles over which the dress projected to an unnatural and alarming size. The neck and bosom, hitherto exposed



and bare, was now hidden under a structure of wire covered with gauze or muslin



*"The Siege of Cork."*

which puffed out from under the chin. The hair, no longer high, was correspondingly wide and frizzed out *à la herisson*—"hedgehog fashion." Large curls or loops hung

down the back, the whole surmounted with plumes of feathers or garlands of flowers. The gowns, open in front, had short trains; fancy petticoats were worn, and gauze or cambric aprons. The hands were tucked into big muffs, or carried large fans.

Muffs were carried more for Fashion's sake than for the sake of comfort, and nothing surprises one more than to reconcile the scantiness of the clothing with the severity of the winters. Again and again we read that for two months the Thames has been a firm highway. Ten weeks of frost are recorded, cutting winds, heavy falls of snow, several inches of ice over the frozen *Serpentine*; yet Fashion remains inexorable, and "the dashing skaters who take the lead in agility and grace," and "the *tennish females* who throng the banks," consider themselves amply clothed if to their cambric gowns they add a *gros de Naples spenser*, or a twilled sarsnet pelisse. As a slight concession to the piercing winds and thick-ribbed ice, these reckless fair ones sometimes permitted their necks to be gracefully entwined by a swans-down boa, or they carried a muff of ermine, leopard, or Siberian goat skin. Muffs were not considered inconsistent with evening dress; made either of fur or "long and slender, of plain white satin elegantly tamboured." They were worn at the opera and the play.

To 'see and be seen was the chief object in going to a theatre in those days. "The pleasure of a play is to shew one's self in the boxes, and see the company and all that," says a lady to her milliner in 1773; in which year the chief ornament of the stage was an actress with such consummate taste in dress, that a paragraph in the *Maccaroni and Scavoir Vivre Magazine* for 1772 says: "Ladies are referred for, everything relative to elegancies of fashion to that celebrated priestess of taste Mrs. Abingdon."!

Mrs. Abingdon began life as a flower girl, with the *soubriquet* of "Nosegay Fan," and lived to create the part of Lady Teazle, and "to set the fashions to all the fine ladies in the three kingdoms." "All her spare time," we read, "was occupied in running about London to give advice to aristocratic ladies on the important subject of new dresses and new fashions. . . . No drawing-room, marriage, or entertainment was given but Mrs. Abingdon's assistance was requested. In this manner alone she made from £1500 to £2000 a year. Her dress on and off the stage was perfect, and much studied and copied. . . . In London to say 'It is like Mrs. Abingdon's' was sufficient to stop the mouths of grumbling fathers and husbands."

Those meretricious aids to beauty, the too free use of which we, in this age, condemn, were lavishly indulged in by all classes of a past day. In a curious satirical poem published in 1690 we read:

"Mouches for patches to be sure  
From Paris the *très fine* procure  
And Spanish paper (rouge) lip and cheek  
With spittle sweetly to belick.

\* \* \* \*

And that the cheeks may both agree  
Plumpers to fill the cavity."

Coeffures nouvelles





At different periods of the seventeenth and eighteenth century it was a fashionable practice with the ladies to spot their face with black patches, and we still frequently see the small circular boxes of Battersea enamel which were carried in the pockets in case these beauty spots fell off and had to be renewed. The manner in which the patches were placed indicated the politics of the fair wearer, and stringent rules are given to avoid fine faces being improperly patched."



"Darby and Joan." (Miss Farren and Lord Derby).

A correspondent in the *New Lady's Magazine* for 1787 says :

"Patches may be reduced to nine sorts which ought to be placed in the following manner :—

1. The *passionate*, or *smart*, patch, at the corner of the eye.
2. The *majestic*, almost in the middle of the forehead.
3. The *gay*, on the brink of the dimple caused by a smile.
4. The *gallant*, in the middle of the cheek.
5. The *kissing*, at the corner of the mouth.
6. The *brisk*, near the nose.
7. The *coquettish*, upon the lips.
8. The *discreet*, or *prudish*, under the lower lip.
9. The *concealing*, upon a pimple.

"Those who advert to these rules may be convinced that a promiscuous manner of *patching* may be productive of ill consequences and lead the enamorate to many a mistake."

About the year 1733 female hawkers of toilette mysteries chose the Mall and the

Park for the sale of their wares. "Pomatum, my lady, of all sorts," says one of them ; "lip salves, night masks ; right chemical liquor to change the colour of the hair, and trotter oil and bear's grease to thicken it ; fine mouse-skin eyebrows that will stick on



*"The Lopsided Beauties."*

so as never to come off . . . and to blind the men (who will sometimes be examining), I carry artificial flowers, ribbons, and gloves."

Again, in the early years of the present century an advertisement tells us "I have all sorts of the finest tinctures to brighten the hair and to colour the lips . . . all sorts of cushions, plumpers, and bolsters, I have artificial brilliants of all waters, whether



for the bright eye, the piercing eye, the sleepy eye, the bold eye, the swimming eye : and the smoothest mouse-skin eyebrows of all colours."



*"The City Tailor's Wife."*

These advertisements recall a ballad of the seventeenth century, in which ladies are solemnly warned against the use of such allurements and are told :

" And women, all whom this concerns,  
 Tho' you offended be,  
 And now in foule and rayling terms,  
 Do swagger and scold at me,  
 I tell you, if you do not mend your ways  
 The devil will fetch you all one of these days."

As a protection from the sun, ladies then made use of their large fans. Parasols seem to have been unknown. In a description of the "Ladies' undress for August," in the *Westminster Magazine* for 1777, we read: "The most elegant and delicate ladies carry a long japanned walking-cane, with an ivory hook-head and on the middle of the cane is fastened a silk umbrella or what the French call a *parasol*, which defends them from the sun and slight showers of rain. It opens by a spring, and it is pushed up towards the head of the cane when expanded for use."

The fine old gentleman in the foregoing print carries an umbrella, an adjunct to dress at that time not often seen. Ladies found them inconveniently clumsy and heavy; and the caricaturists pointed out that the large hats, puffed-out petticoats,



"The Shower."

and buffont fronts rendered umbrellas unnecessary, as these useful garments could give shelter to a family.

Except to pay visits and to promenade in the parks, gardens, and fashionable resorts of the day, women of position never walked. Indeed, a "constitutional" would have been to them an impossibility; for the mere suggestion of a leather boot or shoe, with a sensible stout sole, would have disgusted the sensitive fair ones.

"Let a pair of velvet shoes  
Gently press her pretty toes;  
Gently press and softly squeeze,  
Tott'ring like the fair Chinese."

Little wonder that the poor ladies tottered! To walk at all when mounted on peg-like heels, often three inches high, seems all but impossible; and it became the fashion—a fashion imported from France—to carry a tall cane, that support might be given to the body.



For a short period boots made of dogskin were introduced ; but whether from pity to the canine species, or disgust at the enlarged appearance of their feet, ladies set their faces against the fashion, and the tripping French shoe was again seen to "wanton on the foot of beauty." So late as 1805 we read that, "the Diana buskin was the fashion in spring, but now the slipper of Thetis bears the palm"; and the *Belle Assemblée* of 1812 informs its readers: "For walking, half-boots of nankeen, pale-blue jean, or grey kid, fringed round the top and laced behind, are much in favour; and for familiar visits the Grecian sandal of black or very dark silk or satin, laced and bound with a very opposite light colour, has lately been much adopted." In the month of March we learn that "half-boots of orange Morocco have been seen in Hyde Park, but among our *élegantes* Pomona sandals and Roman boots of white Morocco continue in high estimation."

With the short clinging draperies then worn our grandmothers paid as much attention to their feet as to their faces, an attention highly necessary when "petticoat transparencies just reach the calf of the leg and display a fine ankle to great advantage."

Bustles had disappeared, buffonts were soon to follow; but as in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the pious Latimer had fruitlessly expended himself in denouncing "artificial hips and roundabouts," so now the bishops preached in vain that the fashion of scanty garments was scandalous and indecorous. Deaf ears were turned to their sermons and their censure, and no result followed except a number of caricatures too coarse for reproduction. As formerly with the hoops Fashion had defied every censor, so now she continued to give countenance to a style of dress which served to accentuate rather than to drape the figure. "Stays are now very much thrown aside," writes an arbitress of fashion, "and the exquisite contour of a fine Grecian form is no longer disguised in impenetrable and hideous armour. After this intelligence it is needless to acquaint our fair readers "that the waists are considerably shorter"; indeed, the bodice gradually diminished until we read that "a corset about six inches high was the only defensive apparatus between the necklace and the apron strings of a fashionable belle." In the *Ladies' Pocket Magazine* for 1795, there is a protest from Jenny Jumps, a stay maker:

"For heaven's sake, dear ladies, part  
With anything,—your head, your heart,  
Your very brains,—nay, what you will,  
But keep your *waist*, 'oh, keep that still!  
You lose, consider, half your charms  
When folded in a lover's arms;  
And 'stead of goddess,—angel call'd,  
You'll be as *No body* extoll'd."

But in spite of all remonstrances, for many years clinging scanty skirts and bare necks and shoulders continued to be the fashion; and when corsets were worn, we are told that "they must be laced tight as strength can draw the cord."

Other fashions came and went. The fan at one period to be found in the hands of women of all classes, dwindled from a size large enough to give wind to turn the sails of a mill to a mere toy, and then was laid aside. Pockets were of necessity abandoned, and every "aspirant to elegance" carried a reticule, which 'Dibdin laughed at in one of his popular songs. A sailor just returned from sea is surprised at the change in his wife's garments:

"But what, 'bove every thing beside,  
Did Jack most furiously displease  
No pockets did she wear, to hide  
Her pincase, wipe, and bunch of keys."



*"An Elegant French Morning Costume."*



"Thus harum-scarum would she fling,  
Her gear at random, without rule ;  
Her handkerchief crammed in a thing  
The women call a ridicule.

"As to the ridicule, Jack said,  
He wished each girl such things who chose  
Might have the snuffles in her head,  
No muckinger to blow her nose."

In its turn the reticule was crushed by a notice that, "even in undress, a handkerchief must supply the place of a bag. In one corner the money is put and a knot made, the other corner is passed through the ring of the keys and another knot made. This is inconvenient, but such is the dictate of Fashion."

About 1770 Fashion decreed that two watches must be worn, and straightway every leader of the mode appeared with two—one hanging on each side, the one worn on the left side being a *fausse montre* covered with silk, with sprigs in gold thread embroidered on it. This was probably to avoid the tax which, for a time, was placed on watches.

The adornment of the head has always been an important study in dress, and the varying shapes of the hats defy description. A bare enumeration of their names would fill a paper. In May 1775 the *Lady's Magazine* enumerates the new sorts of hats—"The City Hat," "The St. James'," "The Ranelagh," "Macaroni," "Otaheite," "The Skimming-dish Hat." "The Calash," introduced by the Duchess of Bedford, was a formidable arrangement made like the hood of a carriage, to be pulled over the head by a string which connected itself with the whalebone hoops.

"Hail ! Great Calash ! o'erwhelming veil,  
By all-indulgent Heaven,  
To sallow nymphs and maidens stale  
In sportive kindness given.

"Safe hid beneath thy circling sphere,  
Unseen by mortal eyes,  
The mingled heap of grease and hair  
And wool and powder lies.

"From the bald head should pad and *tête*  
And loads of horsehair fall,  
Fear not the loose disorder'd pate—  
Calash will hold it all."—1775.

Some of these head ornaments were as ridiculous as they were disfiguring ; others added to the charms of the pretty faces which peeped from under them. Then came the Arethusan mob, the Nuremberg nightcap, the Grecian cap, the Mameluke turban, to be worn over Brutus crops or with "Medusa locks in tortuous twists about the face." "The curls very dishevelled" or plaited round the head in the Sappho and Cleopatra style. Nor were bonnets forgotten. Their shapes varied as much as the hats, and a different one was required for each toilette and occasion. The divorce of Lady Ligonier, after the duel between her lord and Count Vittorio Alfieri—Italy's most tragic poet, and in this case co-respondent—created such a sensation among the ladies, that, according to the papers, a famous milliner invented a new fashion in bonnets to be worn at trials of this kind, "the great advantage of which is that it renders a fan unnecessary. This bonnet is called *la Coquine*."

When St. James' Park was no longer the fashionable promenade, the Green Park became the evening resort of the *beau monde* ; and we read that fabulous sums





"A Lady with Calash."

*Mais vous sages Anglois qui méprisent nos goûts,  
 Vous avez des folies tout aussi bien que nous ;  
 Oh ! grand Dieu, quel malheur, quel étrange embarras  
 Quoi ? donc cette calèche a causé ce fracas !*

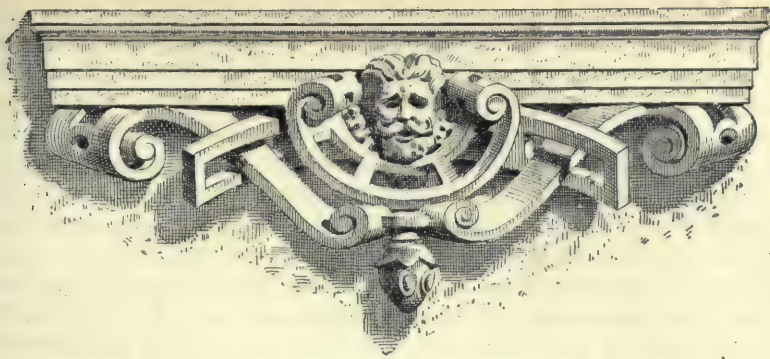


were paid for the privilege of throwing out bow windows on the Park side of the Arlington Street houses. From these could be best seen the crowd who, in evening dress, made it their after-dinner lounge, and it was here that in the summer of 1790 ladies first appeared with veils to their bonnets "to the infinite annoyance of the gentlemen, who called them 'lace curtains.'" The *St. James' Chronicle* for October of that year, says that the fair ones have "made more false steps since the commencement of this face-concealing fashion than appear on the records of gallantry for many years before."

LOUISA PARR.



"The Invisible Tête-à-tête."



## ROME IN AMERICA.



HERE is a common idea, no less absurd than it is widespread, that the spirit of Roman Catholicism is hostile to all progress; that it is a monarchical and reactionary spirit utterly opposed to freedom of thought or opinion in matters of religion, education, or politics. It is this idea which animates the enemies of the Church of Rome the world over, and which is strikingly prevalent among non-Catholic thinkers in the United States of America. There many worthy, but somewhat shortsighted and prejudiced individuals, can see in the establishment and increase of Catholicism in their midst nothing but the ultimate destruction of the unity of their Republic, the hindrance to all progress, the death-blow to all freedom. Some regard the Church of Rome as a hopeless anachronism, a feeble survival

of mediævalism; others, as a source of constant menace and danger. And yet, if the Church but carries out her highest aims, acts up to her loftiest ideals, she will in the end be a source of safety, and not of peril, to the great Republic in whose midst she has taken so firm a root. This is a bold assertion; but I hope to show within the scope of this article that it is not made without good grounds, and without a well-founded belief in its sincerity and truth.

And I may here state that, although myself a staunch adherent of the Anglican Church, I went recently to the United States, taking with me letters of introduction from Cardinal Manning to the chief American prelates, in order that I might make a careful study of this question on the spot. I trust, therefore, that I am fairly well qualified to express a duly thought-out opinion on the subject.

In the first place, then, it must be remembered that the spirit of the Church of Rome is to be ever *the* Church of the nation in which she lives. Without conceding one jot or tittle of those principles and dogmas which she holds dearest, which are the very foundations of her well-being, and upon which, as upon a rock, she is so firmly established that she cannot be shaken, yet in matters of policy, in affairs of State, it is surprising to note how frequently she moves forward on



clear, broad, well-defined lines—lines laid down for her by those whose experience is the experience of ages. In whatever country, therefore, she seeks to establish herself, she recognises in matters of civil government that that form is the legitimate one which is the adopted one.

She understands and accepts the great changes which have come in civil and political institutions; so that alliances between the Church and State which were in past ages commendable and necessary, she now regards as no longer advisable or even possible. She is not a mere mediæval crystallisation precipitated into the midst of this vast, pulsating, energising nineteenth century. She is not a mere bundle of cold theories, impossible dogmas, and worn-out creeds, thrown down to lie idle at the feet of an onward-rushing, striving, earnest, and vigorous humanity. Herself a great power, full of undying life and of irresistible energy, so far from being hampered by her past traditions, she glories in them, and is encouraged by the memory of them, whilst every moment she is applying the experience gained in ages gone by, and in every part of the known world, to meet the exigencies of the present, to be ready for the immediate future. In her the heart of humanity beats for ever against the heart of humanity.



*Cardinal McCloskey.*

Nowhere is this more clearly seen to be true than in America. Here the Church is on her trial as she has never been since that moment when she first reared her temples amid the palaces and glories of Imperial Rome. Here, for the first time in the history of the world, and with a sharpness of contrast hitherto unseen, the old and the new are confronted with one another. Here face to face they stand—the Grand Old Church, the Glorious Youthful Republic; and meanwhile the world looks breathlessly on. For a crisis is at hand. This is a tide in the affairs of Rome which, if she takes it at the flood, will lead her on to such fortune as even she has never before experienced.

Discussing this subject the other day with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, he finely remarked to me, with his epigrammatic neatness, that the Mississippi will never allow itself to be dominated by the Tiber. I do not know that the Tiber desires to rule over the Mississippi; but we may rest well assured that, whatever happen, even the father of waters itself will never get the better of that turgid yellow stream upon the banks of which for three thousand years have stood the successive empires, once political and now ecclesiastical, that have so steadily and grandly ruled the world.

Even in the vast new Republic beyond the seas traditions have their power and their influence. Rome there as elsewhere marches on with unwearying, irresistible, unhindered footstep. But, as I have suggested, with all her glorious traditions, she is not guilty of the fatal mistake of living upon them. She is proud of them, as who would not be? She is inspired, but not dominated by them. They only spur her on to fresh effort. As a well-known American prelate has recently declared, her work is in the present and not in the past. It will not do for her to understand the thirteenth better than the nineteenth century; to be more conversant with the

errors of Arius or Eutychus than with those of contemporary infidels or agnostics ; to study more deeply the causes of Albigensian or Lutheran heresies, or of the French Revolution, than the causes of the social upheavals of our times. American Catholics seek no backward voyage across the sea of time ; they ever press forward. They believe that God intends the present to be better than the past, and the future to be better than the present. The tendencies and movements of the age, which affright the timid, are providential opportunities opening the way for them to most glorious victory. They regard the conversion of America as tantamount to a conversion of the whole world ; for in America, what I may term, for lack of a better word, Modernity, which sums up the whole experience of the bygone ages, reaches its climax. To conquer America, therefore, is to conquer the world. "The movements of the modern world," as Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, has well expressed it, "have their highest tension in the United States." There, natural order, as opposed to the supernatural, is seen at its best ; there it displays its fullest strength.

Again, the freedom of Republicanism is not only fully extended to, but is gratefully accepted and intensely appreciated by, the Church of Mediævalism. This is a fact scarcely as yet realised by the ordinary European, or even by the American Catholic, or Protestant, for the matter of that. But the paragraph as to religious equality in the national constitutions, drawn up so many years ago, upon which the whole well-being, and indeed the very existence of the Republic depend, is what more than anything else gives the foreign Church that has established herself in its midst her greatest power, all her hope for the future. Rome in the Republic is free, freer than ever she has been before, freer than she is anywhere else to-day.

"I was boasting in Rome," said a distinguished prelate to me a short time since—"I was boasting that the Catholic Church was really free only in America.

"The officer of the Inquisition to whom I was talking objected : 'But the Church there is not protected by the State.'

"'Indeed she is,' replied I, 'even if that protection be only negative ; for the fathers of the American constitution, regarding questions of religion as matters for the individual conscience only, wrote that, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, *or prohibiting the free exercise thereof*." So that we need no State protection ; we can protect ourselves. And even if in all respects we are not fortunate, surely it is better to get some misfortunés through liberty than good fortunes through tyranny.'"

I think that I have now very fairly paved the way for my three suggestions concerning the work, both present and future, of the Roman Church in America, and the position that she can make for herself in the great Puritan Republic.

In the first place, she must exist *in* the people, *for* the people, *by* the people. She must set herself, if she is to do any good at all, or if she is to obtain any firm or lasting establishment whatever, to the bettering of humanity. In the persons of her priests and bishops American Rome must show to the world that, what Mr. Stead has well termed a humanised Papacy, is not only possible, but an absolute, warm, living, pulsating, energising fact.

Secondly, and this follows the first as the night the day, she must show herself not only abreast of the times, but in advance of the times. And if she keeps herself abreast of the times as they are in America, then she is abreast of the whole world.

And, thirdly, she will probably—nay, almost certainly—prove herself a political factor of the highest importance in the preservation—or, indeed, in the very building up—of the unity of the great Republic.



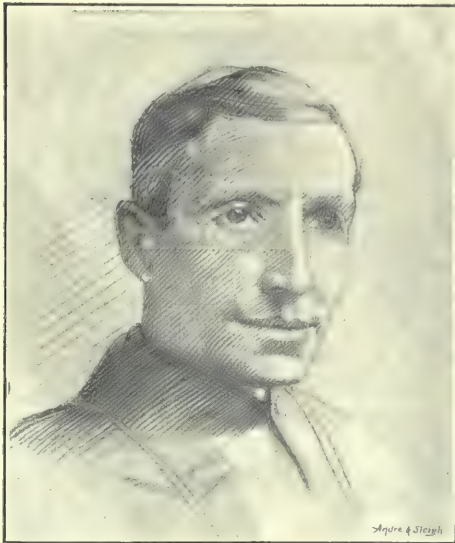
These three phases of her work, the carrying out of which in their entirety will most thoroughly justify her presence and existence in the United States, are the phases upon which, during the remainder of this article, I propose to speak.

First, then, Rome, to really take up her rightful position in the Republic, must demonstrate to that Republic that a humanised Papacy is not only a possibility, but an absolute glowing fact. And already, it must be conceded, she is in a fair way to do this.

Nobody who has seen for himself the manner in which Catholicism in America has identified itself with the cause of struggling and suffering humanity can doubt that it has at heart the present well-being to the full as much as the future welfare of its people. The American Catholic priests understand well that their duty lies not exclusively within the sanctuary, that if they would hold the people, and exert due influence in the country, they must go out into the highways and byways, and wipe the tear of sorrow, and lift up the fallen, and urge onward the masses of men. Bishops and priests are taking hold vigorously of social questions. All realise that the great mission of the Church in America is by the influence of her ministers and her teaching, conservative and yet merciful towards the weak, to save society midst its present strugglings and vicissitudes. Catholic socialism, so-called, has been instituted specially to counteract the irreligious tendency of materialistic socialism in denouncing the shameful inequalities, which are as absolutely contrary to the spirit of Christ as to the spirit of a Republic which declares all men to be born free and equal.

The Church here recognises the fact that labour has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. It believes that paramount among the natural franchises of the labouring classes is their right to organise or to form themselves into societies for mutual protection and benefit; and it recognises the fact that in this right thus to organise lies the safety of a vast community, as that which, for instance, exists in America. For this right implies a confidence in the honesty and intelligence of the masses.

As Cardinal Gibbons told me when I alluded to his wise counsel to the Pope



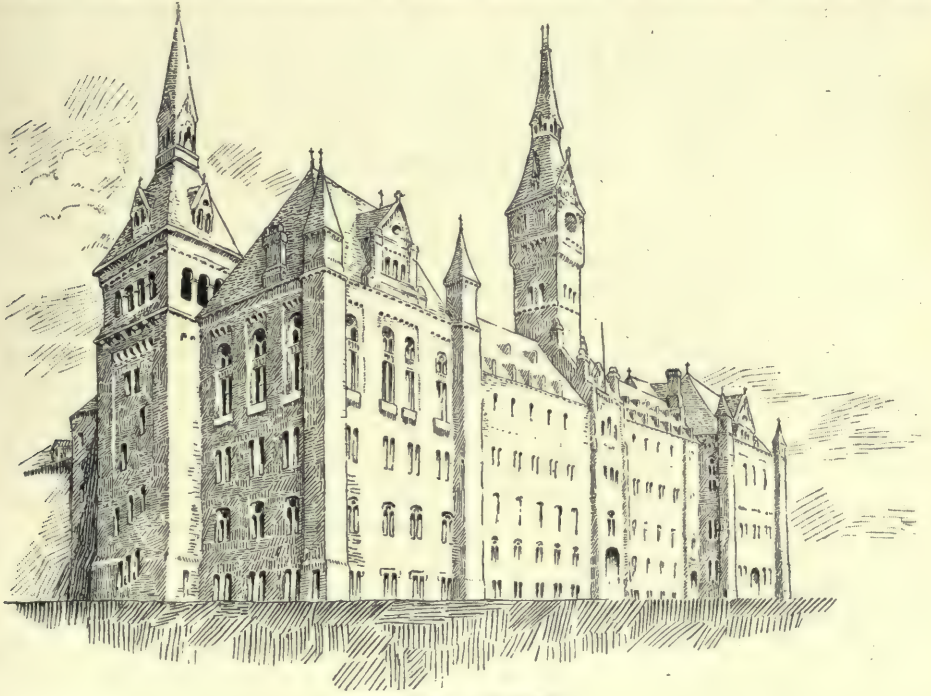
Cardinal Gibbons.

on his Holiness's intention to interdict the Knights of Labour: "I am entirely on their side," said his Eminence to me, "though I have often been condemned for upholding associations banded together for political purposes. I recognise, of course, that in such combinations there may be dangers; but if they are to be forbidden on account of possible dangerous results, why, then, good-bye to all progress, and to all freedom. Here is where the Catholic Church would step in as a friend and as an adviser. She acts as a benefactor when she intervenes between employer and employed, and suggests the most effectual means of diminishing, or even removing, the causes of discontent. The Church would help the Knights of Labour, and all members of similar organisations, so long as they are rightfully resisting

capitalists who would cruelly oppress them. Our rôle here is to live the life of

the people, to understand them, to make our influence felt. We American clergy realise this fact in a way in which it is impossible for the clergy of older countries to realise it."

I cannot better conclude this part of my argument than by quoting from the eloquent sermon preached by the Archbishop of Minnesota to the Centennial Conference of American Catholics, held at Baltimore last November: "The time has come," said he, and I quote him literally—"the time has come for 'salvation armies' to penetrate the wildest thicket of thorns and briars, and bring God's Word to the ear of the most vile, the most ignorant, and the most godless. Saving those who insist on being saved, as we are satisfied in doing, is not the mission of the Church. 'Compel them to come in,' is the command of the Master. This is not the religion we need to-day—to sing lovely anthems in cathedral stalls, and wear



*Catholic College, Georgetown.*

cofes of broidered gold, while no multitude throng the nave or aisle, and the world outside is dying of spiritual and moral starvation. Seek out men, speak to them, not in stilted phrase, or seventeenth-century sermon style, but in burning words that go to their hearts as well as to their minds. . . . These are days of warfare, days of action. It is not the age of the timid and fugitive virtue of the Thebaid. Into the arena, priest and layman! Seek out social grievances; lead in movements to heal them. Peep mercifully into factories at etiolated youth and infancy. Breathe fresh air into the crowded tenement quarters of the poor. Follow upon the streets the crowds of vagrant children. Lessen on railways and in public service Sunday work, which renders for thousands the practice of religion impossible. Cry out against the fearful evil of intemperance, which is damaging hourly the bodies and souls of countless victims. 'This is religion pure and undefiled.' This will secure the age to God's Church."

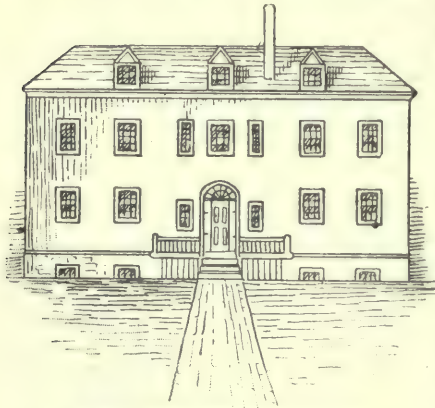


I come now to my second point, nor do I think I shall have much difficulty in proving that the Church in the Republic is making very earnest and successful endeavour to show herself not only abreast of the times, but in advance of the times. And that means much in America.

In the first place, then, she keeps abreast of the times in that she increases and multiplies with them. A fruitful Church is a flourishing Church; a flourishing Church is a progressive Church. Figures are uninteresting, but they are sometimes undeniable. Those that I append are, moreover, trustworthy, for they are taken from an unprejudiced source—the *New York Herald*. I must draw attention to the fact that the personal figures refer only to communicants, excluding altogether the thousands of those whom I may term lapsed Catholics, but who are yet, by birth and training, members of the ancient Church. The *New York Herald* for Sunday, August 2nd, 1891, thus speaks:—

“The census report gives the number of communicants, making the returns for the Roman Catholic Church uniform with those of Protestant denominations. For the first time we have now an authoritative statement of the numbers of communicants in the various Catholic dioceses. It will be seen by this that the Catholic Church in the United States is a body of gigantic proportions. Its churches are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. The old New England of the Puritans is now the New England of the Catholics. The ecclesiastical province of Boston, which reports 1,004,605 communicants, is next, numerically, to the province of New York, which has 1,375,404 communicants. The grand totals of the Church are on a magnificent scale. There are 10,221 church organisations, 8765 church edifices, with a seating capacity for 3,366,633, valued at \$118,381,516, and 6,250,045 communicants. This is more than half of all the Protestant denominations combined, which in 1880 numbered 10,065,963 communicants.”

In addition to this it is interesting to note that there are upwards of 70 Catholic colleges, 40 theological seminaries, and 220 academies. These establishments are supervised by 75 bishops and 14 archbishops.



The first building erected at Georgetown.

That “the old New England of the Puritans is now the New England of the Catholics” is a serious statement; yet it is one for which its promulgators have good foundation. There is no doubt that the development of Catholicity in New England has been wonderful, and here is one explanation of it, an explanation well established by statistics. The descendants of the Puritans have arrested their own development by a limitation of family. The Irish—and latterly the French Canadians

who have settled in New England in great numbers—have, like all honest Catholics, an innate as well as a religious horror of any interference with the course of nature, and, in consequence, they are rapidly possessing the land. It is quite in accordance with the old Bible promise on the subject of children that the man shall be happy whose quiver is full of them. The Catholics are happy, and they shall not be afraid to stand with their enemy in the gate.

The decline of population in New England is a remarkable fact which attracts general attention in the United States, and forces itself on public notice in a hundred different ways. For instance, once thriving and teeming farms are fast becoming desolate wildernesses. The want of the farmers is sons and daughters. They are rearing up none; Rachel mourns for her children because they are not. From Connecticut come startling facts on the decline of Congregationalism—the dying out of the once dominant religion, formerly so tyrannical. No young people are growing up to fill the old meeting-houses; no children to come rushing out of school with merry glee. The New York *Sun*, in a recent issue, makes the smallness of Congregationalist families the topic of a special article. The Congregational Church has 492,000 members, and 325,000 households. The New England race has dwindled to this! Scattered all over the country, the body once so active, so dominant and energetic, has shrunk from what it once was in ancestral New England to one-third of a million families in forty-four states and the few territories. A family can be scarcely less than father, mother, and one child. Yet only one-half the Congregationalist families are Church members. Each household is represented by one member and a half. None are growing up to supply the steady loss. The baptisms last year amounted only to 8889. On an average of thirty-seven families only one child was born, or, at all events, brought to be baptised. The *Sun* remarks:—

“If this Puritan Church is not raising up sons and daughters to take the places of the fathers who are passing away, how can it hope to grow and flourish as it did when families of eight, ten, and twelve were common among the godly people of New England?”

How prophetic, then, are the words of the old New England Congregational minister, the Rev. Joshua Hopewell, to the immortal Sam Slick, well-nigh sixty years ago: “‘Sam,’ said he, ‘we’re agoin’ to have an established Church; it may be a very good Church, and it is a great deal better than many we have; but still it ain’t the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers.’ ‘What Church, minister?’ said I. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘the Roman Catholic Church: before long it will be the established Church of the United States.’”

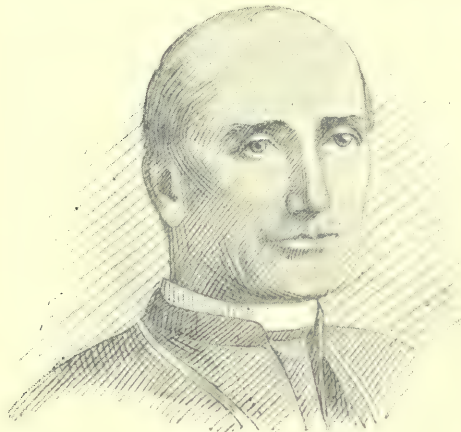
Now, when it is remembered that New England has been for two centuries the very temple of Puritanism, the importance of the statements here fearlessly made, that it is fast becoming the very stronghold of Catholicism, cannot possibly be under-estimated. For to win the fight in New England is to win it all over America.

But if the Church in the Republic is really to keep pace with the onward rush of events in that marvellous country, she must keep the pace in every particular, otherwise her increase will be a curse to herself and to the country at large. Quality, not quantity, is what must first be considered. The precipitation of vast hordes of ill-educated, untrained, and unintelligent persons upon the wide-spreading lands of America would be little less than a calamity. It is not sufficient for Rome in the West to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. She must provide that her offspring be burgesses of pure life and wholesome morals. They become citizens of no mean city: let them take heed that they be worthy of their inheritance. Here, again, I come to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is doing her best to secure this end, is aiming at a consummation so devoutly to be desired.

Her task, however, is indeed no light one. I realised this to its fullest extent as I sat in the great Jesuit College of Georgetown talking to some of the Roman Hierarchy on the question of Catholic instruction and education, and my heart sank at the thought



of its magnitude. But as I gazed into the shrewd Roman faces of Bishop Keane,



*Bishop Keane.*

the Rector of the Catholic University of America, and Monsignor Campbell, a prelate of the Society of Jesus, and Provincial of the Jesuits of Maryland and New York—faces in which, however, were easily discerned the 'cuteness and enterprise of the energetic Yankee—I took heart of grace, and hoped for the best. For those faces told me, in a far more literal sense than it might be supposed, that the old was merged in the new, that Romanism was fused with Puritanism, Mediaevalism was lost in the vast sea of Modernity.

It is quite a moot point as to which party most influences the other in this strange fellowship; whether Rome dominates America, or America

triumphs over the Italian element. But in the faces of my friends I took comfort; the good qualities of the Old World and the New were equally present. And I reflected, as we sat a moment in deep stillness, that if the Church can but rise out of her lower self, with such men to guide her she will not fail to accomplish the work she has undertaken, or to win in the race that is set before her. I glanced out of the window, and see! away down by the silver waters of the historic Potomac, I caught a glimpse of the beautiful Washington Memorial. There, like Cleopatra's Needle, it stands, and you cannot get away from it. It is seen from everywhere; it dominates the whole city. Pure, chaste, virginal, its beauty, its pathos, its sublimity grow on one day by day, and all day long

"That slim Egyptian shaft uplifts  
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts  
Of various gold."

And is it not so with the Church in the great Republic? Is it not thus, indeed, that Rome in America is actually showing herself? Towering aloft, pure, proud, pitiful, in the midst of a great people; gazing back on the long, dead Eastern past; steadfastly looking forward into the golden mists of the far new West, illumined by the light of ages, hopeful of the brilliant future. These were my thoughts in that moment of silence.

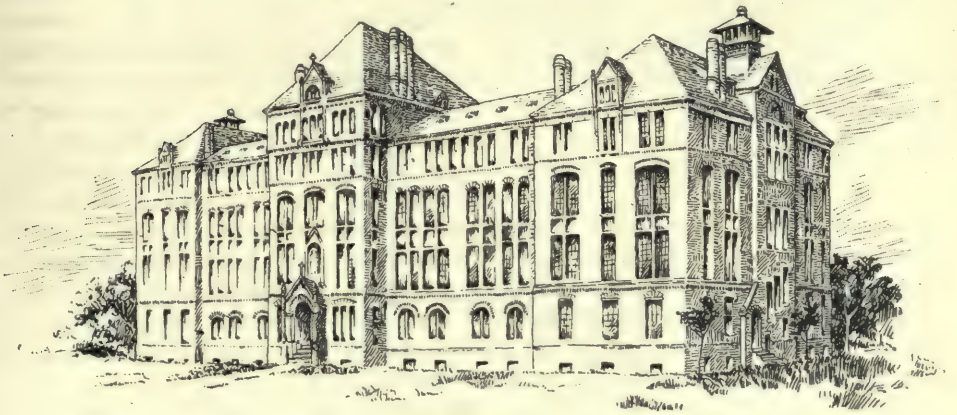
I broke it reluctantly. Bishop Keane had just been declaring that his people did not seek to make their Church a National Church, so much as to make it keep pace with the times and with the aspirations of the country.

"But, sir," said I, "can you so rise above your old traditions, many of which are hopelessly out of harmony with the spirit of to-day? Think, Bishop Keane, of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, and of the Holy Inquisition; how do you get away from or how do you explain those dark blots in your Church's past history?"

The prelate replied: "Can you not see that those mistakes were rather political than ecclesiastical, committed by the State rather than the Church—though I admit the Church permitted such action? But in those days all Churches persecuted. There is no place for the Inquisition in a free country to-day, and God forbid there ever should be. We have better methods. We would even do away with ordinary ecclesiastical

condemnations. Our advice to the holy See, in dealing with the Church in America, is to let condemnations alone. The world is not governed by these, but by persuasive presentation of the truth. We regard the Protestant sects as our brethren. Our Cardinal follows in the footsteps of Dr. Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, who declared: 'It never was our doctrine that salvation can be obtained only by those actually in the communion of the Church.' As to your objections: the Church that once condemned Galileo now provides some of the greatest astronomers of the day. In this very college in which we are sitting this moment, the first and oldest Jesuit College in America, there is a magnificent observatory; and within the next few weeks the father in charge is about to publish a work of original investigations conducted here. And within these walls has been contrived a new application of photography to star transit, which will have an important effect on astronomy generally.

"But," he went on, smilingly, "our advance with the times is not carried on in the skies only: we are progressing wonderfully with the ordinary education, first of our clerics, and then of our laity. Take for instance the Catholic University of America,



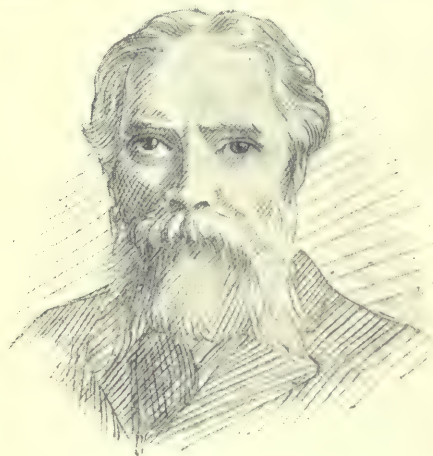
*The Catholic University, Washington.*

over which I have the honour to preside. Do you think for one moment that we devote all our energies to turning out priests who shall be only priests—men who know theology and nothing else, nothing of the world or of matters secular? Here, in America, before all things our American Catholics must be prepared to contend against atheism, and free-thought, and scepticism, and the like. They, of all men, must keep pace with the times, must strive to discern the future, must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. The smallest part of their education is that which comprises Catholic theology. It is an obligation on our men to know thoroughly the other side. Therefore in the four years they are at the University, they learn to trace the connection between science and dogma. They make a profound study of the principles of morals as applied to society, with a psychological study of normal and abnormal mental conditions. Their cosmological course involves no small knowledge of chemistry, physics, geology, and palæontology. They are thoroughly well-versed in sociology, literature, and history. In learning all these things they seek only to know the truth, and the truth shall make them free. We strive as earnestly as any of our Protestant fellow-countrymen for the cause of universal education. God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all."



Thus the eloquent Rector of the great Catholic University of America. His statements go far to disprove the very unwarrantable assertions made by certain ill-informed Protestants that Catholics are ignorant, bigoted, and hopelessly in arrear of the times ; out of touch, in short, with the spirit of the age.

And as regards the desire of the Catholics to control the religious education of their children, who can reasonably blame them? Mr. James Russell Lowell assured me, only



*James Russell Lowell.*

a few weeks before his death, that he considered the demands of the Catholics fair and reasonable, and in accordance with justice and common-sense. Both Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop John Ireland informed me in the most earnest manner possible that they did not desire to interfere at all with the State schools as at present constituted. On the contrary, they gloried in them. "Withered be the hand raised to destroy them," said the Archbishop. No, these two splendid prelates, Americans and loyal Republicans to the very core, would bitterly resent any attempt to hinder free education as granted by the State. All they ask is to be allowed to give their own religious education in their own hours,—this

religious education to go hand in hand with the secular teaching provided by the State. As Dr. Ireland has well pointed out, the State school, by ignoring the religious instruction of its children, is doing harm to the State. Therefore Catholics, while as earnest as their Protestant brethren for the retention of the admirable secular education of the State system, would add to it the religious education, not only of its own Church, but of all the other Churches in the Republic.

In no smallest respect do such men as Gibbons and Ireland lag behind in the onward march of civilisation. They strain every nerve that, in every particular, the Church shall be well abreast of the times, and even in advance of the times. "The Church," says one of them, "must prove equal to the hour and the occasion. It must enter into the spirit of the twentieth century, and into the spirit of the times and of the conditions of its environment, and it must have both pluck and push. In addition to these qualities, however, it must give evidence of an unquestionable intellectual superiority ; it must dominate by its erudition, and its rules of conduct must be based on reason and science, in order that it may prove the most powerful educational organisation. To effect this we must have a thoroughly educated clergy, who, at the same time, shall be thoroughly American, and imbued with American ideas. Our foreign priests have not divested themselves, and do not divest themselves, of the old spirit. They are bound down by the past. What we want is a new generation." In America the Church is free from all trammels. It can act as it thinks proper ; it enjoys the completest autonomy ; it is in close touch with the people. Many, even non-Catholics, are turning to Rome as the one great social force necessary to maintain the people in the right path. And the Church, animated with new youthfulness, feeling itself really and truly American, divested of all care for the past, and full of hope for the future, is ready for the battle.

Yes, the Church, as represented by her officers, is ready, but are the soldiers in her

ranks equally prepared? The weak point undoubtedly in the Church of Rome is the lack of energy and spontaneous, harmonious, and united action on the part of her lay members. They leave all to their priests, their officers. But the Colonel and the subalterns cannot possibly fight the battle single-handed; the private soldiers must follow where their officers lead. Archbishop Ireland frankly concedes to Protestantism a lay energy and promptitude of action which are not to be found in his own Church. In his recently published "Tries at Truth," Mr. Arnold White fondly dreams of a Christian Church in which there shall be neither priests nor ministers, churches nor ordinances. This, taken by itself, is an ideal impossible of realisation. He might as well plead for a fleet without ships and officers, or an army without generals and captains. But his main argument contains a grand truth. He would have a Church where *all* are servants of the Most High, *all* banded together to do His work, *all* striving to bring to pass the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. So must it be with the Church in the Republic. Her humblest members are called upon to strive to the uttermost. Lay energy, lay action, lay thought and promptitude will avail what the teaching or even the most devoted self-sacrifice of the clergy cannot hope to accomplish. It is no good that priests and prelates spend and be spent, whilst the lay members of their flock are given over to a political scoundrelism which would put to shame the vilest outcasts of humanity. It is of little avail that the priests of the Church preach glorious truths, or raise aloft pure ideals, whilst a timid and reactionary press dare take no step onward and upward in the higher life of its Church. There is a great work for the Roman Catholic laity in the American Republic. And if they but realise this, the Church, like a mighty army, brilliantly officered, splendidly disciplined, perfectly manned and equipped, will move on to victory.

And so, if all these her ideals are carried out in their entirety, it goes without saying that the Church will speedily become an important, if not the most important political factor in the Republic. She will become a factor that will not permit itself to be left unreckoned with in the calculations of any politician, or body of politicians, desirous of exercising an influence either for good or evil in the States—a factor that more than any other in American politics will go towards the construction and the maintenance of unity in the Republic. Rome, say what we may, and however much we may dislike or seek to explain away or absolutely deny the fact, Rome, nevertheless, is the one great Church—the one vast political as well as ecclesiastical organisation that speaks with authority, with a voice that *will* be heard. And especially must it be remembered that the Church in the Republic I am so fondly depicting will be, not the Church of Mediævalism, or of the Imperial City, or even of the Vatican of to-day. Rome in the Republic will be American Rome; it will be Puritan Rome, it will be emancipated Rome. It will not be Rome as we have hitherto known it, hampered and fettered by canons and rules centuries old, and altogether and hopelessly incompatible and out of touch with the spirit of to-day. It will be Rome Americanised—in other words, frankly democratic. And American Rome will find it her duty, and indeed even now finds it her duty, to modify or abolish those canons and laws which are absurd and ridiculous in the vast, new, young Republic. Rome in America glories in the proud traditions of the past; she is inspired and encouraged by them, but she does not live upon them. In her western avatar she is puritan and English, even more than she is mediæval and Italian. It is quite true, in another sense perhaps than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes meant it, that the Tiber will never dominate the Mississippi, but it is equally true that the Mississippi may flow into the Tiber. And I believe that the day will come, when, if she will but act up to her loftiest ideals, and in accordance with her noblest traditions, republican Rome,



Puritan Rome, will dominate not the United States only, but the whole English-speaking world.

Rome, with her old traditions undimmed and illumined by the spirit that once animated the Pilgrim Fathers of the Republic, will be possessed of a power and of an influence undreamed of even in the days of her loftiest supremacy. If she can but rise above her antecedents—and how great an “if” is this—what may she not accomplish? Emancipated, tolerant, democratic, American, who shall say what is not in store for her, or what is beyond the accomplishment of such a Church? But if this ideal of mine is ever to become other than such stuff as dreams are made of, it will be readily understood that she must be completely nationalised and naturalised throughout.



*Archbishop Corrigan.*

Nor is this difficult of accomplishment when we remember that the Roman Church is chiefly remarkable for an endless plasticity and an inexhaustible faculty for adaptation, which modern biologists have taught us to recognise as the condition precedent of life. In the highest and best sense of the word she follows out the precepts of the Apostle, and becomes, anywhere and everywhere, all things to all men. She never changes in her dogmas, her principles of morals, or her essential constitution. She may, she does, change in points of discipline, in practical application of principles according as circumstances are altered, and in her general exterior bearing; her garments take the colour of her environment. And this power of adaptation on her part—itsself an essential of vitality—is nowhere more remarkably displayed than in America. The States are jealous of foreign influence. The Church feels that she has no right to exist in America as a mere foreign establishment. Catholics desire no outward form of union between Church and State. They claim their rights as citizens of a free Government, and they demand for the Church no other rights than those which the law gives to all forms of voluntary association among citizens. And is not this Christ's own ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven? Certain narrow, prejudiced people will continue to judge Catholics from what they may have said or done under other forms of government or in other ages. Such critics are mistaken. Parties change, and the relations of men with them change also; and the relations of Catholics to the State in America are entirely different from the relations of like kind in other places and times. They know their niche in the Republic, and they fit themselves to it loyally and unreservedly.

With regard to the increasing hordes that are ever flowing into the great Republic, it is generally conceded, even by her enemies, that the Church of Rome will do more than any other body in the States, not only to Christianise them, to humanise them, and to render them fit and capable citizens, but also to establish them in the land of their adoption. Not the most prejudiced Puritan, the most bigoted Protestant, the

most loyal Republican, but acknowledges quite frankly and truthfully, and with nothing of *arrière-pensée*, that in the case of anarchy or of revolution, the influence of Rome will ever be healthily conservative, and will ever be exercised in favour of the Government, and to restrain the wild passions and headstrong impulses of various foreign elements—elements that otherwise would continue to be a source of daily-increasing menace and danger to the unity and happiness of the States. America is now universally regarded as the “dumping” ground for the Old World, which considers itself privileged to precipitate her surplus populations upon the wide-stretching prairies or the already overcrowded cities of the New World. All this seething mass of Bohemians and Hungarians, Swedes and Germans, Irish and Italians, can be held together only by ecclesiastical ties. This presents not only a serious problem to be solved by the Government, but it constitutes, at one and the same moment, the chief difficulty that confronts the Church, and provides her with the one great opportunity of proving to the world the real tangible nature of her power and of her influence. For it has now become the aim and duty of the Church in America to unite, fuse, mould, assimilate into one homogeneous and harmonious whole the various nationalities that come beneath her care, and to inculcate not only one form of Christianity, but also a heartfelt allegiance to the political principles of the country. Priests, as a rule, recognise this fact. The question, of course, is a very difficult one; the problem to be solved is very vast; so much then the greater will be the credit to the body that solves it. In exact proportion to the difficulty of gaining the victory will be the *kudos* acquired by the victors and the influence they will subsequently be able to exercise.

It was not always so. In the early days of emigration Roman Catholic priests and bishops were invariably, like their people, strangers and pilgrims in a foreign land. The Church then necessarily wore a foreign aspect. This was inevitable, and yet undesirable for many reasons. But the foreign aspect is now wearing away. The majority of American Catholics are now born in America, and are American to the very core. Bishops and priests understand that, while Catholics, they must be Americans. The whole tendency of the Church at the present day is to make faithful, loyal Catholics and loyal Americans.

Laudable as is this tendency, and glorious the consummation ultimately to be attained, yet the work does not progress without meeting difficulties from these very foreign elements within her ranks. Germans, Poles, Bohemians, French, and Italians make a strong fight for their own customs and tendencies; and, under the guidance of Herr Cahensley and other mistaken leaders—blind leaders of the blind—are endeavouring, as far as possible, to give each insignificant ethnical unit its own representative on the Episcopate. From every point of view, ecclesiastical as well as political, this would be suicidal. If their ideas triumphed, we should see in America an Italian Church, a German Church, a Hungarian Church, a French Church. Their rulers would establish and maintain a foreign unit in every state, would create an *imperium in imperio* in each locality.



Archbishop John Ireland.



Not so Cardinal Gibbons and his assistant prelates. These wiser and wider-minded Catholics realise the intense importance, if the Church is really to carry out her mission in its entirety, of Americanising and nationalising as rapidly and completely as possible bishops, priests, and people, remembering always that the spirit of the Church is to be the Church of the nation in which she works.

And now is her dream on the very verge of actualisation. Her prelates are not foreigners; they are not aristocrats; they are Americans to the core, attached heart and soul to the principles of democracy, seeking only to build up each and all into the true union of the Republic. Their one desire is to see a free Church in a free country, teaching to the varied inhabitants of that country the universal brotherhood of man and the all-fatherhood of God, without which, as both they and I hold, no Republic can hope to exist. And if the Church but succeed in the carrying out of these her ideals, she will no longer be the Church *in* the Republic, but the Church *of* the Republic beloved of all her children,—Rome, the Mother of the world.

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

*[The Author desires to acknowledge with thanks the assistance he has received from Messrs. Burns & Oates.]*









Drawn by Robert Barnes, R.I.]

[Engraved by J. R. Smith.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND.

# A DUTCH EXTERIOR.



NEEDED rest, and so I went to Holland. In order to rest properly one needs a flat country. Many people go to Switzerland to rest, and thereby commit a grave error. In that perpendicular country one is continually tempted to climb up to the edge and look out over the world below; whereas in a flat country the impossibility of ever reaching the horizon is so self-evident that one is content to remain placidly in the same place, and think only of the flattest and most unexciting topics.

I utterly disagree with those who think that it is possible to become perfectly familiar with a country by spending two days in it; and that to be carried through a city by an express train entitle one to be regarded as an authority as to that town. Nations and cities cannot be studied in this superficial way. If you want to become really familiar with the architecture, the galleries, and the public resorts of a town, and also to know the politics, the literature, the manners, and the morals of its inhabitants, you must spend from twelve to twenty-four hours in that town. This will seem a hard saying to the American tourist who wishes to write a book on, say, "German Traits," or to the English globe-trotter who contemplates an exhaustive work on the "Origin and Development of American Civilisation"; but it is nevertheless true. If you wish to be thorough you must pay the price of thoroughness.

I spent no less than four days in Holland, twenty-seven hours of which I passed in Amsterdam. There can therefore be no doubt of my qualifications for writing of Holland in general and of Amsterdam in particular. I like them both. They are calming to the mind, and there is probably more sleep to the square bedstead in Holland than in any other country in Europe.

I reached Amsterdam by train from Brussels, and passed through a number of able and deserving towns, which I studied, though of course in a somewhat superficial way, from the window of my railway carriage, or the refreshment room of a railway station. There was Rotterdam, well known in history as the residence of a merchant with a peculiar leg. There was Schiedam, dear to chemistry as the place where "schnapps" were invented. There was also a town variously known as "s'Gravenhagen," "La Haye," "Haag," and "The Hague." I did not like it, for I hate a town that does not know its own name. Nevertheless it is only fair to say that Bædeker speaks kindly of it, and says in effect that it is a perfectly respectable town. Still pursuing my way to Amsterdam, I passed through Leyden, where Puritans and



electric jars were once produced ; Haarlem, a town apparently named after a suburb of New York, and to all appearances quite as capable of shaking its inhabitants with malarial fever ; and finally reached the Amsterdam railway station, which is situated in about the middle of the harbour of Amsterdam.

I think it has been remarked by some previous explorer that Holland is flat. The surface of the country is unbroken except by the dykes, and the horizon is as the horizon of the sea would be if it were dotted with windmills as well as with ships. The men that one passes on the country roads are, with hardly an exception, immensely wide. This is an illustration of the familiar scientific truth that men expand or contract in proportion to the horizon of the place where they live. Thus the mountaineer of Switzerland, owing to the excess of mountains in his native land, seldom sees a horizon that is more than half a mile distant from him, and grows



*The New Market-place, Amsterdam.*

tall and thin, shooting upwards in a perpendicular direction instead of expanding horizontally. The Dutchman, on the contrary, whose horizon is limited only by the curve of the earth, grows laterally, and at about the age of forty-five is nearly globular, being almost as wide as he is tall. The same is of course true of the Dutchwoman ; and if one travels in Holland on a Monday, as I did, he gains an idea of the width of the Dutch matron, which is simply appalling. He has but to glance at the teeming clothes-lines in order to comprehend—But this is a subject that can only be adequately treated in the columns of a scientific journal.

The Dutch are an eminently healthy people in appearance. They are bright-eyed and ruddy-faced, and the fact that they survive the incessant use of tobacco, grown in the Dutch colonies, proves that they must be wonderfully robust. I am convinced that man attains his highest physical development in a damp and foggy land. It must be the fogs of London that produce the athletic young men and the superb young

women that are the admiration and envy of the rest of the world. France is far drier than England, and, as a consequence, its people have shrunk until they resemble a nation of prematurely old boys; while in hot and dry Calabria and Sicily man is even smaller still. In Holland, on the contrary, where the winter fogs are more persistent than they are in London, and where everything is so damp that wine waters itself, no matter how tightly it is corked, and you have to wring out the sugar that you put in your coffee, men, women, and children are, if anything, more obtrusively healthy than is the average Englishman. If you want to cultivate a fine breed of men water them profusely. I have little doubt that were every Frenchman to be played upon with a hose for an hour every morning and an hour every evening the race would gain four or five inches annually.

The girls of Amsterdam, who have just begun, so to speak, to expand, are wonderfully pretty. In fact, they bear a curiously close resemblance to English girls, and half a dozen times while walking in Amsterdam I was momentarily surprised



A Drawbridge, Rotterdam.

to hear young ladies, whom I had assumed to be typically English, speak Dutch; which is something that I think no self-respecting English girl would do.

I studied the language carefully, with the help of Bædeker and the signs and notices at the railway stations, and I do not hesitate to say that it is wholly uncalled for. It is simply German misspelled and lengthened out to an unpardonable extent. For example, I saw an advertisement which began *Engelschekleedermakerij*; and if any responsible Dutchman will undertake to defend such a word I should like to hear him try it. Then at every railway station a large placard sternly orders you to "*Past op de Zakkenrollers.*" Now, I had no zakkenrollers, and I would not have taken any as a gift; and yet I was constantly told by that offensive proclamation that I must "*Past op de zakkenrollers.*" I am proud to say that I never once complied with the order, and I don't think wild horses could have made me do it. You see, I looked upon the thing as a matter of principle. Many English girls learn German, and when they speak it I almost like the language; but I really could not listen to an English girl who should go so far as to speak Dutch. Yet, in a spirit of fairness, let me remark that in a Dutch newspaper I saw a leading article entitled "*Allerlie.*" The editor did not spell very well, but he was, at least, exceptionally frank.





All Holland is intersected by innumerable canals. They take the place of hedges and fences, and do not have to be either pruned or painted. Their existence is a proof of the sobriety of the Dutch, in spite of the fact that

Holland is the land of gin. If the Dutch were a drunken people, they would fall into their canals and drown themselves, to an extent that would soon depopulate the country.

These canals are also one reason why the Dutch are so domestic in their habits. A Dutch-

man knows that if he goes

out after dark the chances are that he will

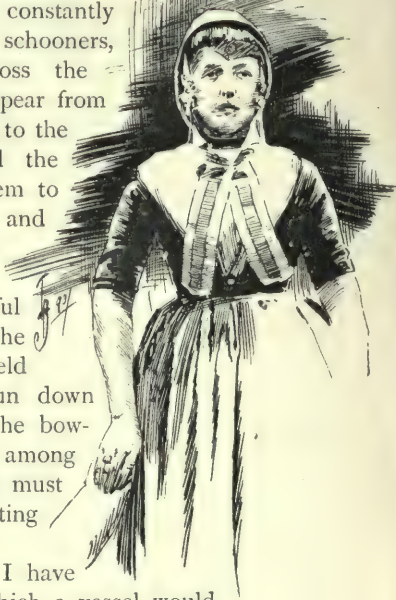
fall into a canal. Consequently he stays at home, and remarks to his wife that he loves her too dearly to think of spending an evening away from her. If there were as many canals in England and France as there are in Holland, England would be sober, and Frenchmen would make the acquaintance of their wives.

The usual method of locomotion in Holland is by boat. If you stand by the roadside and look

across the country, you will be constantly surprised to find steamboats, schooners, sloops, and galliots sailing across the meadows; for the canals disappear from sight at a short distance, owing to the flatness of the country, and the vessels that navigate them seem to be sailing over the turf and among the grain. There are

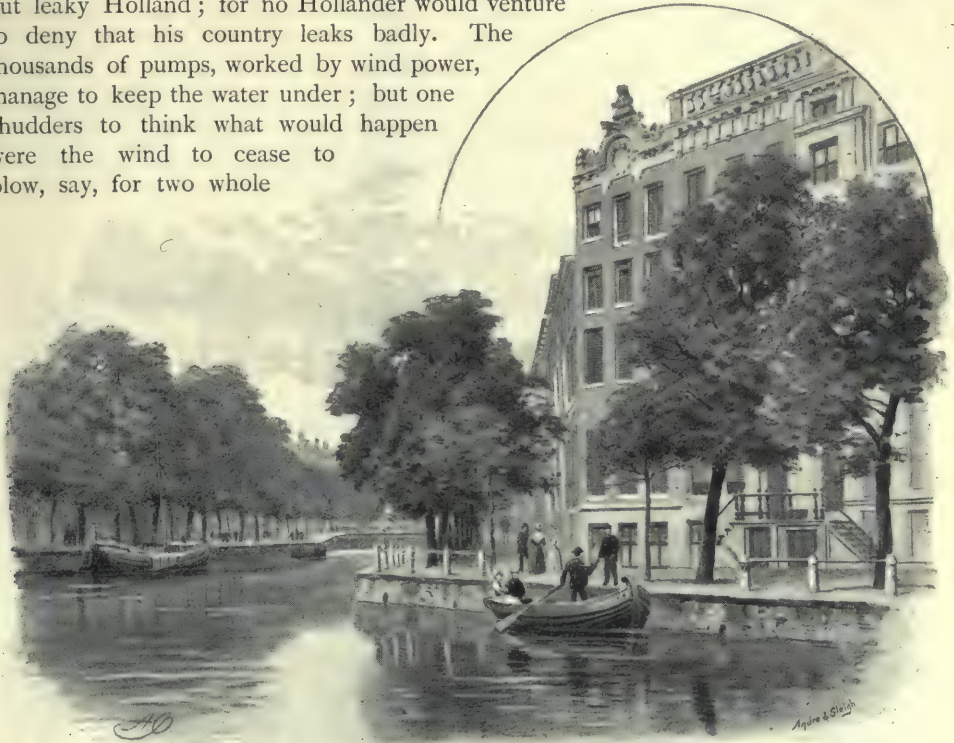
so many of these vessels that they must be a fruitful source of accidents. The farmer who is mowing a field is constantly liable to be run down by a steamboat, or to have the bowsprit of a sloop suddenly thrust among his ribs; a state of things which must make agriculture a somewhat exciting and venturesome pursuit.

I cannot understand the winds of Holland. I have frequently seen two parallel canals, down one of which a vessel would



be sailing with a fair wind, while another vessel, with an equally fair wind, would be sailing up the other canal. Of course you will say that each vessel had the wind abeam; but such was not the case. Each vessel had the wind nearly astern. It is hence evident that the Dutch construct their canals, as they do their railways, on a sort of double-track principle; though how they manage to have one wind for the down canal and another for the up canal is more than I could find out. I suppose I did not know the language well enough to understand everything.

Windmills have also, I think, been mentioned in connection with Holland. They are as the sands of the sea in number, and perform the constant labour of pumping out leaky Holland; for no Hollander would venture to deny that his country leaks badly. The thousands of pumps, worked by wind power, manage to keep the water under; but one shudders to think what would happen were the wind to cease to blow, say, for two whole



*A picturesque corner of Rotterdam.*

days, and the leaks to be permitted to have their own way. Probably Holland would founder in less than forty-eight hours. Fortunately the wind, seeing the advantage of having a perfectly flat country to blow over, constantly blows, and the pumps are never compelled to remain idle. Night and day the pumps are kept going, until they suck, and are then allowed a temporary rest. The windmills are built on pivots, so that they may be braced sharp up or squared in, as the case may be, to meet the direction of the wind. It was probably the experience gathered in working the windmills, and keeping at the pumps, that made the Dutch in former days a nation of sailors. The windmill is not unlike a fast Dutch galliot in build; and when a man has learned to manage the sails of a windmill, and keep the pumps going, he has learned the most important points of old-fashioned seamanship.

The railway traveller learns to dislike the windmill, because of its apparent giddiness and fondness for waltzing. As the train passes a dozen windmills at



different distances, the nearest ones begin to waltz around the more distant ones, and the traveller's eyes presently begin to ache, and he expresses views as to windmills which would hardly be fit for publication. Personally, I cannot but think that if the Hollanders were thoroughly to caulk their country, and so stop the leaks permanently, the plan would be an improvement on their present system of relying exclusively on pumps. There is no doubt that Holland could be made tight, provided

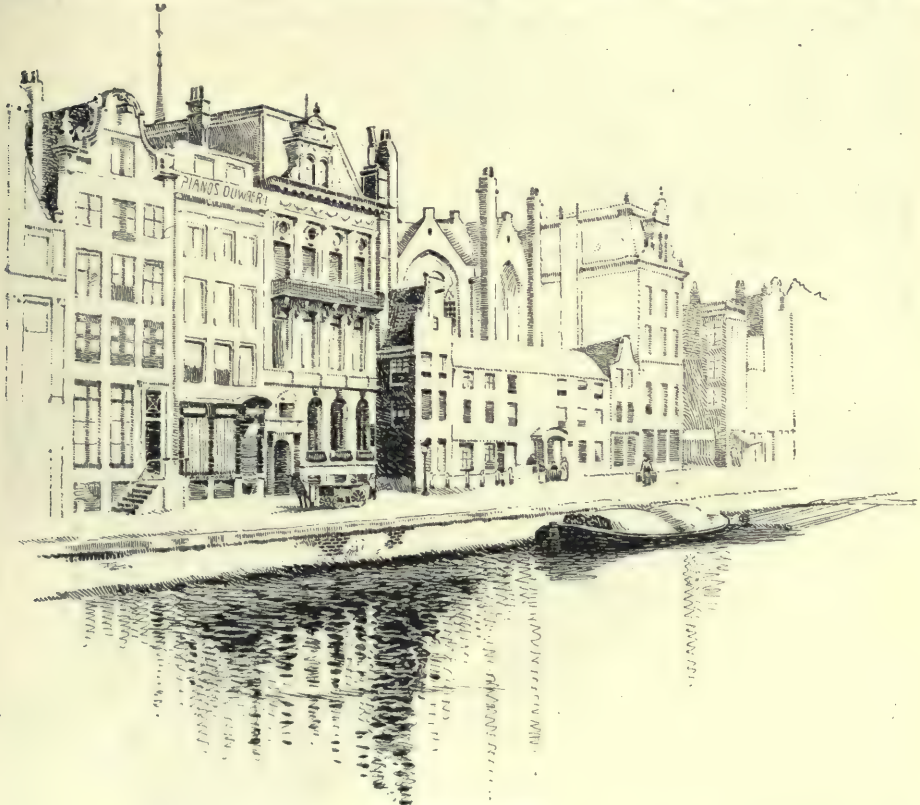


*Tower of the Mint. Amsterdam.*

the inhabitants were willing to incur the necessary expense. Were she to be covered with a layer of concrete a foot thick, she would be perfectly dry, and the enormous expense of building and sailing thousands of windmills would be avoided. However, the Hollanders have a right to do as they please, only if they could prevent their mills from waltzing before the eyes of the railway traveller it would be better both for his eyesight and his morals.

In the course of this exhaustive study of Holland I shall of course be expected to say something about the *fauna* and the *flora* of the country. The latter seems to

consist exclusively of cabbages and tulips, and I must firmly, even if sadly, condemn tulip salad. Among the *fauna* the storks occupy a prominent place, at all events in books. I did not see any of them, as they were all absent in Egypt, personally conducting parties of small birds. The courtesy of the stork in carrying small birds on his back, to spend the winter on the Nile, is as well known as his devotion to his aged parents; a devotion much dwelt upon in scientific Sunday School books. I hope it may be true, but I confess I should like to have the evidence carefully sifted. Indeed, I should like to have some proof of the existence of storks in Holland. I have seen a good many pictures representing the favourite residences of leading storks; but I never saw any one who had really seen a stork. Moreover, I should like



An Amsterdam Street.

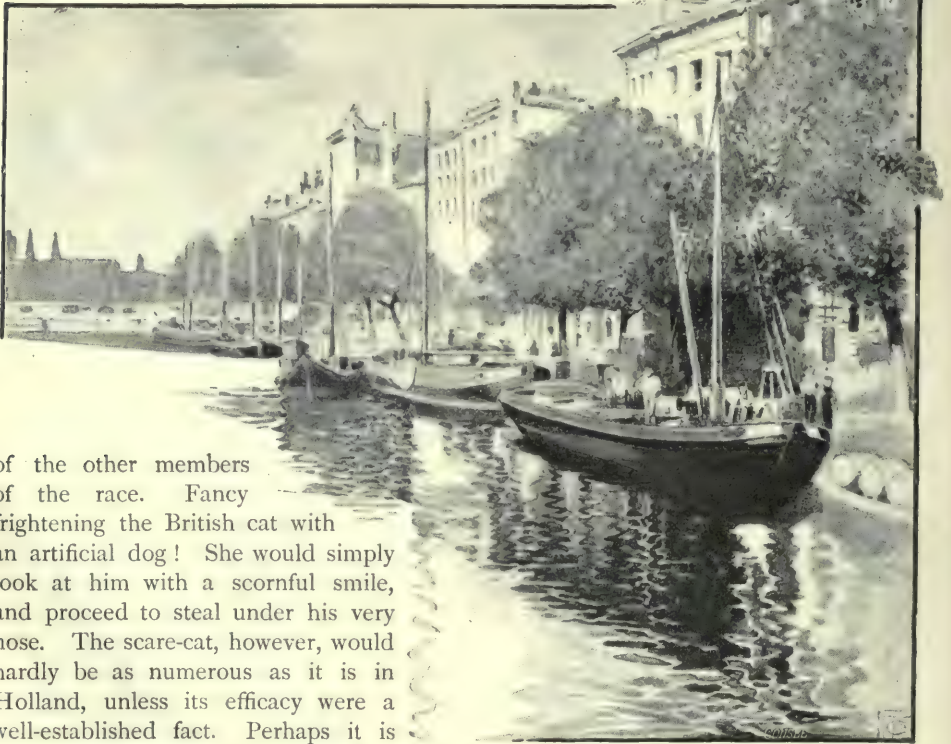
to know if the stork spells himself correctly. I have always had a feeling that his right name is "stalk," and that his transformation into "stork" is a cockneyism. Still the stork may be all right, and may be full of devotion to his grandfather, and of kindness to small birds. We whose acquaintance with birds is chiefly confined to sparrows ought not to judge all birds by those dissolute city vagabonds.

There is a peculiar bird in Holland which seems to the traveller to be a sort of combined duck and crow. He wears a dark pair of wings over a light grey under-jacket, and when you see him flying over a field, or engaged in stealing grain, you at once recognise him as a crow who has passed into second mourning. But observe him more closely, and you shall see that he has the bill of a duck and is web-footed. The bird is not a regular duck, for I have seen scores of ducks in the windows of restaurants, and have eaten my share of ducks of various species. I am therefore prepared to maintain that ducks do not fly over miles of territory at a stretch, and do



not steal grain,—that is unless they are wild ducks who know not the moral law. These Holland birds are not wild ducks, for they spend most of their time in farmyards, and I am forced to the conclusion that they were originally crows, and developed web-feet and duck-bills in consequence of their prolonged residence in a leaky country. I did not eat any duck while in Holland, and no prudent man who had observed the peculiarities of the Holland ducks would eat them. The best that can be said for them is that they are a sort of converted crow, and I do not like crows, no matter what professions they may make.

The scare-cat is an ingenious but artificial animal, which I have never met outside of Holland. It is a large and apparently ferocious dog, made of terra cotta, or other comparatively cheap material, and placed in the chicken yards of Dutch farmers to discourage the advances of cats. The theory is, that the Dutch cat, who desires to steal chickens, and who beholds this fraudulent animal on guard in the barnyard, will immediately fly in terror to the nearest shelter. If this is true of Dutch cats, they lack the intelligence



*A characteristic Canal scene.*

of the other members of the race. Fancy frightening the British cat with an artificial dog! She would simply look at him with a scornful smile, and proceed to steal under his very nose. The scare-cat, however, would hardly be as numerous as it is in Holland, unless its efficacy were a well-established fact. Perhaps it is the excess of water in Holland, and not the prevalence of scare-cats, which has driven most of the Dutch cats over the border into Belgium, where they seem to be thoroughly at home.

There was one thing which gave me a high opinion of the intelligence of the Hollander. He has his tricycle drawn by a horse, instead of driving it with his personal legs. The most frequent vehicle to be seen on the country roads is a three-wheeled cart, drawn by a horse, or at all events by a Dutch substitute for that animal. The great superiority of this plan to that of propelling a tricycle with the human legs is self evident. My physician has long tried, though vainly, to induce me to sentence

myself to hard labour on the tricycle. I am now willing to meet him in a spirit of compromise, and to take to tricycling provided I may do it in the Dutch manner.

Amsterdam, to which we have arrived at last, is commonly known as the Venice of the North. At least so I was informed by seventeen different persons during my stay in the former city. It is something like Venice. For instance, it has very nearly the same smells; also it has water in its canals—a phenomenon which occurs at Venice, except when the tide is very low. But you cannot make a Venice merely by digging a few canals and providing them with appropriate smells. The Amsterdam canals are, it is true, numerous, but they are not in the least Venetian. They are wide and they are bordered, not with palaces, but with trees, behind which are rows of sharp-gabled houses, that are about as Venetian as are the pork packing establishments of Chicago.

Nevertheless, a city may have its merits even if it cannot be a genuine Venice. Amsterdam is certainly wonderfully quaint and attractive. It is a place which is curiously restful, although the streets are often crowded, and the shops appear to be on



Mount Alban's Tower.

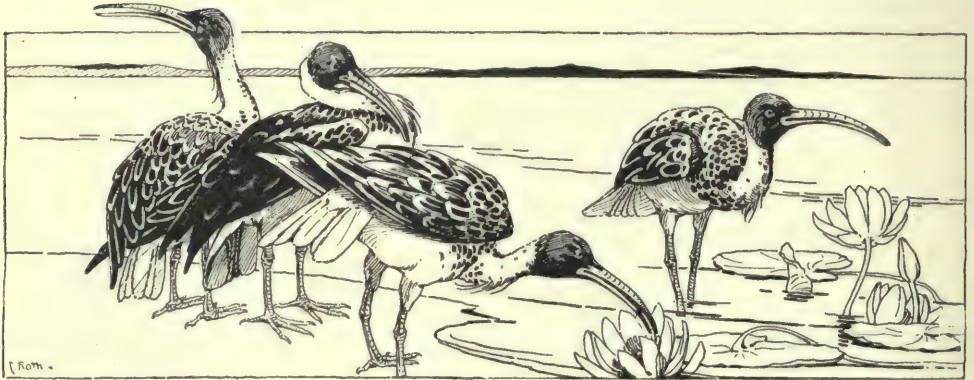
the point of doing a thriving business. The dwelling-houses impress you as being full of beds, and the occupants always seem to have just got up and had their morning bath. There must be a good deal of work done in Amsterdam; yet nobody seems to work, and the whole population wears the air of people who intend to finish their pipes before engaging in the business of the day. There are numerous huge ocean steamers lying in the port, and you know from the advertisements hung up in the corridors of your hotel that they will presently sail away across the Dutch meadows towards the open sea; but nobody appears to be engaged in loading or unloading them, and they pass the time in smoking as idly as the men who lounge on their decks. The spirit of rest pervades all Amsterdam, which is a rhetorical way of saying that it is a lazy place.

There are a few, but not many, picturesque buildings in Amsterdam, and there is an unlimited amount of fog, at least in the winter. I should say that the average Amsterdam fog is twice as wet as a London fog; though of course it lacks the solidity of the latter. You can run against it without being bruised, and fragments of it



never stick in your throat without dissolving. Of course it is nearly always wet under foot, and the mud is of a peculiarly slippery character. I can imagine Amsterdam as being really beautiful in summer; but then nobody, so far as I can find out, ever goes there in summer. The Briton always goes away from home in winter. This is because he is patriotic, and wants to see the rest of the world at its worst. He goes to Italy at the season of rains and searching winds; he goes to Paris either in March or November, and thereupon decides that the climate is worse than that of England; and when he goes to Amsterdam he chooses, as I did, the time of year when no modest and self-respecting Dutch town would dream of being seen without its wrap of fog. If you will follow my advice you will go to Amsterdam in June or July, and having first carefully read this article, so as to feel as familiar with Holland as with your native heath, you will find it one of the most charming places for a prolonged stay,—say of thirty-six hours—to be found anywhere outside of the five-mile radius of Charing Cross.

W. L. ALDEN







RAB

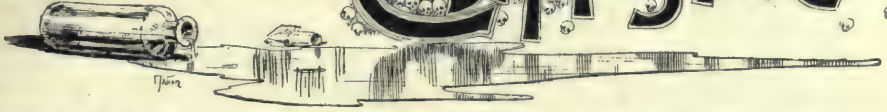
"HIS  
FRIENDS"



THE  
SPORTSMAN

PEOPLE WE HAVE MET. (No. 3.)

# A New Explosive



THE French Minister of War sat in his very comfortable chair in his own private yet official room, and pondered over a letter he had received. Being Minister of War, he was naturally the most mild, the most humane, and least quarrelsome man in the Cabinet. A Minister of War receives many letters that, as a matter of course, he throws into his waste basket; but this particular communication had somehow managed to rivet his attention. When a man becomes Minister of War he learns for the first time that apparently the great majority of mankind are engaged in the manufacture or invention of rifles, gunpowders, and devices of all kinds for the destruction of the rest of the world.

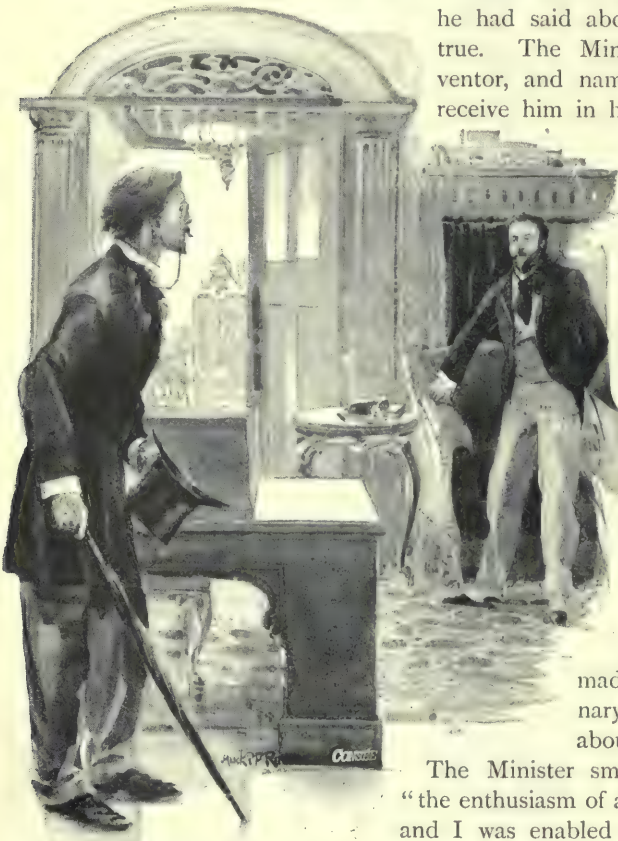
That morning, the Minister of War had received a letter which announced to him that the writer of it had invented an explosive so terrible that all known destructive agencies paled before it. As a Frenchman, he made the first offer of his discovery to the French Government. It would cost the Minister nothing, he said, to make a test which would corroborate his amazing claims for the substance, and the moment that test was made any intelligent man would recognise the fact that the power which possessed the secret of this destructive compound would at once occupy an unassailable position in a contentious world.

The writer offered personally to convince the Minister of the truth of his assertions, provided they could go to some remote spot where the results of the explosion would do no damage, and where they would be safe from espionage. The writer went on very frankly to say that if the Minister consulted with the agents of the police, they would at once see in this invitation a trap for the probable assassination of the Minister. But the inventor claimed that the Minister's own good sense should show him that his death was desired by none. He was but newly appointed, and had not yet had time to make enemies. France was at peace with all the world, and this happened before the time of the Anarchist demonstrations in Paris. It was but right, the letter went on, that the Minister should have some guarantee as to the *bona fides* of the inventor. He therefore gave his name and address, and said that if the Minister made inquiries from the police he would find nothing stood in their books against him. He was a student, whose attention for years had been given to the subject of explosives. To further show that he was entirely unselfish in this matter, he added that he had no desire to enrich himself by his discovery. He had a private income quite sufficient for his needs, and he intended to give, and not to sell, his secret to France. The only proviso he made was that his name should be linked with this terrible compound, which he maintained would secure universal peace to the world, for, after its qualities were known, no nation would dare to fight with another. The sole ambition of the inventor, said the letter in



conclusion, was to place his name high in the list of celebrated French scientists. If, however, the Minister refused to treat with him he would go to other Governments until his invention was taken up, but the Government which secured it would at once occupy the lead among nations. He entreated the Minister, therefore, for the sake of his country, to make at least one test of the compound.

It was, as I have said, before the time of the Paris explosion, and Ministers were not as suspicious as they are now. The Minister made inquiries regarding the scientist, who lived in a little suburb of Paris, and found that there was nothing against him on the books of the police. Inquiry showed that all he had said about his own private fortune was true. The Minister therefore wrote to the inventor, and named an hour at which he would receive him in his private office.



*"The hour and the man arrived together."*

The hour and the man arrived together. The Minister had had some slight doubts regarding his sanity, but the letter had been so straightforwardly written, and the appearance of the man himself was so kindly and benevolent and intelligent that the doubts of the official vanished.

"I beg you to be seated," said the Minister. "We are entirely alone, and nothing you say will be heard by any one but myself."

"I thank you, Monsieur le Ministre," replied the inventor, "for this mark of confidence; for I am afraid the claims I made in the letter were so extraordinary that you might well have hesitated about granting me an interview."

The Minister smiled. "I understand," he said, "the enthusiasm of an inventor for his latest triumph, and I was enabled thus to take, as it were, some discount from your statements, although I doubt not that you have discovered something that may

be of benefit to the War Department."

The inventor hesitated, looking seriously at the great official before him.

"From what you say," he began at last, "I am rather afraid to tell you, my discovery is so extraordinary that in my letter I was obliged to make my claims so mild that I fear I erred in under-estimating rather than in over-stating them. I have the explosive here in my pocket."

"Ah!" cried the Minister, a shade of pallor coming over his countenance, as he pushed back his chair. "I thought I stated in my note that you were not to bring it."

"Forgive me for not obeying. It is perfectly harmless while in this state. That is one of the peculiarities—a beneficent peculiarity if I may so term it—of this terrible

agent. It may be handled with perfect safety, and yet its effects are as inevitable as death," saying which, he took out of his pocket and held up to the light a bottle filled with a clear colourless liquid like water.

"You could pour that on the fire," he said, "with no other effect than to put out the blaze. You might place it under a steam hammer and crush the bottle to powder, yet no explosion would follow. It is as harmless as water in its present condition."

"How, then," said the Minister, "do you deal with it?"

Again the man hesitated.

"I am almost afraid to tell you," he said; "and if I could not demonstrate to your entire satisfaction that what I say is true, it would be folly for me to say what I am about to say. If I were to take this bottle and cut a notch in the cork, and walk with it neck downwards along the Boulevard des Italiens, allowing this fluid to fall drop by drop on the pavement, I could walk in that way in safety through every street in Paris. If it rained that day nothing would happen. If it rained the next or for a week nothing would happen, but the moment the sun came out and dried the moisture, the light step of a cat on any pavement over which I had passed would instantly shatter to ruins the whole of Paris."

"Impossible!" cried the Minister, an expression of horror coming into his face.

"I knew you would say that. Therefore I ask you to come with me to the country, where I can prove the truth of what I say. While I carry this bottle around with me in this apparently careless fashion, it is corked, as you see, with the utmost security. Not a drop of the fluid must be left on the outside of the cork or of the bottle. I have wiped the bottle and cork most thoroughly, and burned the cloth which I used in doing so. Fire will not cause this compound even when dry to explode, but the slightest touch will set it off. I have to be extremely careful in its manufacture, so that not a single drop is left unaccounted for in any place where it might evaporate."

The Minister, with his finger-tips together and his eyes on the ceiling, mused for a few moments on the amazing statement he had heard.

"If what you say is true," he began at last, "don't you think it would be more humane to destroy all traces of the experiments by which you discovered this substance, and to divulge the secret to no one? The devastation such a thing would cause if it fell into unscrupulous hands is too appalling even to contemplate."

"I have thought of that," said the inventor; "but some one else—the time may be far off or it may be near—is bound to make the discovery. My whole ambition, as I told you in my letter, is to have my name coupled with this discovery. I wish it to be known as the Lambelle Explosive. The secret would be safe with the French Government."

"I am not so sure of that," returned the Minister. "Some unscrupulous man may become Minister of War, and may use his knowledge to put himself in the position of Dictator. An unscrupulous man in the possession of such a secret would be invincible."

"What you say," replied the inventor, "is undoubtedly true; yet I am determined that the name of Lambelle shall go down in history coupled with the most destructive agent the world has ever known, or will know. If the Government of France will build for me a large stone structure as secure as a fortress, I will keep my secret, but will fill that building with bottles like this, and then——"





“Lambelle was waiting for him, holding by a leash two sorry-looking dogs.”

"I do not see," said the Minister, "that that would lessen the danger, if the unscrupulous man I speak of once became possessed of the keys; and, besides, the mere fact that such a secret existed would put other inventors upon the track, and some one else less benevolent than yourself would undoubtedly make the discovery. You admitted a moment ago that the chances were a future investigator would succeed in getting the right ingredients together, even without the knowledge that such an explosive existed. See what an incentive it would be to inventors all over the world, if it were known that France had in its possession such a fearful explosive! No Government has ever yet been successful in keeping the secret of either a gun or a gunpowder."

"There is, of course," said Lambelle, "much in what you say; but, equally of course, all that you say might have been said to the inventor of gunpowder, for gunpowder in its day was as wonderful as this is now."

Suddenly the Minister laughed aloud.

"I am talking seriously with you on this subject," he exclaimed, "as if I really believed in it. Of course, I may say I do nothing of the kind. I think you must have hypnotised me with those calm eyes of yours into crediting your statements for even a few moments."

"All that I say," said the inventor quietly, "can be corroborated to-morrow. Make an appointment with me in the country, and if it chances to be a calm and sunny day you will no longer doubt the evidence of your own eyes."

"Where do you wish the experiment to be made?" asked the Minister.

"It must be in some wild and desolate region, on a hill-top for preference. There should be either trees or old buildings there that we can destroy, otherwise the full effects can hardly be estimated."

"I have a place in the country," said the Minister, "which is wild and desolate and unprofitable enough. There are some useless stone buildings, not on a hill-top, but by the edge of a quarry which has been unworked for many years. There is no habitation for several miles around. Would such a spot be suitable?"

"Perfectly so. When would it be convenient for you to go?"

"I will leave with you to-night," said the Minister, "and we can spend the day to-morrow experimenting."

"Very well," answered Lambelle, rising when the Minister had told him the hour and the railway station at which they should meet.

That evening, when the Minister drove to the railway station in time for his train, he found Lambelle waiting for him, holding, by a leash, two sorry-looking dogs.

"Do you travel with such animals as these?" asked the Minister.

"The poor brutes," said Lambelle, with sorrow in his voice, "are necessary for our experiments. They will be in atoms by this time to-morrow."

The dogs were put into the railway-van, and the inventor brought his portmanteau with him into the private carriage reserved for the use of the Minister.

The place, as the Minister of War had said, was desolate enough. The stone buildings near the edge of the deserted quarry were stout and strong, although partly in ruins.

"I have here with me in my portmanteau," said Lambelle, "some hundreds of metres of electric wire. I will attach one of the dogs by this clip, which we can release from a distance by pressing an electric button. The moment the dog escapes he will undoubtedly explode the compound."



The insulated wire was run along the ground to a distant elevation. The dog was attached by the electric clip, and chained to a doorpost of one of the buildings. Lambelle then carefully uncorked his bottle, holding it at arms' length from his person. The Minister watched with strange interest as Lambelle allowed the fluid to drip in a semicircular line around the chained dog. The inventor carefully re-corked the bottle, wiped it thoroughly with a cloth he had with him, and threw the cloth into one of the deserted houses.

They waited near, until the spots caused by the fluid on the stone pavement in front of the house had disappeared.

"By the time we reach the hill," said Lambelle, "it will be quite dry in this hot sun."

As they departed towards the elevation, the forlorn dog howled mournfully, as if in premonition of his fate.



"Will you press the electric lever?" said Lambelle.

"I think, to make sure," said the inventor, when they reached the electrical apparatus, "that we might wait for half an hour."

The Minister lit a cigarette, and smoked silently, a strange battle going on in his mind. He found himself believing in the extraordinary claims made by the inventor, and his mind dwelt on the awful possibilities of such an explosive.

"Will you press the electric lever?" asked Lambelle quietly. "Remember that you are inaugurating a new era."

The Minister pressed down the key; and then, putting his field-glass to his eye, he saw that the dog was released, but the animal sat there scratching its ear with its paw. Then, realising that it was loose, it sniffed for a moment at the chain. Finally, it threw up its head and barked, although the distance was too great for them to hear any sound. The dog started in the direction the two men had gone; but, before it had taken three steps, the Minister was appalled to see the buildings suddenly crumble into dust, and a few moments later the thunder of the rocks falling into the deserted quarry came towards them. The whole ledge had been flung forward into the chasm. There was no smoke, but a haze of dust hovered over the spot.

"My God!" cried the Minister. "That is awful!"

"Yes," said Lambelle quietly; "I put more of the substance on the flagging than I need to have done. A few drops would have answered quite as well, but I wanted to make sure.

You were very sceptical, you know."

The Minister looked at him. "I beg of you, M. Lambelle, never to divulge this secret to the Government of France, or to any other power. Take the risk of it being discovered in the future. I implore you to reconsider your original intention.

If you desire money, I will see that you get what you want from the secret funds."

Lambelle shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no desire

for money," he said; "but what you have seen will show you that I shall be the most famous scientist of the century. The name of Lambelle will be known till the end of the world."

"But, my God, man!" said the Minister, "the end of the world is here the moment your secret is in the possession of another. With you or me it would be safe; but who can tell the minds of those who may follow us? You are putting the power of the Almighty into the hands of a man."

Lambelle flushed with pride as the pale-faced Minister said this.

"You speak the truth!" he cried. "It is the power of Omnipotence."

"Then," implored the Minister, "re-consider your decision."

"I have laboured too long," said Lambelle, "to forgo my triumph now. You are convinced at last, I see. Now then, tell me, will you,



"My God!" cried the Minister. "That is awful!"



as Minister of France, secure for your country this greatest of all inventions?"

"Yes," answered the Minister; "no other power must be allowed to obtain the secret. Have you ever written down the names of the ingredients?"

"Never," answered Lambelle.

"Is it not possible for any one to have suspected what your experiments were? If a man got into your laboratory—a scientific man—could he not, from what he saw there, obtain the secret?"

"It would be impossible," said Lambelle. "I have been too anxious to keep the credit for myself, to leave any traces that might give a hint of what I was doing—if, for instance, I became ill."

"You were wise in that," said the Minister, drawing a deep breath. "Now let us go and look at the ruins."

As they neared the spot, the official's astonishment at the extraordinary destruction became greater and greater. The rock had been rent as if by an earthquake, to the distance of hundreds of yards.

"You say," said the Minister, "that the liquid is perfectly safe until evaporation takes place."

"Perfectly," answered Lambelle. "Of course one has to be careful, as I told you, in the use of it. You must not get a drop on your clothes, or leave it anywhere on the outside of the bottle to evaporate."

"Let me see the stuff."

Lambelle handed him the bottle.

"Have you any more of this in your laboratory?"

"Not a drop."

"If you wished to destroy this, how would you do it?"

"I should empty the bottle into the Seine. It would flow down to the sea, and no harm would be done."

"See if you can find any traces of the dog," said the Minister. "I will clamber down into the quarry, and look there."

"You will find nothing," said Lambelle confidently.

There was but one path by which the bottom of the quarry could be reached. The Minister descended by this until he was out of sight of the man above; then he quickly uncorked the bottle, and allowed the fluid to drip along the narrowest part of the path which faced the burning sun. He corked the bottle, wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, which he rolled into a ball, and threw into the quarry. Coming up to the surface again, he said to the mild and benevolent scientist: "I cannot find a trace of the dog."

"Nor can I," said Lambelle. "Of course when you can hardly find a sign of the buildings it is not to be expected that there should be any remnants of the dog."

"Suppose we get back to the hill now and have lunch," said the Minister.

"Do you wish to try another experiment?"

"I would like to try one more after we have had something to eat. What would be the effect if you poured the whole bottleful into the quarry and set it off?"

"Oh, impossible!" cried Lambelle. "It would rend this whole part of the country to pieces. In fact, I am not sure that the shock would not be felt as far as Paris. With a very few drops I will shatter the whole quarry."

"Well, we will try that after lunch. We have another dog left."



"'I could not do otherwise,' he murmured."



When an hour had passed, Lambelle was anxious to try his quarry experiment.

"By-and-by," he said, "the sun will not be shining in the quarry, and then it will be too late."

"We can easily wait until to-morrow, unless you are in a hurry."

"I am in no hurry," rejoined the inventor. "I thought perhaps you might be, with so much to do."

"No," replied the official. "Nothing I shall do during my administration will be more important than this."

"I am glad to hear you say so," answered Lambelle; "and if you will give me the bottle again I will now place a few drops in the sunny part of the quarry."

The Minister handed him the bottle, apparently with some reluctance.

"I still think," he said, "that it would be much better to allow this secret to die. No one knows it at present but yourself. With you, as I have said, it will be safe, or with me; but think of the awful possibilities of a disclosure."

"Every great invention has its risks," said Lambelle firmly. "Nothing would induce me to forgo the fruits of my life-work. It is too much to ask of any man."

"Very well," said the Minister. "Then let us be sure of our facts. I want to see the effects of the explosive on the quarry."

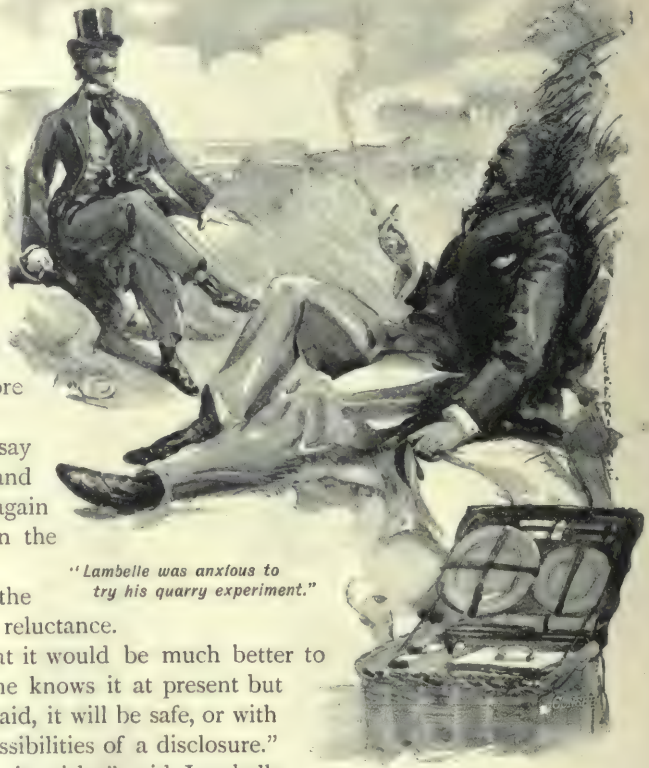
"You shall," said Lambelle, as he departed.

"I will wait for you here," said the Minister, "and smoke a cigarette."

When the inventor approached the quarry, leading the dog behind him, the Minister's hand trembled so that he was hardly able to hold the field-glass to his eye. Lambelle disappeared down the path. The next instant the ground trembled even where the Minister sat, and a haze of dust arose above the ruined quarry.

Some moments after the pallid Minister looked over the work of destruction, but no trace of humanity was there except himself.

"I could not do otherwise," he murmured. "It was too great a risk to run."



"Lambelle was anxious to try his quarry experiment."





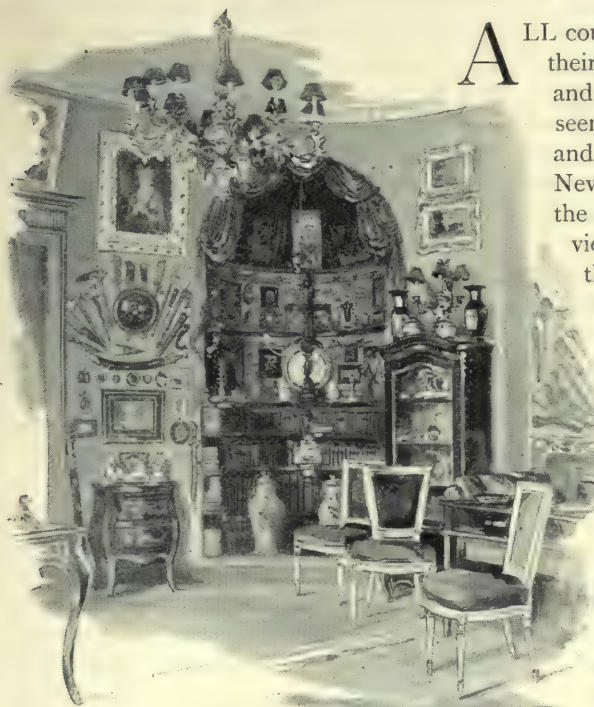


*Drawn by G. L. Seymour.]*

"THE CALL TO DUTY."



## SOCIETY—THE REMNANT.



ALL countries and all epochs have had their periods of social topsyturveydom and moral *dévergondage*, when virtue seems to have been a dead letter and folly and vice reigned triumphant. Nevertheless, there has always been the remnant. Hidden from public view as they might have been, there they were — those seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and who remained faithful to the better way. The old law of Numa did not want for followers, even when Messalina haunted the gardens of the Pincio and Nero criticised the beauty of his murdered mother. Piety and pity were not dead when the Borgias brewed their hell-broth for enemies and inconvenient friends alike. When the Piedmontese women flung themselves by dozens at the feet of the young Emperor, who came in

pomp and remained for love, there were still maidens with well-clasped zones and wives whose husbands had no cause for fear. When Charles II. made Chiffinch his companion and confidant, all women were not like my Lady Castlemaine; likewise, when Du Barry was the uncrowned queen at Versailles, France had her full contingent of those who preferred their undistinguished honour to the glittering corruption surrounding the place of the King's acknowledged mistress.

Even so now, when women notoriously unfaithful to their husbands are met at the "best" houses, when snobs and tuft-hunters have elbowed and corkscrewed their way into high places, and millionaires without h's are accepted as equals by the blue-blooded and high-nosed,—even now we have the self-respecting remnant; and the remnant will have none of these things, and bow neither head nor knee to Baal.



In the articles on Society which have appeared lately, Lady Jeune's is the only one which recognises the existence of a section too honourable and high-spirited to be toad-eaters or tuft-hunters. Yet even Lady Jeune speaks of these honourable and self-respecting gentlefolks as a class somewhat apart from those who make what is rightfully called Society—meritorious folk enough, but strangers without the gates, and having no blood relationship with the *porphyrogeniti*. Now, it is just this position that I deny, and just this section of which I would speak.

As well-born, as well-educated, as well-mannered as the kings and queens of Society—I am not now speaking of the highest nobility, who form a class apart—these self-respecting gentry make no effort to wriggle into smart houses, and would not exchange one shred of their independence to be received on terms of apparent equality by those who, according to conventional appraisement, are above them. The word “apparent” is used advisedly; for no high-born aristocrat looks on a commoner, whoever he may be, as his equal; and the title of My Lady is as a chemical agent which alters the very composition of the blood, and dissolves out of it all its commonness. This is true even of those who acquire the rank into which they were not born. As with Lady S——, who, to an untitled friend born and bred on her own social plane, criticising a third of exactly her own original condition, said, with ineffable disdain: “I do not mind saying it to you, for you are too good-natured to take offence; but she (Mrs. K——) has such middle-class manners!”

The self-respecting gentry know this, and refuse to lower their pride to the base level of touters for a recognition which has always in it the element of contempt for inferiority. This element shows itself plainly enough in Lady Cork's article and in that of “A Woman of the World”; and so far both these ladies are frank and straightforward. They divide Society into the “born” and the “not born,” and think the mingling together of the fringes a national disaster. They despise those of the “born” who, for the sake of good dinners and fine entertainments, countenance Lady Midas and invite Sir Gorgias to their “small and earlies.” They ridicule Sir Gorgias and his lady for their very success in worming themselves into the Society whereto they have no natural claim, and to which their introduction had been effected only by money. They deprecate the admission of the Jews into the *huis clos* of caste, and lament the time when Almack's was the Paradise through the gates of which not the loveliest Peri of them all, if an Israelite, or “not born,” could hope to pass. They are at odds all through with the democratic wave which has swept together in one heap the pearly nautilus and the coarse sea-snail; and by their frankness they have done infinite service to the self-respecting remnant, who already know what they have confessed, and so far have strengthened the weaker-kneed of the class.

Democratic as Society may be in its pursuit of pleasure, following after every leader that appears, and confounding in one mad swirl base notoriety and honourable fame—money scraped out of to-day's mud and estates inherited for generations—the fact of class-distinctions still holds good; and both those who are born in the purple, and those whose chrism-cloth was homely tan, know this truth, and act on it. The gilded snob does all he knows to be admitted into smart houses. If his gilding be thick enough, the smart houses open their doors to receive him with apparent cordiality and secret disdain. The tie between them is as untrustworthy as were Michael Scot's ropes of sand, and depends solely and wholly on the thickness of the gilding. The marriages made between the two classes are always of the same kind as that of the lioness and the mouse; and the purple never really fraternises with the tan. Those rich snobs who marry high-bred impecuniosity are

no more received into the inner intimacy of the wife's family than the pretty foreigner is received into the intimacy of the proud Roman sisters—those well-born, well-married noblewomen, who regard their brother's alien and plebeian wife as no higher than his legalised mistress. Between the two a barrier is fixed which is never thrown down. High-bred impecuniosity rejoices in the affluence which the gilded snob has given her; but rejoicing is not reciprocity. She receives all and gives back nothing; and the man least considered in her own house is the master of that house—the one who plays the meanest part in the social and matrimonial drama is the husband of the wife who fills the stage which he himself has built and furnished.

This is the cup of degradation which certain of the baser kind do not refuse to drink for the sake of a high-sounding alliance that annihilates their independence and destroys their individuality; but all the lowly-born who have become rich by their own exertions are not of this degraded type, and every one knows wealthy families who are content with friends, if not quite of their own original status, yet of not such social supremacy as obliges the one to crawl while giving the other cause for insolent airs of patronage and superiority. Content to enjoy the fruits of their own industry and intelligence—content to make those about them happy—to surround themselves with beauty for the sake of beauty, not for the sake of ostentatious display, these too are of the remnant which do not bow the knee to Baal—too sincerely self-respecting to be snobs or tuft-hunters.

The laxity of the age in morals is for the most part passed over lightly, and if confessed is apologised for and excused, chiefly on the ground of its improvement on certain notorious epochs. But no candid observer can deny the fact of this laxity; as indeed must needs be, with the greater freedom given to young women and the fewer duties left them to fulfil. The present period is remarkable, *inter alia*, for the loosening of home ties once held so sacred, and for the distaste for home life, once so venerated and loved. Restlessness and discontent have taken the place of the former quietude and serene acceptance of the lot marked out for them, characteristic of English girls. Desire for excitement, adventure, pleasure, and above all longing after those apples of the Tree of Knowledge, make home the dullest place in the world to our young modern Eves, and the father and mother the most irksome companions. Even husbands of their own age pall on them after a time; and that satiety should destroy love and render marriage unmitigated boredom is one of the accepted canons among the railers at things as they are in favour of things as they are not and can never be. With these young wives maternity counts as a horror, if not a degradation. They abhor children, and Shakespeare's famous aphorism is no more true to them than the fifth commandment had power over them when girls, or than the seventh has terror for them as wives. Whether they love their lords or not, maternity is a curse they willingly run all risks to avoid; and when they do have children their first care is to shuffle them off on to any one's hands but their own—their next to delay the introduction of their girls for so long as is decently possible—their last to get those girls married out of hand, no matter to whom, so long as they can shake them off their own skirts, and free themselves from inconvenient witnesses and possible rivals.

Here again we have the remnant. There are still to be found, even in Society, sweet, natural, tender women who love their babies and welcome them into the world into which they have been brought by no will or act of their own. There are still to be found young and pretty mothers who give up gaieties and festivities that they may be at the bedside of a sick child, and who, while looking more the sisters than the mothers of their grown girls, introduce them at the right age and



neither shunt nor suppress them. Certainly there are mothers who let their daughters go to the right or the left unchaperoned, while they themselves carry on the old game of intrigue with new and varied playfellows; but the remnant exists, and to these clean-minded and clean-living women, faithful wives and devoted mothers, we take off our hats, as to King Edward's Countess of Shrewsbury, and that pearl among wives and mothers, Lady Rachel Russell.

We get a little insight into the wide-spread prevalence of what is surely dangerous flirting, if not absolute intrigue, by Sunday visiting at certain houses. In some the hostess frankly says she does not care to have women at all. She wants only club men and politicians, with whom to discuss the salient questions of the day: women, with their flirting and frivolity, are out of place and out of tune; and this position is intelligible enough. Other houses are frankly open to both sexes. These belong to the remnant. But others again are intended for men only; and even of these it is wished that none but the favourites should call. Before you know this, and if you are a woman who makes Sunday calls, you get your initiation into the secret ways of those houses by a process as painful to yourself as it is disagreeable to your fair friends. You call at this house and that, to find two people in earnest conversation together—conversation of the kind which does not like interruption. Woman-like, she recovers her self-possession the soonest; man-like, he shows temper and is sullen. You, the innocent Jonah whose presence has wrecked this little bark of confidential intercourse, bowed under the sense of your involuntary iniquity, talk fast and probably talk foolishly—only anxious to get through your necessary five minutes before you may convey yourself and your embarrassment out of the room. If this happen to you twice or thrice in the same day, it leaves on you the most depressing sense of gross blundering. Then you wish that you had never been born; for perhaps these unexpected revelations have shattered what was once a delicate and dainty little image; and one more illusion has gone like an iridescent bubble burst into empty air.

For the self-respecting remnant both tact and discrimination are of primal necessity in their dealings with Society. To churlishly refuse the proffered friendship of those on the higher rungs of the social ladder—rungs which are higher than your own—is to write yourself down a snob of the snobs, when that friendship is sincere, simple and human. It all depends on that sincerity, that simple humanness, and on your own estimate of the motive which prompts the offer of that right hand of fellowship. If the motive be frankly sincere, the acceptance should follow suit. But if you are asked as a kind of lion whose roaring is to be a feature—a modern Samson to make sport for the nobly-born Philistines, then are you a cur if you accept, and unworthy of the grand old name handed down to you by your English forefathers.

This kind of thing is the enduring temptation and constantly recurring difficulty of successful artists. The Leo Hunters of Society are never idle, and their traps are set, their nets are cast at all four corners of the social jungle. It is not the person they care for, only the name. Nor is it fame they regard, so much as notoriety. An outrage against good taste and decency, if well boomed and talked about, is a bigger passport than an achievement that has escaped the desecration of blare and gained only the distinction of appreciative praise. This nice difference in the spirit is discernible only by the remnant. The ruck of the strivers after private pelf and public notice are too eager in their race to care for nice differences. To see their names in the list of my Lady Fourstars' guests is all they desire. Little they reck whether they are asked out of regard for themselves or respect for what they have done, or for the mere fact that they are notorious and by their notoriety stand as advertisements

for Lady Fourstars herself. Anyway, they are willing to hire themselves out for the pleasure of seeing their names in the list; and if you speak to them of self-respect on the one hand or of self-degradation on the other, you speak a language as foreign as if you exhorted them in Chaldean or warned them in Hebrew. They are not of the remnant, and they bow their knees to any number of Baals without the tender excuse of Naaman when his master leaned on his hand in the House of Rimmon.

This does not say that we are free from the obligation of paying our shot in Society. We all must, some in one way, some in another. We must contribute our share to the general quota, either by our birth or our wealth, our beauty or our brains, our fame or our influence, or it may be only by our manners and our power of talk. No totally insignificant and undowered person can possibly hope to be in what is called Society—that is, asked by those who value the outsides of things alone, and who demand the *quid pro quo*. The best wife in the world, the most meritorious mother, the dearest father, brothers and sisters to swear by, if neither handsome nor witty, neither rich nor well-born, if contributing nothing to a room in dress, name, appearance, conversation, will not be largely invited, save by those intimates who know and respect them. If these undistinguished persons are touched by the curse of social ambition, they will eat dirt by the peckful for the sake of appearing here and there. If they are of the remnant, with a sufficient amount of good sense and the power of recognising conditions, they will accept their portion of social effacement with the dignity of those who understand their true worth, their real position, and do not wish for fictitious acknowledgments.

In all professions and all social circumstances can be found this remnant of the self-respecting, who disdain the arts by which others forge or wriggle their way to the front. In art and literature are the two sections of the rockets, with the charred stick to follow—and of the steadily flaming cressets, that burn quietly on to the end—those who are “boomed” by interested friends and backers, and those the worth of whose work is their sole claim to public consideration. It must be confessed that this last section is in a woful minority in these latter times, and that writers and artists trust more to the power of the boom than they do to the intrinsic worth of their work. But the fame brought by the former method is illusory and transitory. It sells the books, and brings good money to the pocket of the author: so far, indeed, it is neither illusory nor transitory; but it does not secure the success of future issues, if those issues are unworthy of success. The glamour of a boom lasts but a short time, and no self-respecting worker either values or desires it. The wise know that sooner or later most of us come to our deserts. Those who have been buoyed up by wind-bags get caught on sharp places, which pierce their supports and let them down like stones. Those who have done the best they know, steadily, faithfully, through temporary neglect but ever-increasing recognition, come at last to the goal of their desire—whence they can never be dislodged. The self-respecting worker keeps steadily on, indifferent to hostile criticism save when it conveys a real lesson of better advice, and with but one aim—to do the best he knows. The boomed worker is spasmodic, hurried, and always under strain and apprehension. His dominant endeavour is to surpass himself, not in the intrinsic quality of his work, but in its sensationalism of thought, or it may be of narration. He plays to the gallery, and the gallery likes that which is hot i’ the mouth. His demonstrative friends have been his real undoing, and the charred stick is bound to come down. This is, as was said, specially true of intellectual workers in this present noisy day. But we must never forget the remnant—those quiet, conscientious, and independent workers, whose pride disdains fireworks, and whose honour is in their own thoroughness.



Again, in politics we have the remnant of honest men, whose convictions carry them beyond the considerations of party, its advantages, its emoluments. Of these are the Liberal Unionists—those men who are too conscientious and self-respecting to sell their souls for place, and too manly to be led by a name into the mire into which the party has deliberately walked. Never in our history before has a body of men stood out in fairer light than these Liberal Unionists, who have coalesced with the Conservatives, and gone out from the ranks of their old party to save the Empire from destruction, and to protest against the degradation of the House as ordained by Mr. Gladstone. The fight they make is hard and heavy, uphill all the way, and to a certain extent foredoomed to present failure. They cannot hope to destroy that craven-spirited majority which takes its orders from gutter-sparrows and village ruffians—to bring back to the sense of English honour and English patriotism the recreant sons of the Mother who for place, power, and party, do not hesitate to defame and betray her. The Conservatives, grand as they are, are in their natural groove. It costs them nothing to oppose the mischievous treason of this degraded party, led by the once famous and now lost leader and arch-traitor. But the Liberal Unionists have had to sever old ties and stand foot to foot against old friends. They have had to go into exile, and make friends of those who erstwhile were strangers and opponents. They have been truly the remnant of the faithful, saved from the evil seductions which have brought their weaker brethren to the place where all honest men despise them, all good patriots execrate them, and all self-respecting Englishmen blush that they bear the same name as themselves.

And, by the way, this anti-English spirit, this unpatriotic madness, has spread far and struck deep into the vitals of this politically degenerate time. One continually meets in Society with men who are not ashamed to confess that they are absolutely destitute of the sense of patriotism. England is no more to them than France; and even less than France, inasmuch as the “artistic” element in France is greater than in England; and to these flabby descendants of the men who fought at Crécy and conquered at Waterloo “art” stands before patriotism, and the shape of a jug, the special shade of a colour, the technique of a picture, throw far into the background such prosaic considerations as loyalty and self-respect, love of country and national dignity. If it were not such a flabby age as it is, all these men would be severely boycotted. Let like herd with like, and let the traitors be dismissed from the presence of the patriotic. The remnant did not consort with the worshippers of Baal or the sons of Belial, and the intrinsic fitness of things remains the same under all changes of name and form.

The great ladies condemn the smaller fry who push for a footing on the golden stair. Those great ladies are themselves to blame, partly by their own greed for new experiences—and oh! ye enriched proletariat, remember that you are new experiences to the *porphyrogeniti*, as much so as if you were black fellows or Aztecs!—and partly by their descent into walks of life and action unfamiliar and inharmonious. Those milliners’ shops, set afloat by certain members of the aristocracy, have been as nails in the coffin of class consideration. If titled folk are poor, and their own kith and kin will not support them, they must work that they may be fed, like others whose blood has not a tinge of blue, and whose chrisn-cloth was homely tan. But if titled folk are merely idle at home, and craving for new sensations—craving, too, for what they hope will prove a profitable turn-over of their margin—and on account of this come down into the labour market and enter into competition with the bread-winners fighting for simple sustenance, then are they more than *déclassées*, then have they forgotten the best traditions and finest formulas of their order. There are, however, the noble,

stately remnant of men and women to whom *noblesse oblige* is a living phrase, and self-respect as potent an influence as religion itself. Indeed, it is religion ; for the sect of the Stoics never dies out, and here too the remnant holds its proud head high and refuses obeisance to the popular Baal of the hour. That popular Baal to the aristocracy is competition in work for wages with the poorer members of society who have to work if they would live. "The dignity of labour"—in itself and when used sincerely a fine phrase enough—has become with these self-forgetting aristocrats a word of degradation. The spell upon them is not noble striving to do homely things well, but the hope of ignoble gain and success in yet more ignoble competition. In this competition they play with loaded dice. They know that their name will be a powerful make-weight for acceptance, and that merit alone will not sway the leaders' choice. Every penny which these titled and influential workers make for their superfluous expenses, and on the strength of their social position, is taken out of the mouths of the impecunious, to whom it is of vital need to earn bread for themselves and their families. And, congested as the labour market is on all sides, this incursion of the uncovenanted is a direful hindrance to the well-being of the needy, already jostling one another too rudely among themselves.

The remnant of the well-portioned who have gifts and capacities do none of these things. They are content to be artists and "workers" for the pleasure of their own, and the joy they themselves take in their achievements. The remnant do not care to advertise themselves by exhibitions, by competition, by receiving payment, even for the professed purpose of charity ; but nobly, and in the old grand style of the sheltered woman, they keep sacred the things they do, and content themselves with home applause and private delectation.

This is the remnant into the houses of which the modern social element does not enter. They do not associate with men to whom their butlers could give points—with women less refined than their maids. No amount of gilding could make these people acceptable ; and no intrigue whereby to effect an entrance could be successful. They stand by their own order, and maintain the dignity of inherited caste. Notoriety is as offensive to them as ill-breeding, as ostentation. They see no charm in that kind of impudent cleverness which has assumed heroic proportions of late : the cleverness which here ignores a notorious past in favour of a decent present—there outrages all sense of feminine decency, as well as forgets the limits of geographical accuracy. Such "fame" as this the remnant of the truly noble reject, as they would turn aside from the phosphorescent shine of corruption. They refuse to hold terms with the undesirable, however big the posters setting forth their names—however bright the shine of what is substantially corruption.

In a lovely little knot apart stand the remnant of fair women who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of rampant egotism under the name of a mission, and self-display under the name of political action. No platform orators are they, appealing to men's passions, euphemistically styled their reason ; no disturbers of an ancient civilisation, which the sovereign's coronation oath undertakes to respect, for the sake of the career it opens and the emoluments that career includes. To this remnant home duties lie closer and are more sacred than wild tramps in foreign lands for the conversion of content into discontent, quietude into restlessness, the claustral life befitting the religion, the morals, the habits, and the climate, into the half-Amazonian freedom which does as much harm as good even in the colder north and west, and which would be so disastrous in the south and east. The remnant among modern women are as beautiful and pure, as orderly and as modest, as were ever their predecessors in the finest days of history. The type has not died out ; it is only overshadowed



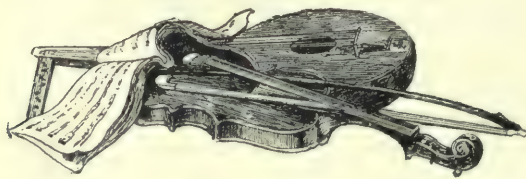
by the more vulgar self-assertion of the rowdy kind—those blatant, noisy, and unsexed Wild Women who have gone beyond the line of feminine modesty, as the best of all ages have traced it, and left to the remnant the guardianship of the holy books and the care of the sacred fire. Were it not for this remnant, indeed, we might well despair because of the things we see and hear. But the seven thousand save us, and the chosen people have always their representatives.

In this remnant, then, lies the hope of the future. It was the salvation of the past. In the worst time of Rome's corruption it existed, as one might find sweet flowers hidden among weeds and filth; and what can be said of Imperial Rome may be said of every other country and every other epoch. There has always been the remnant; self-respecting, honourable, faithful to the better way, loyal to the finer traditions. When all society seemed to be given over to hopeless corruption, in the quiet homesteads, far removed from the glare of Courts and the noise of cities, noble men and women lived in the grand simplicity of virtue, and reared their children to respect the gods and themselves. When men openly laughed at morality, and women notoriously bartered chastity for gain, and gave away the true for the false, the remnant kept the record clean; and by degrees the best outran the worst.

So now as in the past.

Undeclared by public blare, the remnant of self-respecting men and women hold that dignified place of silent personal pride which accepts no bribe and offers none—content to be and not to seem, to have and not to beg. Undeflected by fear or favour, they eschew the worship of a remunerative Baal, and prefer instead the more barren honour of loyalty to their own dignity. They neither fawn on the great nor sell themselves to the rich. They neither prostitute the columns of their paper to hoist a second-rate worker into a first-class place, nor themselves fetch and carry and fawn and cringe for the friendship of the influential contributor, of the able editor. To them pride is as necessary as the air they breathe; and with the breaking of that pride their life would be at an end. How, indeed, people can live whose pride has melted into baseness is a problem for which they have no answer. It belongs to the same class as those tremendous surgical mysteries by which human beings can live with half their brains cut away. Rob the remnant of their self-respect, and you take the heart out of them for good and all. And even as modern surgery has not yet come to this power, so have the remnant not learnt the secret of uniting self-debasement with self-respect, which self-respect is the very life of their life—that modern version of the Old Law of Numa which they cherish as the vestals cherished the sacred fire.

E. LYNN LINTON.











## THE PARTRIDGE.



Of all the game birds the partridge is most familiar to those who live in the country: every child that toddles after its brothers and sisters of larger growth through the fields and meadows knows well the call of the partridge, and the whirring flight of the bird.

If Scotland can claim the red grouse as her national game bird, England may certainly lay claim to the grey partridge as her own; although the compact-looking, active bird is to be found in suitable localities throughout the United Kingdom. Cultivation, which is, as a rule, so injurious to wild game birds, has proved beneficial so far as the propagation of the partridge is concerned; for he, like the sparrow, thrives best close to the cornfields, or, I might say, wherever agricultural pursuits are in full working order.

The bird's range is a varied one; he is in the fields as a general rule, no matter, whether the crops of wheat, oats, barley, turnips, or mangolds are on or off, the greater part of the year is passed by the partridge in the fields. Some writers have mentioned moor-partridges in a way that might almost lead the general public to believe that we have two distinct species of the bird, or, at least, a well-marked variety of the common one; but this is not the case: we have only one grey partridge.

When I write of fields as the bird's principal habitat, both by day and night,



my readers must understand that the hedgerows and banks that enclose those, also the tufted borders of the grazing meadows, are to be included. Moor-partridges are wild-bred birds, which have been brought out on the moors, which are separated, in our Southern counties, only by a splashed bank from the cornfields. Having been hatched out on the moor, they, together with old birds, naturally frequent it, and they "jug" or squat closely together there at night. The fields are visited certainly, but the principal food supply will be gleaned from their wild hatching-out place; and they fly farther and run longer distances, also they are a little smaller and darker than those that keep entirely to the corn and the root lands. The food they get on the moors is, in a great degree, like that of the blackcock and red grouse, and their flesh is naturally darker than that of the other birds. The coveys found on the moors are wilder also, and far more gun-shy, than are those of the lower grounds. When they are on the wing you can very often watch them fly clean out of sight without dropping. These little differences are all I have been able to observe between the two; and in the Surrey heathlands we have a goodly number of these moor birds.

Scattered grains of corn, various seeds from the vegetation of the fields, far too numerous for us to mention, and those creeping and flying hosts that frequent the corn lands,—slugs, worms, beetles in their mature and their immature stages,—flies and green food, with bits of sharp gravel swallowed to help digestion, form the principal bill of fare of this bird. Those that live on the moors eat the green tender shoots of the heather, and, in the season, the whortle berries and those of the dewberry or trailing bramble.

The finest birds for size and plumage are found in some of the Southern and Eastern counties. Where the corn and marsh-land join each other there is the perfect home for our birds. How often have I seen the coveys come whirring from the yellow corn on to the wide green flats which were quivering in the heat, in order to visit some of the countless ant hills, where the great hares resting between the old mole-heaps started up as the birds dashed over them! Golden cornfields, vast stretches of green flats, bordered by the tide, whilst a few sails dotted the water, made a very agreeable picture. The partridges found something there to please them certainly; for, added to ants' eggs, there were the grasshoppers in thousands. As you moved along you would be covered by these nimble skip-jacks. Good food and shelter, with warmth—for at that time our marsh summers were hot ones—made all the difference to the size and plumage of the partridges which were found there in such great abundance. One of my friends, who shot on his own marshes with one of Manton's muzzle-loaders, using either a Spanish pointer or a curly-coated setter—only seen now in old sporting works, such as Daniel's and others of a like nature—used to leave a brace now and then when he passed our house. It was proper partridge shooting then—not driving; and what was then considered a fair day's sport would be laughed at now. But the birds were cleanly killed by real sportsmen who knew how to shoot. Some of my readers will probably say mine are old-fashioned ideas. So they may be, but I am not able to alter them. When a brace was given to me in those days the feathers had a bloom on them like that on a bunch of grapes. No sportsman at that time would allow the plumage of the birds that fell to his gun to be "mucked about," if he could possibly help it.

Fishing and shooting are, I know, wide apart as sports, but the good old rule for feather will apply equally well to fin in this matter. A good all-round angler, if he has had luck, will turn the fish out of his creel in perfect order, a layer of fish and a layer of sedge or fern alternately. Out they come, a glittering heap, with their scaling perfect; and, when treated in this manner, they form really the most beautiful picture of still life the eye can rest on.

The partridge, like that blessed bird of the Highlander, the red grouse, is considered to be a bird of good omen throughout the whole length and breadth of the country side ; for when his cheery call sounds from furrow and ridge the spring is coming, and summer will follow. Then, also, there is good to be got from the fresh scent of the ploughed fields ; for there is truly life in the earth.

The plough has been left turned up on its side on the edge of this large field for two hours or more ; warm showers have fallen at intervals through the day, and the sun has gone down, leaving a great broad line of saffron light edging the tops of the distant hills, with a great mass of warm grey rain clouds above it. Plovers come flapping from the sheepwalks on the hills above to the fresh-turned furrow below ; it is too dusky to see them after they have settled, but their murmuring *weet-weets* fall on the ear ; and then comes the *chir-chir-chir-chir-chir-up-up*, *chir-er-er*, *chir-chir-up* of the partridges, with a rush. Others sail over head as we lean over the old wooden gate that leads into the field, and a long jerking shadow flits past us, crossing the fresh-turned furrows ; it is a solitary hare that is hastening to join a regular hare frolic on the slopes of the upland pastures.

No game bird that I am acquainted with is more able to take care of itself than the partridge is. I have known the birds lose their wits at times under exceptional circumstances, but not very often ; for the partridge is the picture of dashing alertness.

It has always been a joy to me to see a large covey melt away, so to speak, out of sight in a fallow field, where they have been confidently feeding, when we have very cautiously let them know that we were looking directly at them. The old cock, that at times would stand nearly on end just to look all round him, I have seen lowering himself, as if some spring within him was gently getting limper and limper. Through my field-glass I have noted the outside birds raise their clean-cut heads for a second or two, then lower them, depress their tails to the ground, and glide towards the others ; a few brown dots showing, now here, now there, and the large covey is soon invisible if on a fallow field—not stubble, but old fallow lea.

All our game birds possess this moon-seed property of making themselves practically invisible when there is any necessity for their doing so.

Before these violent changes occurred in our favourite Surrey moorland haunts I used often to amuse myself by watching black game being properly set up in a glass case. A blackcock in full breeding plumage is one of the most imposing and conspicuous birds you can look at ; though the bird is out of his proper place when he is with the bird-preserved. The place to observe him is when he goes to feed on a dark patch of moor bog, with white and grey bleached stones cropping out of it. You will not see him before he dashes up in front of you ; but this has often taken place when my eyes and ears have been opened to their widest.

These few notes taken from the life, made as I have wandered, sketch-book and note-book in hand, and the birds before me, in the summer, and also in the bitter winter weather, have nothing to do with keepers or poachers. The so-called exposure of poaching manœuvres is utter nonsense. Rest assured that when keepers grind their teeth in impotent rage at certain jobs, they do not know much about how the thing is done, or they would certainly put a stop to it to save their places ; and poachers who are up to their business hold their tongues about it. When I read of whole coveys being netted, field after field, I feel simply disgusted at the mis-statements ; for if ever a bird slept with one eye open, it is the partridge. As to the green plover, that frequents the same open fields, he walks in his sleep, and moans out his *pewit-weet-weet-weet* !

One thing I am positive of : twenty pheasants come to grief for every single



partridge. I should just like to see fields—at least in the Southern counties—swept over with gossamer silk nets, in the way some gentlemen, who know so precisely how the thing is done, try to explain so lucidly.

Partridges pair, and they are devoted parents, not only when the chicks are out, but also when their broods are fully fledged. The wiles and shifts both parents will use to lure you away from their young, whom you so frequently startle from off some of the numerous ant-hills that crop up from the turf and ferns, must be seen to be credited; it would be useless to attempt the description of it. Broken wings, broken legs, fits, and death-throes, all are gone through, close to your feet, in less time than it has taken us to mention these assumed afflictions, giving the young plenty of time to get to cover in all directions and into all sorts of places. Then, again, if you keep very quiet, you will presently hear the old birds call, and in less than a minute the little family will be busy round some ant-heap, as if nothing had disturbed them at all.



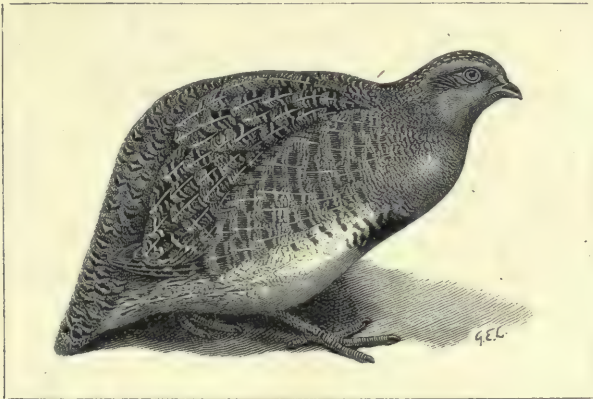
COCK PARTRIDGE.

No one ever dreams of hurting the innocent creatures; there is the traditional folk-lore, and there are woodland laws, fully recognised by all classes. These have not the least bearing on the game laws, but they are equally strict, and must be acted upon. Even if some did feel disposed to break them, they could not do it, unless they were willing to be cut by all wood dwellers.

Two very different kinds of ant-hills supply the eggs or ant pupæ to the young of game birds, and of partridges in particular. First, there are the common emmet heaps, or ant-hills, which are scattered all over the land; go where you will, you will find them. These the birds scratch and break up, picking out the eggs as they fall from the light soil of the heaps; the partridges work them easily. But the ant-eggs proper—I am writing now from the game-preserving point of view—come from the nests or heaps of the great wood-ants—either the black or the red ants. These are mounds of fir-needles, being, in many instances, as large at the bottom in circumference as a waggon-wheel, and from two to three feet in height; even larger

where they are very old ones. They are found in fir woods, on the warm, sunny slopes under the trees, as a rule, pretty close to the stems of the trees. The partridges and their chicks do not visit these heaps, for they would get bitten to death by the ferocious creatures. The keepers and their lads procure the eggs of these; and a nice job it is! A wood-pick, a sack, and a shovel are the implements required for the work. Round the men's gaiters or trousers leather straps are tightly buckled, to prevent, if possible, the great ants from fixing on them, as they will try to do, like bulldogs, when the heaps are harried. The top of the heap is shovelled off, laying open the domestic arrangement of the ant-heap, and showing also the alarmed and furious ants trying to carry off their large eggs to a place of safety; but it is all in vain! Eggs and all, they go into the sack. In spite of every precaution, the ant-egg getters do get bitten severely, for the ants would fix anything. They spit, as the men term it, their strong acid venomously. When a lot of heaps have been harried it smells as if some coarse kind of aromatic vinegar had been poured out under the trees.

The ants revenge themselves in this fashion: they fix you with their pincers, then,



HEN PARTRIDGE.

bending their bodies between their legs, they eject the acid into the wound their strong pincers have made. Thousands upon thousands of the creatures can be seen, raised up on their legs, their bodies bent underneath and forwards, spraying formic acid in all directions. If you place your hand over the great hollow in the heap it will get finely covered with it. I have been bitten by wood-ants, and have had to bear it; but it was a sore experience. No notice is taken of what a keeper or his lad may say when under punishment from ant-bites; they had need be forgiven if they use improper words to the grindstone after they have come home from ant-egg getting.

These heaps are harried for the home-bred birds; that is, home- and hand-fed ones, both pheasants and partridges, hatched out by small game hens—game fowl kept specially for that purpose—from the eggs that have been taken from the outlying nests. Other strains of the domestic fowl are used, but the game hens are the favourite foster-parents. When the birds are fed with the eggs, as many of the ants as it is possible to get rid of are kept out, but some are sure to be mixed up with the eggs, and these fix on the feeding birds, making them jump off the ground. The common emmets, the creatures that the wild birds feed on—their young broods particularly—are harmless, but the large wood-ants are not. I have known them pull creatures to



pieces and eat them up so cleanly that their skeletons have been far better prepared than you would see them among specimens got up for anatomical purposes ; in fact, some, who know what the ants can and will do, place small animals, ranging from rabbits and squirrels to mice, and birds, from the size of a partridge down to the golden-crested wren, in their nests. If a perfect skeleton is required of a viper, snake, slow-worm, toad, frog, or either of the lizards, place the reptile in one of these fir-needle heaps in some lonely place in the fir-woods—one that is not likely to be visited—and you will get what you want.

In a dead, hard winter—in fact, such a one as our last (1892-3)—our friend the partridge is not put to it like his larger associates are, for the bird naturally is a ground one ; all his living is got from it ; he lives, broods, and jugs there. No matter how deep the snow may be, or how intense the frost, it does not cover up all places completely. Brambles, thorns, and dead bracken, tore grass, and bent tufts may, to all appearance, look covered up, but it is not really so ; underneath all is warm and dry, and not a vestige of snow will you find there, unless you kick it in with your foot, or hit it with your stick to make it fall. Nature's own pure covering this is, wherewith to protect her children. They know where to go, and how to form their shelters from all the winds that blow. As to feeding, not one-tenth part of the wild fruits and berries are gathered by human hands ; and as to the plants that bear seed of some kind, who can tell how many provide food for the game birds, for they ripen and fall, being unconsidered hedgerow and field plant provender.

Hawkweeds, thistles, ground brambles, the trailing kind that runs over the pastures in places here and there, forming low clumps a few inches in height, are not exactly what a farmer would like to see in his pasture lands ; but as some of these at one time were part of the common lands, cultivation has not quite got rid of the vegetation indigenous to common land. No matter what the farmer may think, the birds know this is their own feeding range ; for the hedge dykes that surround these rough pastures have a growth of their own of kixes, wild parsnips, moth mullein, long grass and brambles, all of which are very long in decaying. They dry up hard, and droop down ; their stems may be broken by the winds, but there they are, snow-covered certainly, but warmly covering in the dry ditches below them, so forming fine warm shelters for the partridges. Birds do not feel cold as common humanity does ; for putting quite on one side the feather quilts with which they are covered, their blood is much hotter than our own—that of game birds particularly so.

There they are, about the middle of the field, heads down, backs up, and their tails drooped, busily feeding round the dead stems of some weeds and low brambles. Ten or a dozen of them there are, I fancy ; for you can count more than you can see at all times ; and we can plainly see the bunched-up backs of nine.

They are picking and scratching round and amongst the trailing brambles. None of the brambles lose all their leaves in the winter ; green and withered leaves can be seen on them, no matter how hard the weather may be. As the small fruit with large seeds is not considered worth picking, it drops, when dead ripe, and falls on the ground ; the pulp rots, but the seeds remain there, well protected by the tangle above them ; and the birds know of it. When hard times come they know where food can be found, and they get it as a rule. There are no rules, however, without exceptions.

Partridges jug or roost in a sort of round robin fashion, their heads turned outwards, and their tails of course the reverse way. This is all right, and very nice when weather permits it ; but just before the sun, like a globe of fire seen through the cold grey clouds, gets very low down, the partridges make for warmer quarters. I have remarked in some of my articles on natural life, furred and feathered, how very closely wild creatures at times will come to the localities where man has his home and

surroundings. The subject of this present article is a keen bird, and from time beyond record his race have kept near the tillers of the soil.

If I wished to find a covey at night, in such weather as I have just alluded to, I should know where to look for them; and I should find them, snug and warm as toast, where no breath of wind or biting frost could reach them. But just where that particular place is, I must certainly decline to tell; and for very excellent reasons. I do not kill birds, nor have I the least wish to do so. One thing, however, I will say about it, and that is, the partridges would be where most would probably never dream of searching for them.

The bird's natural enemies are comparatively few, taking into consideration his ground habitat. Raptores, in Southern countries—the sparrow-hawk excepted—are very few; and this hawk rarely kills the partridge, for the reason that hedgerow birds are so abundant, and they are a far easier quarry than our swift bird. I could, if I thought it necessary, give authentic information of the large bags of partridges made in past years; but as this article deals more with the natural history of the brave bird than with the sport he provides, such records need not be given.

Although the larger Raptores in Southern countries are conspicuous by their absence, when migrating time comes round some of these long and wide-winged beauties pass over the Southern countries in small numbers—a couple of pairs, or a single pair, as the case may be.

Sometimes a few buzzards—a very few—either the rough-legged, common, or honey buzzard, are brought singly to me to look at, and there it ends.

The only chance we have now of looking at one or two of the larger sort is when the corn is cut, and the partridges feed and shelter more in the root crops, turnips or swedes by preference. Mangolds, or “wuzzles,” they work as well, but the turnips are favoured by them most. Harriers, at one time—the hen-harriers—were frequently to be seen on the wide heaths, commons, and moors which were so very numerous in this district, Surrey. These when changes came about were killed, of course; at least folks killed all they could.

After forming their hunting-grounds for so many years, it is not to be wondered at if a pair still pay a passing visit when on flight, for the line of country is still the same; that at any rate has not altered in its formation, although new comers have scratched about a bit.

“What are you looking at, my man, so intently?” I asked of a lad who was sheep tending.

“Why, them ’ere big birds—hawks o’ some sort. I think they be arter the partridges.”

“Where?”

“Oh, you’ll see ’em, no fear; they are gone up the walley now, they’ll come back agin. They’ve bin goin’ backwards an’ forrards fur sum time now. Don’t ye hear the birds holler? They’re frittened at ’em, I ken tell ye. There they be! Ain’t they big uns?”

A pair of hen-harriers these were, partridge hawking—the grey cock and the larger ring-tailed hen—a fine sight. They had not struck a quarry yet, for partridges do not let hawks get them if they can help it. The pair evidently thought they had been wasting time for no purpose, for they dashed past, over to a large field of swedes; and here something must have told them they would meet with better success, for they set to work like a couple of pointers.

We could see nothing of the partridges for the leaves. Once the ring-tail made a pounce, and we could hear the covey shriek in terror; but no capture was made. Presently the harriers changed their tactics, and they hunted the lines of swedes



backwards and forwards for a time, nearly over the whole length ; then they shot back and worked across it, beginning at the far end, and working towards us. Not a foot of that field did the pair appear to miss, for we saw them well, as we were standing on a bit of a knob of ground overlooking the field.

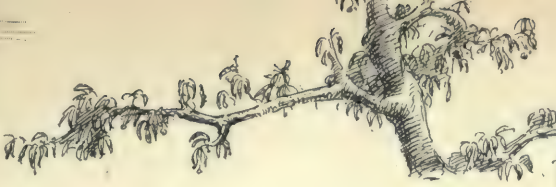
"'They're workin' on 'em up close now ; jist the same as my old dog corners my sheep. Them 'ere partridges wun't be able to put up with much more on it."

Nor did they ; for at the last flight up the whole covey dashed out screaming from the corner of the field. Like lightning the hawks pounced—clap—clap ! A cloud of feathers flew as each struck their bird, and that pair of harriers breakfasted on partridges.


"A SON OF THE MARSHES."




"HEN-HARRIERS"




## Clarinda's Beauty.



*THE tree may win the stripling  
With its clusters round and red,  
And a shepherdess may languish  
Till his silly mouth is fed;  
But Clarinda has an orchard  
Where sweet circles grow for me,  
And no shepherd, though he covet,  
Dares approach my cherry-tree!*



*The mistress airs her velvet  
Ev'ry Sunday down the aisle  
As the sunburnt farmers titter,  
And the saucy milkmaids smile;  
Though it cost a mort of money  
And can make the children stare,  
'Tis a thistle to the softness  
That Clarinda's cheek doth wear.*



*But when my sweetheart dangles  
In the Avon as it goes  
Her feet, and cattle ponder  
On the marvel of her hose;  
Not a virgin ever trusted  
Such a comely white as this  
To the chilly river fingers,  
And for water-lips to kiss!*

NORMAN GALE.







THE PRODIGAL SUN—SIGNS OF THE SILLY SEASON—VAGARIES OF CONSTANT CORRESPONDENTS—VANITY FAIR AGAIN—DOES SATIRE DO ANY GOOD?—STEAD AND SPOOKS—GROUSE AND MELODRAMA—IS ROBERT BUCHANAN A MAN?—THE PLAGUE OF BIOGRAPHIES—FLORAL ADVERTISEMENTS—LONDON *VERSUS* ABERDEEN—PROFESSOR BAIN—THE FOUNTAIN PUN.

**F**OR many moons now have I gone about beneath the morbid influence of a man I created—a man who got married by reason of a snowstorm the like of which the oldest inhabitant could not remember. My man took him a wife because he felt he ought not to cheat his grandchildren out of so good a story. "Ah, my little ones, during that fearful frost an ox was roasted whole below London Bridge, without setting the Thames on fire!" Now, that man is riding me—I cannot shake him off. I know he will drive me to the altar and play best man. It is not the Royal Wedding that has turned my thoughts to matrimony and tales of a grandfather! 'Tis not that I may be able to mumble of the glories of the illuminations, and of the twenty

thousand loyal voices singing "Daisy! Daisy!" in the Strand at two o'clock of the morning; no, it is simply the weather of this year of grace that is luring me to the nuptial knot. Verily, it has been our *Annus mirabilis*. As far back as March the sunshine was so continuous that one felt frightened at one's felicity, and tempted to sacrifice a day and do some work. Chaucer is avenged on the cheap humourists; Spring is vindicated for a generation, and May is merry beyond the reach of slander. The English summer has turned up at last, to testify to the good faith of the poets; and though for the next fifty years winter spend the summer with us, the old tradition will flourish, not to be tarnished by wind or rain. One swallow does not make a summer, but one summer makes

an epoch. But why all this extravagant spilt of sunshine? why this waste in one year of half a dozen fine seasons? The prodigal sun again!

**I**N July of that year, Katy, the heat was ☺ so intense that an ox was roasted under London Bridge (in the shade, mind you) without fire! And a Neapolitan ice, Charley, fetched —" But no, I must not think these voluptuous thoughts. That way marriage lies!

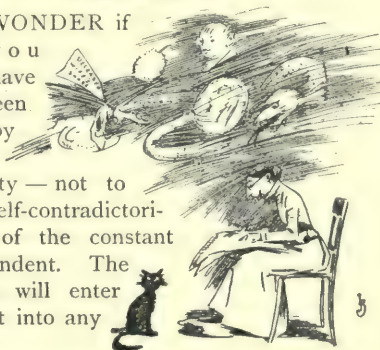


**F**OR this year's Silly Season the weather has supplied an excellent topic, of which, you see, I have already taken advantage. I do not know if I have "spotted" the favourite, for I have to make my book so long in advance that I do not even know the names of the entries. Perhaps we shall hold a public court-martial over the loss of the *Victoria*, and decide to husband our resources by going to war; perhaps we shall be arguing whether the new Laureate is a poet; perhaps we shall discuss what to do with our parents.

#### SIGNS OF THE SILLY SEASON.

A gooseberry that groweth green and great,  
A serpent round the sea serenely curled,  
A lonely soul that fails to find a mate,  
A boy redundant in a teeming world,  
A sister yearning for dead sisters' shoes,  
A life that longs for death, or after-life,  
A ghost, a mistress whom her maids abuse,  
An erring judge, a French or German wife,  
A child's long ear or holiday, a slum,  
A man gone bald, or drunk, a coin's design—  
Should things like these across your paper come,  
Conclude the Silly Season will be fine.

**I** WONDER if you have ever been struck by the catholicity—not to say the self-contradictoriness—of the constant correspondent. The creature will enter with zest into any



discussion; there is no topic too small for it, and certainly none too great. The following letters, carefully culled from the annual contributions of a lady whose epistolary career I have followed with interest, will indicate the delicious inconsequence that has made them for me such grateful reading:—

1888.

SIR,—

There is nothing in life worth purchasing by pulsations and respirations. The world is a dank, malarious marsh, with fitful Will-o'-the-Wisp flashes of false radiance—a vast cemetery waiting for our corpses. There is no such thing as happiness.

"Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravin', shrieks against"

the idea. Youth is an illusion, maturity a regret, and old age an apprehension. Fortunately Providence has sent us a panacea—Universal Suicide.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

AGATHA P. ROBINS.

1889.

SIR,—

Surely "A Mad Englishman" and "Dorothy X.," who maintain so glibly that country life is more enjoyable than town life, fail to realise how much of our pleasure depends on human intercourse. It is given only to poets to talk with trees. Nor can ordinary mortals find

"Sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks."

We need the cathedrals and the libraries that are to be found only in the great centres of national life—yes, and also the art-galleries and the theatres. Of course, if people will martyr themselves to keep up appearances, and want to live in a fashionable neighbourhood, they will not find town life either cheap or pleasant. But if they are content to live outside the aristocratic radius, they can find many a comfortable villa, with baths (hot and cold) and back gardens which may easily be converted into rustic retreats (I would especially recommend rhododendrons). If you are also not above omnibuses (taking a cab only when it rains, and selecting a driver who does not look as if he would swear), and are satisfied to go to the pit, then I feel sure London is not only as cheap as the obscurest village, but gives you a far greater return for your money. Newly-married couples in especial often make a great mistake in settling in the country for the sake of economy. It is only in the town that they can really lead a tranquil, happy life, enriched with all the resources of culture and civilisation.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

AGATHA P. ROBINS.



1890.

SIR,—

The failure of marriage is too apparent to be glossed over any longer. "A. Y. Z." and "A Woman of No Importance" deserve the thanks of every honest heart for their brave outspokenness. Too long has this mediæval monstrosity cramped our lives. The beautiful word "Home" conceals a doll's house or whitewashes a sepulchre. Marriage is misery in two syllables. How can people be happy chained together like galley-slaves? It contradicts all we know of human nature.

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies."

Away with this effete Pharisaism! Let us realise the infinite possibilities of happiness latent in the blessing of existence. The world is longing for freedom to love truly, nobly, wisely, many.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

AGATHA P. ROBINS.

1891.

SIR,—

I can testify by personal experience to the fact that the manners of our children are deteriorating. Coming up to the Metropolis for a day's excursion last Bank Holiday, I could not walk anywhere without overhearing ribald remarks—and, what was worse, at my own expense—even from respectably-dressed children. Let those look to it who

"Teach the young idea how to shoot."

I thank Heaven my lot has always been cast in a sweet Devonshire village, where the contagion of ill-conduct has not yet spread among the juvenile population.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

AGATHA P. ROBINS.

1892.

SIR,—

Have your flippant correspondents, "Polygamist" and "Illegal Brother-in-Law," any conception of the thousands (ay, tens of thousands) of hearts that are languishing in misery because they cannot marry their deceased sisters' husbands? And all because of a text which is not to be found in the Bible! Fie upon you, ye so-called Bishops,

"Dressed in a little brief authority."

Abolish this unrighteous law, I say, and let floods of sunshine and happiness into a million darkened homes.

I am, Sir,

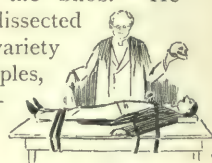
Yours obediently,

AGATHA P. ROBINS.

**B**UT, after all, is it fair to juxtaposit Agatha's letters? What if one were to collect the leaders of any newspaper on any given subject, before or after any event? I have met Agatha P. Robins in many other places at many other times. Sometimes she is interested in the best substitute for shirt-buttons or for Christianity, sometimes in the problem of living on a thousand a year, sometimes in the abolition of stag-hunting.

It is difficult to trace exactly when "The Season" ends and "The Silly Season" begins. It needs the finest discrimination to know when the adjective comes in—without a wordly training, indeed, you cannot tell the one from the other. But the past masters of the social art proclaim that "The Season" is

dead, and we bow our heads in reverence. Yes, it is vanished, that focus of futilities, that wonderful Season, that phantasmagoria of absurdities, of abortive ambitions, over which a hundred humourists have made merry: it is dead, with its splendours and jubileations and processions—dead as the ropes of roses in St. James's Street. Often have I debated the potency of satire, again and again have I suggested to learned friends a scientific and historical investigation of the popular belief that satire moves mountains or even molehills. But they agree only in shrinking from the task. To take only the last half-century: we have had one supreme satirist who harped eternally on the failings of fashion and the vanity of things. In his novels society saw itself reflected in all its attitudes and postures and posings. Not one meanness or folly escaped. What Professor Huxley has done for the crayfish, that Thackeray did for the Snob. He studied him lovingly, he dissected him, he classified every variety of him. A thousand disciples, less gifted but equally remorseless, followed in the Master's footsteps. *Punch* took up the tale, and week by week repeated the joke. It was heard in drawing-room recitations to the accompaniment of pianos; it even went on the stage. Ladies rushed into print to expose foibles men never guessed, and to say of the sex at large what



less gifted women say only of their personal friends. For years we have never ceased for



a moment to hear the lash of the whip, the swish of the birch, the whizz of the arrow, the ping of the bullet, the thwack of the flail, the thud of the hammer, the buzzing of the hornet. And what does it all amount to? How much execution has been done? Is society purer or nobler? Have less daugh-

ters been sold at Vanity Fair, or more invitations been sent to poor relatives? Has Jones got better manners or champagne? Is Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkins more distant to duchesses? Did my Lady Clara Vere de Vere consider whether Hood's seamstress was at work on her court gown? Is any one wiser or kinder or honester for all the literary pother? Are the diplomatic corps less maculate than in the days of Grenville Murray? Have we not, on the contrary, cast on our own imperfections the complaisance of an eye educated in the superior imperfections of our neighbours?

**L**O, here is a new satirist arisen, Sarah Jeannette Duncan, who, in *The Simple Adventures of a Mem sahib*, sketches Anglo-Indian Society in a manner that would not discredit Thackeray—and with something, too, of Thackeray's haunting sense of the pathos of the dead Past, and the flying Present. But will the *mem sahib* of to-morrow take warning by the fate of Helen Peachey, who went out to India in all her bridal bravery, in all her youth and freshness? Will she escape exchanging the placidity of Fra Angelico's piping cherubim for the petulance and ring-shadowed eyes of the seasoned matron? Will she be on her guard against shrinking to the prejudices and flirtations of a coterie, dying to all finer and higher issues? Will she worship virtue more and viceroys less? Alas, I fear me not—no more than Pagett, M.P., will leave off talking of solar myths, or foolish things cease to be done

under the deodars. Will Hogarth keep wine-bibbers from the bottle, or can you make men sober by acts of *L'Assommoir*? Will *Madame Bovary* stay a sister's fall, or *Sapho* repel an eligible young man? Will the *Dunciad* keep one dunce from scribbling, or *Le Tartufe* elevate a single ecclesiastic? As well expect "long firms" to run short, and the moths to avoid the footlights, and the fool to cease from the land. "How gay they were, and how luxurious, and how important in their little day! How gorgeous were the attendants of their circumstance, on the box with a crest upon their turbans!—there is a firm in Calcutta that supplies beautiful crests. And now, let me think! some of them in the Circular Road Cemetery—cholera, fever, heat-apoplexy; some of them under the Christian daisies of England—probably abscess of the liver." Yes, madam, we know it all, we recognise the Thackeray touch. "And soon, very soon, our brief day, too, will have died in a red sunset behind clustering palms, and all its little doings and graspings and pushings, all its petty scandals and surmises and sensations, will echo further and further back into the night." True, most true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But meantime we will go on with our little doings and graspings and pushings—yes, madam, even you and I who have realised the vanity of all things; for the knowledge thereof—this, too, is vanity. "And it was all a striving and a /striving, and an ending in nothing, and no one knew what they had lived and worked for."

Yea, so it is, Fraulein Schreiner, we are living on—and oh! how hard we work (on African farms or elsewhere) to express artistically our sense of the futility of life!

#### VANITAS VANITATUM.

A rich voluptuous languor of dim pain,  
A dreamy sense of passionate regret,  
Delicious tears and some sweet, sad refrain,  
Some throbbing, vague and tender canzonet,  
That mourns for life so real and so vain,  
Wherein we glory while our eyes are wet.

**I**AM afraid, if I pursue this investigation, I shall end by believing that satire is simply an æsthetic satisfaction



—the last luxury of the sinful. Ridicule, we are always told, is a tremendous destructive—an atmosphere in which nothing can live. But is it? Christianity, Kings and War are little the worse for the jets of mockery that have been playing on them for two centuries. In Swift's day the wits at the coffee-houses regarded religion as a farce that even the Augurs could not keep up any longer without public winking; yet Diderot and the encyclopædia are dead, and the bishops we have always with us! It was thought War could not survive Voltaire's remark that a monarch picks up a parcel of men who have nothing to do, dresses them in blue cloth at two shillings a yard, and marches away with them to glory—but here is our Henley singing a song of the sword, while all our novelists are looking to their weapons. Despite Heine's sarcasm, the collection of English kings is as incomplete as ever. A passing fad can, perhaps, be made to pass along a little faster, but it only makes room for another. True, *Punch* killed the craze for sunflowers and long necks; but then *Punch* invented it. It was merely made to be destroyed brilliantly, like a Chinese cracker or a Roman candle. Folly is older than *Punch's* jokes, and will survive them. Snobbery and self-seeking, pettiness and stupidity, envy, hate and all uncharitableness, were no secret to the mummies in the British Museum. "Unto the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again." Are there not a hundred sayings in Ecclesiastes and Menander, in Horace and Molière, as apt to-day as though fresh from the typewriter? One of the learned friends to whom I proposed the thesis contended that Perseus and Juvenal at least are out of date. But this was merely my learned friend's ignorance. Is it not the truest piety to conclude that those things which the ridicule of the ages cannot kill deserve their immortality—that Kings, War, and Christianity play a part in the scheme of creation, and that even snobbery and jobbery, folly and fraud, rouge and respectability, and horseracing, bounders and politicians, the prize-ring and the marriage market, are all necessary to the fun of Vanity Fair! They are thrown up by the flux of things for Honesty to set his heel on. So houp-la! On with the dance! louder, ye fiddlers! faster, O merry-go-round! Nay, not so glum, ye moralists and satirists,

philanthropists and preachers; link hands all—*ducdame*, *ducdame*!—and thank the gods for keeping you in occupation.

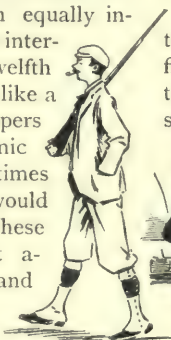
What should we do without our fools? The question seems put for a Silly Season correspondence. Come, gather, fools all. Ye could not be better employed than in answering it. For, mark, brother-satirists mine, you cannot kill the Silly Season correspondence. And you cannot kill Ghosts. Perhaps because they do not exist. No other dead thing is so tenacious of life as your ghost. If ridicule were really fatal, we should have given up the ghost long since. Consider the fires of burlesque through which he has passed unscathed. What indignity has been spared him? Now at last he is to encounter the supreme test—he is to be taken seriously. Mr. Stead has the matter in hand—or should one say, the spirit? Once a quarter there will be a pilgrimage to *Borderland* (terms,



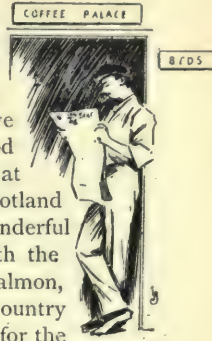
10s. 6d. per annum). Mr. Stead, who believes in himself in a way that is refreshing in these atheistic times, will either rehabilitate the ghost or lay him for ever. Now, for my part, I am quite willing he shall be treated scientifically, like the aforesaid crayfish, or the Mammoth, or the movement of glaciers; and that Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Wraiths, Spirit Photography, Magic, Astrology, Theosophy, and the rest shall have a fair hearing. I have myself wasted hours in making a hat climb and do tricks. You and another person—a pretty girl by preference—join finger-tips round the rim of the hat, which rarely disappoints. But whether its performance is due to the generation of a current of electricity, or to unconscious muscular pressure, or to both, I have never been able to decide. The faithful will do well to remember that the moment the Supernatural is attested and classified, it becomes as natural

as anything else. The world is only made to look more ridiculous than it appears already if our deceased friends really rap tables and pull off our bedclothes, as Miss Florence Marryat's did. Certainly such spooks add nothing to the dignity and sanctity of the scheme of creation, and are no friends to religion. That charming woman, Mrs. Besant (who up to the moment of going to press is still a theosophist), is always rushing at conclusions; and even Mr. Stead considers that the best working hypothesis is the existence of unembodied intelligences, invisible but capable of impressing the mind—a theory already exploited in fiction by Robert Barr in his clever tale "From whose Bourne," wherein the disembodied intelligence of Lecoq blunders badly in tracking a criminal. Theosophists, being gifted by Heaven with an absence of humour, propound some propositions so absurd that they do not deserve to be true. Their reading of the riddle of this painful earth explains *obscurum per obscurius*. Where is the point of a progression through stages, in the absence of a continued consciousness? What does it matter if I am not myself, but somebody else in his fifth plane? And why do the Mahatmas live in such out-of-the-way places? They are like your debtors—always out when you call, while your letters to them return marked "Gone away. Left no address." Decidedly I agree with Mrs. Besant's antagonist, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, that it is better to bear the religions we know than fly to others that we know not of.

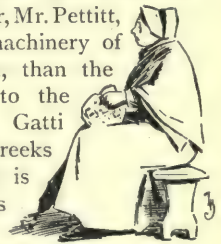
AND you cannot kill Grouse. At least I can't. I sometimes suspect there are others of the population equally incompetent, and perhaps still less interested in battues; though the Twelfth figures in everybody's calendar like a Church festival, and the newspapers devote leaders to it, and the comic papers have pictures, and sometimes even jokes about it, and you would think the whole population of these islands struck work and went a-shooting with gillies and dogs and appropriate costume. But that is the craftiness of the editors, from Mr. Buckle and Mr. Yates down to the editor of the *Halfpenny*



*Democrat*—they make the humblest of us feel we are in the best sets, so we all come up to town for the season, and are seen at three parties a night, and we ride in the Park, and we go to Henley and Goodwood to a man; and we yacht at Cowes, and pot grouse in Scotland—still with the same wonderful unanimity; and we hunt with the hounds, and run with the salmon, and keep our Christmas in country houses, and come up smiling for the New Year, ready to recommence the same old Sisyphean round. I suppose the people who really do these things could be exhibited in the National Gallery, but the space their doings fill is incalculable.



AND you cannot kill Adelphi Melodrama. True, several specimens of it have latterly died an early death; but that was because the authors, stung by the new criticism, weakly developed aspirations after literature and romance. But no sooner was the old stage-carpenter, Mr. Pettitt, called in, and the old machinery of murder set going again, than the old pilgrimage set in to the temple of the brothers Gatti (Gatti Adelphi, as the Greeks would say). Mr. Pettitt is the cleverest playwright (as distinct from playwright) of the day; he is a Surrey Sardou, and never makes a failure, except when assisted. Now, I have a piece of advice to offer to the Italian gentlemen who have done so much for our drama. It is, that they run their theatre on a principle of duality befitting their joint management. Let it be the home of Melodrama and Burlesque, the same play serving for both genres. Let, say, Mr. Sims—who is so clever in either species—write the pieces—each melodrama being its own burlesque. An extra dash of colour here, an ambiguous line there, with a serious meaning in the melodrama and a droll in the burlesque, will secure the brothers two audiences, and after eight o'clock I guarantee






standing room only. The simple will come to weep and thrill, the cynics to laugh and chuckle. And everybody will be happy.

**I**N sooth, is not the world divided into those who take the great cosmic drama seriously, and those who treat it as farce? On the one hand the workers and the fighters, on the other the journalists, politicians, and men about town. Yet have the workers and the fighters the nobler part. A genuine emotion, an earnest conviction, vitalises life. The day-dreams of hungry youth are better than the dinners of prosaic maturity, and a simple maiden in her youth is worth a hundred epigrams. I had rather be an Adelphi god than a smoking-room satyr.

**W**HO shall blame the melodramatist? He writes for those to whom literature makes no appeal. Literature is a freemasonry of the highest minds, and that poetry is Greek to the masses I should scarcely have thought a "Question at Issue" demanding substantiation from Mr. George Gissing. Mr. Gosse must know that the eclipse which darkened England at the passing of Alfred Tennyson was invented by the newspapers and the poets who outraced one another to weep upon his tomb. Look upon Mr. Booth's map of East London, with its red lines showing the swarms of human beings who live ignobly and die obscurely, and realise for yourself of what import the cult of beautiful form is to these human ant-heaps. Walk down the populous Whitechapel Road of a Saturday night, or traverse the long slimy alleys of



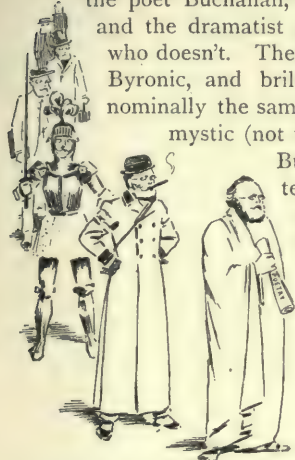
Rotherhithe among the timber wharves, and discover how many of your countrymen and contemporaries are living neither in your country nor in your century. To Mr. Henry James, the dull undertone of pain and sorrow is part of the music of London—such harmony is in æsthetic souls. But the dull and the gross, who only suffer and endure, the muddy vesture of decay closes them in and they cannot hear it.

**W**HAT shall literature do for these? In a great smoky Midland town, on dreary pavements, under sloppy skies, I saw a girl who was a greater argument for melodrama than all the cheques of all the managers. She was going to her work in the raw dawn, her lunch in a package under her arm; the back was bent and the face was pale and pinched, but there was a slumbering fire of romance in the deep-fringed eyes, and suggestions of poetry lurked in the shadows of her hair; and at once my breast was full of stirrings to write for her—only for her—a book full of beauty and happiness and sunshine, and, oh! such false views of life, such inaccurate pictures of the pleasures of a society she would never know. The hero should be handsome and brave and good, with a curling moustache; and the heroine should be beautiful and true, with an extensive wardrobe; and the clouds would come only to roll by, and the story should die away in an odour of orange-blossom, and in a music of marriage-bells. And there should be lots of money for everybody, and any amount of laughter and gaiety, and I would give dances twice a volume, and see that all the girls had partners, delightful waltzers with good conversation. And there would be garden-parties (weather permitting invariably), and picnics without green spiders, and sails without sca-sickness. And as for truth and realism—fie on them! We can create a much nicer world than nature's. Why be plagiarists, when we can make universes of our own?

**S**OMETHING of this was probably in the mind of one of our finest living poets when he launched his brilliant lines against "The Dismal Throng." But Mr. Buchanan's invective—like Miss Marie Corelli's—would be more forcible if it were less indiscriminate. To attack Shakespeare and Tupper in the same breath were to do Tupper a good turn. Moreover, it is but a few months ago that Mr. Buchanan appeared as the author of one of the dimest poems of the century,—pessimistic as "Queen Mab"—following it up by an avowal in the *Daily Chronicle* that he could not believe in God because of the agonies of his pet monkey. Here we have him once more a rampant theist and optimist. He is so self-contradictory that I am

reluctantly driven to the belief that he is an honest man. But why does he not write under my title?

**ARE** there many Buchanans whom we have all been ignorantly confounding? The biographer of the future will be wiser. He will distinguish between the poet Buchanan, who knows nature, and the dramatist of the same name who doesn't. There is a second poet, Byronic, and brilliant, who is only nominally the same as Buchanan the mystic (not to be confused with



Buchanan the materialist, who is of a corpulent habit, and lunches at Rule's). There is also Buchanan the Complete Letter-Writer, who is unrelated to Buchanan the author of "Christian Romances,"—

who, in his turn, suffers from being often identified with the Buchanan who writes novels for the old person; and it need hardly be said that none of these gentlemen is Buchanan the essayist, or Buchanan the business man, who lives in a fine suburban villa. They were all born in different years, and some of them are dead. Several are men of genius, and one or two are Philistines whom the others dislike.

**BUT** the biographer of the future will hardly be able, even if he takes all these men for one, to make a bigger book than Lady Burton has made out of her husband. I yield to none in admiration for the late Sir Richard; but I could wish his widow had treated his life as untenderly as she treated some of his risky translations. No man can possibly deserve two huge volumes. The perspective is all wrong. Bossuet got the history of the world into a fifth of the space. Moral: Beware of biographical widows.

VIVE LA MORT!

**WHEREFORE** do the critics rage?  
'Tis the biographic age!  
Every dolt who duly died  
In a book is glorified

Uniformly with his betters;  
All his unimportant letters  
Edited by writers gifted,  
Every scrap of MS. sifted,  
Classified by dates and ages,  
Pages multiplied on pages,  
Till the man is—for their pains—  
Buried 'neath his own Remains.

Every day the craze grows stronger,  
Art is long, but "lives" are longer.  
They who were the most in view  
Block the stage *post mortem* too.



Hark the tongues of either sex—  
Reminiscences of X!  
Of his juvenile affections  
Hundreds write their Recollections,  
(None will recollect their writings)  
Telling of his love for whittings  
Fried in butter, or his fancy  
For bananas, buns and Nancy.

Thank the gracious gods on high,  
Every day some "Life" must die:  
Death alone is our salvation.  
Though 'tis dubious consolation  
That of all these countless "Lives"  
Only the Unfit survives.

**WONDER** if this evil would come within the scope of the "Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising"! Certainly the eyesore evil is not the sole abuse of advertisement. Yet, as it is the easiest to tackle, Mr. Richardson Evans may effect some good by his plea entitled "The Age of Disfigurement." Whether London be beautiful, as Mr. Henry James certifies, or the monstrous wen that Mr. Grant Allen, with his fondness for extreme proposition, would make it out, it is not improved by mural decorations representing ladies with their back hair down, or demons cycling down chutes. Within bounds advertisements do no harm—they are a sort of artificial vegetation that springs up to hide walls and blank hoardings. But they do not keep within bounds; they are a leprosy on the face of the earth. How disgraceful the long unlovely street of advertisements that leads to our South Kensington exhibitions!



It has been suggested that flypapers should be so sprinkled as to produce an æsthetic design in dead flies, so as to introduce beauty into the homes of the poor. It would be more in harmony with the age to lay out our public gardens with floral injunctions to use



B's hair-dye and C's corn-plaster. Brag and display are the road to riches, and the trail of vulgarity is over it all. I take credit to myself for having been among the first to cry in the wilderness; but the critics—bless them!—say it is all empty paradox.

**T**HANK you sincerely, Mr. Arthur Cawston, for the honour you have done me in dedicating to me your "Comprehensive Scheme for Street Improvements in London." All the same I cannot afford to buy a copy, though I hope many of your other "Fellow-townsmen" who share the honour with me will put down their guineas. Like Mr. Grant Allen, you allow too little for the charm of irregularity and historical association—for odd bits and queer views coming unexpectedly round the corner to meet one, for strange ancient gardens and fragments of field in the backways of Holborn, for quaint waterside alleys and old-world churches in out-of-the-way turnings—for everything, in fact, that has the charm of natural growth. I would not give up Booksellers' Row for a thousand improvements in the Strand. Where shall you find a more piquant peace than in the shady quadrangles that branch out of the bustle of Fleet Street, and flash a memory of Oxford spires or Cambridge gardens on the inner eye? What spot in the world has inspired a nobler sonnet than Wordsworth's on Westminster Bridge?

Who would exchange our happy incongruity for the mechanical regularity of the mushroom cities of the States? Paris

has, no doubt, made herself beautiful; but she could have afforded not to be much better than she can afford to be. Mr. Cawston holds up Glasgow as a model city—a pioneer—and the splendour of its municipal buildings is as the justice of Aristides. But if an ugly woman does not dress well, who should? With all its civic spirit, Glasgow remains grey, prosaic, intolerable—the champion platitude of commercial civilisation. Aberdeen would have been a far finer example of the schematic city of which theorists dream. There is something heroic about the spaciousness of its streets, the loftiness of the buildings, and the omnipresence of granite—a Tyrtæan spirit, which finds its supreme embodiment in the noble statue of Wallace poised on rough craglets of unpolished granite, and of General Gordon with his martial cloak around him. If Edinburgh be the Athens of Scotland, Aberdeen is its Sparta. And yet after a while Aberdeen becomes a weariness and an abomination. For you discover that it is one endless series of geometrical diagrams. The pavements run in parallel lines, the houses are rectilinear, the gardens are squares or oblongs; if by chance the land sprawls in hillocks and hollows, nevertheless, is it partitioned in rigid lines. The architecture is equally austere. The very curves demonstrate the theorem that a curve is made up of little straight lines, the arches are stiff and unbending, and wherever a public building demands an ornament, a fir-shaped cone of straight lines rises in stoic severity. In vain one seeks for a refuge from Euclid—for an odd turning or a crooked by-way. To match the straightness of their streets and the granite of their structures the Aberdonians are hard-headed, close-fisted, and logical



(there is a proverb that no alien can settle among them), and when they die they are

laid out neatly in a rectangular cemetery with parallel rows of graves. Even when they stand about gossiping they fall naturally into geometric figures: if two disconnected men are smoking silently in the roadway, they trisect it; and if another man arrives he converts the company into an equilateral triangle. I am convinced the moon shrinks from appearing in Union Street except it is in perfect quarters, and hides timidly behind a cloud unless its arcs are presentable. Professor Bain was born in Aberdeen. This accounts for much in our British metaphysics. Aberdeen produced the man who vivisected Shelley's "Skylark," and explained away the human mind and all that is therein; Aberdeen educated him, graduated him, married him, gave him the chair of Logic in her University, and finally made him Lord Rector. Bain thinks entirely in straight lines. He is the apotheosis of the Aberdonian, which is a warning against regular cities.

**A**ND, furthermore, in firing us to local patriotism by the example of provincial cities, Mr. Cawston does not allow sufficiently for the size of London. It swallows us all up; there are twenty provincial cities in its maw: it is not a city, but a province. We cannot rouse ourselves to an interest in Brixton and Camberwell, in Poplar and Highbury. There is no glory in being a dweller in so amorphous a city, whose motley floating population is alone sufficient to stock a provincial town; there can be no sense of brotherhood in meeting a Londoner abroad, still less a Middlesex or Surrey man. Devonians may feast off

junkets and cream in touching fellowship, and the hearts of Edinburgh men stir with common memories of Princes Street; but a Cockney, who has far more to be proud of, is overwhelmed into apathy. It is only in a compact city that one can develop that sense of special belonging which George Eliot contends is at the root of so many virtues. I might just as well be taxed to beautify Dublin as Canonbury, for all the difference it would make in my grumblings. Sweep away the slums, Messieurs the Reformers, then it will be time enough to think of ornaments.

**G**RANT you London has been made a little prettier by the new fountain in Piccadilly Circus—where Lord Shaftesbury's memorial may agreeably remind us of the existence of virtue. The fountain leaks woundily, though, and I must protest against the petrification of a mere pun. If the Stone Angel—who is perpetually overbalancing himself to shoot arrows into the ground—is not intended to represent Shaftesbury, it has no meaning whatever. This is the Old Humour with a vengeance. The setting up of stone puns is a new and terrible precedent. We shall have Gladstone commemorated by a dancing monolith, and Balfour by two pairs of balls stuck on a golf-stick. The idea must have been the grateful gift of some poor creature Lord Shaftesbury had been kind to.

I. ZANGWILL.







## VEXED QUESTIONS.

*The Editors are not responsible for the opinions expressed by Contributors under this heading.*

### *The Case for Gold.*

BY WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

**I**N considering the historical development and present position of the Silver Question—its momentous importance as the great monetary problem of the nineteenth century, its world-wide consequences, its curious phenomena, and the pedantic oddities of the amateur financiers who in the past have approached it from both sides—one cannot but wonder what the scientific opinion will be, one hundred years hence, upon the delusion of bimetallism.

Of late the perplexity arising from an effort to do a thing in itself impossible—namely, to establish absolutely a parity between gold and silver—has been constantly on the increase. The chief agitation has come from the United States of America, where in 1814, at the close of the second war with Great Britain, the ratio was arbitrarily fixed at one ounce of gold to fifteen of silver. But the proportion then existing in Europe being one to fifteen and one-half, the American money-brokers exchanged fifteen ounces of silver for one of gold, which they forthwith sold in Europe for fifteen and one-half ounces of the white metal—an ingenious operation they repeated indefinitely to their own profit, though with the effect of draining America of gold and flooding it with foreign silver. To check this tendency the ratio was summarily changed to one ounce of gold to fifteen and nine-tenths silver, the consequence whereof was to make it profitable to send silver to Europe and recall gold. The influx of Californian gold in 1850 suddenly disturbed the proportion between the metals to the great advantage of silver; while in 1870 a counterwave of silver from the western mines once more abruptly depreciated that metal, and raised the relative value of gold. In 1863, the American Civil War necessitating the issue of paper

at a depreciation ranging from 50 to 150 per cent., both metals were swept from circulation, and the American monetary problem passed to the phase of a return to specie payments, which was not accomplished until thirteen years after the restoration of peace.

It was during these years, when the country was flooded with a depreciated currency, that a belief arose, chiefly among the western rural population, that cheap money means abundance—an amiable fallacy largely adopted by the advocates of bimetallism. As a matter of fact, cheap money is always debased, and consequently dishonest money. A cheap dollar is one of less than standard value, be it the greenback dollar of war times, worth only twenty-five or fifty cents, or the Bland silver dollar of fifteen years ago, worth seventy-five cents. But, at the time, people noticed only their nominally high salaries and wages, the easy abundance of notes in circulation, the seemingly good price paid for crops and manufactures, without taking into account that the dollars they received were really worth but a fraction of their face value. It was forgotten that at the close of the American Revolution, when cheap money saw some of its palmy days, a soldier's pay for a month would only buy a breakfast; while in the Southern Confederacy, where "cheap money" reached a climax, a planter's income for a year scarcely sufficed to pay for a suit of clothes. And so it came about that when the financial situation of the United States made it possible for a wise Secretary of the Treasury to withdraw two billion greenback dollars from circulation, the remainder at once gained in value, though, of course, prices fell in proportion. The Western States raised a cry against Eastern capitalists, and several cities which had borrowed heavy sums in New York, which they had intended to pay in depreciated paper, denounced the "Shylocks," to whom they feared they would now be obliged to pay gold or its equivalent. It was then generally claimed, and it is still occasionally asserted, that a fixed monetary standard is a mischievous device of rich men, in disregard of the obvious fact that the poor are the first and greatest sufferers from a debased and fluctuating currency. Had the American Silver Party then commanded the power, it would have made all United States Government securities thenceforth redeemable in Silver Certificates, which is equivalent to redeeming one promise with another less good. Failing in this, it secured the passage in Congress of the Sherman Bill, which should have been entitled "An Act to compel the United States Treasury to spend sixty million dollars annually in buying what it does not want." The effect of that Bill is to oblige the United States Government to purchase four-and-a-half million ounces of silver monthly, in spite of which the price of silver has fallen to forty-one pence per ounce, and is still further declining, partly because of its constant production from inexhaustible mines, and partly because there is an unconquerable aversion, the world over, to the use of silver in bulk.

This buying process goes steadily on. The United States Treasury is overloaded with silver it cannot put in circulation, and which can never be re-sold for the price at which the Government buys it. The beneficiaries of this operation are the Silver Kings, who must be an object of envy to manufacturers generally, who would likewise greatly profit were an Act put in force obliging the American Government to buy their products.

The bimetallic prospect has been, however, for some years clouded by the exportation from America of ominously large sums of gold, the net outgo during the year 1891 amounting to about seven million sterling. As this process, if continued, would ultimately have put the American Republic on a silver monometallic basis, resembling that of China, India, and several South American nondescripts, the common



sense of the country took alarm, and raised so violent an agitation of the bimetallic sophism that, as a means to divert attention, the Silver Party imagined an International Conference, whose purpose should be to make such terms with foreign markets, to the advantage of American Silver, as should not only stop the outflow of American gold, but enable the United States Treasury to unload silver bullion abroad. That Conference assembled at Brussels in November 1892; and if there be truth in the American saying that nothing succeeds like success, then surely the Silver Kings' Conference will be remembered only by its failure. The American delegates held the affirmative in favour of bimetallism, and were met by emphatic replies. France answered that there is no prospect of the substitution of bimetallism for monometallism; Russia dismissed the proposal for an international agreement to regulate the parity of gold with silver by a curt *non possumus*; Italy declared that nothing could be done without the co-operation of Great Britain; the English delegates would make no appreciable concession; Germany, Austria, and Sweden adhered to the gold basis. Stripped of circumlocutions as laborious as the *obiter dicta* of a German Professor, the consensus of European opinion, as delivered in reply to the American proposals, meant this: That, despite the theories of financial *dilettanti*, it is absurd to suppose that a debased or fluctuating currency can lead to genuine prosperity; that the honest price of commodities will always be their value expressed in terms of gold; that it would not be honest to pay the principal or interest of a gold obligation in anything else than the equivalent of gold; that Europe does not want Nevada silver at a high and arbitrary valuation; that monetary problems are no more to be governed by Act of Congress than are the rising and setting of the sun; that a silver sham dollar of seventy or eighty cents cannot be the equivalent of a gold dollar of one hundred. But long before the Conference adjourned, or even before it met, it was well understood to be no part of its mission to champion such absurdities. Half the world knew that President Harrison's motive in proposing the Conference was to postpone serious consideration of the troublesome Silver Question until after the Election of November 1892; that public opinion, as well as the American press generally, regarded the Conference merely as a political expedient, designed to go through certain perfunctory motions; and that it was sedulously kept from view that Wall Street formally opposed the silver delegates and their bimetallic programme.

Since the adjournment of the Brussels Conference without the financial crash which it was vehemently predicted would follow its rejection of bimetallism, a tentative effort has been made in the United States Senate to repeal the mischievous folly of the Sherman Bill. The attempt failed, because the new Democratic Administration which is monometallic in policy, has resolved, with Machiavellian astuteness, that the existing financial embarrassment shall not be remedied until the American community has been so effectually singed, that it will be loth, hereafter, to listen to the blandishments of Nevada. In consequence the American Treasury continues, as required by the Sherman Bill, to add four-and-a-half million ounces of silver monthly to its heavy store; the disorganisation of trade is aggravated; the New York stock market droops; industry and commerce reflect in all directions the popular uncertainty and apprehension; and during the first six months of this year the net gold export from America exceeded *twelve million sterling*. This outflow of gold should remind the Nevada Silver Kings of the truism that inferior money will always drive out better money if given the chance to do so. An example of this came near actual demonstration in England two years ago, when, had Mr. Goschen's project to introduce one pound notes been adopted, its first effect would have been the general withdrawal of sovereigns from circulation.

In an article entitled "The Currency Crisis in the United States," published in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*, may be read the remarkable declaration that "The entire American nation is anxious for a bimetallic currency." It would not be easy to make a statement more widely at variance with facts. Were bimetallism the desire of a majority of Americans, it would be in force in the United States at the present day. But as evidence that such is not the case, a majority of the people's representatives in Congress have declared themselves opposed to bimetallism; and it is these representatives of the American popular majority who will shortly be convened in special session for the express purpose of repealing the unstatesmanlike Sherman Bill, which event, it is hoped, will give bimetallism its quietus for a long time to come.

I believe the maintenance and integrity of contracts to be the essence of all prosperous commercial relations; and as the gold standard admittedly fluctuates less than any other, there is, in this single circumstance, strong reason for adhering to it as the most nearly stationary measure of the obligation of contracting parties. Silver, on the contrary, fluctuates as coal and iron rise and fall; and its ratio to gold can no more be made permanent than can the quotations of the market price of silver ore. It is an inevitable condition of silver production that the value of the metal varies, and hence it is conspicuously unfit to be, itself, a measure of value. What would be thought of a gallon measure that, after holding eight pints yesterday, should expand to nine to-day, and might shrink to seven to-morrow? So long as a majority of the human race recognises that cheap goods and plenty are the conditions of profitable trade, and that scarcity and depreciated money mean hard times, so long will it be apparent that bimetallists are merely seeking to constrain the world to the use of a coinage it rejects in place of a better which has been in use for ages. And credit, which is the motive force of the financial system of nations, as of individuals, will always be dependent upon the simplicity and integrity of a single standard of money value.

In considering the currency question as it exists in Oriental countries, where it is a momentous feature of the pending monetary problem, we are met by the difficulty of having to deal with semi-savage communities, whose ignorance is part of their religion, and whose knowledge of finance has not yet passed the stage of hiding their savings. The Hindoo and the Chinaman hoard the precious metals precisely as, some centuries ago, they were hoarded generally throughout Europe, until the inventors of bills of exchange, who have been our masters and instructors in all monetary matters, demonstrated that something more profitable can be done with our talent than burying it in the ground. I believe that China and India must eventually be similarly educated, and will ultimately adopt a gold standard, because their natural tendency must be to do business on a cash basis, owing to the risk resulting from keeping transactions open for long periods. They will gradually awaken to an understanding of the fact that the fluctuation in value of their silver currency, in dealing with other countries, curtails their credit, and, by diminishing trade, proportionately reduces profits. It will also be brought home to them, when they have progressed beyond their present elementary stage, that capitalists will never invest in the securities of any country whose interest is payable in silver, owing to the uncertainty of the return they are to receive. The future tendency will be that every country which balances its budget with a surplus will command a gold standard with a paper currency always redeemable for gold on demand. Moreover, as less bullion is actually used now than in former days, relatively to the world's population and to the extension of trade, credit will come to be the basis of a universal monetary



system. At present, gold actually passes in only a small number of transactions, the usual medium being a promise to pay the equivalent of gold. The marvel of the twentieth century is destined to be the increased efficiency of capital, owing to the improved and extended organisation of credit, whose development, supplemented by extradition laws, will be such that, apart from all ethical considerations, it will not pay to be dishonest.

The essential weakness of the bimetallic argument is that it rests upon hypothetical assumptions, whose effects must be equally conjectural. Fortunately for the advance of civilisation, it is not probable that in the next century, when the human race will progress in wise and valuable knowledge, its financial interests will be allowed to decline, or its currency to degenerate. It is not likely that, in this practical age, the financial centres will suffer a thing so delicate and vital as their standard of value to be trifled with at haphazard; and, so long as this remains the case, it may confidently be affirmed that it will be impossible to accomplish any monetary scheme of world-wide bearing which encounters the joint condemnation of the City of London and of Wall Street of New York.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

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### *The Case for Silver.*

BY W. H. GRENFELL.

SOME years ago, walking from the House of Commons with a companion, the conversation turned upon the general fall in prices and the unproductiveness in most instances of commercial enterprise.

Being at the time a stern and unbending member of the gold school, and knowing nothing whatever about the matter, the answer was to me simple enough. "Well, of course we are suffering from a glut; overproduction is at the root of it; and then you must remember the cheap and rapid communication by land and sea, the spread of the telegraph, the numerous and daily increasing number of inventions which economise labour and greatly increase production, besides a hundred other like reasons which must tend to cheapen commodities."

I looked at him triumphantly, expecting to see him visibly shrunk; but his eyes had a dreamy, not to say weary, look in them; and at last he said, "Oh, yes! I know all about that; but there is another side to the equation which you and your friends always ignore, and that is the money itself. Is that always the same, or does that vary? I mean, taking the world as a whole, would an increase in the money volume, trade and population being the same, tend to raise prices, and a decrease tend to lower them? If the whole world measured everything by gold, and half the gold were suddenly swallowed up by the sea, would not prices tend to fall proportionately? And if from the beginning of the world gold and silver had been used conjointly as a measure of value, and some important nations of the world suddenly discarded silver, would not that lower prices by decreasing the money volume, and in the second place, if the par of exchange were destroyed, produce a disastrous confusion in the trade between gold- and silver-using countries? Now, this is exactly what has happened. Germany, after receiving an enormous war

indemnity (£200,000,000) from France, was persuaded to give up her silver standard, and to adopt a gold standard in imitation of England, under the impression that England's commercial prosperity was due to her *gold standard*, whereas her commercial supremacy was founded when she was bimetallic. That was the first step: Germany absorbed £80,000,000 of gold, four years' gold supply of the whole world (the United States and Italy following her lead), and threw her discarded silver upon the market; and France and the Latin Union (Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Greece) closed their mints, which had been open to the free coinage of silver, having no wish to help Germany out of the difficulty which she had created for herself. Bimetallism, which had worked admirably for two hundred years and more, was knocked on the head. Gold immediately went up in value, from the extra demand suddenly placed upon it, and silver consequently compared to gold went down. Then arose the silver question: before this there had been no silver question,—silver and gold had been as one money: henceforth there will be two measures of value with no link between them, the one measure of value being silver used by the greater part of the world, and the other gold—and with gold appreciating, and silver steady indeed as compared with commodities, but depreciating as compared with gold, how can there be any trade carried on between a *silver*-using country and a *gold*-using country on any rational basis? In contracts lasting three months or more the fluctuation may be so great as to wipe out all profit. It will not be trading, but gambling. But the most serious question involved in this demonetisation of silver, if it takes place on a large scale—and no country will like to be last in the scramble for gold—will be the general and steady fall in prices. Now, nobody can compete against a falling market; it is so much better to sell your business, or wind it up, than to go on seeing your profits diminishing year by year till they become losses, your plant and machinery worth less and less every year, while the interest on the money you have borrowed remains the same: sell out, wind up,—what is the use of hanging on till you are bankrupt? Ah! I see a terrible time coming if something is not done to stop the contraction of the currency! Just consider for a moment. The gold production of the world now is about twenty millions per annum; at the height of the Californian discoveries it was thirty-six millions—and you must remember that at that time bimetalism was in full swing, and America and Germany were on the silver basis. Since then trade and population have increased enormously, and we have had a smaller supply of gold and a much greater demand for it, owing to the demonetisation of silver. If there is anything in the quantitative theory of money, must this not of necessity produce an ever-increasing appreciation of gold and fall in prices, with despair, bankruptcy, lowered wages, strikes, and repudiation following in its train? I see that you are interested in this question: allow me to send you some bimetal—

“Oh, thanks very much,” I said, hastily pulling out my watch, “I am afraid I must be off”; and I fled with all the righteous indignation of the true worshipper of the golden calf, together with some grave doubts as to my friend's sanity and moral character.

However, he sent the pamphlets. I didn't read them for a long time, any more than I should have read treatises on perpetual motion, the elixir of life, or the philosopher's stone. Bimetallism, like golf, is an acquired taste, and a taste which it takes some time to acquire; but when once acquired it gets a good grip of you: it makes many dark things seem clear; it supplies the only clue there is to the fall in values which has taken place since 1873, and it leads to the study of a subject which has a more important influence on the welfare of mankind than any other which can be



mentioned. Currency questions, too, like golf, seem at first sight dull, pointless, and profitless; but when you have been once shown round the course, and have got your clubs together in the form of the countless and excellent pamphlets on the subject, and have got in and out of the ratio and other bunkers, you warm up to your work; and finally, when you begin to realise all the iniquities that have been perpetrated in producing this disastrous contraction of the currency, the sufferings, the long struggles against falling values, the evictions, the foreclosures, the bankruptcies, the reduction of wages, the strikes, the want of commercial enterprise, the consequent increase in the number of the unemployed while timid capital lies idle, and the many other evils attendant on the criminal imbecility of demonetising one-half of the money of the world, you begin to burn with the *sæva indignatio* inspired by a righteous cause, and spend all your spare moments on the currency links.

At last one day I happened to look at one of the works which my friend had sent me: it was Mr. Robert Barclay's "Silver and Gold Question," and it would have been impossible to begin with a better one. The book opened at p. 12, where there is a table showing the production of gold and silver in the world, and the ratio between the two—from the time when France fixed the ratio at  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, in 1803, down to 1884. This table is most instructive. It shows that, as long as bimetalism and free coinage was at work on the Continent—that is, from 1803 to the disastrous year 1873, when the fear of the action of Germany and the United States made the Latin Union close their mints to the free coinage of silver—so long did the ratio remain practically steady at the point fixed by law. And there was a most remarkable fact which especially impressed itself upon me—namely, that the period in question, signalised by this wonderful steadiness of the ratio maintained between gold and silver, was also a period signalised by the most wonderful difference in the relative amount of gold and silver produced in the world. Thus, in the year 1849 the production of gold was 5·4 millions, the production of silver was 7·8 millions, and the ratio between the two was maintained at 15·80; in the year 1852 the production of gold rose roughly sevenfold—that is, from 5·4 millions to 36·6—while the production of silver remained about the same (namely, 8·1), and the ratio between the two remained at 15·57, thanks to France, who kept her mint open to the free coinage of both, and weathered the storm.\*

\* While on the subject of the *ratio*, it may be remarked that the ratio between gold and silver during the 1600 years before the birth of Christ varied only from 1 to 12 to 1 to 13·33; with the exception that in the time of Alexander the Great (a gold collector) one ounce of gold was worth only  $13\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of silver, and in the time of Cæsar (another gold collector) an ounce of gold was exchanged for only 8·93 ounces of silver; compare the papers laid before the U.S. Senate, by Senator Jones, May 12th and 13th, 1890.

During the next 1500 years, up to the discovery of America, silver never fell below the ratio of 14·40 to 1 of gold.

From 1497 to 1680 silver never fell below the ratio of 15·14 to 1 of gold.

From 1680 to 1872 the ratio remained steady, the highest variation being 1 to 16·25 in the year 1813.

From 1873, when the demonetisation of silver began, the ratio has been steadily going up; and now that the free coinage of silver has been put a stop to in India, it is impossible to say what point may not be reached; and much depends on the attitude which the United States may take up.

N.B.—The stocks of gold and silver in the world (the product of all time) are estimated to be about equal: the production of the last five hundred years is set down as—Gold, \$27,240,000,000, silver, \$27,435,000,000. (Compare the report of the Silver Committee, 1876; "The Double Standard," by H. H. Gibbs; "The Ratio of Value between Gold and Silver as Money," by J. N. Söderholm.)

After the financial revolution of 1873, and free coinage at the ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 had been given up, the table showed that gold appreciated steadily compared with demonetised silver at an ever-increasing ratio—which is a very fair indication that bimetallism had been successful in keeping the ratio steady, the variation in the production of the two metals having never since been as great as it was during that period.

Having got so far, and found that bimetallism was no new thing, I finished the treatise, and got most interested in the question; and during the last nine years have read many books on the subject, and become a bimetallist, or rather an anti-contraction-of-the-currency man, and a terror to my friends.

In studying this great question one can either go the long course or the short course: the long course would include what the acknowledged thinkers have said on the subject of money, such as Adam Smith, M'Culloch, Mill, Ricardo, Locke, Alison, Bastiat, and in more modern times, Jevons, Giffen, Alexander Del Mar ("The Science of Money," "A History of the Precious Metals," "A History of Money," and "Money and Civilisation"), and many others; or you can go the short course, which is quite sufficient to get a good grasp of the subject, and read the evidence and report of the Gold and Silver Commission, the reports of the various International Monetary Conferences, "The Silver Question and the Gold Question," by Robert Barclay, "Silver and Gold, the Money of the World" (Prize Essay) by Sir Guilford Molesworth; "Bimetallism and Monometallism," which shows why Mr. Gladstone's Irish land legislation has failed, by Archbishop Walsh; the writings on the subject of Professor Foxwell, and many others equally to the point too numerous to mention.

Having now exhausted a considerable proportion of my allotted space, and having said very little of what I intended to say, I should like to suggest a few thoughts on some of the most important questions involved, not in my own words, but in the words of writers on economic subjects of established reputation.

Let us begin with

#### THE QUANTITATIVE THEORY OF MONEY,

and see what has been said on that subject by recognised authorities.

John S. Mill says:

"That an increase of the quantity of money raises prices, and a diminution lowers them, is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency, and without it we should have no key to any of the others."

Also in his "Treatise upon Political Economy":

"The value of money, other things being the same, varies inversely as its quantity, every increase of quantity lowering the value, and every diminution raising it in a ratio exactly equivalent."

James Mill also says:

"And again, in whatever degree, therefore the quantity of money is increased or diminished, other things remaining the same, in that same proportion the value of the whole, and of every part is reciprocally diminished or increased."

John Locke ("Considerations," published 1690), said:

"Money, while the same quantity of it is passing up and down the kingdom in trade, is really a standing measure of the falling and rising value of other things in reference to one another, and the alteration in price is truly in them only. But if you increase or lessen the quantity of money current in traffic in any place, then the *alteration of value is in the Money.*"



Cernuschi says :

"The purchasing power of money is in direct proportion to the volume of money existing."

Ricardo says (in reply to Bosanquet):

"The value of money in any country is determined by the amount existing. . . . That commodities would rise or fall in price in proportion to the increase or diminution of money, I assume as a fact that is incontrovertible."

These quotations might be largely added to ; but perhaps they are sufficient, and we can pass on to the next question—

#### IS THE VOLUME OF MONEY BEING DIMINISHED ?

That the volume of metallic money throughout the world has during the last twenty years been diminished compared with the extra demand, can hardly be denied ; and it has been diminished at a time when the increase of trade and population demanded an expansion and not a contraction of the currency. During this period, though the production of gold has fallen off from thirty-six millions per annum, at the time of the Californian gold discoveries, to about twenty-three millions per annum now, an enormous fresh demand has been created for gold, owing to the action of the countries which have discarded silver. Thus it is estimated that Germany has taken eighty millions of gold, Scandinavia seven millions, Italy six-and-a-half, and the Netherlands six millions—all this being quite an extra demand upon the gold of the world, owing to the adoption of new currency regulations ; while the United States, which used in ten years to export gold to the extent of about eight millions, is now an importer of about seven millions sterling. India is apparently going on to a gold standard ; and if the United States discard silver, we shall have nothing to look forward to but universal bankruptcy. Mr. Goschen put the new demand for gold made by Germany, Italy and the United States at £200,000,000. (Bankers' Institute, April 18th, 1883.)

As Alexander Hamilton said :

"To annul the use of either of the metals as money is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium, and is liable to all the objections which arise from the comparison of the benefits of a full with the evils of a scanty circulation."

Before the French Monetary Convention in 1869, M. Wolowski said :

"The sum total of the precious metals is reckoned at fifty milliards,—one half gold, one half silver. If by a stroke of the pen they suppress one of these metals in the monetary service, they double the demand for the other metal, to the ruin of all debtors."

Adam Smith says :

"Increase the scarcity of gold to a certain degree, and the smallest bit of it may be more precious than a diamond."

Oh, but it is said that cheques, banks, bills, clearing-houses, etc., have economised the use of metallic money to such a degree that these quotations are no longer applicable. Is this the case?—No.

Mr. Giffen (*Journal London Statistical Society*, March 1879) says :

"The United Kingdom was very fully banked before 1850, the growth of banks and banking business having since been no more than in proportion to the increasing wealth of the community."

Mr. J. B. Martin, in a paper read before the London Statistical Society, showed that the London bankers made exactly the same percentage of their payments in coin in 1880 as they had made in 1864. Mr. Senator Jones gave other instances as well in the International Monetary Conference, 1892.

*What are the Results of a Decreasing Money Volume and a Fall in Prices?*—Mr. Giffen ("Recent Changes in Prices and Incomes Compared," 1888) says:

"The fall of prices in such a general way as to amount to what is known as a rise in the purchasing power of gold is generally, I might say universally, admitted. . . . It is obvious beyond all question that these effects may be important. . . . The weight of all permanent burdens is increased compared with what would have been the case had there been no appreciation. . . . The debtors pay more than they would otherwise pay, and the creditors receive more. . . . Appreciation—or, in other words, an increase—in the value or purchasing power of the standard coin is a most serious matter for those who have debts to pay."

And he goes on to say that all the evidence seems to point to a continuance of the appreciation.

W. H. Crawford (Report to Congress, 1820) says:

"All intelligent writers on currency agree that when it is decreasing in amount, poverty and misery must prevail."

David Hume:

"A nation whose money decreases is actually at that time weaker and more miserable than another nation which possesses no more money, but is on the increasing hand."

Alison, "History of Europe" (continuation), vol. i., p. 18, points out in graphic language that two of the greatest events in the world's history were both directly connected with the currency. (1) The fall of the Roman Empire was in reality brought about by the failure of the gold and silver mines in Greece and Spain. It was bankrupt, and could not pay its way. (2) The dark ages were put an end to by the discovery of the New World, which replenished the empty coffers of the Old by the masses of gold and silver it poured into them, under the effects of which commerce and industry thrived and prospered, enterprise was rewarded, and an age of great prosperity ensued.

As Hume says ("Essay on Money"):

"When money flows into a country everything takes a new face: labour and industry are given new life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more skilful and diligent. . . . But when gold and silver are diminishing, the workman has not the same employment from the manufacturer and merchant."

What is required is a stable measure of value, "a fair and permanent record of obligations over long periods of time," and in order to be stable it should increase with the increase of trade and population; and instead of this, while trade and population are increasing, with gorgeous imbecility we are decreasing the money volume of the world by slowly demonetising one-half of it. This may be a good thing for the creditors, who get back the value of a great deal more than they lent; but it is a swindle to the debtors, and the charge of fixed burdens in England is put down by Mr. S. Smith, M.P., at from a hundred and fifty to two hundred millions a year. In the long run, however, creditors will not be benefited, as the debtors will not be able to pay them, and in times of shrinking values it is very difficult for them to find profitable investments even if they are paid.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., also says on this subject:

"My own honest belief is that, had we in the last fifteen years [this was said on December 13th, 1888] been engaged in a gigantic war, and doubled our national debt,



we should not have had more pressure upon the industries of the country, than has resulted from the enormous decline in prices brought about by this appreciation in the gold standard."

*Who are these Borrowers?*—Practically and roughly speaking, the borrowers are those who are engaged in the great industries of the country, which are carried on by money borrowed under various forms. The charge for this borrowed money in a great many instances remains fixed, and the capital has to be repaid. As money appreciates and prices fall the borrowers find it more and more difficult to meet these charges; they have to make reductions, and perhaps finally to give up their business. These reductions are frequently made, not by lowering wages all round, but by dismissing such hands as are not considered absolutely necessary. This enforced idleness swells the army of the unemployed, and the work is less efficiently performed. Wages take some time to come down, partly owing to the disinclination of the employer to reduce them if he can possibly avoid it, and partly to the power of the various trades-unions. But come down they must if prices continue falling, and then will come the rub. High prices or low prices are not the question; it is falling prices which it is impossible to struggle against under modern conditions of carrying on trade.

*Those Evils have been Foretold.*—Speaking at Glasgow in 1873, Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, used these remarkable words :—

"I attribute the great monetary disturbance that has occurred, and is now to a certain extent acting injuriously to trade—I attribute it to the great changes which Governments in Europe are making with reference to their standard of value. This, I know myself, arose from an opinion extremely prevalent among the statesmen of Europe, and among distinguished economists and merchants abroad, that the commercial prosperity and preponderance of England were to be attributed to her *gold* standard. . . . It is the greatest delusion in the world to attribute the commercial preponderance and prosperity of England to our having a *gold standard*. Our gold standard is not the cause, but the consequence, of our commercial prosperity."

Again, on a motion of Lord Huntley in the House of Lords, he said :—

"There is another cause which is perhaps the most important of them all,—gold is every day appreciating in value; and as it appreciates in value, the lower become prices. . . . It is not impossible that, as affairs develop, the country may require that some formal investigation should be made of the causes which are affecting the price of the precious metals, and the effect which the change in the value of the precious metals has upon the industry of the country and upon the continual fall of *prices*."

Also Mr. Ernest Seyd, before the Latin Union had stopped the free coinage of silver, and Austria-Hungary, Germany, the United States and other countries had gone on to a *gold* standard of value, made this most remarkable and unfortunately true prophecy :—

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of the gold valuation by other states besides England will be beneficial. It will only lead to the destruction of the monetary equilibrium hitherto existing, and cause a fall in the value of silver, from which England's trade and the Indian silver valuation will suffer more than all other interests, grievous as the general decline of prosperity all over the world will be.

"The strong doctrinism existing in England as regards the gold valuation is so *blind*, that when the time of depression sets in there will be this special feature: the economical authorities of the country will refuse to listen to the cause here foreshadowed; every possible attempt will be made to prove that the decline of commerce is due to all sorts of causes and irreconcilable matters. The workman and his strikes will be the first convenient target; then speculation and overtrading will have their turn. Later on, when foreign nations,

unable to pay in silver, have recourse to protection . . . many other allegations will be made totally irrelevant to the real issue, but satisfactory to the moralising tendency of financial writers. The great danger of the time will then be that, among all this confusion and strife, England's supremacy in commerce and manufactures may go backwards to an extent which cannot be redressed when the real cause becomes recognised and the natural remedy is applied."

These are quotations which no currency article from the anti-contraction point of view should be, and very few are, without.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at the last Monetary Conference—all honour to him—also appeared among the prophets in support of silver, and his prophecy was not long in justifying itself. He said (Report, p. 21):—

" . . . If this Conference were to break up without arriving at any definite result, there would be a depreciation in the value of that commodity (silver), which it would be frightful to contemplate, and out of which a monetary panic would ensue, the far-spreading effects of which it would be impossible to foretell."

We have sown the wind, and we shall soon reap the whirlwind.

Mr. Bertram Currie boasted at the Conference that the Bank of England would always meet its obligations in gold; but *How does the Bank of England stand?*

Although it undertakes to pay in gold, it compares badly with the other great banks, as the following table shows:—

	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL.
1. Bank of France . . .	66,000,000	51,000,000	117,000,000
2. Russian State Bank . .	96,000,000	(?)	96,000,000
3. United States Treasury .	48,000,000	91,000,000	155,000,000
New York National Bank	15,000,000	1,000,000	
4. Bank of Germany . . .	37,000,000	12,000,000	49,000,000
5. Bank of England . . .	26,000,000		26,000,000

The idea that the Bank can meet emergencies in gold seems rather mythical. At a recent crisis she had to go, hat in hand, to the despised bimetallic Bank of France, to get a sum of £3,000,000; and if the Bank of France had not been complaisant she would have found herself in great straits. Supposing an organised attack were made by enemies upon the Bank of England, how could she protect herself under the present system of small reserves and promises to meet obligations in gold? Again compare

#### THE BANK RATES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

	No. OF CHANGES.	AVERAGE RATE OF TEN YEARS (1875—1884).	No. OF CHANGES.	AVERAGE RATE OF SEVEN YEARS (1865—1871).
Bank of England . . .	66	£3 3s. 11d.	59	£3 8s. 4d.
Bank of France . . .	13	£3 2s. 1d.	6	£3 0s. 6d.

The bimetallic Bank of France is becoming more and more the centre of the financial world,—the position once held without dispute by the Bank of England—and her banking system has enabled her to survive catastrophes, such as the revolutions of 1830, 1848, 1852, the war and war indemnity of 1870, and the Panama fiasco. (Cp. "Gold and Silver Money," by John M. Douglas, p. 2.)

A word more, and I have done. There are many fallacies hugged by monometallists, or rather those who say "I don't know anything about it, you know, but I'm a monometallist," which I should like to allude to, but space will not admit. There are two, however, to which I may, perhaps, for one moment, refer. The first is the general belief that the United States of America have masses of silver with which they want to flood the European markets. This I believe to be an entire



misconception. The silver in the United States Treasury is performing the function of serving as money by circulating in the form of notes, and these notes are not more than is required by the enormous country they circulate in, as is shown by the careful tables compiled by Senator Jones, who shows that silver has rather appreciated than otherwise. The second is that silver can be produced to almost an unlimited amount. This I believe to be also a misconception. The great silver mines of the world have been the Potosi, the Comstock, and the Broken Hill. The first two are played out,—in fact, of late years the Comstock has been producing 60 per cent. of gold to 40 per cent. of silver, and America has now been so thoroughly ransacked for generations, that it is more than improbable that another Comstock should make its appearance. The scientific and expert opinion given at the Brussels Conference pointed to the fact that the production of silver, both in the States and in Mexico, had reached its maximum, and would in the future fall off: as, indeed, Prof. Suess ("Future of Gold"), of the University of Vienna, states will also be the case with gold, as nine-tenths of the stock of gold existing in the world has been obtained from "placers," which are becoming very rare, and the production of gold must be less and less. "It is certain," he says, "that gold alone will never become the money of the world, in which the needs of industry will be met." (Brussels Conference Report, p. 139.)

Hence there is not much fear that, keeping in view the increase of trade and population, more silver will be produced than is required in the world. It should also be borne in mind that silver, notwithstanding that it had some scurvy tricks played upon it, besides being produced of late in greater abundance, has still maintained its value when compared with the mass of commodities. Both Dr. Soetbeer and Mr. Sauerbeck, who have compiled the most careful tables on the subject, make out that silver, instead of depreciating, has slightly appreciated. It is only when it is compared to gold, which has appreciated steadily for the last twenty years, that silver appears to have depreciated.

A restoration of silver to perform the functions which it has performed from time immemorial, and which cannot possibly be performed by gold alone, will not prove a cure for every evil: it will not make the seasons more propitious for agriculture; it will not stop rash and ill-considered commercial enterprises; it will not put an end to the speculative craze existing in human nature; it will not make the idle industrious, or spendthrifts thrifty; but it will put an end to a monstrous system under which the borrower has to pay an unearned increment, increasing every year, to the creditor; to a system which makes trade and commerce less and less profitable every year, while it strangles enterprise; to a system which spreads discontent, swells the ranks of the unemployed, and leads the way to bankruptcy and despair. The theme is an important one; if regard is had to its wide-reaching effects, it is *the* most immediately urgent one for the consideration of mankind. Little can be done in the space of one short article; the most that can be hoped is that some expression of fact, or quotation, may incite the reader to search for himself, and find out if these things are so.

W. H. GRENFELL.

ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
CANADIAN INSTITUTE,  
SESSION, 1888-9.  
BEING PART OF APPENDIX  
TO THE  
REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ONTARIO,  
1889.

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*PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.*

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TORONTO:  
PRINTED BY WARWICK & SONS, 68 AND 70 FRONT ST. WEST,  
1889.





# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE—SESSION 1888-89 .....	v.
Appendix I. Membership .....	viii.
“ II. Treasurer’s Statement .....	viii.
“ III. Classification of Papers .....	xi.
“ IV. Librarians Report .....	xi.
REPORTS OF SECTIONS—	
Biological Section .....	xii.
Philological Section .....	xiv.
Geological and Mining Section .....	xiv.
Architectural Section .....	xvi.
Sociological Committee .....	xvi.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT by David Boyle .....	
Names of Contributors .....	1
Dr. F. Parkman’s Letter .....	2
American Visitors’ Opinions .....	3
The Land of Souls .....	4
Township of Nottawasaga (Tobacco Nation) .....	4
Population .....	5
Ossuaries .....	5
Burial Customs .....	6
Situation of Village Sites and Ossuaries .....	9
Anderson Earthwork .....	11
Fort-building .....	12
Aboriginal Clearings .....	13
Agriculture among the Tionnontates .....	13
Food of the Aborigines .....	13
Birch-bark Canoes .....	14
Clay and Stone Pipes .....	14
Extinction of the Hurons .....	14
Village Site at Clearville, Orford Township .....	15
Clearville “Fort” .....	15
Plan of “Fort” .....	16
Result of Examination at Clearville .....	17
Triple occuple occupation of the ground .....	17
Township of Humberstone .....	18
Find made by “Solid Comfort Club” .....	18
Specimens from Township .....	



ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT—*Continued.*

PAGE.

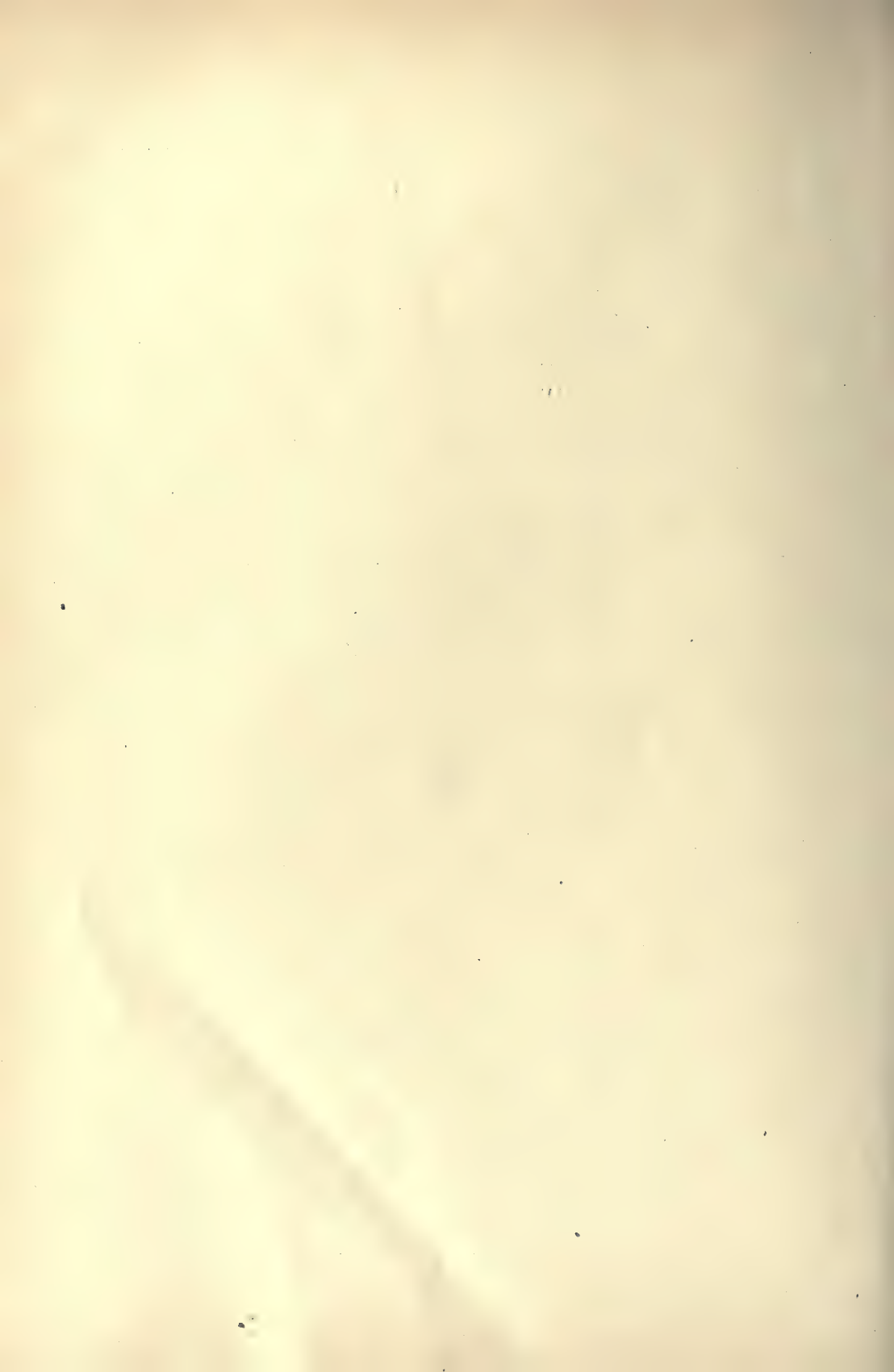
Township of York .....	19
Village Site .....	19
Pottery .....	19
Township of Vaughan .....	20
Ossuary and Large Find of Skulls .....	20
NOTES .....	21
Pottery .....	21
Mindemoya Vase .....	22
Clay Pipes .....	23
Stone Pipes .....	28
Bone and Horn .....	31
Flint .....	35
Stone Tubes .....	35
Miscellaneous Stone Relics .....	36
Mills or Mortars .....	38
Copper .....	39
Crania .....	41
Modern Indian Dress, etc. ....	42
FRENCH RELICS FROM VILLAGE SITES OF THE HURONS, BY A. F. HUNTER, B.A. ....	42
Table Showing Geographical Distribution of French Relics in the Counties of Simcoe, York and Ontario .....	44
CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS IN THE PROVINCIAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM. ....	47
Case A., European Manufacture .....	48
" B., Broken and Unfinished Articles .....	50
" C., Rough Flints .....	53
" D., Typical Flints .....	53
" E., Miscellaneous Flints .....	54
" F., Flaked Tools and Weapons .....	54
" G., Bone and Horn .....	56
" H., " " " .....	60
" J., Shell .....	62
" K., Gouges .....	64
" L., Stone Pipes .....	66
" M., Slate Objects .....	68
Bird Amulets .....	68
Winged and Horned Specimens .....	71
Tubes .....	73
Bar Amulets .....	74
" N., Gorgets—two or more holes .....	74
" O., " —one hole .....	76
" P., Copper and Hematite .....	78
" Q., Of Unknown Use .....	80
" R., Clay Pipes .....	83
" S., Clay Pipes .....	85
" T., Discs .....	87
Rubbing Stones and Pestles .....	89

CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS, ETC—*Continued.*

PAGE.

Case U., Grooved Axes and Hammers.....	89
“ V., Pottery .....	91
“ W., Clearville Specimens .....	92
“ X., Drills .....	92
“ Y., Slate Weapons .....	94
“ Z., Miscellaneous .....	95
“ A2., Miscellaneous .....	97
Wall Case 1, Pottery.....	98
“ 2, Iron Tomahawks, etc .....	98
“ 3, Crania.....	99
“ 4, Crania.....	99
“ 5, Celts.....	99
“ 6, Arrow and Spear Heads.....	100
Mortars or Mills.....	100
Modern Specimens .....	100
Blood Indian, N. W. Terr.....	100
Arouay Indian, British Guiana.....	100
“ 7, Eskimo.....	101
Carib (West Indian) .....	101
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—SECOND PAPER by A. F. Chamberlan M. A. ....	102





## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE. SESSION 1888-89.

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The Council of the Canadian Institute has the honor to lay before its members its Fortieth Annual Report.

The Council has much pleasure and gratification in recording an increased interest in the work, and an extension in the influence and prestige of the Institute.

The movement for a universal system of time-reckoning, initiated by Mr. Sandford Fleming, has spread far and wide. A deputation waited on His Excellency Lord Lansdowne in May of last year with regard to this subject, who was kind enough to bring the pamphlet on "Time-Reckoning" before the notice of the Secretary of State, through whom it was sent to all the colonial and foreign governments.

Cosmic or twenty-four hour time is being largely adopted on this continent. Inquiries have lately been received from the government of Hong Kong on this subject. The very enterprising kingdom of Japan has adopted the system as the basis of its time reckoning.

A clock marking cosmic time, the present of an American firm, has been in the reading room of the Institute for over twelve months.

The government of our Province paid the institute the compliment of placing one of its members, Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, on the Royal Commission to enquire into the Mineral and Mining Resources of the Province. The report is of great value and will largely extend the development of our mineral resources.

The interest in the work of the Institute has not flagged during the past year; there have been 24 ordinary meetings at which 31 papers were read, and 36 meetings of sections at which 39 papers were read, or a total of 70 papers for the session.

The range and character of these communications have been fully equal to the standard of former years; they have been well and fully discussed. The average attendance of the meetings is in advance of last year. The attendance of members in the reading room has also increased.

The Council desires to record its high appreciation of the generosity of the Government in again placing the sum of \$1,000 at the disposal of the Institute for the extension of archæological research. Through the indefatigable exertions of the curator many valuable additions have been made to the museum from the Province and from the United States. The admirable arrangement of the speci-



mens in the various cases, has greatly assisted the study of this important branch of our national history. It is gratifying to report that the museum has been visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, from many of whom valuable donations have been received.

The appointment of Mr. David Boyle, as representative of the Provincial Government at the Cincinnati Exhibition last year, has been productive of much good to the interests he represented there, and has been the means of many valuable gifts being presented to our museum. His archæological report for 1888 has already appeared as an appendix to the report of the Minister of Education for last year.

The thanks of the Institute are due to Mr. Sandford Fleming for his exertions in procuring an interesting and valuable present from the Grand Trunk Railway Company of a portion of the first sod of the Northern Railway, cut on the 15th October, 1851, by Her Excellency the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, and the bottle used on 14th January, 1853, to christen Collingwood harbor, and an extract from the *Globe* of the 26th January, 1863, giving an account of these relics and other interesting matters.

The members of the Photographic Section, desiring to extend their work in a more practical manner, resolved to form a Photographic Society having wider scope than they believed would be offered by a union with the Institute; they have in consequence withdrawn from the Institute. The Council regrets this action.

The Biological and Natural History Section continues to make its influence felt, and deserves the thanks, not only of the Institute but of the citizens at large, for its recent successful remonstrances against the destruction of the purely natural beauties of High Park.

The list of donations and exchanges has increased. The library has received many valuable additions; this department is carefully attended to by our energetic librarian; over 300 volumes were bound this year; extra accommodation in the library is an urgent necessity.

The treasurer's statement shows a satisfactory balance at the credit of the Institute, and the increased interest taken in the Institute by the comparatively small number of members in arrears.

The membership has been increased by 22 elections during the past session. The Council after much careful thought determined to make a thorough examination of the list of members and enforce the rules against members in arrears who refused to make any settlement. The list now submitted is more complete than any hitherto presented to the Institute, and represents truly the actual membership. The Council would urge on the Institute the importance of adhering to the step now taken, and enforcing the rules against members in arrears, as it is only by this means that membership in the Institute will become of value.

The Council endorses the remarks of the auditors that a proper valuation of the assets of the institute should be made.

---

During the past year the Institute has lost by death two distinguished life members, the Rev. Walter Stennett, of Cobourg, and Prof. G. Paxton Young. Apart from his special attainments in the department of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Prof. Young was a mathematician of a very high order; some of his later papers read before and published in the Proceedings of the Institute, place him in the foremost rank of mathematicians.

In recognition of his valuable services at the inception and in the early days of the Institute, as well as his honorable professional career, Mr. Kivas Tully, C.E., (who was our first Secretary) has been elected an honorary member.

Your Council is much gratified to announce that the invitation of the Institute to the American Association for the Advancement of Science to hold its next meeting in this city has been accepted, and there are bright prospects of a very successful meeting.

Following up the memorial of January, 1888, meetings have been held with the Honorable Commissioner of Crown Lands with reference to setting aside a tract of land for the preservation of the forests and wild animals in this Province. At his suggestion a memorial with a sketch map showing an area which could be made available for such purposes is being prepared.

The reports of the various Sections are appended. They all show satisfactory progress in their several branches.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHARLES CARPMAEL,  
*President.*

---



## APPENDIX I.

### MEMBERSHIP.

Number of Members on 1st April, 1888,—309.

Honorary Members .....	7	
Life Members .....	10	
		— 17

Ordinary Members:

1. Who have paid their subscriptions to 31st December, 1889, including new members .....	141	
2. Who have paid their subscriptions to 31st December, 1888.....	65	
3       "                               "               31st December, 1887.....	14	
4. Who are two years and more in arrears .....	3	
		— 223
		240
5. Losses through death and withdrawals.....	36	
6. Names struck off the roll for non-payment of arrears .....	23	
7. Names placed on suspense list for non-payment of arrears ....	10	
		— 69
		309
8. Members elected during the present session who have paid their annual subscription .....	15	
9. Members elected during the present session who have not yet paid .....	7	
		— 22
Associates .....	32	

## APPENDIX II.

TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH INSTITUTE FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH  
31st, 1889.

To Summary :—

" Amount received, from building fund .....	\$ 110 11
"       "       "       in Imperial Bank .....	163 56
" Cash on hand .....	9 20
" Annual subscriptions .....	809 75
" Rents .....	233 50

## To Summary :—

" Government Grant .....	\$1,000 00
" Journals sold .....	15 65
" Periodicals sold .....	9 49
" Biological Section .....	50 00
" Woodcuts .....	4 75
" For Conversazione of 1886 .....	2 00
" Interest .....	60
	<u>\$2,408 61</u>

## By Summary:

" Salaries .....	\$ 370 50
" Printing Journal .....	688 67
" " Miscellaneous .....	39 25
" Stationery .....	45 53
" Postage .....	129 26
" Freight and express charges .....	23 27
" Repairs .....	56 96
" Gas .....	32 88
" Water .....	24 00
" Periodicals .....	123 21
" Furniture .....	6 00
" House cleaning .....	99 30
" Fuel .....	78 25
" Taxes .....	9 36
" Phonographic Exhibition .....	15 00
" Architect .....	50 00
" Customs charges and brokerage ..	3 00
" Advertising .....	7 75
" Sundries .....	19 35
" Interest .....	212 00
" Promissory note .....	200 00
" Balance in Imperial Bank .....	137 00
" Cash in hand .....	38 07
	<u>\$2,408 61</u>

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) ARTHUR HARVEY, } Auditors.  
J. B WILLIAMS, }



## JAMES BAIN, JR., IN ACCOUNT WITH ARCHÆOLOGICAL GRANT.

To Government Grant for 1888-89 .....	\$1,000 00
“ Balance forward .....	35 45
	<u>\$1,035 45</u>
By Purchase of specimens .....	\$ 550 00
“ “ cases .....	91 65
“ Engraving and printing of specimens for Report.....	102 50
“ Travelling expenses and remuneration of Curator... ..	285 67
“ Bank charges.....	38
“ Balance on hand .....	5 25
	<u>\$1,035 45</u>

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) ARTHUR HARVEY, } Auditors.  
J. B. WILLIAMS, }

## ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

## ASSETS.

Building.....	\$11,500 00
Warehouse.....	720 00
Ground.....	3,000 00
Library.....	5,000 00
Specimens .....	2,000 00
Personal Property .....	1,000 00
	<u>\$23,220 00</u>

## LIABILITIES.

Mortgage No. 1, due 1892.....	\$3,000 00
“ “ “ .....	1,000 00
Balance in favor of the Institute .....	19,220 00
	<u>\$23,220 00</u>

The Auditors having carefully gone over the accounts and vouchers beg to report.

That the cash accounts kept by Mr. Young are in perfect order.

That the distribution into the various heads of income and expenditure, made by Mr. Bain, the treasurer, corresponds therewith.

Your Auditors think it would be wise to have a proper valuation made of the various assets of the Institute—Library, museum and building, and to procure by this means a reliable statement of its Assets and Liabilities—and recommend the subject to the consideration of the Council.

(Signed) ARTHUR HARVEY } Auditors.  
J. B. WILLIAMS, }

Canadian Institute, Toronto,

April 25, 1889.

### APPENDIX III.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF PAPERS.

Classification of papers read, by subjects:—Anthropology, 1; Archæology, 3; Astronomy, 2; Chemistry, 2; Economics, 1; Geology, 3; History, 2; Mathematics, 1; Miscellaneous, 3; Philology, 3; Political Science, 1; Physics, 3; Physiology, 1; Sanitary Science, 2; Social Science, 1; Sociology, 2; total, 31 papers read at 24 meetings.

Read at the meetings of the Biological Section, 22 papers; Architectural Section, 3; Geological and Mining Section, 5; Philological Section, 9 papers; total, 39. Making in all 70 papers.

### APPENDIX IV.

#### LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

The statement for the Library for the year 1888-89 is as follows:

I. Donations to the Library .....	85
II. Exchanges:	
1. Canada.....	138
2. Great Britain and Ireland.....	481
3. United States.....	569
4. Mexico and South America.....	43
5. Austria-Hungary .....	150
6. Belgium.....	54
7. Denmark.....	4
8. France and Algeria .....	396



9. Germany.....	106
10. Italy.....	146
11. Netherlands . . . . .	25
12. Norway. ....	30
13. Portugal .....	7
14. Russia .....	37
15. Spain. ....	18
16. Sweden . . . . .	18
17. Australia.....	31
18. British India and China . . . . .	34
19. Japan and Java.....	20
Total. ....	2,307
III. New exchanges.....	39
IV. Total number of exchanges.....	435
V. Periodicals subscribed for, same as last year with the exception of "Hardwicke's Science Gossip," which has been discontinued.....	31
Total single copies of these received.....	769
VI. Number of volumes bound during the year.....	306
VII. Number of publications taken from Reading Room and Library during the year.....	1,900
All of which is respectfully submitted.	

GEO. E. SHAW,  
*Librarian.*

## REPORT OF THE BIOLOGICAL SECTION.

The section has to report a year of progress and prosperity.

The regular fortnightly meetings have been held throughout the year, and the attendance has been satisfactory.

A schedule is attached showing the papers read—22 in all.

As this section is to a large extent educational in its objects, it is not required that the papers read should be the result of original research, and we would welcome the assistance of some of the many members of the Institute who are well qualified to give us much information that would both interest and instruct.

The microscope which our last report mentioned as having been purchased but not then arrived, has been received, and by its means many points in the papers read before the section are illustrated, and the enthusiasm of those mem-

bers engaged in the study of minute forms of life, has been quickened. The microscopical curator will always be ready to attend meetings of the Institute, or other sections, when the use of the instrument is desired. A small collection of slides has already been secured for the section's cabinet, and more are expected.

Two years ago when the Institute contemplated the completion of the museum upstairs, this section became responsible for two years for the interest on the mortgage of \$1,000, which was given to raise the necessary funds, and we are glad to say that this has been paid, and the section is now free from debt or liability.

Not much progress has been made in our department of the museum. We merely desire to draw attention to the fact that biological specimens cannot be mounted without money, and that our section has absolutely no source of income except grants from the Council of the Institute.

W. E. MIDDLETON,

*Secretary of Biological Section.*

The officers for next year are : James H. Pearce, President ; W. E. Middleton, Secretary.

#### SCHEDULE OF PAPERS.

1. E. E. Thomson.....*Canadian Birds.*
2. Rev. K. F. Junor.....*Echini.*
3. J. H. Pearce.....*Inaugural Address.*
4. M. Chamberlain.....*Canadian Birds.*
5. J. Noble.....*Mosses (First Paper).*
6. " ..... " (Second Paper).
7. Wm. Brodie.....*Parasites of Potato Beetle.*
8. Wm. Brodie.....*Lemothrips Graminæ.*
9. J. H. Pearce.....*Flowers (First Paper).*
10. " ..... " (Second Paper).
11. W. E. Middleton.....*Fresh Water Sponges.*
12. J. B. Williams.....*Birds Observed in 1888.*
13. Wm. Brodie.....*Snakes.*
14. W. E. Middleton.....*Structure and Fructification of Ferns.*
15. C. Armstrong.....*Canadian Ferns.*
16. Wm. Brodie.....*Relation to Environment.*
17. E. E. Thompson.....*Winter Birds of Toronto District.*
18. J. H. Pearce.....*Moulds and Kindred Fungi.*
19. W. E. Middleton.....*Microscopic Mounting.*
20. James Noble.....*Plant Evolution.*
21. James Noble.....*Plant Development.*
22. A. Elvins.....*Volvox Globator.*



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## REPORT OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SECTION.

*Gentlemen*.—I have the honor to present for your consideration the Third Annual Report of the Philological Section, for the year ending March 31, 1889. During the session the section has met regularly on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Following is a list of papers read at the various meetings :

- (1) April 10, 1888—"A Chart of Elocutionary Drill." By T. B. Browning, M. A.
- (2) April 24, 1888—"Volapük, the New World-Language." By D. R. Keys, B. A.
- (3) April 24, 1888—"On some words of Indian origin in the French Canadian Dialect and Literature." By A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.
- (4) November 13, 1888—"The language of the Mississaguas of Scugog, with special reference to Sematology." By A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.
- (5) November 27, 1888—"The Semitic Vowels." By Rev. Prof. McCurdy Ph.D.
- (6) January 8, 1889—"The Origin and Development of Grammatical Gender." By A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.
- (7) January 22, 1889—"Language Learning and Language Teaching." By William Houston, M. A.
- (8) February 12, 1889—"The Gaelic Vowel System." By David Spence, Esq.
- (9) " 26, 1889—"The Gaelic Consonants." " "

During the month of March the section continued the investigation of the Gaelic Language introduced by the papers of Mr. Spence, of whose valuable assistance it was enabled to avail itself. On the 8th January, 1889, the Rev. J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., resigned the office of chairman of the section, to which position Mr. D. R. Keys, B.A., was duly elected.

The officers for the ensuing year are:—Chairman, D. R. Keys, M.A.; Vice-Chairman, Jno. Squair, B.A.; Secretary, A. F. Chamberlain, M.A.

(Signed) A. F. CHAMBERLAIN,  
*Secretary Philo. Section, C. I.*

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## REPORT OF THE GEOLOGICAL AND MINING SECTION.

*Gentlemen*.—Very much interest continues to be manifested by the members of this section, in the study and discussion of those subjects which form the speciality of our organisation.

At the various meetings which have been held during the year, the attendance has been good.

At the first meeting of the sessional year, communications were read from the Department of the Interior, referring to measures taken by that Department for collecting and publishing statistics and other information on the mining and metallurgical interests of the Dominion, and enclosing a copy of an Order-in-Council on the same subject, approved by the Governor-General in Council; also referring to an interview had by the chairman and secretary of this section, with the Deputy Minister of the Interior, on the subjects of (1) Prompt publication of the Survey's reports on mining affairs; (2) Coöperation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in the collection of such information, and (3) Legislation making the furnishing of such information compulsory.

In thus directing the attention of the authorities to an important subject, the section has been able to do good work, and recent publications of reports justify the action taken by this section.

A number of interesting papers have been read during the year, and the discussions arising therefrom have aided materially in familiarizing many with facts relative to the minerals and mineral resources of our Province.

The Section has also taken much interest in the project of establishing in this city a Provincial Mineralogical Museum, and trusts that its efforts in this direction may yet be crowned with success.

Officers have been elected as follows for the current year:

Chairman—W. Hamilton Merritt.

Vice-Chairman—Arthur Harvey.

Secretary and Curator—David Boyle.

Managing Committee—R. W. Phipps, A. F. Chamberlain, A. Elvins, John Notman, P. H. Bryce, M.D.

The present year is confidently regarded by the section as likely to prove more than usually profitable to the section in all that relates to the investigation and study of geology and mining in Ontario.

W. HAMILTON MERRITT,

*Chairman.*

ARTHUR HARVEY,

*Vice-President.*

DAVID BOYLE,

*Secretary.*

#### PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. Harvey—"On Certain Lacustrine Deposits;" "On the Synclinal Trough of Lake Superior."

Mr. Merritt—"The Iron Ranges of Northern Michigan and Minnesota;" "Laurentian Formation of New Jersey, with relation to the Iron Mines therein."

Mr. Mills, of St. Ignace, Michigan—"Iron Smelting Furnaces."



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## REPORT OF THE ARCHITECTURAL SECTION.

*Gentlemen*—The members of the Section have met fortnightly during the Session, the meetings being chiefly occupied by instructive and interesting discourses, theoretic and practical, delivered by some of the prominent Architects and Master Mechanics of this city, who commended and encouraged the objects and motives of the Section, promising and offering us their entire sympathy and support.

The following were among the papers read and debated upon, being subsequently published in the *Canadian Architect*:

"The responsibilities of Students to their Profession," by R. R. Gambier Bousfield, A.R.I.B.A.; "Subsoil Irrigation," by E. Burke, Architect; "A Discourse on Carpentry," by R. Wilson.

Besides the papers and addresses, competitions were engaged in in designing Bay windows, Oriel windows, Entrances, etc.

At the close of the Session the following officers were elected: Robert Dawson, Chairman; Chas. D. Lennox, Treasurer; J. Fras. Brown, Secretary.

Yours verily,

J. FRAS. BROWN, *Secretary*.

---

## REPORT OF THE SOCIOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Sociology begs leave to present its report for the year 1888-89.

1. Your Committee was constituted at the first meeting of Council this year and at once procured a circular, which appears in the last *Fasciculus* under the heading "Sociological Circular," to be drawn up, printed and distributed chiefly to the following classes of persons:

(1) Indian agents, farm instructors, inspectors, teachers in Indian schools in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia.

(2) Magistrates, inspectors of North-West Mounted Police, registrars, clerks of the peace, members of Council in North-West.

(3) Missionaries of the leading churches: Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan.

More than a thousand copies have been distributed, so that your Committee is of opinion that the circular has found its way to most persons in the Dominion who are interested in Indian questions.

2. Your Committee has received material assistance from the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs for the Dominion, the Hon. A. S. Hardy and the Hon. G. W. Ross, Ministers respectively of Crown Lands and Education of Ontario ; is deeply indebted to the newspapers, educational, religious and legal press of Canada for bringing the subject to the attention of the public, and for extended and favorable notices of the Committee's work ; also to the following periodicals : Magazine of Western History, Popular Science Monthly, Journal of Anthropology of the United States, Historical Review and Law Quarterly of England.

3. At the request of your Committee the Canadian Pacific Railway has kindly consented to carry archæological and natural history specimens free of charge for the Institute.

4. The publication of the Indian Treaties of Canada and the Provinces has engaged the attention of your Committee. The Council and Institute will, no doubt, be pleased to learn, from the accompanying letter of Mr. Vankoughnet, that this important work is under way and will shortly be completed. The correspondence on the subject is herewith submitted. Copies of the Dominion Reports on Indian Affairs from 1875 up to and inclusive of 1888 have been received for the use of the Institute, for which your Committee has duly returned its thanks to the Superintendent-General.

5. In reply to the circular a number of letters and abstracts have been received, among them

(1) A short abstract from the Rev. T. S. Cole, B.A.

(2) An interesting letter from Inspector A. Bowden Perry of Prince Albert, North-West Territories, which your Committee begs to submit to the Editorial Committee for publication, together with a detailed paper on

(3) "The Western Déné," by the Rev. A. G. Morrice, O.M.

A number of other papers are promised, principally by reverend gentlemen whose duties bring them into direct contact with the Indian population of Manitoba and the North-West.

6. Your Committee begs leave to reserve such remarks of a sociological nature as it may desire to make for the separate papers as they appear, suggests that the circular be re-issued with such alterations and additions as may seem proper, and entertains the hope that the success which has accompanied its efforts this year will be redoubled in the year to come to the common benefit of the Institute, its members and the country.

All which is respectfully submitted on behalf of the Committee.

T. B. BROWNING,  
*Chairman.*





# ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

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*To the President and Members of the Canadian Institute:*

GENTLEMEN,—It is gratifying to be able to state that the interest in archaeological matters has increased very considerably throughout the province, since the inception of our scheme to place ourselves as nearly as possible abreast of other countries in this respect. The hope expressed in our first report, that “its appearance would tend to arouse a more general interest in the subject,” has thus been realized. The activity, however, has been mainly displayed in the work of collecting. Old collectors have been encouraged to go on, and many new ones have entered the field. On this account there is no doubt that much valuable material will be preserved, which otherwise would have been lost, but as a consequence, there is now greater difficulty in adding specimens to our collection. Ultimately, it is probable that many amateur lots will find their way to the provincial museum, and already several assurances have been given to this effect by individual collectors. Another good result arising from our project, is the very general determination arrived at by almost all who pick up specimens, not to let them go out of the country. In a few instances collectors seem to be mainly actuated by mercenary motives, but as a rule they are really *amateurs*. Among the latter are some who take the broad, public-spirited view, that it is better to place their “finds” in a large collection, where every one may see them, than to retain them at home for merely personal gratification.

On a list of such for the past year, the Institute must place the names of Messrs. R. W. Reavley, B.A., Teacher, Tilsonburg; R. D. George, Teacher, Fonthill; William and David Melville, Creemore; Dugald Carrie, Teacher, Creemore; Cyrenius Bearss, Sherkston; Wm. Michener, Sherkston; Isaac and Ezra Bearss, Sherkston; John N. Boyle, Braeside, Richmond Hill; Dr. R. Orr, Maple; William and Robert Loughheed, Smithdale; Herbert and Theophilus Connor, Glenhuron; Thomas White, Cashtown; Thomas Boon, Bothwell; Mrs. Barney, senior, Sherkston; Geo. Muma, Humberstone; Mr. John McPherson, Toronto; Miss Kirkwood, Toronto; Wardie and Oattie White, Toronto; Joseph Smelser, Vaughan; Luke Mullock, Waterdown; Major J. M. Delamere, Toronto; Wm. Welsh, Amberley; Rev. John McLean, Moosejaw, N. W. T.; Angus Buie, Nottawasaga, and Clarence Bell.

Thanks are also due to a large number of persons in various parts of the province, who have supplied information of great value. The names of some of these gentlemen, with a statement of the results arising from their communications, will be found in the present report. In other cases the work remains to be done.

Owing to some misunderstanding, the number of reports printed last year was considerably less than for the year previous. On this account I believe that even the members of the Institute were not supplied with them, and many applications for copies have had to be refused. This year it is hoped that a large enough number will be struck off, to supply all who are interested.



I have already stated that the increased archæological activity recently displayed among amateurs, has manifested itself chiefly in the work of collecting. This is good so far as it goes, but does not accomplish what is required from the Institute's standpoint. For present and future use are demanded at least moderately accurate surveys of all aboriginal locations, with drawings of fortified works, and exact data relating to materials, patterns, depths, soils, ash-heaps, position of bodies, with particulars relating to skulls, modes of burial, presence or absence of European influences, and many other details requiring experience, time and labor to record satisfactorily.

Mr. A. F. Hunter has devoted considerable time and done a good deal of travelling for the purpose of locating villages, potteries and ossuaries, in townships formerly occupied by the Hurons. His paper on that district is exceedingly interesting, and will enable any future explorer with "reasonable means," to economize time in making a more detailed survey, or in excavating for relics.

Having begged permission from Dr. Francis Parkman, the historian, to quote from his works for use in this report, in connection with the work done in Simcoe county, a prompt and courteous reply was received from that gentleman, granting the favor asked. In this note Dr. Parkman wrote :

"I infer from what you write, that you are making investigations in the old Huron country. Should the result be printed, I should be glad if you would let me know of it."

Copies of our two former reports having been mailed to him, he afterwards wrote :

"Thank you for the two reports of the Canadian Institute which you have kindly directed to be sent me. It is certainly in the power of the Institute if it has reasonable means at its disposal, to do good service to American archæology, by exploring the Indian remains of Ontario, and above all those of the old Huron country, including that of the Tobacco nation. I am glad a beginning has been successfully made in this direction, and hope that the Institute will be enabled to continue its work, before the spread of settlement makes such researches difficult or impossible.

"Yours very truly,

"F. PARKMAN.

"Boston, 3rd July, 1889"

It is inspiring, even inspiring, to know that we have the countenance of so high an authority, the very highest in fact, in all that appertains to the history of American and more especially (so far as we are concerned), of Canadian Indians. No one better than he can fully estimate the value of such investigation, in their bearing upon the past and present European relations of the Aborigines to the history of our country, for no one else has devoted so much of a busy life-time to the patient, arduous and scholarly study of Canadian colonial development, the results of which are embodied in a series of volumes, that are perhaps unequalled in the historic literature of any other land in the world.

It would be difficult to conjecture what Dr. Parkman regards as "reasonable means" at the disposal of the Institute, whereby "to do good service to American archæology," and he would probably be incredulous were he informed as to the smallness of the sum that has been spent by us in three years, for the purpose in question—a sum which has covered payment of services, travelling expenses, employment of manual labor, purchase of specimens, express and freight charges, supply of show cases, printing of circulars and labels, postage and engraving.

During the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, many of the most distinguished ethnologists and archæologists on this continent, examined our collection of illustrative specimens, and their remarks on the extent and character of the museum were such as to afford the Institute satisfaction with what has been accomplished, as well as encouragement for future prosecution of work in the same direction.

Prof. Putnam, of the Peabody museum, which has one of the largest collections of this kind in the United States, said that in proportion to its size, our museum contained a greater variety of unique and instructive specimens, than any other he had ever seen.

Dr. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, expressed himself as being especially pleased with the contents of the cases containing ornaments and implements of bone.

Rev. Mr. Beauchamp declared that our collection of stone "bird-amulets" was superior to anything of its kind in any American museum.

Prof. Morse, of the Essex Institute, Mass., was surprised to see the variety of pottery patterns.

Several of the visitors recorded their opinions on the pages of our register, and from these the following are quoted:

Mr. A. E. Douglas, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, wrote:—"I consider this collection is almost unique in objects of great interest to archæologists." Mr. Douglas is himself, the owner of one of the largest private collections in America. It is on permanent exhibition in the New York museum.

The Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, of Baldwinsville, New York, and an *attaché* of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, expresses himself as follows:—"I have been greatly pleased and profited by examining the valuable collection of Indian articles in the Canadian Institute, among which are some that are beyond price to an antiquarian, and will prove of the highest use in solving some questions of early history. Ontario will soon have reason to be proud of such treasures." Mr. Beauchamp is now employed in getting together for the Smithsonian Institute just such information relative to the Hurons, as Mr. A. F. Hunter and myself employed a portion of the past season in procuring for the Institute.

Mr. Chas. W. Smiley, who is also connected with the Department at Washington, wrote:—"Here is a fine collection, which we should appreciate in Washington very highly. Whatever more can be obtained and added before it is too late, should be secured *at once*. Unless Ontario gather up her scattered materials soon, they will be taken away to enrich museums abroad. Now or never!"

Few persons are better qualified than Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, to express an intelligent opinion in relation to matters of this kind. He has devoted many years to archæological study, and is the author of several works on the subject. His immense private collection is on view at the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dr. Abbott has left us the following record:—"I have examined the archæological collection of this Institute, and am delighted with it. Its value for scientific purposes is very great, and already there is gathered here the material for comparative study, so much needed by students of archæology. Collections of given areas as complete as possible, are the requirements for finally solving the problem of North America's aboriginal peoples; and I earnestly pray that not only the citizens of Toronto, but the Provincial Government, will be exceedingly liberal in assisting those who have made so admirable a collection as is here brought together."



The time of Prof. Putnam was so fully occupied in the performance of his duties as secretary of the A. A. A. S., that he had but little leisure to do more than make a few brief visits to the museum. The following sentence however, may be quoted from what he has written:—"I have found here very much of importance to me in my study of the skulls of American peoples." Prof. Putnam ranks among the first of American ethnologists and archæologists, and it was exceedingly gratifying to receive from him, both orally and in writing, so high an opinion of the work that has been done.

It is a matter of some regret that Prof. Putnam's visit to the city did not occur a few weeks later, as during that time we more than doubled our collection of crania, several specimens of which exhibit notable peculiarities, one at least having the Inca bone well marked.

### "THE LAND OF SOULS."

"We come from the Land of Souls, where all is sorrow, dismay, and desolation. Our fields are covered with blood; our wigwams are filled, but with the dead, and we ourselves have only life enough left to beg our friends to take pity on a people drawing near their end." Petition of the Hurons to the Andastes in 1647. Raguenaud, *Relation des Hurons*.

The vast number of communal and other burial places that may still be traced over the area formerly occupied by the Hurons, evidence the density of the aboriginal population and afford a reason for the poetic title given by the natives to their dying country, when they besought their kindred on the Susquehanna for assistance, nearly two-hundred and fifty years ago.

Having spent considerable time last June in the township of Nottawasaga for the purpose of mapping the district, marking the ancient village sites and ossuaries, and collecting specimens, I cannot do better than quote from Parkman, a brief description of that land and its people.

"In the woody valleys of the Blue Mountains, south of the Nottawasaga Bay, of Lake Huron, and two days journey west of the frontier Huron towns, lay the nine villages of the Tobacco Nation, or Tionnontates;\* In manners as in language they closely resembled the Hurons. Of old they were their enemies, but were now at peace with them, and about the year 1640 became their close confederates. Indeed in the ruin which befel that hapless people, the Tionnontates alone retained a tribal organization; and their descendants, with a trifling exception, are to this day the sole inheritors of the Huron or Wyandot name. Expatriated and wandering, they held for generations a paramount influence among the western tribes. In their original seats among the Blue Mountains, they offered an example extremely rare among Indians, of a tribe raising a crop for the market; for they traded in tobacco largely with other tribes. Their Huron confederates, keen traders, would not suffer them to pass through their country to traffic with the French, preferring to secure for themselves the advantage of bartering with them in French goods at an enormous profit." †

If other reasons were wanting, the facts cited in the foregoing quotation are sufficient to interest us in all that pertains to a people so exceptional in many respects to other aborigines inhabiting this part of the continent. The axe and

\* The district formerly occupied by the Tobacco Nation, and now included within the limits of Collingwood, Nottawasaga and Sunnidale townships, held, within recent geological time, a very different relation to the great fresh water sea from what it does at present. The proofs are everywhere abundant that the valley drained by the Nottawasaga River was at one time a prolongation of Nottawasaga Bay, connecting the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, and bounded westwards by the gentle slopes of the "Blue Mountains," so-called; for the term is a misnomer, where we take into account that these elevations seldom if ever exceed 500 feet, above the lake level, and are cultivated from base to crown.

† Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America*. Introduction, p. xliii, 21st edition. Boston, 1885.

the plow are rapidly removing every land-mark; already many have been obliterated, but a large enough number remain to attest the truth of all that has been stated regarding the population, which was reckoned at from twenty thousand to thirty-five thousand.\*

If we regard the nine villages or towns of the Tionnontates or Tobacco Nation, as having been of average population with the remainder of the thirty-two all of which were reckoned in 1639, to contain thirty thousand souls, it would appear that the population of the Blue Mountain district was not less than five thousand five hundred, but if we make allowance for the agricultural habits of the Tobaccos and their consequently less persistent warlike proclivities, it is probable that the number of the people fell little short of eight thousand, about the year 1640.

Even with half that number the country of the Tobacco Nation must have been well populated, when it is borne in mind how large an area is required for the support of those who depend more or less on the results of the chase for their livelihood.

Some of the ossuaries, or communal burial pits have been estimated by intelligent settlers who have opened them, to contain from five hundred to fifteen hundred skeletons. Making due allowance for exaggeration in viewing the spectacle of immense quantities of bones, without any effort to assort them or otherwise make an exact count, it seems to be capable of proof, that fully a thousand skeletons have been found in a single pit. One settler informed me that he had counted upwards of nine hundred skulls almost whole, and assured me that there must have been from one hundred to two hundred others in a fragmentary condition. Dr Taché of Quebec, writing to Dr. Parkman, says, "I have inspected sixteen *bone-pits*. \* \* \* \* \*

They contain from six hundred to twelve hundred skeletons each." Most of these ossuaries, known locally as "bone-holes," are of post-European date and contained copper or brass kettles. Here, as in the township of Beverly (mentioned in a former report,) the pioneer settlers, or some of them rather, made it their business to open every known grave-pit, for the purpose of procuring these utensils, sometimes to the number of twenty or more from one place. All those I opened last summer had been previously ransacked, and I think I am safe in saying that it is now almost impossible to find within the ancient limits of the Tobacco Nation, or inded any where in the old Huron country, an ossuary that has been left undisturbed.

Even, however, at the time when these burial-pits were first opened, many of them were totally devoid of anything save promiscuously interred bones, and we are thus brought face to face with the fact that it was *not* the invariable custom of the aborigines to deposit tools, utensils and ornaments with human remains, at any rate, during the latter days of savage existence in this part of the world. That the custom was much more prevalent in former times there is little doubt, but it is my own experience as well as that of others, that graves evidently of prehistoric date have been found wholly destitute of material for the use of the departed spirits. This may be accounted for either on the supposition that the bodies were hastily interred after some bloody affray, and in proximity to the enemy, by those who were defeated, or, that those who succeeded in maintaining

\* "The number of the Huron towns changed from year to year. Champlain and Le Caron, in 1615, reckoned them at seventeen or eighteen, with a population of about ten thousand, meaning, no doubt, adults. Brébeuf, in 1635, found twenty villages, and, as he thinks, thirty thousand souls. Both Le Mercier and Du Quen, as well as Dollier de Casson and the anonymous author of the *Relation* of 1660, state the population at from thirty to thirty-five thousand. Since the time of Champlain's visit, various kindred tribes, or fragments of tribes, had been incorporated with the Hurons, thus more than balancing the ravages of pestilence which had decimated them."—Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*. Introduction—note, p. xxv.



their ground after an engagement thus buried the slain of the discomfited party. I am not aware that any such record exists, but nothing can be more reasonable than to conclude that the victors would hasten to bury the bodies of those who had been killed, especially when the fighting had taken place as it so often did at, or close to, a village, and when it involved less trouble and inconvenience to bury the dead than to strike camp and leave the bodies exposed. In the Huron country this must frequently have been a powerful reason, where clearings were made for simple agricultural purposes, and dwellings were erected of a more permanent type than that of the Indian who subsisted altogether by hunting.

Another reason suggests itself, namely, that numerous deaths as the result of sickness or war may have so depleted the living of personal property that nothing in many cases was left for mortuary offerings.

Account for it as we may, it is well at all events to disabuse the popular mind of a fallacy that has been confirmed by so many writers, leading to the belief that every Indian grave necessarily contains objects of human workmanship.

Nevertheless, the great feast of the dead was an occasion of vast importance when conducted according to traditional custom, and occurring as it did at intervals of several years. Brébeuf in 1636, was the first to describe fully the ceremonies attendant upon a communal burial at Ossossané or La Conception, the site of which was not far from the present village of Wyevale. The people inhabiting this district were the Attignaouentans or Bear Nation, of the Huron confederacy, among all the members of which the practices were similar. From the *Relation* of Brébeuf, and from other sources we are tolerably well informed with regard to the ceremonies in question. Dr. Parkman's vivid rendering of Brébeuf's description may be quoted: "The body was usually laid on a scaffold, or, more rarely in the earth. At intervals of ten or twelve years, each of the four nations \* which composed the Huron confederacy gathered together its dead, and conveyed them all to a common place of sepulture. Here was celebrated the great 'Feast of the Dead,'—in the eyes of the Hurons, their most solemn and important ceremonial. \* \* \* \* \*

"The corpses were lowered from the scaffolds and lifted from their graves. Their coverings were removed by certain functionaries appointed for the office, and the hideous relics arrayed in a row, surrounded by the weeping, shrieking, howling concourse. The spectacle was frightful. Here were all the village dead of the last twelve years. \* \* \* Each family reclaimed its own, and immediately addressed itself to removing what remained of flesh from the bones. These, after being tenderly caressed, with tears and lamentations, were wrapped in skins and adorned with pendent robes of fur. In the belief of the mourners they were sentient and conscious. A soul was thought to still reside in them; and to this notion, very general among the Indians, is in no small degree due that extravagant attachment to the remains of the dead, which may be said to mark the race.

"These relics of mortality, together with the recent corpses, which were allowed to remain entire, but which were also wrapped carefully in furs, were now carried to one of the largest houses and hung to the numerous cross-poles, which, like rafters, supported the roof. Here the concourse of mourners seated themselves at a funeral feast; and as the squaws of the household distributed the food, a chief harangued the assembly, lamenting the loss of the deceased and extolling their virtues. This solemnity over, the mourners began their march for Ossassané, the scene of the final rite. The bodies remaining entire were borne on a kind of litter, while the bundles of bones were slung at the shoulders of the

\* The Tobacco Nation similar in language and manners, did not join the Huron confederacy until about 1639-40.

relatives like fagots. Thus the procession slowly defiled along the forest pathways with which the country of the Hurons was everywhere intersected; and as they passed beneath the dull shadow of the pines, they uttered at intervals, in unison, a dreary, wailing cry, designed to imitate the voices of disembodied souls \* winging their way to the land of spirits, and believed to have an effect peculiarly soothing to the conscious relics which each man bore. When, at night, they stopped to rest at some village on the way, the inhabitants came forth to welcome them with a grave and mournful hospitality.

"From every town of the nation of the Bear processions like this were converging towards Ossossané. This chief town of the Hurons stood on the eastern margin of Nottawasaga Bay, encompassed with a gloomy wilderness of fir and pine. \* \* \* \* The capacious bark houses were filled to overflowing, and the surrounding woods gleamed with camp fires: for the processions of mourners were fast arriving, and the throng was swelled by invited guests of other tribes. Funeral games were in progress, the young men and women practising archery and other exercises for prizes offered by the mourners in the name of their dead relatives. Some of the chiefs conducted Brébeuf and his companions to the place prepared for the ceremony. It was a cleared area in the forest many acres in extent. In the midst was a pit about ten feet deep and thirty feet wide. Around it was reared a high and strong scaffolding, and on this were planted numerous upright poles, with cross-poles extended between for hanging the funeral gifts and the remains of the dead.

"Meanwhile there was a long delay. The Jesuits were lodged in a house where more than a hundred of these bundles of mortality were hanging from the rafters. Some were mere shapeless rolls, others were made up into clumsy effigies adorned with feathers, beads, and belts of dyed porcupine quills. \* \* \* \* At length the officiating chiefs gave the word to prepare for the ceremony. The relics were taken down, opened for the last time, and the bones caressed and fondled by the women amid paroxysms of lamentation. Then all the processions were formed anew, and each bearing its dead, moved towards the area prepared for the last solemn rites. As they reached the ground they defiled in order, each to a spot assigned to it on the outer limits of the clearing. Here the bearers of the dead laid their bundles on the ground, while those who carried the funeral gifts outspread and displayed them for admiration of the beholders. Their number was immense and their value relatively very great. Among them were many robes of beaver and other rich furs, collected and preserved for years with a view to this festival. Fires were now lighted, kettles slung, and around the entire circle of the clearing, the scene was like a fair or caravansary. This continued till three o'clock in the afternoon when the gifts were repacked and the bones shouldered afresh. Suddenly at a signal from the chiefs, the crowd ran forward from every side towards the scaffold, like soldiers to the assault of a town, scaled it by rude ladders with which it was furnished, and hung their relics and their gifts to the forest of poles which surmounted it. Then the ladders were removed and a number of chiefs, standing on the scaffold, harangued the crowd below, praising the dead and extolling the gifts, which the relatives of the departed now bestowed in their names upon their surviving friends.

"During these harangues other functionaries were lining the grave with robes of beaver skin. Three large copper kettles were next placed in the middle and then ensued a scene of hideous confusion. The bodies which had been left entire were brought to the edge of the grave, flung in, and arranged in order at the bottom by ten or twelve Indians stationed there for the purpose, amid the wildest excitement and the uproar of many hundred mingled voices. When this part of

\* It is not easy to conjecture where they got their model for this imitation.



the work was done night was fast closing in. The concourse bivouacked around the clearing and lighted their camp-fires under the brows of the forest, which hedged in the scene of the dismal solemnity. Brébeuf and his companions withdrew to the village, where an hour before dawn, they were roused by a clamor which might have wakened the dead. One of the bundles of bones, tied to a pole on the scaffold had chanced to fall into the grave. This accident had precipitated the closing act and perhaps increased its frenzy. Guided by the unearthly din and the broad glare of flames fed with heaps of fat pine logs, the priests soon reached the spot, and saw, what seemed in their eyes, an image of Hell. All around blazed countless fires and the air resounded with discordant outcries. The naked multitude on, under and around the scaffold, were flinging the remains of their dead, discharged from their envelopments of skins, pell-mell into the pit, where Brébeuf discerned men who, as the ghastly shower fell among them arranged the bones in their places with long poles. All was soon over, earth, logs and stones were cast upon the grave and the clamor subsided into a funeral chant, so dreary and lugubrious, that it seemed to the Jesuits the wail of despairing souls from the abyss of perdition.\* "

This most vivid and succinct description of one great burial ceremony may be regarded as being applicable in a general way to all other great feasts of the dead. It is probable that the various nations, composing the confederacy, differed to some extent in matters of detail, and there is reason to believe that in at least one important particular, the Tobacco Nation differed from the Hurons proper. Referring to the first disposal of the dead, as may be gathered from the foregoing extract, Dr. Parkman says, "The body was usually placed upon a scaffold, or, more rarely, in the ground." When we bear in mind the settled habits of the Tionnontates or Tobaccos and the somewhat limited area they had to occupy, we can readily see that the scaffolding of dead bodies was not so well adapted to them as to peoples who led a roving life over vast extents of country. I have accordingly found numerous evidences that among the Tobacco Nation, inhumation, was the prevalent, if not the sole mode of preliminary disposal. On many of the farms in the Blue Mountain district, the plough has brought to light human remains that had been laid in graves singly, and not far below the surface. On lot 19 of the 7th concession of Nottawasaga, Mr. Edward Beecroft informed me that there were on the front or west end of the farm about one hundred single graves, and twice that number on the rear of his property. On the same lot an extensive village had been situated judging by the numerous deep and widely spread beds of ashes, while not far away the manufacture of clay vessels and pipes had been carried on, as is shown even yet by proofs of the most unmistakable kind. There is a large ossuary on the same farm within a short distance of the village site.

If, therefore, we regard the existence of the village as having been contemporaneous with the individual graves, and there is no reason to doubt this, we can understand why inhumation was preferable to scaffolding.

In the account of the great communal burial, quoted from Parkman, reference is made to the topography of the "cleared area in the forest, many acres in extent," and "in the midst [of which] was a pit, about ten feet deep and thirty

\* Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*. 21st ed. Boston 1885. p. 72 *et seq.*

It is to be remembered that the description given by Brébeuf, is that upon which are based all the popular notions regarding Indian burials in this country. On the occasion in question there was considerable dissension among the Attignouentons, or Pear Nation, whose feast of the dead he witnessed. A respectable minority consisting of three or four towns, refused to take any part with the others in this ceremony, and declared their intention to conduct one independently. This naturally caused ill-feeling between the dissentients and we are therefore warranted in assuming that on this account, those with whom Brébeuf was present conducted the proceedings with much more "braverie" than was their wont. No doubt the seceding towns were actuated by similar motives. Is it right then, to regard this as having been a normally typical burial?

feet wide," but is to be noted that these burial pits are almost invariably found on the top of knolls and hills; generally the highest ground within easy reach of the town or village.\* Was this practice in any way connected with the mound-building predilections of other tribes? Did our northern Indians cease to throw up great earth heaps for such a purpose because they found so many of natural formation? Does the construction of mounds by people occupying more level areas in any way indicate the persistence of a habit formed by their ancestors in some hill country? Or are both practices but the survival of some ancient custom of religious or other significance derived from common predecessors?

During the time in spent the township of Nottawasaga, I endeavored to ascertain the position of every known locality associated with the Tiennotates, and succeeded in being able to mark upon the map ten village or town sites, twenty-one ossuaries, one fortified place, and three potteries. There are no doubt other places of which nothing could be learned, as the first settlers on many farms are now dead, and every surface trace has been removed in the course of cultivation. In almost every case I examined the places, and found in only two instances that spots which had for many years been popularly regarded as "bone holes," were but natural depressions, caused probably by the infiltration of water through the sandy subsoil which was little more than a foot below the surface.



\* I have met with only one instance of a grave on low land. This is situated in the township of Humberstone, within a short distance of Lake Erie. The flat, near the middle of which the grave has been made, is of several acres in extent, and almost surrounded by sandhills of considerable height, from forty to sixty feet. Although pipes and other relics of Indian production have been found in this ossuary, it is suspiciously connected with "white" origin, as some of the skulls taken from it, and now in our possession, appear to be those of Europeans.



A reference to the map-diagram will show that all the locations marked extend in a direction from north-west to south-east, that is to say, corresponding with the range of hills that stretch through the township of Nottawasaga. The hills extend into Collingwood and Osprey townships, but time did not permit of these places being visited. The whole of this neighborhood should be examined carefully, as soon as possible for much of it is no doubt quite as valuable archæologically as any other portion of the Nottawasaga Bay district.

Beds of ashes, blackened earth, fragments of pottery and bone, flint flakes and sometimes charred corn-cobs mark the village sites. Dr. Taché is said to have prepared a map of the Huron country (including probably the Tobacco Nation,) by means of which he thought he could identify many places with those mentioned in the *Relations*, but I am informed by Mr. Douglas Boymner, Dominion Archivist, that it has never been published.\* A few of the places showing traces of habitation seem to have been mere temporary camping-grounds, where the quality of the clay and the proximity of water afforded facilities for the making of pottery and pipes; others, however, judging by their extent and the depth of the ash-beds seem to have been more permanent abodes.

One of the most interesting of these village sites is on the farm of Mr. William Melville, north half of lot 10, concession 5. The proprietor informed me that in the course of ploughing over this place he had turned up large quantities of corn and corn-cobs. William and David Melville, his sons, both intelligent collectors, have picked up several whole and fragmentary pipes, a few stone and shell beads, and an excellent bone chisel upwards of eleven inches in length.† All of these they presented to our collection.

On lot 12, concession 7, is the famous Lougheed farm, from the old site on which so much valuable material has been mentioned and figured in former reports. This year again we are indebted to Master Lougheed, for some very good specimens.

Two other villages occupied what are now respectively the north half of lot 11, concession 8, and the south half of lot 11, concession 9; immediately north of the former, on lot 12 concession 8, is an ossuary, and west of the latter on the same lot there is another. About midway between these and Mr. Melville's farm there is an ossuary on lot 10, concession 7.

Due east of the Lougheed farm, on the property of Mr. Thos. White, lot 13, concession 1, there are extensive indications of former residence. Broken pottery is plentiful and pipes of stone and clay have been found. Mr. White presented the Institute with several good specimens from his farm, chief among which is a well made bone chisel nearly a foot long. From the son of Mr. Ed. Coyle, on the adjacent farm, in the township of Sunnidale, we received some clay pipes found on Mr. White's property.

South of the White farm, there is an ossuary on lot 12, concession 1.

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\* A rude map purporting to show the topography of the Huron towns as they were in 1660, was published in the Canadian Journal, for November, 1857, to accompany a paper by Mr. John Langton, "On the Early Discoveries of the French in North America." It is too confused to be worth much, beyond enabling us to see that St. Michael was south of St. Louis, or St. John north of St. Ignatius, information that may be obtained more satisfactorily elsewhere. This map showing Creuxius' topography, is from Ducreux's *Histoire Canadenses*, Paris, 1664. The Rev. Mr. Annis, of St. Thomas, claims to have located a few of the old Huron towns, but owing to the transient character of these Indian habitations, it seems impossible that we should ever be able fix with certainty the spots occupied at different times by the same people, and always known by the same names.

† Since this was written, Ah-yand-wah-wa, Ma-shuck-ah-wa-we-tong and John Settee, intelligent and educated representatives of the Ojibewa and Cree tribes on the Lake Winnipeg Reserve, paid several visits to the museum. They informed me that similar instruments are still used among their people for skinning purposes.

On the south half of lot 16, concession 4, and the north half of lot 16, concession 6, are ossuaries.

West of these on the lot 16, concession 8, the property of Mr. Conner, there is a village site from which his sons, Herbert and Theophilus have collected a good many specimens all of which they have sent to form part of our collection.

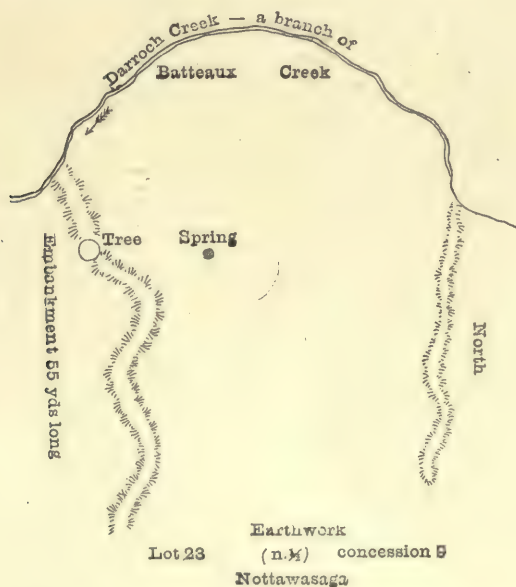
A little to the north, lot 19, on the same concession, is the Beecroft farm, on which are a village site, a pottery and a grave-pit, besides about three hundred single graves.

On lot 21, concession 9, is a village site, and on lot 22, immediately north, an ossuary.

Another village site is on lot 22, concession 5, the farm of Squire Currie, and not far away to the south-west are three ossuaries on the farm of Mr. John Edmonds, lot 21, concession 6.

There has been a village on lot 26, concession 10, on this lot there is also an ossuary.

Other ossuaries exist on lot 24, concession 7; lot 25, concession 8; lot 27, concession 10; lot 29, concession 10; and lot 30, concession 12.



On the farm of Mr. Wm. Anderson, north half of lot 23, concession 9, traces of an old village are visible on the face of, and near the top of a hill sloping towards the west, and at the foot of which runs a small stream known as Darroch's Creek, flowing into the larger Batteaux Creek. At this point Darroch's Creek makes a bend almost semi-circular and nearly encloses a strong spring. Between the base of the hill and the creek the land is low and level. From the extremities of the bend, banks have been thrown up stretching towards the high land. That to the north is now barely discernible, but the one on the south side can be easily traced for a distance of fifty-five yards, inclusive of its windings. In the construction of such earthworks no regularity was observed. When the nature of the ground offered any advantage the line of embankment was adapted to it, but in this case



the curves were evidently made to extend from one large tree to another ; one of these is still standing, the others have disappeared, either in the partial clearing that has taken place, or in the course of nature. I was unable to discover whether this embankment had been palisaded, as I believe it was, if we suppose the construction of it had anything to do with the protection or defence of the spring.

The situation of this earthwork is remarkable. Usually we find embankments thrown up on higher ground, and serving to protect habitations ; here the village was on the hill face, and overlooking the fortified enclosure. Perhaps the embankment originally extended up the hill, so as to surround the village. If so, it has disappeared during years of tillage.

The irregularity of the work points to a time anterior to French influence, for according to Brébeuf, the missionaries taught the natives of that neighborhood how to construct regular fortifications, having bastions and other European devices for defensive and offensive purposes.

Previous to this their palisaded embankments must have been far from strong, notwithstanding the enormous labor that was required to make them. The ground selected as a fortified dwelling place, was usually chosen on account of its natural advantages for defence, usually high ground at the confluence of two streams, or on a point formed by the sharp bend of a river. But other conditions were desirable. The soil should be loose and easily tilled ; good clay for pottery and pipes should be within easy distance ; the proximity of nut-bearing trees was not over looked, and a good spring of water was almost indispensable, for it is worthy of note that the Indians were evidently partial to spring water. Perhaps one reason may be found for this preference in the non-freezing quality of springs during winter. Another was no doubt the coolness of the water in summer, but in the depraved condition of their taste it is not likely they were influenced by any consideration of purity or flavor.

As has already been remarked, the labor required to build and fortify a village must have been enormous, and this mainly on account of the primitive tools employed. For edge-tool purposes stone was the chief material, copper more rarely. To effect a clearing of from five to ten acres in extent, fire was therefore to them a powerful agent, as indeed it is even to the white settler who is well provided with all "modern conveniences." Kindling a fire at the root of a tree, the charred wood was removed from time to time with their stone axes, so many of which are found all over this province, in common with many other places on the continent. These implements, of which small specimens are usually called "skining tools," were fastened to withe or to crothed handles. They were generally plain, decreasing slightly in size towards the head or pole. This shape caused them to tighten in the handle when a blow was struck. The grooved axe was a much more elaborate affair, and few of them are found either in the Huron country or elsewhere in Ontario.

The work of clearing finished, much more of a similar kind had to be done, to procure the large number of small poles to form the walls of their houses, and larger ones for the palisading, unless we assume that many such were saved during the great burning. To dig holes for the reception of these must have been tedious and difficult. Splinters of wood, pieces of bark and flat stones served for picks and shovels. Then the earth had to be thrown up round the outside of the wigwam or the "longhouse," and a ditch two or three feet deep dug along the whole line of the palisades, both outside and inside, and thrown up to form a breastwork as well as to strengthen the hold of the posts in the ground. It is to be remembered too, that these posts were sometimes in two, three, or even four

parallel rows, those on one side of the embankment inclining towards those on the other, and crossing at the top where they were lashed to each other with pliable twigs and strips of tough bark. A platform of poles was laid to extend lengthwise, resting at the intersection of the palisades, and here it is said the defenders stood to pour water upon fires lighted by the besieging force to make a breach in the "wooden wall." Here also heaps of stones were piled, for use against the enemy at close quarters. In addition to the labor of erecting such a frame, the finishing touches must also have required much time and patience, for the palisades were covered to the height of six feet or more, with sheets of bark. As a whole, and considering the lack of good cutting tools, we cannot fail to be surprised at the amount of work the Hurons and other Indians accomplished, and the manner in which it was executed, although it would appear that in the art of fortification, the Hurons were excelled by their kindred the Iroquois.\*

With regard to the extent and number of the aboriginal clearings in the Tobacco Nation's country, there has probably been some exaggeration. One writer has given it as his opinion that almost every square yard of land in that district, shows signs of a former clearance. It would be interesting to know what these signs were that persisted in showing themselves, after a lapse of two hundred years, now two hundred and forty. A farmer on whose property there is an old village site, told me that the trees growing upon it had smoother bark than those in the surrounding woods. I failed to observe the difference, but allowing it to be as represented, it proves too much, for even if the richer soil produced a finer bark, the coarser covering of the surrounding trees yielded no evidence of such an advantage. It is chimerical after so long a time, to look for surface indications of this kind, where the upturned roots of trees from three to four feet in diameter, sometimes disclose flakes of flint, broken pipes and fragments of pottery.

Still it is plain that the agricultural operations of the Tionnontates were comparatively extensive, for the density of the population made game scarce, and their chief food consisted of maize or Indian corn, raw or roasted, or boiled with flesh and fish. This grain they stored in caches or pits. The only evidence now existing of the use of corn are the charred cobs and grains found among the ashes of old dwellings.

Our knowledge of aboriginal vegetable diet is not very extensive, but it would appear that in addition to maize, they cultivated sunflowers, pumpkins and beans, all of which were probably introduced from southern sources. Wild fruits, especially plums, were moderately plentiful about the Georgian Bay, and the district is at the present time noted for its cultivated varieties of this fruit. Cherries, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, though not abundant were no doubt added to their scanty list of tid-bits, and beech-nuts could sometimes be gathered in considerable quantities. They no doubt made use of maple sap during early spring, but their traditional manufacture of sugar by boiling is a little dubious.

From a coarse hemp the women twisted strong cord or twine, which was used chiefly in making nets and constructing wigwams. From coarse grasses and sedges they wove mats and articles of clothing. Baskets were made in the same way and from similar material. In these were formed at least a few of the clay vessels, fragments of which are so plentifully found.

There is perhaps no single article of aboriginal manufacture with which the popular imagination so intimately associates the Indian, as the birch-bark

\* "The forts of the Iroquois were stronger and more elaborate than those of the Hurons; and to this day, large districts in New York are marked with frequent remains of their ditches and embankments." Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*, Intro. p. xxix.



canoe, and the Hurons were adepts in the art of building this frail type of vessel. The capacity and strength of these boats when compared with their lightness, were wonderful. One man could with ease carry across a portage, a canoe large enough to hold five or six persons. Scattered remnants of these people continue to make birch-bark canoes, as is also the case with many Algonkin tribes who have lost the art of producing almost everything else that was characteristic of the stone age in America.

As might be expected, the Tionnontates displayed much ingenuity in the making of pipes. Those of clay were by far the more numerous, but many fine specimens have been found carved from stone. In size the bowls vary from that of a small thimble and of far less capacity, to upwards of three inches in length. In clay pipes the hole is often so small, that a modern smoker would require to fill one several times before getting a satisfactory smoke—in stone pipes the capacity is usually much greater. In form there is considerable variety, one of the most common patterns being the flared or trumpet-mouthed head; a second has the margin compressed, forming a heavy collar round the upper third of the bowl; another kind has a square mouth, and occasionally a specimen is found upon which the human face or whole form is represented.

It seems probable that pipes as well as tobacco were produced for commercial purposes. The pipes found in the country inhabited by the Attiwandarons along Lake Erie, are undistinguishable in any way from those that are so comparatively abundant in the district occupied by the Hurons. This is particularly noticeable in the square-mouthed pipes, which are of the least common type any where, and in the manufacture of which there appears to have been almost perfect adherence to a regulation pattern. Of course it is easy to suppose that peoples even so widely separated might conform in their tastes, as to designs, patterns and forms, but when it is taken into account that the Attiwandarons or Neuters had easy access to an unlimited supply of material for spear and arrow-tips, and that all the "flints" found in the Huron country appear to have come from this source, we may reasonably conclude that a system of exchange existed in these articles, and this supposition is strengthened, when it is known that extensive beds of flakings are found along the Erie shore, where the chert-bearing rock is most abundant.

Of the Tobacco Nation as distinguished from the Hurons proper, there is not a vestige left in Canada to-day. The last of the confederacy had to give way before the Iroquois, about 1652-3, when they were compelled to flee to Michilimackinac. Thence they were driven by their old foe to the islands in Green Bay, Michigan, and again from this place to the country of the Illinois. Removing westwards they reached the Mississippi, but the Sioux drove them away. They next found a resting place on Shagamigon Point, on Lake Superior, but this spot they had to abandon, and they returned to Michilimackinac about 1670-1. Their next move was southward to the neighborhood of Detroit and Sandusky, where they were known as Ouendots or Wyandots. Latterly they were removed to a western reserve, and it is now improbable that anything more than the name of Wyandot exists.

Thus has totally disappeared the Tionnontates or Tobacco Nation, a people who, although conforming in many respects to what we characterize as savage, were yet remarkable for their skill in the practice of much that is inseparable from civilization. Their relics scattered so profusely among the Blue Mountains attest the mechanical ability possessed by them, and the French missionaries leave us in no doubt respecting their agricultural and commercial tendencies. While we may not feel warranted in expressing a belief that by any inherent potentiality they would, if left unmolested, have ever reached a much higher

plane than that in which they were found by Brébeuf, yet it appears evident that but for the implacable enmity of the Iroquois they would, under European influences, eventually have ranked among the most progressive of American aborigines in the arts of civilized life.

In the townships adjacent to Nottawasaga, and indeed throughout the whole of the district occupied by the Huron nation, there is yet much to be recorded and considerable material to be collected. Meanwhile it is gratifying to be able to state that our cases now contain a moderately good representation of all that is procurable to illustrate the social condition of a nation which enacted so important a part in the history of Canada, whose hunting and war parties no doubt frequently trod the woods where Toronto now stands, and which, as Parkman says, was "once prosperous, and in its own eyes and those of its neighbors', powerful and great."

### VILLAGE SITE AT CLEARVILLE.

On receipt of information from Mr. Thomas Boon, of Bothwell, I visited Clearville in company with that gentleman on May 31. Clearville, once a place of some importance, is a little more than a mile from lake Erie, and is situated near the south-east corner of the township of Orford, in the county of Kent.\*

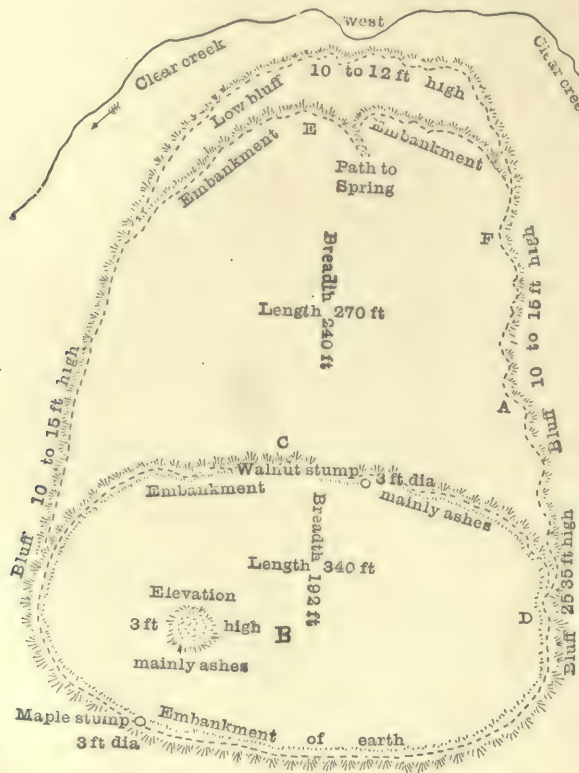
What is known as the "Fort" lies about a mile due north of the village on the property of Messrs. Ridley and Bury. Clear Creek, passes through the farm, and at this point in its flow southwards makes a considerable detour round a low terraced table land, the slopes showing evidence of former higher levels in what must have been a much larger stream. The Indians had taken advantage of the situation for domiciliary and strategic purposes, for both of which it was well adapted. The sandy loam was fitted for the cultivation of corn, the creek supplied fish in abundance, walnut and chestnut trees were plentiful in the neighborhood, and, no doubt, game was easily procured. Here were all the requisites for aboriginal happiness if only protection could be assured against attack from enemies. To effect this the natural bluffs rising from ten to thirty or forty feet above the bed of the creek were utilized. A reference to the diagram will show how this was accomplished. There appear to have been two village sites occupying different levels, but it is not easy to say whether both have been used at the same or different times, or by the same people. The western embankment of the high level site consists chiefly of ashes, and it is probable the face of the natural bluff was made to serve as a place of deposit from the camp-fires. At any rate the materials are those of a kitchen-midden—shells, bones, skulls, broken pipes and pottery, and an immense quantity of ashes. At a point a few yards south of the walnut stump the ashes formed an almost solid bed to the depth of five feet from the surface. Four feet seven inches down we found several large fragments of what must have been very capacious clay vessels. These were proportionately thick and very coarse-grained, free from any ornamentation, and quite unlike many smaller and more delicately made pieces found higher in the deposit. The fragments of flint also appeared to indicate a different source of supply, as those near the top were of a uniform grey color, while the flakes found at the greater depth were of a lighter hue and streaked with narrow dark bands. From three to four feet from the surface were taken three skulls of the common deer, a human jawbone, and pieces of pottery.

\*Mr. Archibald Blue, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, had previously directed my attention to this locality.



Beyond taking measurements and sketching a ground-plan nothing further was done at Clearville on this occasion, as permission was required to make a thorough examination of the ground.

Having received this from Messrs. Ridley and Bury, I returned on July 16th, again accompanied by Mr. Thomas Boon, who had previously, at my request, engaged men to dig. A drive of fifteen miles from Bothwell occupied some of the first day, and openings made in a number of places brought to light large quantities of coarse pottery fragments, some bone awls or needles, and several stones, one or more surface on each of which showed that they had been employed for rubbing, smoothing, or polishing other bodies. Subsequent operations lasting two days, yielded in addition to these a very fine clay pipe head of unique pattern, a small and rudely formed old pipe, the upper half of a clay pipe in appearance like



On the second day we turned up a skull on the face of the western embankment (marked C) at a depth of three feet. Decay had proceeded too far to make it worth taking away. The day following Mr. Boon laid bare two skeletons near the edge of the northern bluff overlooking the creek (at D). These also were too far gone for preservation. Other portions of human remains were found in various places. A few small and rudely formed slate chisels, two semicircular flint "scrapers," a number of implements made from deer-horn, some unio shells, most of which were worn on the edge, as they had been used in scraping bones, were also found here.

Human remains, much decayed, were found also at A. Here there were two skeletons lying in a north and south direction, not deeper than one foot from the surface.

Mr. Blue and Dr. Bryce afterwards discovered another grave near F, but the bones were too far gone for preservation.

On the third day my sounding rod struck a "soft place," (B) which, on examination, turned out to be a grave containing the skulls and limb bones of eight persons. No ribs or other small bones were found, so that this was evidently a case of second burial. The leg and arm bones had been first thrown into the hole, and above these were placed the skulls in a cluster, without any arrangement, some lying face down, and others on one side. Five under-jaws were found. The distance from the surface of the ground to the uppermost skull was barely two feet.

When compared with those we had previously unearthed the remains in this pit were quite fresh, although some of the femora were more decayed than others, looking as if they had been underground a longer time. All these skulls were secured and are now in the museum, as are also specimens of the femora and tibiae.

The examination of this ground was peculiarly interesting from the fact that not a vestige of European presence or influence was met with over the whole area, and numerous evidences led to the conclusion that the place must have been occupied at widely separated periods by at least two, and perhaps by three different tribes.

The earthworks, I take it, were the work of those who first perceived the advantages of the situation. At one point on the embankment near the creek (E) traces of posts or palisades were discovered, and it is probable that the whole of the lower plateau, as well as the higher one, was thus enclosed. The broken pottery found near the base of the middle embankment (C) were large and coarse and without ornament, and the flint-flakes were different in color and appearance from those nearer the surface. The houses of these people would occupy the enclosed spaces, and in accordance with this we find beds of ashes at depths varying from two to four feet, and alternating with thin layers of sand all over the area in question. A bed of ashes four feet from the surface was found below the eight skulls and other bones already mentioned. The deepest of these were probably left by those who threw up the earthwork, and this view is confirmed from the correspondence in appearance between the potsherds and flint-flakes found at the greatest depths here, with those found deep in the embankment.

By the time the second people took possession it is likely that every trace of former occupation had disappeared, and the new arrivals erected their tents or wigwams close to the middle bank on the higher, or easterly side, finding the western slope convenient as a dumping-ground for refuse. Along the central portion of the bank, north and south of the walnut stump, ashes and earth are intermingled with splintered bones, tips of deer-horn, broken shells, skulls of deer, beavers' teeth and even human remains. Unless we attribute the presence of the last mentioned to accident we shall have to accept it as evidence of cannibalism, for many of the smaller bones are split, while others are wholly or partly charred. The broken pottery found in the midden is finer than what comes from a greater depth and is relieved with simple patterns, although greatly inferior to what we see from many other places.



With few exceptions all the flint and bone specimens we found would be regarded in Europe as belonging to the palæolithic age. Even the slate chisels have scarcely more rubbing done to them than was required to produce a cutting edge.

The grave in which the eight skulls were found, I regard as being comparatively recent, and the work of a third people. Aside from the freshness of the remains in this ossuary, it is not reasonable to believe that those who fortified the place would bury within the enclosure. In addition to this the existence of ashes below the bones goes to show a more ancient possession of the spot by others. A single unio valve, worn on the edge as if it had been used as a scraper was the only thing in the grave besides the bones, and, judging from its position, its presence was probably accidental.

Although the Clearville site did not yield much of what goes to make a museum attractive, it is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting localities I know of in Ontario, on account of its situation, its three-fold (?) occupation, and its perfect freedom from even the slightest trace of the white man. Amateur collectors have at various times made openings and procured relics, and it may be that they have met evidence calculated to upset the non-European view, but I can hardly think it possible that if ever white intercourse had taken place, some proof would not have come to light in the course of our making so many openings.

The diagram of the Clearville village site is not to be regarded as having any pretensions to accuracy, although the relative proportions are correct. The measurements of the spaces enclosed by the embankments are from outside to outside, as nearly as could be ascertained. The height of the bluffs is given approximately.

Mr. Henry Watson, township clerk of Orford, and Mr. Ridley of Clearville gave material assistance to us.

## TOWNSHIP OF HUMBERSTONE.

On the 12th of August Mr. Jas. Bain and myself constituted a self-appointed delegation of the Institute, and accepted an invitation from Mr. Peter McIntyre, captain of a Memphis (Tenn.) camping club near Port Colborne, to examine a quantity of Indian relics that had been discovered when digging a hole to plant a flag-pole.

I had previously written to Mr. McIntyre hoping to secure the specimens for preservation in our collection. His reply indicated uncertainty as to the ultimate disposal of the find, but expressed a wish that representatives of the Institute should, meanwhile, see what had been unearthed. We were received with genuine southern hospitality by the members, numbering about eighty, of the "Solid Comfort Club," and had the pleasure of examining several skulls, a few clay pots, some clay pipes, wampum, stone tomahawks, and a considerable quantity of material of European manufacture including glass beads, iron and copper bracelets, and iron hatchets. While rejoicing heartily with our American friends over the happy discovery they had made, our pleasure was not unmingled with a few degrees of envy, especially when we contemplated the possibility of these objects being taken away from the province, although we have reason to hope that some, or all, of them will yet find a suitable depository with us.

As illustrative of the value set upon articles of an archaeological nature by Americans, it may be stated that almost immediately after the discovery was

made at "Solid Comfort" camp, a highly influential deputation consisting of "honorable," municipal officials, and medical gentlemen arrived from a neighboring city in the United States to secure if possible, the "find" for their museum.

We did not return, however, from this locality empty-handed, for by a previous arrangement we met our old friend Mr. Cyrenius Bearss who has always taken a warm interest in our project, and has made himself correspondingly active in supplying information and procuring specimens. Through his instrumentality we succeeded in adding several valuable stone and other relics to our collection. These include, a very fine gouge from Mr. Gustav Utz; a tube and two cutting implements from Mr. William Michener; a bird-formed amulet (?) from Mr. George Muma; a large shell and some wampum from Mrs. Barney, senior, and two clay pipes from Mr. Isaac Bearss, Mr. C. Fearss himself presented us with a number of valuable specimens all of which are now in our cases.

### TOWNSHIPS OF YORK AND VAUGHAN.

On the 5th of September, in company with Drs. Orr and Noble of Maple, Wilson of Richmond Hill, Orr of Toronto, Watson of Sherwood, the Rev. Mr. Rutledge of Richmond Hill, and Messrs. Smelser of Vaughan. I visited a village-site on a farm in the township of York. Mr. Miller the tenant was engaged in ploughing a field which had formed part of the aboriginal village ground, and a large quantity of broken pottery was picked up by the members of our party, who were well supplied with spades, and who managed to dig to a depth of two or three feet over a considerable area in the most promising places.

Many of the fragments were those of large vessels—from ten to twelve inches in circumference, and proportionately deep. A few days before this Dr. R. Orr was fortunate enough to find at this place enough fragments of an unusually large vessel, to complete the rim, and show the form of the body. Its dimensions are, externally: diameter at lip, 14 inches; greatest diameter at swell of body, 17 inches; depth, 17 inches. The upper edge of the lip is formed by four arcs making depressions about half-an-inch below the level of the points of their junction which are not equi-distant. The edge is relieved with a series of diagonal markings, and a border two inches wide consisting of upright and oblique linings surrounds the margin. Considering the enormous size of this vessel its form is not devoid of gracefulness, and the material is thinner than might be expected. Two holes about an inch apart have been bored on each of two opposite sides not far from the top. At first sight these suggest a means of suspension, but the existence of other holes lower down is puzzling, unless, indeed, we suppose that they were made for the purpose of binding fractures by means of thongs, as, in most cases, the hole is close to a broken edge. Had the crack appeared subsequent to the boring, it would most probably have passed through the hole.

Some of the pieces obtained by us were of pots nearly as large, and ornamented with a similar pattern. A very unusual kind of lip was found here. Portions of the margins have been bent inward making the outside convex, and forming a sharp angle on the inside.

The markings on all the fragments picked up at this place are good, and many of them are of unusual designs. A small and plain clay cup was turned up. Although not perfect, it is sufficiently so to show what it looked like when new. It is three inches in diameter across the mouth, and one inch and a half deep, the slope of the sides making the bottom only about two inches in diameter.



Flint-flakes appeared, but only one finished arrow-tip was found. This was procured from Mr. Miller who turned it up with the plow.

A few bone awls, more or less perfect, a number of tarsal bones of the deer and some portions of human skulls were found among the ashes.

From the same farm we procured through the kindness of Mr. James Lawson earlier in the season, a very fine mill or mortar. It weighs upwards of two hundred weight, and has four hollows worn deeply by grinding.

Although, so far, no ossuary has been discovered near this village site, it is certain that one exists not far away—probably in the woods close by, but a search made by us failed to locate the spot.

For many years an ossuary has been known on lot 12, con. 3, Vaughan, and once or twice superficial openings had been made in it. After leaving the village site we determined to examine this place thoroughly, with the consent of Mr. Keffer the proprietor which was kindly given. Mr. Keffer also did everything he could to facilitate the work while it was in progress.

We uncovered a portion of the surface, and reached the bones at a depth of three feet, but the presence of water compelled a stoppage for the day. As it was evident that our amateur digging would not enable us to master the difficulties, Dr. R. Orr kindly undertook to procure two professional spademen for the following day, when with the aid of a pump we were able to examine the contents thoroughly, as well as to ascertain the extent of the pit.

This ossuary presented a number of peculiar features which it may be well to note. Usually these communal graves occupy the highest knoll within easy reach of the village, and light, sandy soil was considered preferable, but in this case the ossuary is not on the most elevated point, and the soil consists of an exceedingly tenacious clay. Overlying the bones was a coating of light-colored "hard-pan" about three inches in thickness. This clay had evidently been employed to cover the bones uniformly, and probably the sides of the pit had been plastered with it also, thus accounting for the quantity of water we found it necessary to pump out.

Then, again there is considerable diversity in the type of skulls in this ossuary. Not only are there the long and short varieties, but many of them have an abnormally large occipital development.

As in other ossuaries, there did not appear to be any special arrangement of bones, except that here and there the skulls were placed in groups of half-a-dozen or more, but lying base up, crown up, or side up. Not a vestige of anything artificial was met with. The diameter of the pit was fully twelve feet and Dr. R. Orr estimated the interments at not fewer than one thousand. We procured for our collection from this place (including a few presented by Dr. Orr) upwards of fifty skulls all more or less perfect. Should time and opportunity permit it is intended to give in next report the measurement of these, and of the other crania in the Museum.

# NOTES.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

## POTTERY.

In no department of "Primitive Industry" (to borrow the title of Dr. Abbott's interesting book) does our museum continue to afford so scanty a representation as in perfect specimens of aboriginal plastic art. We have accumulated a considerable quantity of fragments bearing a variety of patterns, but nothing like a whole vessel has been added to our collection since last report. The nearest approach was the small cup picked up by Dr. Orr, in York Tp., on the occasion referred to on a former page. This specimen, Fig. 1, is exceedingly plain. There is not the



FIG. 1. ( $\frac{1}{4}$  Size).

remotest attempt at ornamentation. Many of the sherds, however, found on the same site are lined and dotted in various ways. Other good specimens were procured from the farm of Mr. Thos. White, Nottawasaga, and from the Ridley and Bury property, Orford Township.

Sometimes a certain pattern of ornamentation is found more frequently in a given locality than any other pattern. On the Murray farm, York Township, already mentioned, amid a variety of designs, that shown at Fig. 2 was the most common. A heavy band formed the upper portion of the vessel. This was scalloped or crenated on the lower edge. Near the upper and under edges of the collar parallel lines were drawn all round, and between these the pattern consisted of upright and diagonal lines.

Early in the season Mr. John McPherson, of this city, brought from his summer residence on Mindemoya Island, in a lake of the same name in the



Island of Manitoulin, a number of fragments that were remarkable for the fine quality of the material and the character of the ornamentation. These, when put

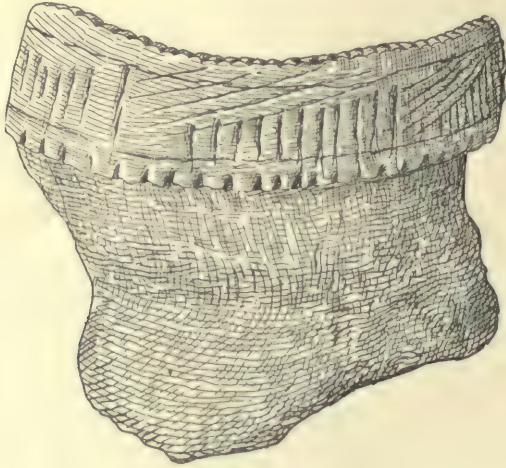


FIG. 2. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size.)

together, revealed the shape and proportions of a vessel so handsome in form and so unique in design, that I have dignified it with the name of the Mindemoya Vase.

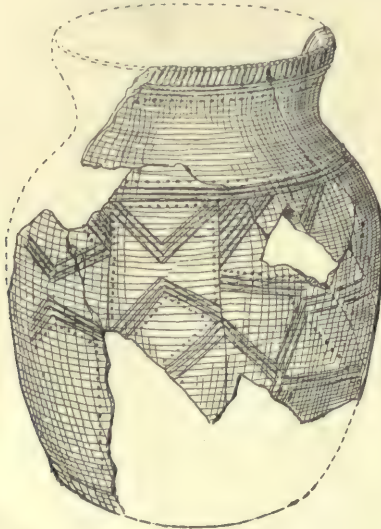


FIG. 3. Mindemoya Vase.

The surface has first been divided into sections by means of straight lines drawn from the upper part of the body to the base. Between these lines the

design consists of triangular and lozenge-shaped figures chiefly bounded by three parallel lines. It is to be observed that these have not been made by any tool that would produce the desired effect at one draw, for, although in the main approximately equidistant, there is not the exactitude that would result from fixed teeth or projections having been employed. Each line has been drawn singly with considerable care and patience, just as have the two series that surround the neck, above and below.

Its measurement when perfect would be 5 in. dia. at the mouth, 7 in. at the widest part of the body, and about 9 in. in height.

The gracefulness of outline displayed in the Mindemoya Vase must appeal to the artistic conception of beauty. In this respect it is equal to the best specimens found anywhere else on this continent, and will compare, not unfavorably with the ancient vessels that have been unearthed in Europe and Asia Minor.

The grain of the fracture, though coarse, is still much finer than is ordinarily the case with Indian pottery, and the material thinner, harder, and more uniform in thickness than is usual. The surface is very smooth, and almost as true and as free from traces of manipulation as if it had been made on a wheel.

It is to be regretted that Mr. McPherson did not succeed in getting all the fragments of this peculiarly interesting vessel, but owing to the situation of the find, beneath the roots of a stump, there is still a probability that further careful search may bring the remainder of the pieces to light.

#### CLAY PIPES.



FIG. 4. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

This quaint-looking pipe-head is from the township of Humberstone, where it was found by that intelligent collector and friend of the Institute, Cyrenius Bearss. In spirit and execution it is totally unlike any other specimen in our cases. The cheeks are broadened until they merge imperceptibly into large ears, the edges of which are united by means of four lines across the back of the head. The eyes are made by small depressions round which the clay forms an elevated ring or collar. The mouth is simply a small round hole somewhat larger than those of the eyes. The representation of lips has been neglected. The nose is prominent but damaged at the point. The eyebrows are sharply brought out. The outside diameter at the mouth of the bowl is one inch, and the total length of the specimen is one inch and a quarter.





FIG. 5. (Full Size.)

The finest specimen of handiwork found on the Clearville site last summer is here figured. Enough of the neck remains to indicate that the face looked towards the smoker. Unfortunately the nose is broken, and only the outline of its extent on the face remains. Unlike Fig. 4, the eyes are simply holes, and pains have been taken to form lips. The eye-brows and cheeks are well modelled. The projections for ears are crude, and each is penetrated by a small hole. The band forming the head-dress is peculiar.



FIG. 6. (Nearly full size.)

In common with the greater number of our best clay pipes, that represented in Fig. 6 is from the Township of Nottawasaga. From the curve to the

lips of the bowl this specimen is unusually long. The marking, too, is unlike the prevailing style. Two plain lines surround the upper portion of the bowl, and between these there are four pairs of upright lines, two of which (one each of two pairs) are shown in the engraving. The specimen is of a bright ochre tint, and does not appear even to have been in use. As is the case with a good many specimens that are found where they were made, it was probably broken in the process of burning. It was presented by Master David Melville.

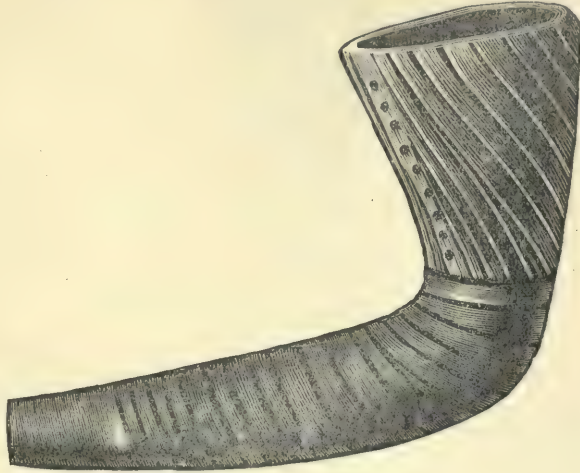


FIG. 7. (Nearly Full Size.)

In form and ornamentation this pipe is unlike any other in the museum. The bowl is capacious and the sides are thin. The lines and dots are quite different in order and arrangement from the normal patterns. It was found on an old village site near a branch of the Don on Bräside farm, Richmond Hill, and presented by Mr. David Boyle, sr.

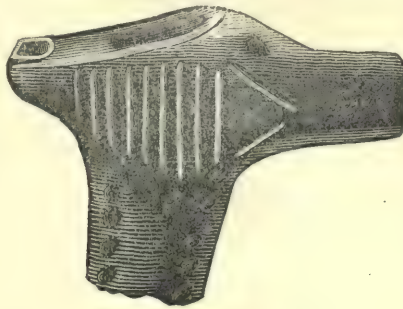


FIG. 8. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

This pipe bowl is from the Loughheed farm, Nottawasaga. The engraving does not bring out all the details. The bowl hole should be shown as circular, and a deep cut marks the mouth almost meeting the two oblique lines beneath the eye. The nose should also be longer. As an imitation of some animal form, it is per-



haps meant for a fox. The break is too near the head to enable one to say how the stem turned, but it was probably in the direction of the face.



FIG. 9. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size).

The style of rude art shown in Fig. 9 is tótotally distinct from anything else in the museum. It is indescribable, and is not well brought out in the cut. When perfect the face must have looked down upon the stem at an angle of  $30^\circ$ . The face consists mainly of three cavities, containing mouth and eyes, which are deeply impressed at the bases. Viewed from underneath it has a laughing appearance. From the farm of Mr. Thos. White, Nottawasaga. Mr. Edward Coyle.



FIG. 10. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

This pattern of pipe is unique, so far as I know. Although the hole is almost circular, the outline of the exterior at the mouth is oval, measuring from front to back  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. and from side to side  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. One side is shown in the cut. An inch and a quarter from the lip the shorter diameter is still further compressed to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in., the measurement from side to side remaining the same. Longitudinally the head is divided by upright lines into four equal parts—one

of them is shown above. These are connected by diagonals. Nottawasaga Tp. David Melville.

It is somewhat singular that although no other clay pipe of a similar shape had ever found its way into our collection, the finder of the specimen shown at Fig. 10 was fortunate enough to find the stem of what was evidently another pipe made after the same pattern. It was intended to give a figure showing the resemblance between the head figured and the stem here referred to, but as the engraving was not ready its presentation must be deferred. In the case of the stem the ornamentation has been, however, somewhat more elaborate than on the pipe head, for the lines are more numerous and more carefully made, and a series of dots on the lower side relieves the pattern. The toothed edges are neatly moulded.

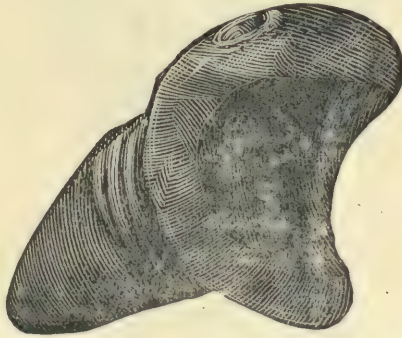


FIG. 11. (Full Size).

Although the original of Fig. 11 is imperfect, the cut does not do it justice. It is meant no doubt to represent the head of a snake, and is, in this respect somewhat like No. 90 in Case S. The jaws, however, are reversed in this specimen. Fig. 11 was found in the Nottawasaga, and was presented by Mr. Angus Buie.



## STONE PIPES.



FIG. 12. (Nearly Full Size.)

Fig. 12 represents what is the heaviest if not the most elegant pipe in the collection. The material is a light grey, veined marble. Originally, no doubt, smooth, it is now very rough on the surface, looking as if it had been long exposed to the action of the weather. Notwithstanding the size of the specimen the bowl is remarkably small, as the hole (whose greatest diameter is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. and narrows rapidly) is less than an inch and a quarter in depth. The wall of the bowl is from  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in thickness. In cross section this pipe is somewhat oval, the longer diameter being at right angles to the stem hole.

It was found on Bræside Farm, near Richmond Hill, by Alexander and Arthur Boyle, children of the proprietor.



FIG. 13. (Nearly Full Size.)

The smallest stone pipe in the museum is illustrated at Fig. 13. It is well made and resembles in shape some that we have much larger. The stem-hole

enters the lower triangular portion. This diminutive specimen is from the Qu'Appelle River Valley, N. W. T., and was presented by Mr. Jas. C. Stokes, Reeve of King Tp.

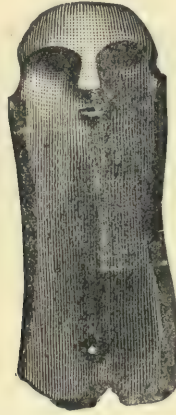


FIG. 14. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size).

Fig. 14 is a somewhat rude attempt to imitate the human face, on a stone pipe bowl. The marks of the workman's tools are still apparent in this specimen. A first attempt to bore a hole at the base has proved a failure, and a second beginning has been made immediately above on the side shown in the cut. The stem hole enters below the middle on the opposite side. The bowl is thin, and is brought to a sharp edge at the lip. Hubert Conner, Nottawasaga.



FIG. 15. (Full size.)

Fig. 15 illustrates an unusual attempt at variation in the form of stone pipe-heads. Apparently the design of the workman has not been completed, for the projecting portion on the upper half is a rough and unfinished representation of a human face. The stem hole enters from the opposite side. This specimen was



procured from Mr. Ed. Coyle, Sunnidale, but it was picked up from the village site on the farm of Mr. Thomas White, Nottawasaga.



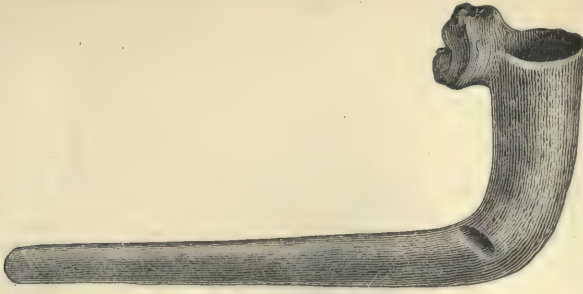
FIG. 16. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size.)

Fig. 16 must have been when perfect a beautiful piece of aboriginal handicraft. It is made of serpentine, and contains large crystals of iron pyrites which have been carefully rubbed down uniformly with the body of the material. Fig. 16 is given here chiefly on account of its having two stem-holes. This pipe was found on the farm of Mr. Duff, Nottawasaga, and was by him presented to the museum.



FIG. 17. (Full Size.)

This very handsome stone pipe was presented by Wardie and Oattie White. It was found at Lambton Mills, York Tp. It is nearly perfect in every respect. The material is a fine, light brown sandstone. The stem-hole is bored immediately below the central groove, on the right hand side of the engraving.

FIG. 18. ( $\frac{1}{4}$  Size.)

Specimens of the "white stone" pipe are rare in Ontario. Fig. 18 illustrates one of two in the museum. It is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, considerably weathered, and has what appears to be the head of a bear or dog on the inner edge of the bowl. This pipe was found on the Lotteridge farm, near Hamilton, a spot from which large numbers of valuable relics have been procured.



FIG. 19. (Full Size).

To Mr. Dugald Currie, teacher, Creemore, we owe the pipe here figured. It is very well made, the chief defect in its form being in the flared tip, where, no doubt owing to a want in the material on one side the prominence is less than elsewhere. Two parallel lines (not shown) surround the bowl, which in cross sections is rather oval than circular. A hole for suspension has been bored through the bottom, below the stem hole on the left side of the illustration. The material of this pipe is steatite

#### BONE AND HORN.

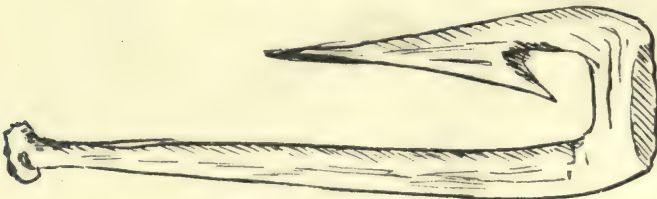


FIG. 20. (Full Size.)

Fig. 20 is a somewhat rare form of relic in anything like a perfect condition, and even fragments are not common. This specimen formed part of the collection presented to the museum by Mr. James Dickson, of Fenelon Falls, and was found in the county of Victoria. The form is extremely suggestive of Eskimo



influence or contact, and some force is added to this conjecture from the fact that we have a small walrus tusk found in the same locality.

This specimen, in any event, must be classed among those of comparatively recent date.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 22.



FIG. 23.

The specimen here figured (21) is an exceedingly handsome one, and measures  $11\frac{3}{4}$  inches in length. The bone of which it is formed is almost square in cross section, and the workmanship is so well done as almost to lead one to the conclusion that steel tools must have been used in reducing the material to its present shape. The side shown in the engraving has been neatly shouldered down near the head

where the bone is an inch and a quarter thick, and has been made to taper until a good cutting edge is formed at the opposite end.

This tool was found on the farm of Mr. Thomas White, Nottawasaga.

Within a few miles of the same place another similar implement was found on the farm of Mr. Melville, by whose son it was presented to the museum. It is shown at Fig. 22. In this case the workmanship is not so good, although the specimen is equally interesting. The bone, in cross section, is oval, and no pains have been taken to modify the knuckle or joint processes that form the head. No attempt has been made to form a shoulder as in Fig. 21, as the upper side shown has been ground in a uniform line to produce an edge at the mouth. It is somewhat shorter than Fig. 21, measuring only  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in.

Some light was thrown on the probable use of these implements, by Messrs. Ah-yan-dwa-wa and Mah-shuck-a-wa-we-tong, two Indians from St. Francis' Reserve, Manitoba, who visited the museum during the fall. They stated that similar tools are still in use among the tribes in the North-west for the purpose of skinning or of dressing skins, and these gentlemen promised to send us specimens of those that are thus employed.

Since that we have been presented by Major J. M. Delamere of this city, with one of the North-west specimens, which is represented at Fig. 23. Like Fig. 21 its cross section has been ground square, and like Fig. 22 the original joint formation at the head is left intact—indeed a good deal of cartilage is still adherent to that end. It differs, however, from both of these at the mouth, where a number of shallow notches have been worked on both sides lengthwise giving the cutting edge a serrated appearance. For scraping purposes this device would prove serviceable. Major Delamere's specimen was procured from near Battleford. It is  $14\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and at the thickest part of the squared portion measures  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. The taper extends only  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. from the lip.

Among a number of articles recently presented by William and David Melville is a small tool, somewhat imperfect, of the same type as these.



FIG. 24. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size.)

Fig. 24 represents a forked deer-horn prong, the marks upon which tell their own tale. The abraded hollow as seen in the cut on one branch has a corres-



ponding depression on the opposite side of the other. It seems evident, therefore to have been held in the hand by the squarely cut end, and to have been used for rounding or smoothing thongs and sinews in a state of tension as the material passed over one part and under the other while the tool was moved briskly backwards and forwards. It is from Humberstone Tp., and was presented by Mr. Cyrenius Bearss.



FIG. 25.

Fig. 25 is a piece of bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at its greatest diameter. A deep hollow runs along the side shown in the engraving. From edge to edge of this hollow, round the opposite side fourteen lines are deeply cut diagonally, the seven from the one side crossing those from the other and forming a lozenge pattern. The bone is cut smoothly and squarely off at both ends and has a semi-lunar hole through it. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Ottie White, Toronto,



FIG. 26. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  size.)

A few bones similar to Fig. 26 are labelled in our cases as "Tally" or "Record" bones. The fact that these are notched slightly, crosswise, in one or more rows, naturally suggests keeping count of something; scalps, captives, number of men in a band, days' travel, etc. Having counted the notches on all the specimens of this kind (about half a dozen) in our possession, it was interesting to note that none exceeded twenty-nine or thirty, that one had two rows of fourteens, and that another was arranged in sevens, the total amounting to twenty-eight.

In Fig. 26 there are two rows of notches, twenty-eight in each row. These are delicately cut along the crowns of the two ridges that extend from the cylindrical body of the bone to the joint. As reckoning time wholly by "moons" was common to the Indians with the uncivilized of all countries, the maximum of marks on these bones might lead one to regard such specimens as simple calendars, or, perhaps, rather as mnemonic aids relating to days past. On the latter supposition, we should not, of course, expect to find the groups of markings exceed twenty-eight or twenty-nine, and any less number could be easily accounted for.

With so small a number of specimens to compare, it would be rash to write with assurance on this point, but it is to be desired that those who have "Tally" bones will examine them carefully, and inform us of the result. It is needless to say that we will be glad to receive specimens that tend either to confirm or to disprove the view suggested.

Fig 26 is a very fine specimen, squarely cut at one end, and exceedingly smooth. Near the ridged and marked end it is stained green owing to contact with copper. I found it along with some native copper beads in Tremont Park, Tidd's Island.

## FLINT.

FIG. 27. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

The specimen figured here is of an unusual type. Our collection of "flints" is large, but this is the only one of its kind we have. It is from the Miami Valley, Indiana, and formed part of the collection of Mr. C. J. B. Ratjen, of Lawrenceburg.

## STONE TUBES.

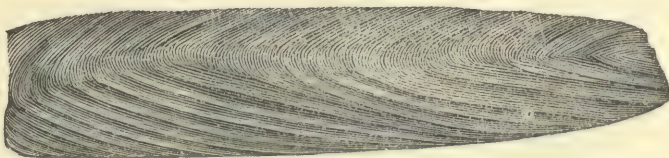


FIG. 28.

Our collection of these mysterious objects has received some valuable additions since the issue of last report. Two very fine specimens came from Wolfe Island, the largest of which measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length.

Fig. 28 is  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. The hole is not quite round and corresponds in size with the outside measurement of the stone. Lengthwise, on the opposite side from that shown above there is a shallow groove. The material is stripped slate. This specimen was presented by Mr. Wm. Michener, one of the oldest and most highly respected surviving settlers in the Township of Humberstone.

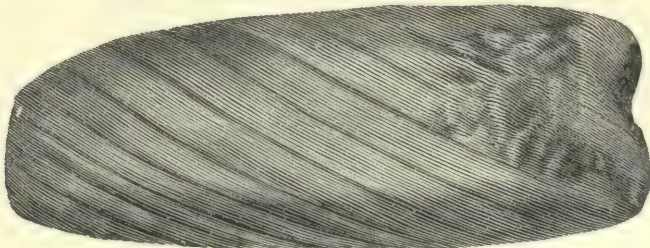
FIG. 29. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size).

Fig. 29 is of the same material as Fig. 28, and is evidently an unfinished tube. A hole about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in dia. has been bored to a depth of  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. at the larger end. Found on farm of Mr. W. H. Johnston, Township of West Williams.



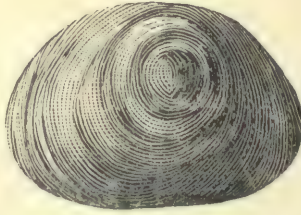


FIG. 30. (Nearly Full Size.)

This really fine specimen appears to be unfinished, as it was likely the intention to bore it perpendicularly. It is of striped slate, well made (better than the engraving) and was found near the village of Burford.

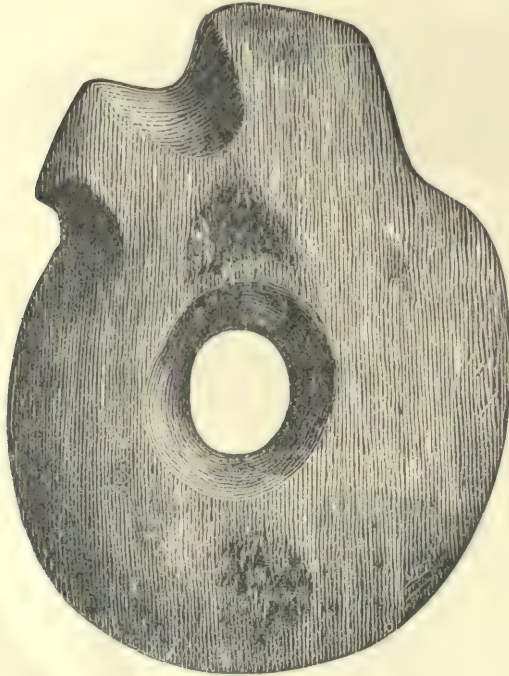


FIG. 31.

The specimen represented here is one of the puzzles. But for its great size,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and 4 in. wide, it might be taken for an intended pipe-head of the

McCallum type found near Milton, figured in our report for 1886-7. The material is a close grained, dingy blue argillite, and is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. The hole in the middle is counter-sunk on both sides, and some pecking has been done on each side both above and below this hole, either with the intention of enlarging it, or of producing others. Whatever the ultimate intention may have been, the work is evidently incomplete, but is none the less interesting on that account.

This, along with some other fine specimens was presented to the museum by Mr. Angus Buie, of Nottawasaga.



FIG. 32. (Full Size).

The curious nondescript specimen here figured is from Nottawasaga. It is made of white marble, and has a strong resemblance to the head of a bull-dog. Owing to mistake on the part of the engraver, there should be a shoulder and short leg shown behind the neck. Originally the specimen was probably full length as the lower end presents a rough surface as if a piece had been broken off. From Mr. John Hannah, teacher, Duntroon.

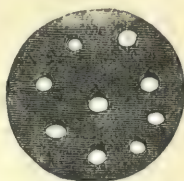


FIG. 33. (Full size.)

Fig. 33 is of brown argillite, less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an in. in thickness. It seems to have been worn as a pendant; perhaps, as a part of a string of beads. One hole near the margin is larger than the others and shows signs of wear. It is unique so far as our collection is concerned, and not common anywhere. Lougheed farm, Nottawasaga.



## MILLS OR MORTARS.



FIG. 34.

Although our collection of mills or mortars is not an extensive one we have been successful in procuring a few very good specimens. The largest and best is from the township of York, within a few miles of Toronto. It is 2 ft. 9 in. long; 1 ft. 7 in. at the widest, and 8 in. thick. The stone is of gneiss, hard, and of a light pink color. At the larger end a hollow has been formed, 16 inches long, 10 in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. Near the middle of the length, but to one side, there is another and almost circular hollow, the greatest diameter of which is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in., and the depth 1 in. At the smaller end of the stone, which rounds off to less than a foot across, there is a third hollow whose longest diameter is 9 in., and the shortest 8 in. The depth of this one is only about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. On the opposite side to the second hollow mentioned, is a fourth hollow, occupying all the remaining available space. It is only half round, being worn out to the margin of the stone, which has here a straight face.

This must have proved an excellent stone for grinding purposes as the gneissoid laminations have broken off sharply in the course of rubbing, thus presenting a series of angular edges along the sloping sides of the hollows that no doubt facilitated very much the bruising process as applied to seeds, nuts or roots. The weight of this specimen cannot be less than two hundred pounds.

In many parts of the world stones have been found indicative of bruising by means of pounding, and some of those met with in this country may have been so used, but all the specimens we have, appear from the character of the hollowed portion to have been subjected to a circular, grinding motion. This was manifestly so with the large stone in question. It is large enough to permit of at least three persons grinding at the same time. The continued use of such a heavy, and consequently unportable stone, points to a considerable permanency of *habitat*, or else frequent return of people at intervals to the same locality.

The upper, or hand stone, was usually a somewhat flattened and rounded piece of primitive rock weighing from three to six pounds. Long and artificially formed pestles are of comparatively rare occurrence in Ontario, and those that have been discovered are, as a rule, exceedingly plain, differing in this respect from many that are found in more southerly districts.

## COPPER.

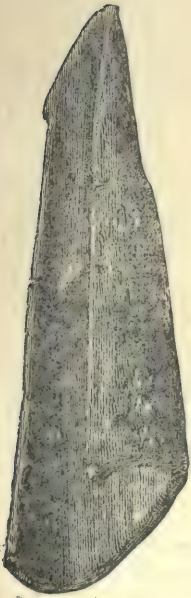
FIG. 35. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size.)

FIG. 36. (Full size.)



FIG. 37. (Full Size.)

The Fig. 35 represents a remarkably fine specimen of native copper implement found on the north bank of the River Kaministiquia, near Fort William, and was presented to the museum by Capt. J. S. Smith, of Fort William,



along with a spike or spear of the same material, about one foot long, from the same locality. The edges forming the handle socket are just turned over enough to give a good grip, and the cutting end has been worked to as keen an edge as it is possible for copper to take.\* This is in many respects the best specimen of native copper implement in our cases.

Although our collection of native copper relics is comparatively small, its extent is already much greater than we anticipated making it when we began to form cabinets. Neither is it to be expected that we shall ever possess objects of this material in such profusion as those of stone or bone. It is not quite easy to account for the scarcity of native copper tools. Distance from source of supply is not enough. Indeed, it seems probable that for most purposes the implement of hornstone or chert was in nearly every way more serviceable than that of the virgin metal. However this may be, copper has not, at any rate, entered so largely into aboriginal economy in this part of the country, as has shell of a species that had to be brought from even a greater distance in an opposite direction, and offering fewer facilities for travel.

Fig. 36 is a good example of the spear or lance head. It was found in the valley of the Ottawa, and has with other objects been placed in our keeping by Dr. T. W. Beeman, of Perth.

Another weapon of this material is illustrated here, Fig. 37. It was found near Lakeside and was presented by Mr. Sparham Sheldrake of that village. Like nearly all such objects it has a rough surface as the result of weathering, and this roughness is shown in short and crooked ribs running longitudinally. Had the metal ever been smelted no such effect would have been produced from weathering, because the metal would then be homogeneous throughout; but in its native condition small portions here and there are harder than the rest, and the effect of hammering into shape is to elongate these. In consequence of their greater hardness these parts withstand the action incident to decay better than the other portion and are thus left standing above the general surface. It is mainly on account of such ridges that so many persons, writers and others, have concluded that the implements or weapons were cast in a mould.

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\*It may be remarked here that the commonly accepted belief with regard to tempering of copper tools by the Indians is a fallacy. If they have any unusual hardness it is merely the result of cold hammering.

## CRANIA.



FIG. 38.

This figure represents one of eight skulls taken from within the ancient enclosed village site on the Ridley and Bury farm, Clearville. The measurement of these and other skulls will probably be given in next report; meanwhile the contour of figure 38 is worthy of study. The frontal recession is particularly noticeable.



FIG. 39.

Among the large number of interesting skulls from the Keffer ossuary in Vaughan township, a good many are remarkable for their occipital development, as in Fig. 39.



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### MODERN INDIAN DRESS, ETC.

It is perhaps almost as desirable that we should preserve specimens of the present day of aborigines' workmanship as well as those of a bygone time. While it is true that the Indian as we know him has lost the art of producing stone weapons and tools, he (and we should say also she) exists in the manufacture of a few simple articles including chip baskets, snow-shoes, and various objects ornamented with bead-work. In the production of these, the women, especially, show considerable taste, and the exercise of much patience.

Beads were valued highly among them even in their primitive condition when stone, shell and bone were their only available materials, and the introduction of the colored glass article proved so attractive that the ancient wampum was discarded at a very early date even in the making of treaty belts. All the belts of this description now held by Fire-keeper, John Buck, for the Six Nation Indians on the Tuscarora Reserve, are composed of European material, as glass, or of other material shaped by European skill, as shell.

We are indebted to the Rev. John McLean, now of Moosejaw, N.W.T., for a number of modern specimens illustrative not only of the skill, but of the manners and customs of the Blood Indians among whom he spent many years of enthusiastic labor, and regarding whom he has written an extremely interesting volume, besides numerous papers that have been read before the Canadian Institute, and some that have appeared in the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

A list of the specimens presented by Mr. McLean and others will be found in the catalogue accompanying this report.

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### FRENCH RELICS FROM VILLAGE SITES OF THE HURONS.

#### THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THESE RELICS IN THE COUNTIES OF SIMCOE, YORK, AND ONTARIO.

*By A. F. Hunter, B.A.*

The French traders of the seventeenth century brought amongst the Huron Indians of Ontario large quantities of articles of European manufacture in exchange for the Indians' furs. The metal portions of these articles are found in abundance at the present day in those parts of the province inhabited by the Hurons at that time.

The most abundant relic of this kind is the iron tomahawk, thousands of which have been found in various parts of the province, but more especially in North Simcoe, and at the west end of Lake Ontario, where the Neuters dwelt. These tomahawks are of various sizes, but almost all of the same well-known shape, each bearing three crosses in relief on one side; their appearance is, however, too well known to require a description.

Copper and brass kettles are also numerous, and are almost invariably found in the ossuaries. In nine cases out of ten these kettles, which were formed of sheet metal, were rendered useless by blows from a tomahawk upon the bases of the vessels. This practice of rendering useless every article deposited with the dead was, however, common to many tribes, the apparent object being to remove any temptation to desecrate the graves.

Besides tomahawks and kettles, there are iron knives, earthen and glass beads, copper bracelets and ear ornaments, and many other articles. The various kinds of French relics are well represented in the Museum of the Canadian Institute, where they can be minutely examined at any time, so that they do not require further notice here. We shall now proceed to the special subject of this paper—the geographical distribution of these relics over the Hurontario isthmus. The analysis by townships of the Huron village sites and ossuaries in the three counties of Simcoe, York and Ontario, which is given in the table accompanying this paper, shows certain evident facts regarding the geographical distribution of French relics. The information supplied by this table has been obtained from catalogues opened by the writer for each of the counties mentioned, in which details of each village site, ossuary, etc., have been collected and recorded. A majority of the sites were personally visited.

The Huron custom of settling in village communities and remaining for a considerable time, makes it an easy task to recognize the remains of one of their villages. These are indicated by abundant accumulations of charred soil and ashes, broken relics, etc.; complete relics are, unfortunately, becoming rare. In preparing these catalogues, therefore, although many sites were visited, it was almost impossible to obtain any relics. In most cases, accordingly, all that the writer could do was to make notes of what relics had been found in past years from as many reliable sources as possible. It occasionally happened that the very fact of the former existence of a village or ossuary had almost passed from the recollection of the present inhabitants of the district.

Up to the present time the writer has made a record of the following Huron sites :—

Villages .....	Simcoe .....	218	York .....	33	Ontario .....	14
Ossuaries .....	" .....	122	" .....	5	" .....	6

[These figures do not include a considerable number of Algonquin village sites and burial grounds, which have also been recorded; they apply altogether to the sites once occupied by Hurons.]

They do not indicate the absolute number of village sites and ossuaries in each county, nor are they any index of the relative numbers of sites which may subsequently be found to exist. They merely indicate the numbers recorded so far in each county according to our opportunities for making enquiries. They are, however, sufficiently representative to enable us to arrive at certain important conclusions respecting the geographical distribution of French relics.

Many persons have contributed valuable facts towards the preparation of the catalogues mentioned, for which the writer is under obligations to them; and it would be a long task to give the names of all those to whom credit is due. It will be sufficient for the present to say that the name of every person who became authority for a statement regarding any site, has been recorded in its descriptive account of the catalogues.



Further investigation may modify to some extent the statistics furnished here; but a degree of confidence may be placed upon the general relations indicated by the table:—

TABLE SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF FRENCH RELICS IN THE COUNTIES OF SIMCOE, YORK, AND ONTARIO.

TOWNSHIP.	VILLAGE SITES.			OSSUARIES.		
	In Catalogues.	Post-French.	Percentage.	In Catalogues.	Post-French.	Percentage.
<b>Simcoe County:</b>						
Nottawasaga.....	32	11	35	41	11	27
Tiny.....	27	14	51	19	8	42
Tay.....	16	12	75	18	9	50
Medonte.....	41	33	80	19	14	74
S. Orillia.....	6	4	66	2	1	50
Oro.....	23	8	35	9	5	55
Vespra.....	19	5	27	2	1	50
Flos.....	12	2	16	4	1	25
Innisfil.....	30	5	17	3		
W. Gwillimbury.	5	1	20	2		
Tecumseth.....	7	1	14	3		
<b>York County:</b>						
E. Gwillimbury.	4					
King.....	2					
Whitchurch.....	6			2		
Vaughan.....	3			1		
Markham.....	3			2		
York.....	13	1	8			
Scarboro'.....	2					
<b>Ontario County:</b>						
Scott.....	3			2		
Uxbridge.....	1					
Reach.....	6	1	16	2		
Pickering.....	3			1		
Whitby.....	1			1		
<b>Totals.....</b>	<b>265</b>			<b>133</b>		

The first column of the table gives the townships. In the second is given the number of village sites so far recorded in each township. The third contains the number of village sites at which French relics have been found, and the relative percentage which these bear to the whole number recorded is carried out into the fourth. This is done for the purpose of comparing one township with another. The fifth, sixth, and seventh contain similar statistics relating to the ossuaries.

The townships are arranged in the table, beginning at Georgian Bay and descending southwards. Bearing this fact in mind and glancing down the fourth column, it will be observed how rapidly the percentage of villages where French relics have been found falls off after leaving the first few townships in the remote north beside Georgian Bay. This was the district occupied by the Hurons in the time of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. If we draw a line from east to west through Kempenfeldt Bay on Lake Simcoe, it will be seen that of all villages south of this line less than twenty per cent. have yielded French relics. The difference in the geographical distribution of these relics on the two sides of this line is made apparent by contrasting one representative township from each part, say Medonte and Innisfil. In Medonte 41 village sites have been entered in the catalogue, of which no less than 33 (or 80 per cent of them) have yielded French relics; while of 30 village sites in Innisfil, only 5 (or 17 per cent.) have yielded French relics, and merely one or two isolated tomahawks in most of these five cases. There is a wide difference here—viz., between 80 per cent. and 17 per cent., and this difference of geographical distribution can only be accounted for by supposing that the larger part of the villages of Innisfil, as well as of the others south of the line just drawn, were occupied by the Hurons before the arrival of the French traders. In York and Ontario counties there is but one case in each, so far as the writer has ascertained, of European relics having been found at Huron village sites, and in neither of these cases is the evidence very conclusive. Many European relics have been found at Algonquin sites in these two counties, and the two cases in question may be of relics lost by later Mississagas on the ground previously occupied by the Huron lodges.

Independent evidence of a similar character is furnished by the ossuaries. There is no proof of any French relics having been found in the ossuaries south of the line through Kempenfeldt Bay, that is in South Simcoe, York, and Ontario. But in North Simcoe the percentage runs as high as 74.

This classification affords us a means of arriving approximately at the date of Huron occupation of these parts of Central Ontario under consideration. The beginning of French intercourse with the Hurons may be said to have taken place in 1615, when Champlain made his celebrated journey to their country. From that year onwards traffic between the French and Hurons was established. So that speaking in a general way, this date, 1615, is the dividing line between post-French and ante-French villages. Wherever French relics are found, in most cases it may be concluded that the village dates after 1615. The table therefore shows that the sites in N. Simcoe, near Georgian Bay, were mostly post-French, while the more southerly ones—those in S. Simcoe, York and Ontario—were chiefly ante-French.

The former statement might readily have been inferred from our historical data of the first half of the seventeenth century, without the assistance of archaeology; but, little of an historical nature has been known with regard to the numerous Huron sites of S. Simcoe, York and Ontario. It would appear from the table that they chiefly belong to a period preceding the sites of N. Simcoe.



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There are references in the early French writers to an increase of population in the Huron tract (now North Simcoe) from which we may infer that what might be called a migration took place. Champlain and Le Caron in 1615 reckoned 17 or 18 villages in the Huron peninsula, with 10,000 persons. Brebeuf, in 1635—20 years later—found 20 villages, and about 30,000 souls. [Relations (Canadian edition), 1635, p. 33 ; 1636, p. 138.] Here is evidence of a rapid influx from some quarter into the sheltered peninsula of N. Simcoe, between the years 1615 and 1635.

The aborigines of any country are always found at the corner opposite to the point of entry of their invaders. This was the case with the early Celts of Britain, the Lapps of North Europe, the Basques of Southern France, and indeed with every race of conquered people known to history. It might therefore be expected that the Hurons would remove as far as possible from their enemies, the Iroquois ; and it was in this position—against the northerly limit of land adapted to agricultural pursuits—that they were found by the early French.

These inferences from historical considerations have been fully confirmed by the table of sites given, from which it is evident that a removal from the sites of Ontario, York and S. Simcoe took place about the time the French first came.

In conclusion, it may be stated that there is another important feature of the N. Simcoe sites, not indicated in the table, and which though highly important, will be merely alluded to in this paper. The largest Huron village sites in the country are found there, and they are likewise post-French. It would appear from this that as danger from the invading Iroquois grew greater, the population became amassed into larger villages for safety.

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CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS

IN THE

PROVINCIAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

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The following list does not comprise all that is in the cases of the museum. Many pages would be required, merely to mention the names of donors and localities connected with hundreds of stone axes, "flints," and other comparatively common types of relics.

Neither are the arrangement and classification to be regarded as satisfactory or final. Museums, like libraries of humble origin, require frequent changes and re-arrangements corresponding to the increase and variety of the collections. This is especially so when, as with us, the growth is remarkably rapid, and the space at disposal limited. From almost absolutely nothing four years ago, what follows will give some idea of the success that has attended the efforts of the Canadian Institute to form an archæological collection in some degree worthy of the province.

It is hoped that the example set by so many persons whose names appear in this list as those of donors will be emulated by others, who may have in their possession single specimens or small collections, and that these objects may be presented to us for safe keeping.

S. stands for Mr. J. W. Stewart and M. for Mr. W. Matheson, from whom we purchased small collections, and Y. P. col. stands for York Pioneers' collection.

DAVID BOYLE,  
Curator.

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## CASE A.

PARTLY OR WHOLLY OF EUROPEAN MANUFACTURE, BUT FOUND IN FIELDS AND OSSUARIES.

1. Quantity of small red glass beads. Beverly Tp. Jas. Dwyer.
2. Quantity of small blue and purple glass beads. Beverly Tp. Jas. Dwyer.
3. String of glass beads. Baby Farm,\* York Tp. Miss Kirkwood.
4. String of very small red glass beads. York Tp. Y. P. col.
5. Four blue glass beads. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
6. Two blue and one red glass bead (all square in cross section). Brantford. S.
7. String of glass beads, various colors, with stone pendant. Beverly Tp. Dwyer, col.
8. String of long red glass beads. No locality. Y. P. col.
9. String of glass, shell and stone beads. Y. P. col.
10. String of long blue glass beads. York Tp. Y. P. col.
11. Quantity of long and spherical glass beads, red and blue. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
12. Thirteen glass beads from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, variegated red and blue. Lake Medad. Y. P. col.
13. Two oval glass beads. Beverly. Dwyer col.
14. Quantity of blue and red glass beads, various sizes and forms. Nottawasaga. G. Lougheed.
15. Three long, pale blue, glass beads (cross section square). Beverly. Dwyer, col.
16. Three red glass beads. Norwich Tp. S.
17. Quantity of small glass beads, various colors. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
18. One cylindrical variegated glass bead, 1 in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
19. String of red and blue (mainly round) glass beads, with small Catholic medallion. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood, Toronto.
20. Brass brooch plate. Mindemoya Island, Manitoulin. John McPherson, Toronto.
21. Silver brooch plate. Brant Co. S.
22. Silver medal (temp. George III.). The body of the medal is thin but has the bust of the youthful king ob. and royal arms rev. in strong relief. Y. P. col.
23. Brass belt medal,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
24. Iron bracelet. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
25. Large brass finger-ring. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.
26. Rude copper medal apparently made from fragment of some copper vessel. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.
27. Small ring-brooch and pin. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.

\*Pronounced *Bawby*. The Baby family was intimately associated with the early history of Detroit.

28. Small brass seal finger-ring. On the seal is the letter L enclosing a heart. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.

29. Brass seal finger-ring. On seal are engraved I. H. S., with a cross standing on the bar of the H. This ring was presented in a neat box of porcupine quill work. Ossossané, Simcoe Co., Rev. Father Laboureau. Penetanguishene.

30. Silver ornament—circular,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Consists of a narrow, flat rim,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. across, enclosing a six-pointed star, in the centre of which is a circle  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter, outside measurement. The whole of the pattern is of the same dimensions as the rim. The star and inner circle are slightly relieved with double-dotted lining on both sides. No locality. Y. P. col.

31. Copper coil nearly 1 in. in diameter. This seems to have been made of round wire which was beaten flat after being coiled. Baby Farm. Jas. Kirkwood.

32. Brass belt-buckle, oval,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. Found near Toronto, Wm. Townsend.

33. Quantity of glass beads in considerable variety. Parkdale. J. R. Wismer, Parkdale.

34. Two large beads, one blue, one white. Near Toronto. Y. P. col.

35. Rudely formed ear of large copper kettle. It is made of several thicknesses of sheet copper folded. Beverly. Dwyer col.

36. Sheet copper coiled to form a rough tube and bent like L. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.

37. Sheet copper, fragment of kettle bottom. Shows hammer marks. Beverly. Dwyer col.

38. Four fragments of sheet copper from kettles. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.

39. Twelve pieces sheet copper. Five of them triangular and perforated near the middle, Five are coiled conically. Beverly. Dwyer col.

40. Several fragments of copper kettles. Beverly. Jas. Rae.

41. Two fragments copper kettles. F. A. Benson, Port Hope.

42. Brass vessel 6 in. diameter and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep, with ears. No record.

43. Lead ingot and conical bullet. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.

44. Lead smoking pipe. Scotland Village, Brant Co. S.

45. Piece of sheet copper 7 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  at widest. Said to have been over two feet long when found along with other relics. Jas. Dickson, Fenelon Falls.

46. Sheet copper needle (?)  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, barely  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at head where it is broken apparently about midway through a long eye,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. of which remains. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

47. Iron pipe-tomahawk. Pipe head broken off. Blade has floral design engraved on each side. Some lines are also cut on the sides of the eye. Vardy Lake, Addington Co. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth.

48. Part of gun-lock. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.

49. Fire or tinder steel. Y. P., col.

50. Gun flint. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.

51. Six gun flints. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.



52. Part of white clay pipe stem on which are stamped two lozenge-shaped figures, quartered, each quarter containing a *fleur de lis*. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.

53. Iron pipe tomakawk, complete, with perforated handle. No record. Y. P. col.

54. Iron nodule containing pyrites. Found with some Indian relics in Huron Tp. William Welsh, Amberly.

## CASE B.

### BROKEN AND UNFINISHED ARTICLES SHOWING METHODS OF WORKING.

1-11. Pieces of red freestone and grey limestone smoothed and marked off as if preparatory to making beads. G. Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

12. Stone marked to form pipe. Head portion broken. G. Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

13. Part of what was probably a pipe stem. Now in two pieces—broken lengthwise and showing the bore. A. Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

14. Piece of limestone in process of being shaped as a pipe-head (probably). This illustrates one of the methods of cutting through stone. A row of holes has been bored in the direction of the proposed cut. When broken off, grinding or rubbing has been begun to efface the marks left by the holes.

15. Small, roughly oblong piece of limestone about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  deep, and nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. A hole (oval) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long has been worked on one of the narrow sides, and this penetrates to the opposite side where it terminates as a small round hole. The latter side shows that the piece has been detached from another larger or smaller portion by cutting all round to weaken before breaking. The carving of a human face has been begun on one end. A. Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

16. Portion of large implement quite unlike anything else in the collection. Marks of work are perfectly evident, but the specimen is not easily described. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.

17. Rudely formed, or unfinished implement of limestone, semicircular, with projection like a handle on the straight side. Has a general resemblance to an old-fashioned hand meat-chopper. Length of blade  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. and from edge to end of handle  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. Middlesex Co. M.

18. A flat ovate, striated slate pebble, 4 in. long, greatest width  $2\frac{3}{8}$ , and greatest thickness  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch. Is deeply cut lengthwise into five sections. Incisions on both sides. Apparently the intention was to break the several pieces off for beads or other ornaments. McGillwray Tp., Middlesex. M.

19. Small piece of limestone pebble, showing a cut-off mark corresponding in kind to that on No. 15 in this case, but much more distinct.

20. Two specimens marked A and B. These are unfinished beads of red freestone like Nos. 1 to 7. The smaller piece, 20 A, is only half an inch long, and has been bored from one end. The larger piece  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long is unbored. G. Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

21. A spoiled or unfinished tablet. (See description, cases N and O.) The four sides have been hollowed to depth of  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an in., and the corners are rounded. One hole has been partly bored. S.

22. Small cylindrical piece of limestone, 1 in. long, and about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter. One side is split off, evidently as the result of boring which has been begun at one end. Albert Loughheed, Nottawasaga.

23. A waterworn, nearly globular pebble; longest diameter  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Transverse to this a beginning has been made in cutting a groove, as if for attachment to a handle by means of a thong. J. Wood, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

24. A waterworn stone. Appears to have been at first globular, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. Two opposite sides have been rubbed down presenting nearly parallel faces  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. across. M.

25. A spherical waterworn pebble,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. A hole has been bored into it about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep. Brookfield, Missouri.

26. A waterworn granitic pebble,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. Shows traces of hand-rubbing in two or three places. Mercer Co., Kentucky. Prof. Moritz Fischer, Curator Ky. Geol. Sur. Mus., Frankfort.

27. Granite,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  long,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  wide, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  thick in the middle. Although still rough, an immense amount of work must have been done on this stone. The two ends have been pecked down and rounded to half the thickness of the middle, where a ridge has been left, running from side to side as if the intention had been to bore through in that direction. Point Edward, Dr. Rear, Toronto.

28. Waterworn stone, 5 in. long,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  wide and nearly 2 in. thick; the natural shape has suggested an ax or other tool, and one side has been pecked to make it correspond with the opposite side. The material is a close-grained, dark grey limestone. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

29. Fragment of steatite vessel. Three slit-like holes in this piece are probably of recent origin. Alamance Co., N. Carolina, Prof. Jos. Moore, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

30. Slate tablet 5 in. long,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wide. Apparently unfinished—holes not bored. Lot 25, con. 22, McGillivray Tp. M.

31. Slate tablet, 4 in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. No holes. Lot 4, con. 4. Biddulph Tp. M.

32. Unfinished implement or weapon of veined blue slate, like 43, 44, 46 and 47, Case M. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

33. Unfinished slate tablet,  $4 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ , with corners rounded. Unbored. S.

34. Slate, three inches long, two and a half wide at one end, one and three-fourths at the other; one inch and a quarter thick at the wider end and having roughly convex sides. At the larger end two holes have been drilled, one  $9-16$  of an inch in diameter, is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  inch deep; the other  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch diameter, is only  $\frac{7}{8}$  inch deep. The inner or adjoining sides of the holes have met giving the drilling a figure 8 outline, the longer diameter of the double boring being only  $1\frac{1}{16}$  inch. At the smaller end the hole is  $10-16$  inch diameter, and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inch deep. Although the length of the borings is equal to the total length of the specimen the holes do not meet, the deeper of the two at the wider end having been drilled somewhat aslant. McGillivray, Tp. Middlesex. M.

35. Piece of argillite,  $9\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, about an inch in diameter, with roughly clipped or pecked, rounded sides, along one of which, as well as at one end, an angular groove has been cut. M.



36. Argillite, 4 in. long, 1 inch in diameter at thick end, and tapering to a point. Is half of an implement like 30 and 31 in case M. M.

37. Tablet (?)  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$  in. greatest measurements. Thickness in middle,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Edges convex, one side slightly convex, the other very much so. Specimen carries what seem to be crystals of calcite. Miss Maria Tipton, Paris Kentucky.

38. Tablet of brown argillite,  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ . 5-16 inch thick. Edges convex. One side nearly flat, other convex. No holes. M.

39. Tablet, much like 38 in material and form, but  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ . S.

40. Small hatchet-shaped piece of limestone, showing signs of having been used to sharpen, polish or rub other material. One corner is coated with iron rust owing to the proximity of a small quantity of hematite where it was found, near the east end of Tidd's island opposite Gananoque.

41. Pipe-stem of limestone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. The workmanship is suggestive of European influence.

42. Much like 41, but only 2 in. long. Both from A. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

43. Unfinished pipe-stem of limestone,  $2\frac{3}{4} \times 1$  inch and roughly square. Has evidently been separated from the head after the bowl was bored. Instructive as showing mode of reducing to required size. Deep cuts have been made with flint flakes at intervals of from 3-16 to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch, and the intervening portions have been broken off. A. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

44. Seems also to have been part of a pipe. It is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  thick in one direction, and only a little more than an inch in the other. The two wider sides are flattened and the other two are rounded. Near to one of the round sides a  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch hole has been bored nearly  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep, in the direction of the longer axis. The same end also shows that the piece of stone has been cut from another by notching deeply (3-16 of an inch) all round, and then breaking forcibly.

45. A roughly blocked out pipe-head of marble, intended for a hole to receive a wooden stem. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.

46. Two fragments of pipe-stems, limestone, square. Geo. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

47. Broken pipe-stem, limestone, rounded. Albert Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

48. Roughly blocked pipe (?) Perhaps only a water worn stone. S.

49. Piece of limestone, cylindrical, 1 in. in diameter, a hole  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch in diameter has been bored lengthwise close to the outside. The portion between the hole and outside has then been removed, the work now looking like a groove made from the outside. David Melville, Creemore.

50. Rough block for pipe. Baby Farm, Lambton Mills. J. Kirkwood.

51. Three pipe-stems. (See remark, 41.) G. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

52. Spoiled pipe-head, limestone. The bowl has been badly bored and the stem is broken off. This specimen, three inches long and two wide at the broken mouth, shows that both sides of the bowl have been lined up the middle exteriorly to aid the eye in directing the drill. G. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

A to S.—Contents of a grave opened on Noncon island by Mr. A. Stevens. The find consists of two bone awls or needles, three tips of deer-horn, a bone spear-head, a wolf's jaw bone, a stone ax, a perforated slate tablet, a bit of pottery, seven flints, and two small pieces of graphite. A. F. Chamberlain, Toronto.

## CASE C.

### ROUGH FLINTS.

- 1 to 9. Palæolithic flints from Sussex Mills, England. W. Ransom, Hitchin.
10. Large flint core  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, from which flakes have been chipped. Le Grande Persigny, France. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
11. Flint knife. Persigny, France. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
- 12 to 18. Palæolithic implements of flint varying in color from light gray to almost black, and in size from three inches to six inches long.
19. Palæolithic implements. Bedford, Eng. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
20. Small barbed arrow head  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inches long without neck. Derry, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin
21. Small and beautiful barbed and necked arrow head,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. across base of barbs. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
22. Leaf-shaped flint,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and 1 in. wide. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
23. Arrow head  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long barbed and necked. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
24. Fragment of neolithic implement, apparently about half of a bored axe or club-head, originally upwards of six inches long, but now broken across the hole. Sussex mills, England. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
25. Small stone axe in deer-horn handle, from lake-dwelling, Switzerland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.

The foregoing were procured through Mr. Jas. H. Pearce of the Institute.

Case C. includes also sixty-nine leaf shaped "flints" from 2 inches to 4 inches long, found in a heap a few inches below the surface, on the farm of Arthur Seabrook, Komoka.

Eight large and rudely chipped implements from Wolfe Island.

And coarse specimens from N. Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio and Wyoming.

All in this case are of such a character as would be called "palæolithic" if our data permitted. The total number is nearly 200.

## CASE D.

### TYPICAL FLINTS.

Contains 240 specimens of "flints" varying from half an inch to six inches in length, and were probably all used as spears, lances or arrows. The arrangement in this case is for the purpose of illustrating, sizes, shapes, material and modes of fastening to shafts.

Mainly of chert, some are of flint, others of jasper, chalcedony, obsidian and agate. One is of pure quartz.

The territory represented covers many of the United States as well as Ontario.



## CASE E.

## MISCELLANEOUS FLINTS.

Contains about 200 small flaked "flints" mainly from the United States. The chief donors were Drs. Craig and Collins, Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the Natural History Society of Brookville, Indiana, the Geological Survey of Kentucky; Prof. Jas. Moore, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; E. T. Hummell, Decatur, Alabama; the Society of Natural History, Cincinnati; and Prof. J. L. Deming, of the Technological Institute, Boston, Mass.

## CASE F.

## FLAKED TOOLS AND WEAPONS.

1. Shaly chert, almost black,  $8\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and averaging about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick; no notch for attachment to handle; general outline, an irregular oval. An intrusive vein one line in thickness crosses it at a slight angle  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the point. May have been intended for a spade or a hoe, but shows no signs of use. From a grave mound in Tremont Park, Tidd's Island, R. St. Lawrence (opposite Gananoque). C. A. See, Tremont Park.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ . Quartzite,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  wide, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickest part, has been notched, but is broken at shoulder; rudely chipped, and of irregular outline. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

2. Chert, dark brown,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide, and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick in middle; broken in three pieces; no notch; signs of wear slightly observable. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

3. Chert, dingy grey,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $3\frac{1}{8}$  wide and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick in the middle, sides unsymmetrical; notched; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

4. Flint; not homogeneous; 8 in. long by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  wide, greatest thickness 5-16 in.; thicker towards each end than in the middle; symmetrical; no notch, leaf-shaped, pointed and slightly worn. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

5. Veined quartzite,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by 3 inches wide, leaf-shaped, with a comparatively small neck, thin in proportion to length. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

6. Chert,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide at base; slightly barbed; neck broken; thin and almost symmetrical; lanceolate. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

7. Quartzite, translucent, 6 in. long by  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck; sides not symmetrical. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

8. Chert, grey and brown, not homogeneous,  $9\frac{3}{8}$  in. long by  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, leaf-shaped; very thin; symmetrical, but slightly curved in direction of flat-side. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

9 to 14. Fragments of similar weapons or tools from same place.

$14\frac{1}{2}$ . Quartzite, translucent, 4 in. long by  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide; symmetrical and somewhat thick in proportion to length; leaf-shaped. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

15. Chert,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; leaf-shaped; fractured slightly at base; about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at the thickest part; symmetrical; this is the largest flaked implement in the museum. Pickering Tp. Jas. Dickson, Fénelon Falls.

16. Cherty limestone,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by 3 in. wide; very thin; notched neck. Wolfe Island.

17. Fine chert,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; short and deeply notched neck, forming semi-barbs; beautiful heart-shaped outline. Wolfe Island.

18. Coarse chert,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  in. long by  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and 1 inch wide; somewhat rudely chipped; very broad in proportion to length. Wolfe Island.

19. Chert, 5 in. long by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  wide; slightly barbed; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 1 in. wide. In this specimen there is a well-defined oval nucleus exactly in the middle and showing both sides; on one side this measures about 2 in. by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., and on the other  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $1\frac{3}{8}$ . Wolfe Island.

20. Fine veined chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. at base; sides little curved; straight neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Edges thinned from left side; very thin in proportion to length. Biddulph Tp. M.

21. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  wide; point broken; straight neck  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch long, very thick. Sarnia Indian Reserve. M.

22. Impure chert.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide; sides almost straight; notched neck. East Williams Tp. M.

23. White chert,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by 3 in. wide; unsymmetrical; leaf-shaped. Plympton Tp. S.

24. Chert, 8 in. long by  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; symmetrical and gracefully formed; neck faintly marked off from body,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inch long. McGillivray Tp. M.

25. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  wide; notched neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and same width; body comparatively thick. Wolfe Island.

26. Chert,  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide, squarely-shouldered neck,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and pointed. McGillivray Tp. M.

27. Chert,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; slightly notched neck; edges symmetrical, one side flat. Middlesex, Co. M.

28 to 39. Chert, group of weapons from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at base. With the exception of No. 28, they are all of the same pattern, being square-shouldered and having heavy, strong necks about an inch long. No. 28 is almost leaf-shaped, the neck being abortive. These "flints" were found together at the edge of a swamp on gore lot 27; N. B., West Williams Tp. M.

40. Dark brown flint,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and forked at base. Wolfe Island.

41. Brown cherty limestone,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, neck broken. Plympton Tp. S.

42. Chert, a beautiful leaf-shaped specimen,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and scarcely a quarter inch thick; edges flaked chiefly from right side. Wolfe Island.

43. Chert, leaf-shaped,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; tip broken, symmetrical and elegant. McGillivray Tp. M.

44. Very coarse chert, leaf-shaped,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 2 in. wide; rudely chipped. Biddulph Tp. M.



45. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long by  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide; roughly flaked and unsymmetrical. Wolfe Island.

46. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; square shouldered, neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. This specimen is very thick in the middle in proportion to length.

47. Coarse chert, 5 in. long by  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; neck has a slightly square shoulder, and is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, being rounded at base. Madison Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

48. Fine chert,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at base, leaf-shaped; edges flaked from left side and slightly serrated; body almost flat otherwise and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. Fayette Co., Kentucky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

49. Light bluish flint,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at base; leaf-shaped; edges rudely flaked. Forest. S.

50. Milky quartzite,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; neck notched and equal in breadth to base of body; tip broken; body  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick in middle, cross section would show a good ellipse; not quite symmetrical in the edges. St. Mary's. S.

51. Coarse chert, 5 in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; leaf-shaped; edges symmetrical and much curved, the general outline being more egg-shaped than is usual. No locality. S.

52. Very dark (almost black) chert, with light colored veins;  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide; middle of body  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch thick and smoothly flaked to edges; deeply notched neck, which is also hollowed at base; very symmetrical. North Branch, Mich. S.

53. Chert,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 2 in. wide; straight neck 1 in. long; barb  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, one barb off. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

54 to 58. Five notched necked "flints," varying from 4 in. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from 2 in. to  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. McGillivray Tp. M.

59. Chert, 6 in. long by  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; point broken; straight neck; rudely flaked. West Williams. M.

## CASE G.

### BONE AND HORN.

1. Small turtle shell perforated with sixteen holes. Has probably been a rattle. Beverly. Dwyer col.

2. Bone, somewhat cylindrical,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter, rudely worked at each end. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.

3. Splinter of deer-horn, 9 in. long and about 1 in. wide. Edges appear to have been hacked with a sharp tool. One end roughly sharpened; other end broken. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

4. Bone of beaver's tail. Found with many relics in London, Ont., by Jas. McDowell, 1849. M.

5. Part of turtle shell, semicircular,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter, perforated with three holes.

6. Gouge or chisel of deer-horn,  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. across widest part;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. behind lip. Beverly. Dwyer col.

7. Horn chisel, 7 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  wide. Considerably injured; head broken. York Tp. Y. P. col.

8. Bone knife, 8 in. long. Y. P. col.

9. Circular portion of human skull, 4 in. diameter, three holes bored 1 in. apart in middle, as if at the angles of an equilateral triangle. Three smaller holes have also been bored close to the margin triangularly. York Tp. Geo. Miller.

10. Circular portion of human skull, 4 in. diameter, unperforated. No work done on it beyond rubbing down the edges smoothly, and scouring the outside. Aurora, York Tp. S.

11. Portion of human skull, somewhat oval. Longer diameter,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in., shorter diameter,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. Perforated with seven holes, six of them in pairs from  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. to 1 in. apart, but not regularly arranged. The odd hole is near the margin of the longer axis. Beverly. Dwyer col.

12-16. Horn tips sharpened to chisel points. Kitchen midden. Vancouver, British Columbia. James Johnson, Vancouver.

17. Rude bone awl. Kitchen midden. Vancouver. James Johnson, Vancouver.

18. Bone awl—ditto.

19. Bone awl—ditto. Point broken.

20. Deer-horn fork; one tip broken. Has had a hole at base of prong. Lower part now broken away; 4 in. long. Beverly. Dwyer col.

21. Deer-horn fork,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and tip of longer prong broken. A  $\frac{7}{16}$  inch hole bored at base of fork  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from tip of smaller prong. A base of 2 inches extends beyond the hole, where the cut-off marks are very plain. Beverly. Dwyer col.

22. Horn-tip, split and blackened by fire; 3 in. long. Point has been sharpened. Noncon Island, Lake Scugog. Jas. Stevens, per A. F. Chamberlin.

23. Bone spear or harpoon,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, but a portion of the shaft has been broken off. Greatest width at end of shaft  $\frac{11}{16}$  in., 2 in. from point shaft narrows to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., and the head consists of a flat portion decreasing from  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. to a point, and having on each side five barbs. The bone is grooved longitudinally on each side. Near Simcoe Town. S.

24. Horn spear or harpoon (single-barbed), 8 in. long. Breadth of shaft from hole 1 in. This part is flat and 2 in. long, with square shoulders where it meets the middle portion which is a flattened oval  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long from the shoulders to the inner angle of the barb. The barb itself is  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and from its tip to the point of the spear is  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. Beverly. Jas. Rae.

25. Bone spear or harpoon (three-barbed on one side)  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, point broken a little; barbs deeply cut. From broken point to tip of first barb is 2 inches; from tip of first to tip of second barb  $1\frac{5}{16}$  in.; from tip of second to tip of third barb  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. The shaft from inner angle of third barb is 2 in.,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from shaft end and below the third barb; close to edge is an oval hole about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. the longer way. The shaft end has been ground down to a chisel point, and has no doubt had a secondary use. Victoria Co. Dickson col.



26. Harpoon, three-barbed,  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; hole  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from shaft end, and eccentric towards barbed edge. Barbs slightly ogee on edge; axils well rounded. York Tp. Jackes col.

27. Point of spear-head  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, three barbed on each side. Shaft portion remaining  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. Five barbs square shouldered—one a little under cut. Breadth across widest portion of barbed end  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Lake Medad.

28. Fish-hook. Length from upper end to curve  $3\frac{7}{16}$  inch; barbed end from curve to point  $2\frac{1}{16}$  in.; thickest portion of shaft at curve  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., tapering to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. near upper end; shaft terminates in small knob about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter; carved part averages fully  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., with inside fairly rounded, and outside more angular and roughly finished; barb from tip to tip  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in., with axil  $\frac{3}{16}$  deep; width between shaft and barb axil  $\frac{1}{2}$  in., between tip of barb and inner curve  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., and between tip of hook and shaft  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. One side of curve appears as if gnawed, leaving four bars with a slight bend running across it from the barbed side towards the shaft side. Lindsay. S.

29-30. Two halves of beaver's upper jaws. Grave, Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

31. Lower jaw of beaver. Grave, Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

32-34. Bear's teeth. Grave near Orillia. Jas. Fraser, Craighurst.

35-41. Bears' teeth. Village site, Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

42. Bear's tooth. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co.

43. Walrus tooth. Balsam Lake, Ont. T. Bell.

44-52. Small compressed pear-shaped teeth (elk's) about 1 in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. These are ground smooth at small end and are then perforated. No locality. Y. P. col.

53. Bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, carved to represent a fish. The outline is somewhat whale like;  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. from nose and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. from throat, are what may have been intended for gills (not if a whale). A small hole has been bored from side to side,  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. in advance of this and a little higher are two small depressions. These are too far forward for eyes, and too high as well as too far back to be nostrils. They were probably meant for eyes. Mouth deeply cut and extending back almost to the gills. No imitation of fins or tail. At tail end  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. on the upper side relieved by nine lines cut at right angles to long axis, and eight lines crossing these diagonally from left to right. Exeter. S.

54. Human form—bone;  $\frac{31}{16}$  in. long; width at shoulders  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. Right arm placed on left shoulder. Left arm extending to right side of waist. No feet. The figure is proportionate. While head and neck measure  $\frac{7}{16}$  in., the body is fully  $1\frac{9}{16}$  in., and the legs only  $1\frac{1}{16}$  inch long. Beverly Tp. Rae col.

55. Bone mask, human;  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Eye holes are bored through. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

56. Horn, spear or harpoon, one barb. Shaft end  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  wide. Hole near middle two inches from end. Flat portion at shaft end shouldered down to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in., then rounded on edges to tip. Barb, tip to tip,  $2\frac{1}{16}$ . Axil  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, and nearly same width. Shaft end behind hole, whittled, and hole has been cut through, not bored; or else has been enlarged by cutting after boring. York Tp. Long col.

57. Deer-horn fork,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in long, cut off squarely at butt or lower end. One prong is  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. and the other  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Greater diameter of butt at

cut  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. Across upper side of larger prong, and lower side of the other, and in a line with the axil two grooves are worn as if the object had been employed as a tool to smooth thongs or sinews by rubbing them lengthwise. About midway below the prongs other fainter grooves are perceptible. Humberstone Tp., Welland Co. Cyrenius Bearss.

58. Bone chisel  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and averaging  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. across blade. This tool is made of an undetermined quadruped's leg bone, a cross section of which is roughly quadrangular. The upper or handle end is almost square and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. on each side. For  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. the bone has been left intact, beyond rubbing the joint down to a level surface. At this distance the wall on one side is cut sharply down until the cavity of the bone is reached, and the whole side is made to taper beautifully to the lip, giving the tool when viewed edgewise the appearance of an elongated wedge. Nottawasaga. Thomas White.

59. Bone chisel or gouge,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. This appears to be made from a leg-bone, but is quite unlike No. 58. A cross section of it would be oval, and the diameter is less in the middle than at the ends, being  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. near the lip, 2 in. near the joint, and only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at the middle. The processes at the joint have not been altered in any way, and the rubbing down to produce a cutting edge extends back only about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. The tool bears evidence of long use. Nottawasaga. David Melville.

60. Five wolf's teeth. Village site. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

61. Cylindrical bone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $5/16$  in. diameter, rounded at one end. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.

75. Portion of human skull like No. 10. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple. **ESKIMO.** Presented by F. F. Payne, Esq.

62. Comb,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from back to point of teeth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  wide.

63. Four pendants, conical and perforated at flattened ends.

64. Powder measure,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. Formed somewhat like a grocer's scoop. A small hole for suspension when carried is bored through the lower corner of the larger end.

65-66. Two human figures in bone,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

67. Forty-three pieces of bone from  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, and from  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{5}{8}$  wide, generally decreasing in width towards one end which is rounded. These are marked like dominoes. The highest number on this set is 39. The game is not played as are dominoes, but seem to be a kind of grab-game.

68. Bone thimble.

69. Bear,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

70. Seal,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long.

71. Fish, with fins and tail,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long.

72. Water-fowl,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long.

73. Dog, 1 in. long.

74. Toothpick, about 2 in. long.



## CASE H.

## BONE AND HORN.

1 to 24. Bone awls or needles from 7 in. to 3 in. long. York Tp. Wm. G. Long.

25. Eyed needle,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. thick in middle, oval hole,  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. long and less than  $\frac{1}{16}$  wide at an in. from end. Grooves on both sides extending from ends of hole, bone slightly curved, with natural hollow on concave side. Both ends thinned and rounded, but left flat. Point end the more so, being highly polished and very sharp. York Tp. Wm. G. Long.

26 to 37. Bone awls from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in long. Various localities.

38 to 43. Bone awls from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 in long. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.

44 to 45. Bone awls. London Tp. M.

46. Bone awl. Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

47 to 49. Bone awls. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

50 to 54. Tarsal bones of deer, two are ground flat on both sides exposing the cavity, one has had the larger end cut wholly out and a small hole bored obliquely through the opposite end. One has been ground flat on one side but is otherwise intact, and one has been bored into from each end.

55. Two fragments of horn implements and two splintered bones, (one whittled) from kitchen midden, British Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

56. 2 bone awls,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in long. Dumfries Tp., near Galt. Jas. G. Caven, Toronto.

57. Almost cylindrical bones, 2 in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, rounded at both ends. Nottawasaga. Loughheed, col.

58. Bone, small, 3 in. long, cut at both ends, has one notch; perhaps a tally or record bone. Beverly.

59. Bone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter, cut at both ends. Either a bead or a tally bone. Beverly.

60. Five bone beads from 2 in. to  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.

61 to 64. Four bone beads, respectively,  $4\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $2\frac{5}{8}$ ,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  and 1 in. long. Y. P. col.

65. Deer-horn tip, cut at large end and ground at point, 5 in. long Y. P. col.

66. Cylindrical bone  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, general diameter 5-16 in., rounded at both ends. From larger end two parallel lines have been scratched lengthwise  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches between which are four diagonal crosses.

67. Horn tip  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in long, ends rounded, weathered. Y. P. col.

68. Horn tip 2 in. long, ends rounded. Y. P. col.

69. Cylindrical bone bead  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Guelph Tp. Dr. Hugh G. Roberts.

70 to 72. Three bone beads respectively  $3\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long. Beverly.

73. Oblong section of horn 2 in. long, smoothed on all sides and one end; other end broken off. Has four transverse slight cuts on outer side, as if marked for cutting off. Beverly. Dwyer col.

74. Tally bone 3 in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, triangular at one end and rounded at the other. Has three rows of small notches on edges extending in line of angles. On each of two rows are twenty-nine cuts, and on the third twenty-eight. Beverley. Dwyer col.

75 to 80. Six bone beads about 1 in. long. Waterdown.

81. Heavy bone bead  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 1 in. diameter. Dumfries Tp.

82. Bone bead  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long. Dumfries Tp.

83 to 85. Three bone beads, 3 in.,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Sarnia Tp.

86. Bone 2 in. long and 1 in. diameter, cut off squarely at smaller end leaving small portion of detached section adhering. Larger end has eight notches deeply cut leaving the margin like saw teeth round the cavity. Beverly. Dwyer col. A doubtful specimen.

87. Tarsal deer-bone, rubbed down a little on one side, opposite has four cross-bars of a dark color as if burnt. Dumfries Tp.

88. Tarsal deer-bone, on one side ground flat exposing cavity at upper end. Opposite side ground in such a manner as to suggest a whistle. Dumfries Tp.

89. Portion of deer-horn, near base 3 in. long, marks of cutting at both ends. Beverly.

90. Tally-bone (?)  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in long, triangular cross section; although slightly notched as in the case of those that seem to be records, this is somewhat dubious as the markings appear to be without any method or arrangement. Most of them also are on one of the flat sides and not along the ridges. Beverly. Dwyer co

91. Bone bead 1 in. long, with two small notches near the larger end. Beverly. Dwyer col.

92. Fragment of bone  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long with serrated edge and two deeply cut lines lengthwise. Beverly. Dwyer col.

93. Tally-bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, with three rows of lightly cut notches, counting respectively twenty-one, fourteen and fourteen. Beverly. Dwyer col.

94. Bone needle or awl  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, both ends damaged. Nottawasaga Loughheed col.

95. Tally-bone  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, notched on two ridges, total number twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Beverly. Dwyer col.

96. Small piece of bone  $\frac{5}{8}$  in long, split, cut and smoothed at each end. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

97-100. Four bone beads,  $4\frac{5}{8}$ ,  $4\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

101.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide at widest part. Less than  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, lance-shaped with notches forming a neck  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from wide end.

102. Horn bead,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Ohio, U. S. Soc. of Nat. Hist. Cincinnati.

103. Bone bead,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. " " " " "

104. Bone bead,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. " " " " "

105. Cylindrical bone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, ends rounded like No. 57. Ohio, U. S. Soc. of Nat. Hist., Cincinnati.

106. Tally-bone 4 in. long, almost round at smaller end and oval (one side depressed) at the other, average diameter  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. from the larger end



and extending towards middle are two rows of markings, numbering in each case twenty-eight.\* Tidd's Island, R. St. Lawrence.

107. Deer-horn tip bored out,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in long. Ohio, U. S. Nat. Hist. Soc. of Cincinnati.

108. Horn chisel pointed, 5 in. long. Ohio. Nat. Hist. Soc. of Cincinnati.

109. Idem, point broken.

110. Splintered bones, ash-heap. Lake Medad.

111. Small bone chisel. Nottawasaga. David Melville.

112. Bone awl or needle 6 in. long. Nottawasaga. Wm. Melville.

## CASE J.

### SHELL.

1. Beads or wampum made from columellæ of *pyrula perversa*, probably. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

2. Four beads from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 in. long and from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter, from columellæ of large shell, (species not identified) Beverly. Dwyer col.

3. Wampum (discs) from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter and averaging under  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. This large number was found in an ossuary in Beverly. Dwyer<sup>r</sup> collection. Some of them (in one instance six) adhere face to face, showing that they had been carried or worn that way and not edge to edge as they are usually strung in collections.

4. Eight fragments of *p. perversa*, broken and cut in preparation for the making of wampum. Nottawasaga. Chas. Smith, Smithdale.

5. Six fragments of large shell partly cut in preparation for wampum. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

6. Two fragments, ditto. Beverly. Jas. Rae.

7. Two strips, ditto. Beverly. Dwyer col.

8. Three pieces. Two bored at margin and one about an inch long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch wide, marked off into ten small squares.

9. Four fragments of *p. perversa*. Beverly Tp. Jas. Rae.

10. Fragment of large shell. Beverly. Dwyer col.

11. Two spiral shells from which the body whorls have been cut, leaving the columellæ bare. Through the anterior end of one a small hole has been bored. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

12. Spiral shell, bored through the tip. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

13. Wampum, (disc and cylinder). Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

14. Wampum (disc) Beverly. Dwyer col.

15. Wampum, one large disc, fully  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter and four cylinders from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in. long. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

16. Wampum (discs) Baby Farm, York Tp. W. Kirkwood.

\* The recurrence of 28 and the lesser multiples of 7 are suggestive of lunar computation of time. Compare Nos. 93 and 95. Even in No. 90 the markings count not more than thirty, but lack of order and precision makes the number uncertain.

17. Solid cylinder  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
  18. Triangular bead. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  19. Bead, columellæ of *p. perversa*, with hole through middle of side to meet other hole from end. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  20. Eight beads, cylindrical. Some of these are very beautifully made. Baby Farm, York Tp. W. Kirkwood.
  21. Pendants (two). Beverly tp. Rae collection.
  22. Half of circular ornament  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter and  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thick, bored through edgewise and ornamented with dots round the margin as well as across. S.
  23. Two triangular pieces of unio. Edges smoothed. Perforated near one angle.
  24. Two long cylindrical beads and four small ditto. The latter probably of European manufacture. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  25. Two beads (cylindrical). One  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter is only bored a short distance from each end in the direction of its length, and holes are bored from the sides near the end to meet these. Beverly. Rae col.
  26. Wampum (purple, nine pieces, discs). Nottawasaga. Loughheed collection.
  27. Pendant, 2 inches long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch diameter. Hole bored at one end and through corner. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
  28. Two fragments of beads. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
  29. Bead partly bored. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
  30. String of columella beads. Y. P. col.
  31. String of columella beads (small). Y. P. col.
  32. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  33. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  34. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  35. Unio valve, ossuary. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  36. Three unio valves, ossuary. Ste. Marie. Simcoe County.
  37. Large spatulate ornament, 8 in. long, 3 in. at widest and narrowing to rounded end about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. across. Has two holes, one near middle and one near large end.
  38. Ornament 2 in. long; half oval across short diameter. Hole bored near edge in middle of short side.
  39. Circular ornament about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter. Has a  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch hole near centre and two small holes  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. apart, near edge.
  40. Circular ornament  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter, bored as in No. 39.
  41. Half of ornament, originally larger than No. 40, bored in the same way as No. 39.
  42. Fragment of ornament like Nos. 39 and 40.
  43. Similar to Nos. 39 and 40. Stained green, with copper.
- No. 37 to 43 inclusive form part of the contents of a grave opened on the east side of Blackfriar's Bridge, London, Ont., in 1849, by a Mr. John McDowell. M.
44. Gouge—Barbadoes, W. I., Toronto Nat. Hist. Soc.
  45. Gouge—Barbadoes, W. I., Toronto Nat. Hist. Soc.



46. Two unio valves with large hole punched through centre of each. Cincinnati Nat. Hist. Soc.

47. Wampum ("cock-spur shells"). Pacific coast. D. H. Price.

48. Circular ornament, like No. 39 to 43, but without the middle hole. Norfolk county. S.

49. Four unio valves from ash-heap. Lake Medad.

50. Is much like No. 37, but shorter and broader. Three holes are bored across the widest part, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the end. This is one of a few old gifts to the Institute but has no record.

51. Wampum (discs). Humberstone Tp. Mrs. Barney, sen.

52. Five pieces of black wampum (discs), two cylindrical and one serpentine bead. Y. P. col.

53. Wampum—unfinished specimen, incomplete rounding and boring. Beverly. Dwyer col.

54. Bead,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, side broken exposing hole. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

55. Bead (cylindrical). Near Sarnia. S.

## CASE K.

### GOUGES.

1.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth or edge,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; hollowed,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in.; tapers to rounded head about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in diameter, Limestone. Western Ontario.

2.  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; mouth, 2 in.; width in middle,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in.; at head  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; thickness in middle,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; hollowed 4 in. Groove flared near lip. Sides sharply cut and narrowing rapidly towards top. York tp. James Kirkwood.

3. 7 in long;  $2\frac{1}{8}$  wide at mouth; scarcely any taper;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick; hollowed 3 inches, slightly; head broken. Striped slate. Ancaster. William Forbes.

4.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; mouth rounded and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; width in middle, 2 in., tapering to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at head; hollowed 8 in. slightly. Edges of hollowed side from top to mouth comparatively straight. Opposite side sharply rounded transversely and much curved lengthwise; greatest thickness being  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in., and tapering to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Granitic. Victoria County.

5.  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in long;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, tapering slightly to head; hollowed,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in.; sides flat;  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick. Erin Tp. R. McRae.

6. 6 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; hollowed,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in.;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Upper side flat; lower rounded throughout. Granitic. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.

7.  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$ , tapering to rounded top about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter; hollowed, 2 in, slightly. Greatest thickness near head,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Granitic. Adjala Tp. Mr. Connor, Toronto.

8.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.; hollowed, 3 in., as in No. 2. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Compact greenstone. Near Lindsay.

9. 9 in. long; width at mouth, 2 in. No taper. Hollowed, 4 in. Head broken. Upper side flat, lower side rounded throughout. Blue slate. Victoria County. S.

10.  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Lip rounded, tapers to rounded head. Hollowed, 5 in. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Dark limestone. Chingua-cousy Tp.

11.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to rounded head. Hollowed 4 in. Sides flat, edges rounded. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Victoria County. Jas. Dickson.

12.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$ . Tapers to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. Hollowed total length, deeply; the edges left along the sides of the groove being only about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Pilkington Tp.

13.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; hollowed,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , as in Nos. 2 and 8; greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{8}$ . Buff colored material, resembling lithographic limestone. Near Belleville. S.

14.  $7\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; in the middle nearly 2 in. Tapers very slightly to rounded head. Hollowed, 3 in.; greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Much weathered. Granitic. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. 6 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to 1 in. at flattened head. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Granitic. Victoria County. Jas. Dickson.

16.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at flattened head. Upper side flat, lower side rounded except near head where it is flat, giving head a triangular look when viewed endwise. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. York Tp. Jas. Kirkwood.

17.  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  wide. Hollowed 3 in., slightly; other portions rounded. Blue slate. York Tp. Jas. Kirkwood.

18. 10 in. long; width at mouth,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in., tapering to 1 in. at head. Hollowed from end to end, deeply;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at lip, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Material like No. 13. Victoria County. S.

19.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., tapering gently to head. Hollowed  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Upper side flat, lower rounded. Head a little broken. Greatest thickness,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Granitic. Pilkington Tp.

20. 14 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; hollowed, 5 in. Lower side and both edges flat for 4 in. at mouth end, the corners only being rounded to correspond with the groove; all remaining portion rounded. Limestone. No locality. John Hind.

21. 6 in. long; width at mouth, 2 in., tapering to 1 in. at head. Hollowed, 2 in. Thickness, 1 in. Schistose slate. Western Ontario. S.

22.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth, 2 in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . Hollowed slightly from end to end. Granitic. Pickering Tp. G. Welborne.

23.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{5}{8}$ , tapers to rough head about 1 in. across. Hollowed slightly,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Lower side ridged. Gneiss. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.

24.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth 1 in., tapers to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Hollowed deeply the whole length. Greatest thickness,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Port Perry. S.

25.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Hollowed 2 in., as in Nos. 2, 8 and 13. Thickness,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. No locality. S.

26. 5 in. long; width at mouth 2 in. Tapers (with slight depression on each side mid-way) to rounded head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Can barely be called a gouge



as the hollow is scarcely  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep, and extends but a short distance from the lip. Upper side flat, lower round and curved lengthwise. West Middlesex. M.

27.  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Tapers with slightly convex sides to rounded head about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia. Hollowed only about  $1/16$  in. at lip, and only  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch at back. Upper side flat, lower round. Granite. West Middlesex M.

28.  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. A little wider in middle. Head 1 in. dia. Hollowed slightly,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from lip, upper side flat, lower rounded and much curved lengthwise. No locality. Y. P. col.

29.  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to 1 in. Well rounded head. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. deeply. Upper side slightly rounded, lower side very much. Immediately behind groove, but on the under side a transverse groove has been cut for handle attachment. Granite. McGillivray Township. M.

30.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at rounded head. Hollowed slightly for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Upper side flat. Granite. West Middlesex. M.

31.  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Sides convex. Head  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Hollowed slightly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from lip. Upper side flat. Granite. West Middlesex. M.

32. 6 in. long; width at mouth  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. Tapers to rounded head 1 inch. Hollowed deeply  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Upper side flat. Head rounded. McGillivray Township. M.

33.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to rough head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Hollowed from end to end deeply. Serpentine. No locality S.

34.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers rapidly to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at broken head. Hollowed from end to end deeply. Thickness  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. in middle. Lower side has two sharply cut notches as if for binding to a handle. These are  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. apart, the lower one being  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. from lip. They extend only half way round. Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.

35. 4 in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Tapers to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. at smoothly rounded head. Hollowed from end to end. 1 in. thick. Addington County. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

36.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. expanding for remainder of length to  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Hollowed  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. Thickness  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head rough. Lanark County Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

37.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width of mouth (which is rounded)  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Hollowed very slightly nearly the full length. West Middlesex. M.

38.  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. long; width of mouth  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in., expands slightly and tapers to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Hollowed  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. Upper and lower sides flat, with corners chamfered. Thickness 1 in. Argillite. Humberstone Tp. Gustav Utz.

39.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., enlarges behind to  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to rough head 1 in. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Sherbrooke Tp. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

## CASE L.

### STONE PIPES.

1. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
2. Nottawasaga Tp. Wm. Smith, Toronto.
3. Nottawasaga Tp. Herbert Connor.

4. Orillia. S. G. Plunkett, Toronto.
5. Albion Tp. S.
6. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
7. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
8. Sault Ste Marie. Y. P. col.
9. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
10. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
11. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
12. Eglinton, Y. Tp. York P. col.
13. Victoria Co. S.
14. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
15. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
16. Kent Co. Y. P. col.
17. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
18. Probably modern North-west. Y. P. col.
19. Newmarket. Stew. col.
20. Burlington Beach. Y. P. col.
21. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
22. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
23. Forest. S.
24. Near Milton. Finlay McCallum.
25. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
26. Modern North-West. Y. P. col.
27. Markham. S.
28. Nottawasaga Tp. Catlinite. Ed. Beecroft.
29. Modern Northwest. Catlinite. Y. P. col.
30. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
31. Beverly Tp. A. McKnight.
32. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
33. York Tp. Y. P. col.
34. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
35. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
36. Plympton. S.
37. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
38. Pembina. Manitoba. S.
39. Nottawasaga Tp. Ed. Coyle.
40. Kincardine. M.
41. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co.
42. Stem catlinite modern North-west. York P. col.
43. West William Tp. M.
44. Wiarton. M.



45. Nottawasaga Tp. Dugald Currie.
46. London Tp. M.
47. Wiarton. M.
48. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
49. York Tp. Y. P. col.
50. Lake Moira, near Madoc. Mr. Moon.
51. Richmond Hill. Alex. and Arthur Boyle.
52. Miami valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
53. York Co. Y. P. col.
54. Simcoe Town. S.
55. Boone Co., Kentucky U. S.
56. Pittsburg Tp. Frontenac Co. W. G. Kidd, Kingston,
57. Nottawasaga Tp. Mr. Duff.
58. Nottawasaga Tp. Herbert Connor.
59. London Tp. M.
60. Grand Bend, Sable River. M.
61. McGillivray Tp. M.
62. Bay of Quinte, (pewter or lead). Dr. T. W. Beeman (O. L.)
63. Qu'Appelle R. Valley, N, W. T. Jas. C. Stokes.
64. Dakota, U. S. (catlinite) Dr. Rear.
65. Eglinton, Y. Tp. Y. P. col.
66. Lake Medad, ("white stone.") Y. P. col.
67. Burlington Beach. Y. P. col.
68. Pacific Coast, Brit. Columbia. Y. P. col.
69. Blood Indian (modern) Rev. John McLean.
70. Modern. " "

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### CASE M.

#### MAINLY OF SLATE.

#### *Bird Amulets.*

1.  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. across middle of base, neck  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. (at crown of head) above level of back. The attempt to represent a head is very simple, the neck being sloped off at about  $45^\circ$  a slight downward curve on the under side adding to beak appearance. Tail at widest part  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. erected at angle and stands  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. higher than back, length of base 3 in., slightly hollowed lengthwise and a little rounded transversely. Aurora, York Co. S.

2.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. across middle of base, which is 2 in. long, neck erect, crown of head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. above base, head  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, beak from  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep in front

of eyes, to  $\frac{1}{4}$  at end. Peduncled eyes, only part of one now left, tail erect and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inches long from base. Base very slightly hollowed lengthwise, otherwise flat. No locality. S.

3. 3 in. long, head and tail erected at about  $45^\circ$ ; from crown to tip of beak 1 in. Peduncled eyes  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter the upper portion of them rising  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. above crown of head. Bar across base at each end and projecting about  $\frac{3}{16}$  below base. Thorndale, Perth Co. S.

4.  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, neck erect, sharp curve forming crown of head and continuation of curve forming beak. Lower curve more circular. width of head from crown to neck 1 in. Base  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and convex both ways. S.

5.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, neck erect, crown of head  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. above base. Head formed as in No. 4. No tail. The original hole through rear end having been broken out, a new one has been bored coming out on the top. Base  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide, slightly convex in both directions. York Tp. (?)

[This handsome specimen was presented to the museum about three years ago. It was handed in by the gentleman who owned it, but unfortunately the record of its reception has been lost. Should the owner recognize it by the above description, or by seeing it in the case, he will confer a favor by addressing the curator.]

6. 3 5-16 in. long, the outline is similar to that of No. 4. Base  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; convex in both directions. S.

7.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Head and tail on line with back, except for slight depressions to form neck and flatten tail. Base  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long with heavy transverse bar at each end. From front bar to tip of beak is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. and from rear bar to end of tail  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. The tail is  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. At the shoulders the specimen is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide whence it narrows rapidly to tip of beak. Brantford. S.

8. 3  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. long, neck and head raised a little, tail depressed and pointed. Base 2 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide and barred. It is quite impossible to write an intelligible description of this singular specimen. The eyes project but have no disc. They stand out  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. from the head and terminate in a rounded end, less than  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. diameter. The material is huronite. Port Rowan. S.

9.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, neck and tail almost at right angles to body. Base  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Tail  $1\frac{3}{8}$  wide and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. from base to end. The head from crown to point of beak is 2 in. and is at right angle to neck, tapering from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $\frac{3}{16}$ . Biddulph Tp., Middlesex. M.

10.  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, neck and tail erect and rising  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. above back. Breast forms nearly a right angle with base. Tail more oblique with a central rib in continuation of sharp ridge forming the whole upper outline. Head from breast to point of back  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. Tail from base  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Base 3 in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, concave lengthwise and concave across. Brown and purple veined argillite. London Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

11.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, neck rises high. Crown of head  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. above base. Head from curve of throat to point of beak 1 in. long. Tail from base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. and same width as body. Base  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{13}{16}$  in. wide, slightly convex in both directions. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

12.  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, head above base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Tail above base 1 in. and ribbed. Base  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. wide, convex in both directions. Stephen Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

13.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Head rises  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. above base. Tail broken. Base  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{13}{16}$  in. wide, convex and twisted a little lengthwise—slightly convex across. West Williams, Middlesex Co. M.



14.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long. Head and neck almost on level with back, the two measuring  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from shoulder. Tail rises  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. above base and of same width as body. Base  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and 1 in. wide. Front hole in base broken and no hole at rear angle. Base slightly convex both ways. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

15.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, broken off at tail end. Form of head similar to Nos. 5 and 6. Pale pink granite. City of London, Middlesex Co. M.

16. This specimen is in many respects of the same unusual type as No. 8, but its condition is less perfect, both head and tail being damaged. The head fracture has been rubbed down pretty smoothly and the angularities of the tail fracture have been rounded off. All that remains of the left eye indicates pedimcultation but the disc is broken off. The body oval in outline, being 2 in. long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. The thickness of the body from upper to lower side is only about half an inch. The material is the striped slate of which so many are made. East Williams, Middlesex Co. M.

16½.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Neck elevated, head horizontal, eyes peduncled; one broken; tail almost horizontal and depressed marginally near body. Base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and barred. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

17.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Neck almost at right angles to body, head horizontal and crown  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. above base. Head from centre of crown  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. and from throat  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Eyes peduncled, discs about  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter. Tail rises only a little above horizontal. Base  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{16}$  in. wide and barred. This specimen seems to be in an unfinished condition as the holes have not been bored through the bars. The two extremities of the front hole have merely been marked. Huronite. West Williams Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

18.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Neck rises with a gentle curve, beginning within 1 in. of tail. Height of crown from base  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, points downwards at angle corresponding to rise of neck, it is  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. wide, about  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thick, square pointed and edge up. Eyes peduncled and projecting about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., discs about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Base  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and varying in. width from  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. in front to  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. behind. Tail rises at sharp angle  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. above base and is  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide. This specimen is perfect in every respect and is admirably made. West Williams Tp. M.

19.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Crown of head same height as tail. Tail erect almost at right angle. Base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Convex both ways. W. Muma, Humberstone Tp.

20.  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long. Neck in line with back and head pointing downwards. Crown surmounted with oval projection  $7\text{--}16$  in. long and  $3\text{--}16$  wide. Tail only a slight upward curve of back line about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Base  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, convex in both directions.

21. Tail fragment. McGillivray Tp. M.

22. Head and neck of bird-amulet. Peduncled eyes. One broken off. Upper edge of whole piece notched. A hole has been drilled through the neck end for secondary rise. S.

Unless where otherwise noted, all these are of striped slate, and are bored diagonally on each end at the under side.

25.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick in middle, decreasing at end to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Hole bored edgewise and oval, the longer diameter being on one side  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., and on the other  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. The specimen is hammer shaped, but shows no signs of use on ends. All the edges are square. Slate, faintly striped. Ontario. S.

26.  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Ovate sidewise and edgewise. Bored One end broken. S.

27.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and 1 in. deep. Port Rowan. S.

28. 2 in. long,  $1\frac{11}{16}$  in. wide and 1 in. thick. Oval; flattened at each end. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter at one end, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  at the other, bored lengthwise. Edges of specimen rounded, and one of them bearing nineteen notches crosswise, from  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Striped slate. Western Ontario. S.

29.  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, viewed from side it is perfectly circular. A hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in diameter is bored through the longer axis. On one side and parallel with the hole a hollow has been formed, the greatest width of which is fully one inch. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.

30.  $6\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick in middle, ending in a blunt point at the extremities. All the sides are rounded smoothly, and a  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. hole is bored through greater diameter of middle. Striped slate, brown. Wingham. S. (Perfectly symmetrical in every respect.)

31.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Finely rounded on all sides, and pointed at each end. A  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole bored through middle. This specimen is similar in shape to No. 30, but one side is less curved than the opposite. Striped slate. Norfolk Co.

32.  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick, tapering to point at each end. Hole  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter, bored through shorter diameter of middle. Brown striped and mottled slate. Caradoc Township. M.

#### *Winged and Horned Specimens.*

33. 5 in. long across tips of curved horns which are knobbed at ends,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep in middle through which a  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole is bored. Not quite symmetrical. Slate; weathered. Plympton Tp. S.

34.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. from tip to tip of horns, which are terminated in handsome oval knobs. Depth in middle  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter. Same type as No. 33, but smoothly finished and perfect in symmetry. Zone Tp. S.

35.  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. from tip to tip of wings, which are flattened in line with the hole, nearly  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. in diameter in middle, which is  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep. The wings are curved to one side  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. beyond the centre, and on the opposite side are two projections, each about  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. from centre of hole, and extending fully the same distance beyond the body in the centre. One wing is a little longer and more pointed than the other. Light gray slate. Lake shore, Norfolk Co. S.

36.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. across horns, which terminate in oval knobs sharply ridged on outer surface. Depth in middle  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Dark striped slate. Specimen closely resembles No. 34, but has been broken across the hole and cemented. Highly finished. Forest. S.

37.  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. across wings, which are flattened in line with hole through the middle, which is  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. deep. The wings are about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at the broadest part, and not more than  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick where they join the central portion, which is flat sided and rises with sharply marked shoulders above the sides of the wings. The thickness of the central portion is less than an inch, and the hole is  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. in diameter on one side, and slightly less on the other. Brown argillite. Wingham. S.

38.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, irregularly quadrangular. Wings full breadth—ends have been broken off and rubbed down again. This has been effected by



some one recently, as the rubbing has been done to produce a sharp edge. A squarely cut notch  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep and the same width is made on one side where the hole comes out. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter at this end, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter at the other. Striped slate. Port Perry. S.

39.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and 3 in. wide. One wing much damaged. Notched in middle at extremities of hole, which is about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One notch  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, and one 1 in. deep. Specimen has been broken across hole and cemented. Slate. S.

40.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. Each wing forms half of a six sided figure. Notches in middle between wings  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep. The hole has been bored through the entire width before the notches were made. Has been broken and cemented. One side of eye lost. One side of each wing injured. Wings less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Brown slate. Y. P. col.

41.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $3\frac{3}{16}$  in. wide. Outline approximately oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One notch  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep, and one  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep. Notches made after boring. Wings near middle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Striped slate. Blanshard Township. M.

50.  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Has been almost circular in outline when perfect. One wing broken. Notches between wings about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep, and as they are  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, the hole being only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, it is not possible to tell whether they were made before or after the boring. Striped slate. Mound in Perry Co., Ohio.

43.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  inch long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Approximately oval in outline. Wings  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick near middle. No notches. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter at one side, and a little over  $\frac{5}{16}$  at the other. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

44.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide. Outline a long oval, somewhat pointed at the ends. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One side weathered. Brown striped slate tinged with blue. East Williams Tp. M.

45.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Outline oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. diameter. Notches  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep and made after boring. At point of one wing a circular depression  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep has been made. McGillivray Tp. M.

46.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Hole  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. diameter. Two half round depressions less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep take the place of notches. Wings thick in proportion to size. Ends chipped as if used for hammering. Dark striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

47.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Butterfly outline. Hole on more rounded side  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter; on the other under  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Striped slate. East Williams Tp.

48.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide. Outline a pointed oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter at one end, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. nearly at the other. No notches. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.

49.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, and 3 in. wide. One wing is nearly an inch shorter than the other, and has been re-worked. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Only one side notched  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep. Striped slate. Biddulph Tp. M.

51.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Wings triangular. Point of one broken. Hole about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, and walls very thin. Notches  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep. A sharp ridge rises on the sides of the hole, and in line with it, making diameter across centre  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. This is the smallest specimen of its kind in the collection. Striped slate. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.

52. In outline like a pipe, but the hole (which is oval) pierces the "head" in line with the "stem." Upper edge of what may be called stem slightly grooved in continuation of curve made by lower side of hole. Stem  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Upper side  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide at angle and tapering to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. at point. Lower side brought to a rounded edge. Head  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide in direction of stem. Hole 11-16 by 5-16 in. diameter. Brown striped slate. No locality. S.

55. Fragment of a peculiar specimen, having apparently had two large and two small incurved wings. S.

56. Fragment of horned specimen. The horn rises in a curve almost in line with the hole. Simcoe Town. S.

57. One half of specimen like No. 30. Caradoc Tp. M.

59. One half of specimen similar to No. 57. M.

### *Tubes.*

62.  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{3}{8} \times 1$  in. Striped slate. Forest. S.

63.  $2\frac{7}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 1$  in. Striped slate. Norfolk Co. S.

64.  $2\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Slate. Norfolk. S.

65.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, perfectly round. Hole  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. This is a fragment of what is said to have been a tube at one time upwards of a foot in length. The material appears to be a fine close-grained limestone, resembling somewhat German lithographic stone, but darker. It takes a good polish. Mr. Galbraith, the gentleman who handed it in, said he remembered seeing it when whole. Unfortunately the record of its locality has been lost. Perhaps this notice will meet the gentleman's eye.

66.  $6\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 1$  1-16 in. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in diameter at one end and 5-16 at the other. Sides rounded. Cross section oval. Slate. Beverly Township. Miss Jessie Robertson, Valens.

67.  $7\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Almost round and tapering slightly from  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter. Hole  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter at larger end, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  at the other. Slate. S.

68. 4 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. at larger end, tapering to an oval of 1 in. x 13-16 in. at the other end. Hole is flared at large end to nearly full dia. of tube. At small end it is also somewhat enlarged, being  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. at the tip, and barely  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., half an inch in. The material is much like that of No. 65, but lighter in color. Wolfe Island.

69.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Almost perfectly round. One end slightly larger than main body, measuring nearly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Hole as in No. 68. Material similar, but darker in color, darker even than No. 65.

70.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. Broken. Slate. West Williams Tp. M.

71.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 1 in. x  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. dia. in middle. Sides rounded and tapering with convexity to about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. dia. at smaller end which is broken. Hole decreases from  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

72. 5 in. long, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. Two sides flattened and two rounded. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

73. 4 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Longitudinal fragment; shows side of hole. McGillivray Tp. M.



*Bar Amulets.*

20.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  deep. Cross section triangular. Bosanquet Tp. M.
21.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in long. Base  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. wide, depth  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. Boring of holes at each end incomplete. Scotland Village. S.
22. 3 in. long. Base nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Depth  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Both ends fractured on upper side. St. Mary's. S.
23.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, nearly  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep. Cross section semi-circular. West Williams Tp. M.
53. 3 in, long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep. Higher in middle than at ends; ends collared. No locality. Y. P. col.
24.  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at ends, less in middle.  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. McGillivray Tp. M.
74.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Hole  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., bored  $1\frac{3}{8}$  deep as if intended for a tube. Smaller end only about 1 in. diameter. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.
75.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide, and 1 in. thick. Sides rounded. Smaller at each end than in the middle. Striped slate. London Tp. M.
76.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and about  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. dia. Broken at each end, Sides slightly rounded. Hole shows longitudinal markings deeply cut. Striped slate. Blanshard Tp. M.
77.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. One side splintered but leaving hole intact. Sides rounded. Striped slate Biddulph Tp. M.
84. Fragment of object like No. 52. This specimen is less in size than No. 52. but has been much more handsomely made. Striped slate. Biddulph Tp. M.
85.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, fully 1 in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick. Viewed from the edge it tapers to a point at each end. Viewed from the side the two edges are almost parallel. The ends are slightly hollowed, but the sides are perfectly flat. A  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole pierces it edgewise in the middle. Under side weathered, but on the whole a beautiful specimen. Western Ontario. S.
86. Similar in almost every particular to No. 85, except that the ends are more deeply hollowed. Perth Co. P. R. Jarvis.

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CASE N.

GORGETS OR TABLETS—TWO OR MORE HOLES.

The specimens in cases N and O are, almost without exception, made from slate. They vary very much both in size and shape. They appear to be considerably more plentiful in the western than in the eastern portion of the province. In many instances it is easy to believe that these were worn as gorgets or breast-plates, but in other specimens, especially some of those in case N, the number and position of the holes would seem to indicate a different use. One tablet has had as many as seven holes bored through it, some of them close to the edges and now partly broken off, others near the middle, and all apparently without any regularity.

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1. St. Thomas. S.
  2. Fingal. S.
  3. No record. S.
  4. Sarnia Tp. S.
  5. Galt. S.
  6. Orillia. S.
  7. No record. S.
  8. Caradoc Tp. S.
  9. Near Stratford. S.
  10. No record. York P. col.
  11. St. Mary's. S.
  12. No record. S.
  13. Near Norwich. S.
  14. Exeter. S.
  15. London Tp. S.
  16. Pilkington Tp.
  17. Plympton Tp. S.
  18. No record. S.
  19. Eramosa Tp.
  20. Owen Sound. S.
  21. No record. S.
  22. No record. S.
  23. No record. S.
  24. No record. S.
  25. West Williams Tp. M.
  26. McGillivray Tp. M.
  27. McGillivray Tp. M.
  28. West Williams Tp. M.
  29. Thedford Tp. M.
  30. West Williams Tp. M.
  31. McGillivray Tp. M.
  32. West Williams Tp. M.
  33. West Williams Tp. M.
  34. McGillivray Tp. M.
  35. West Williams Tp. M.
  36. West Williams Tp. M.
  37. McGillivray Tp. M.
  38. West Williams Tp. M.
  39. McGillivray Tp. M.
  40. Caradoc Tp. M.
  41. Biddulph Tp. M.



42. Middlesex Co. M.
43. McGillivray Tp. M.
44. Biddulph Tp. M.
45. East Williams Tp. M.
46. Biddulph Tp. M.
47. West Williams Tp. M.
48. West Williams Tp. M.
49. McGillivray Tp. M.
50. Middlesex Co. M.
51. McGillivray Tp. M.
52. Near Lindsay. S.
53. Near Lindsay. S.
54. St. Thomas. S.
55. McGillivray Tp. M.
56. Hamilton Co. O., W. K. Moorehead.
57. Stephen Tp. M.
58. No record. S.
59. No record. S.
60. No record. S.
61. No record. Y. P. col.
62. Wolfe Island, R. St. Lawrence.
63. Biddulph Tp. M.
64. No record.
65. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
66. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
67. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
68. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
69. Lee Co. Va., Ky., Geol. Sur., Frankfort.

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## CASE O.

### GORGETS OR TABLETS—ONE HOLE.

1. Western Ontario. S.
2. Western Ontario. Notched at one end. S.
3. Imly City, Mich., U. S. S.
4. Western Ontario. S.
5. Jarvis, Norfolk Co. S.
6. Western Ontario. S.
7. Western Ontario. S.
8. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

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9. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See,
  10. Near Cobourg. S.
  11. Western Ontario. S.
  12. Moore Tp. S.
  13. Exeter. S.
  14. Near Galt. S.
  15. Western Ontario. S.
  16. Guelph Tp.
  17. York Tp. Y. P. col.
  18. Western Ontario. S.
  19. Western Ontario. S.
  20. No record. Y. P. col.
  21. Western Ontario. S.
  22. Forest. S.
  23. Western Ontario. S.
  24. McGillivray Tp. M.
  25. Biddulph Tp. M.
  26. McGillivray Tp. M.
  27. London City. M.
  28. West Williams. M.
  29. West Williams. M.
  30. McGillivray Tp. M.
  31. Biddulph Tp. M.
  32. Caradoc Tp. M.
  33. McGillivray Tp. M.
  34. Bosanquet Tp. M.
  35. West Williams Tp. M.
  36. West Williams Tp. M.
  37. Middlesex Co. M.
  38. McGillivray Tp. M.
  39. McGillivray Tp. M.
  40. McGillivray Tp. M.
  41. McGillivray Tp. M.
  42. Biddulph Tp. M.
  43. McGillivray Tp. M.
  44. Caradoc Tp. M.
  45. Blanshard Tp. M.
  46. West Williams Tp. M.
  47. McGillivray Tp. M.
  48. Biddulph Tp. M.
  49. Stephen Tp. M.



50. West Williams Tp. M.
51. Humberstone Tp. Wilson.
52. Weston, Ontario. S.
53. Weston, Ontario. S.
54. Weston, Ontario. S.
55. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
56. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
57. Weston, Ontario. S.
58. Wolfe Island.
59. Wolfe Island.
60. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
61. Wolfe Island.
62. McGillivray Tp. M.
63. No record.
64. Caradoc Tp. M.
65. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
66. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

## CASE P.

### COPPER AND HEMATITE.

#### *Hematites.*

1.  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$ . Hartford city, Mason Co., West Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.
2.  $3\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ . Locust Creek, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.
3.  $2\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ . Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear.
4. Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear.
5. Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear.
6. Sinker or plummet  $1\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{5}{8}$  in. Near Columbus, O., C. D. Pettibone, Cincinnati, O.

#### *Native Copper.*

1. Chisel with socket for handles. Total length  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. Width at lip  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Manitoulin Island. Mr. Yellowlees.
2. Axe  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. Brantford. S.
3. Axe or chisel 4 in. long,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island, Gananoque. C. A. See.
3. Axe or chisel, 6 in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering with convex sides to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Beverly. J. Humphrey, Troy.
5. Spear-head  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 1 in. at widest, and about  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. thick in middle. Has tine for insertion in handle.

6. Spear-head,  $7\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest, with tine 2 in. long. Greatest thickness of blade  $3/16$  in. Brantford. S.

7. Spear-head, or knife, 4 in. long. Widest part of blade  $1\frac{1}{16}$  in. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. Has a neck for attachment to handle. Neck  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long with a projection at each lower angle to aid in holding place in shaft. Rice Lake. S.

8. Spear-head with socket. Total length  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. Blade 3 in. long,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at widest part. and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. Near Toronto. S.

9. Spear-head or knife  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long with tine. Greatest width of blade  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. and about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. No locality. S.

10. Fragment of knife,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. No locality. S.

11. Knife with tine. Total length  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. Blade 2 in. long and 1 in. wide—thinned on one edge only. No locality. S.

12. Knife with tine. Total length  $7\frac{3}{8}$  in. Blade  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Greatest width  $1\frac{3}{16}$  in., and although thinned on both edges, has only one made to cut. The cutting edge is convex as the result of the greater thinning, and the back is correspondingly hollow. The shape of this knife is suggestive of a European model. Beverly. James Rae.

13. Bracelet, 2 in. dia., and from  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. to  $3/16$  in. thick. Cross section a flattened oval, the longer dia. being in the plane of the circle. Rice Lake. S.

14. Bracelet and fragment; sheet copper coiled in tubular form and bent. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. Spear-head with tine. Total length  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. Blade 4 in. long, 1 in. at widest,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, and smoothly finished to double edges. Tine round. London Tp. M.

16. Spear-head with small socket. Total length 9 in. Blade  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. Burford. M.

17. Axe or chisel,  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Thinned at both ends. One end roughly so, as if for insertion in a handle. Width of lip  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., of handle end  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. This specimen contains a speck of native silver. Biddulph. M.

18. Axe or chisel,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Width at lip  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in., tapering to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Noncon Island, Lake Scugog. A. F. Chamberlain.

19. Bead  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. dia. Has been bent to form a hole. London City. M.

20. Nine copper heads on piece of hide as attached originally. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island.

21. Pendant, triangular  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Eye at wide end, which is 1 in. wide Wolfe Island.

22. Small bead, coiled,  $5/16$  in. long, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Caradoc. S.

23. Double-pointed awl or needle  $4\frac{1}{8}$  in. long;  $3/16$  in. dia. in middle.

24. Half of button,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Mound, Ross. Co., Ohio. W. K. Moorehead.

25. Spear-head '6  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, tined,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at the widest, and about  $3/16$  in. thick. A strong rib forms the centre of the blade on each side. Dr. Beeming, Perth. (O. L.)

26. One hundred and four copper beads from  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., and three pendant spikes about 3 in. long. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.



27. Spike or spear  $12\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{5}{8}$  in. in middle, and tapering to flat points at each end. Sides square North bank of River Kaminstiquia at Fort William. Capt. J. S. Smith.

28. Axe or adze with socket. Total length  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Width at lip  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , at end of socket  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. The edges are turned almost the whole length to form the socket, but 2 in. from the lip the material is flattened by "shouldering" to form a blade. This implement has the *appearance* of having been made in a swage. North bank of Kaminstiquia River at Fort William. Capt. J. S. Smith.

29. Axe  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, with beaver-skin in which it was wrapped. Pt. Mamainse, Lake Superior.

30. Spike; round;  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. [Pointed at one end and chisel-edged at the other. Near London, Ont.

## CASE Q.

### MOSTLY OF UNKNOWN USE.

1. Fifteen brown stone beads from half an inch to three inches long. York P. col.
2. String of blood-stone beads. Y. P. col.
3. Five brown stone beads. Y. P. col.
4. Six blood-stone beads. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
5. Eight brown stone beads. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
6. Five brown stone beads. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
7. One large brown stone bead. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
8. One large brown stone bead. Saskatoon, N.W.T. M.
9. Five blood-stone beads. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
10. Circular, thin and flat brown slate, nearly 1 in. dia. with eight small holes round margin, one larger than the others as if used for suspension—one small hole in centre. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
11. Small flat brown stone pendant (?) Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
12. Steatite bead, two fragments of steatite objects and one of limestone. Wolfe Island.
13. Hawaiian sling-stone, Helia, Oahu, Sandwich Isles. St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, O.
14. Carved head, perhaps a wolf's; limestone. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
15. Finely carved human head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
16. Bird's head and neck, broken from some large object. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
17.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, profile of beaver in blue slate. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
18. Profile of quadruped in brown slate about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
19. Circular, conical (with flattened apex) striped slate  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Burford Village. S.

20. A hollowed conical stone  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep outside measurement. Outside smooth and shows a laminated structure. Bottom of hollow smoother than sides. Near Woodstock. S.

21. Light blue slate depressed cone;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Not hollowed. "God's Country," Hamilton Co., O. W. K. Moorehead, Washington. D. C.

22. A light oval (pumice-like) stone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide and 1 in. thick in middle. A  $5/16$  in. hole goes through the centre, sidewise. McGillivray Tp. M.

23. Slate implement  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 in. wide. Thin and shaped like a knife blade. One end fractured within  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., of which a small oblique hole is bored. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.

24. Perhaps a "slick-stone"; slate. Caradoc Tp. M.

25. Perhaps a "slick-stone." No locality. S.

26. Pointed instrument of slate  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, roughly rounded and tapering to a narrow chisel point  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Greatest dia. about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. Large end broken. Tremont Park, Tidd's Isl. C. A. See.

27. Fragment of pointed weapon  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, two sides rounded and smooth, two flat and rough. Large end broken. Dia. at large end 1 in. S.

28. Dark slate  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$  in. in middle. Three sides flat, one rounded. Tapers to blunt point at each end. Norfolk Co. S.

29. Striped slate  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick in middle. Three sides nearly flat and slightly convex lengthwise. Fourth side much rounded and bevelled towards each end. With flat side up has a square-ended canoe look. West Williams. M.

30. Light colored striped slate  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, much like No. 29 except that the bevelled side is not rounded transversely. Two holes  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. apart, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from each end, have been bored from the straight to bevelled side. Dia. on upper side  $5/16$  in. and on lower side barely  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. East Williams Tp. S.

31. Dark striped slate,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, similar in outline to Nos. 29 and 30, but deeper in proportion to length, and deeply hollowed from end to end. Two holes are bored through the hollowed and opposite sides, one  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. and the other  $13/16$  from the end. Holes have been bored from both sides. Nissouri Tp. S.

32. Light brown double horned or winged stone,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long—with a groove surrounding the middle. Boone Co., Ky.

33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 are similar in outline, although of different kinds of stone. They are from 2 in. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, flat, with two rounded sides terminating in points. No. 34 differs from the others in having two holes through it. Except No. 37, these all came from Noncon Isl., L. Scugog. A. F. Chamberlain.

No. 37 is from Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

39. Small light blue slate pointed implement. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

40. Pointed slate implement with notched end as for a string. The point was broken off when being taken out of the mound. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

41. Small slate object like No. 52, case M. Newmarket. S.

42. Plummet-like stone,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. dia. Egg-shaped with small knot at one end. McGillivray Tp. M.



43. A black pebble grooved. This is a doubtful specimen, as the groove is apparently the result of weathering on a soft micaceous vein. Victoria Co. Dickson col.

44. Half of a notched stone. The specimen is oval and the notch is cut a little obliquely round the longer diameter. Miami Valley, O. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg. See No. 90.

45. Small brown pebble  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide with notch cut round the middle. Aurora, Ind. J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Ind.

46. Water-worn pebble 3 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, hollowed. The hollow has probably been deepened artificially, and the specimen may be called a paint-mill, or paint-cup. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

47. Small limestone paint cup (?) Miami Valley. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

48. Limestone paint cup (?) West Williams Tp. M.

49. Slate  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, ends broken. Victoria, Brit. Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

50. Fragment of a slate implement. Victoria, Brit. Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

51. Cast of the Cincinnati Tablet. Robt. Clarke, Cincinnati, O.

52. Cast of the Clarke Tablet. Waverly, O. Robt. Clarke, Cincinnati, O.

54. Mottled slate  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide in middle, where it is also  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick. At each end it is  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Between the middle and ends it is reduced in beautifully regular curves on one side to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. The same side is smoothly rounded transversely, making a sharp angle with the lower side, which is very smooth and perfectly straight. Cobourg. S.

55. Brown stone bead. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.

56. Three brown stone beads. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

78. Round and tapering fragment of stone implement  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. McGillivray Tp. M.

79. Black slate  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick, three sides flat, one rounded both ways. Ends thin. Caradoc Tp. M.

80. Striped slate  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long and  $9/16$  thick. Pointed; one side flat, others rounded.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. from point is a portion  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick, forming a flattened bulb. Near Hamilton, Butler Co., O. W. K. Moorehead.

81. Brown veined slate 6 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide in middle, whence it decreases by curved sides to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide at each end. About  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. One side flat, on which  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. apart and equi-distant from the centre, lengthwise, are the beginnings of two holes. Shelby Co., O. Prof. Moritz Fischer, Frankfort, Ky.

82.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, similar to No. 81. (No holes). Mason Co., W. Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.

83. Gray slate,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  in. long. Dia. at widest 1 in. and at thickest  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. Resembles No. 80, but is pointed at both ends and the bulb is more elongated. Point of longer end broken. Near Hartford, Mason Co., W. Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.

84. Dark veined slate,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick in middle. Three sides flat, one rounded and bevelled to each end. A shallow groove goes round two adjoining sides. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

85. Brown slate  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. from widest part to one end, may be regarded as the body of some animal. The other end is the unfinished head and neck. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

86. Granite, 3 in. long. Much like No. 31. One end broken. The one hole remaining has been bored from the hollowed side. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

87. Sandstone,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick in middle. Oval. Edge has twenty-two deep sharply angular notches. Hole through smaller end. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

88. Quartzite, 2 in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Plummert-like. No knob on smaller end. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

89. Conglomerate,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Plummert-like. Grooved round small end to form knob. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

90. Sandstone,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Flat on one side. The rest of the surface rounded. A groove along the rounded side in the direction of longer axis. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

91. Close-grained, mottled, argillite.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick at largest. Tapers on two sides to a chisel point at one end, and on three sides to a pick-point at the other. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

92. Slate,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at one end and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at the other. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Edges rounded. Hole bored 1 in. from small end. Large end bevelled from both sides to an edge. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

With the exception of the beads, it is impossible in the present state of knowledge to give suitable names with certainty to the objects in this case. Many of them also are indescribable for want of space.

## CASE R.

### CLAY PIPES

1. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
2. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
3. Highland Creek. Y. P. col.
4. Lake Medad.
5. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
6. Eramosa.
7. Beverly. Dwyer col.
8. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
9. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
10. No record. Y. P. col.
11. Beverly. Dwyer col.
12. No report. Y. P. col.
13. No report. Y. P. col.



14. Beverly. Dwyer.
15. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
16. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
17. No record. Y. P. col.
18. Forest. S.
19. Holland Landing. S.
20. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
21. Vaughan.
22. No record. Y. P. col.
23. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
24. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
25. Beverly. Dwyer col.
26. Beverly. Dwyer col.
27. Nottawasaga. Loughheed. col. (2)
28. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (2)
29. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
30. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
31. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
32. Orillia. L. Hayden, Toronto.
33. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.
34. Beverly. Jas. Rae.
35. Beverly. Jas. Rae.
36. No record.
37. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.
38. Near Lake Simcoe. S.
39. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
40. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
41. No record. Y. P. col.
42. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
43. No record. Y. P. col.
44. No record. Y. P. col.
45. Nottawasaga. Loughheed.
46. No record. Y. P. col.
47. Oronotisiati. Simcoe Co.
48. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
49. Orillia. Basil R. Rowe.
50. No record. Y. P. col.
51. No record. Y. P. col.
52. No record. Y. P. col.
53. York Tp. B. Jackes.
54. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

55. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
56. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
57. Eglinton, York Tp. B. Jackes.
58. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
59. Onentisati. Simcoe Co.
60. No record. Y. P. col.
61. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
62. York Tp. B. Jackes.
63. McGillivray Tp. M.
64. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (3)
65. Lake Medad. C. Macpherson.
66. Onentisati. Simcoe Co.
67. Beverly. Dwyer col.
68. Penetanguishene. F. A. Benson.
69. York Tp. B. Jackes.
70. No record. Y. P. col.
71. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (2)
72. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
73. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
74. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
75. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
76. No record. Y. P. col.
77. No record. Y. P. col.
78. No record. Y. P. col.
144. Lambton Mills, York Tp.

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#### CASE S.

#### CLAY PIPES.

79. York Tp. J. Kirkwood.
80. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Owl's head from lip of bowl.)
81. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, open mouth.)
82. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
83. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
84. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
85. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, elongated.)
86. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, elongated.)
- 87.
88. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)



89. Onentisati. Simcoe Co. (Eagle's head on lip.)
90. Beverly. Jas. Rae. (Snake's head.)
91. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Owl's head.)
92. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Two human faces from bowl.)
93. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Spiral coil round bowl.)
94. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
95. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (2 birds' heads from pipes.)
96. Near L Simcoe. S. (Double human face, forward and backward.)
97. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Human face.)
98. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
99. Onentisati. Simcoe Co. (Square mouth.)
100. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co. (Square mouth.)
101. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
102. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
103. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
104. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
105. Lake Medad. C. Macpherson. (Square mouth.)
106. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
107. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
108. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
109. Ancaster. J. E. McCrimmon. (Human form, head broken.)
110. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Fox's head ?)
111. York Tp. George Miller.
112. York Tp. George Miller.
113. York Tp. George Miller.
114. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
115. Nottawasaga. Ed. Coyle. (Human face.)
116. " " "
117. Nottawasaga. Thos. White. (Fragment diagonally marked on upper edge.)
118. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Oval curve.)
119. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Stem of pipe like 118.)
120. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
121. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Square mouth.)
122. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Square mouth.)
123. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
124. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Human face elongated.)
125. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
126. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
127. Nottawasaga. Mr. Doner.
128. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner. (Square mouth.)
129. Nottawasaga. Dugald Currie.
130. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.
131. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.

132. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.
133. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human figure, broken.)
134. " " " "
135. Lake Medad. Mr. Lillycrop. (Human face from pipe.)
136. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Human face from pipe.)
137. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
138. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
139. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
140. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Dog's head.)
141. Lake Medad. Luke Mullock.
142. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
143. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
144. (See case R.)
145. Lake Medad. Luke Mullock.
146. Nottawasaga. Thos. White. (Human face.)
147. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss. (Small.)
148. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
149. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
150. Humberstone Tp. Isaac Bearss.
151. Dumfries Tp. Jas. G. Caven.
152. York Tp. Geo. Miller.
153. Amberly Tp. Wm. Welsh. (Square mouth, fragment.)
154. Tremont Park, Tidd's Islands. C. A. See. (Stem.)
155. Eglinton, York Tp. W. G. Long. (Long stem.)
156. Nottawasaga. Snake head. Angus Buie.

This case contains also a large number of stems from various localities.

## CASE T.

### *Discs.*

1 to 6. Six discoidal stones (varying from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter) said to have been used in playing a game by rolling them along the ground, opponents aiming missiles at them when in motion, and bets being made as to where they would stop, or which side would lie uppermost. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

7 to 12. Six small discoidal stones. The smallest  $\frac{5}{8}$  of an in. in diameter and the largest  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . No. 9 is marked by four lines cut on both sides, crossing each other near the centre and extending to the margin. Geo. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

12 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 13. Two stones apparently in preparation for discs. Originally they were water-worn, but there are evidences of manipulation by pecking on the flattened sides. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

14. Rude or unfinished disc. Both sides hollowed as if to aid in grasping. Edges of stone not circular. Natural Hist. Soc. Brookville, Ind.



15. Discoidal stone, 4 in. in dia., well hollowed on both sides. S.
  16. Discoidal stone unfinished;  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., sides hollowed, but periphery not made quite circular. From New York State. Moses Barrowman, Buffalo.
  17. Small discoidal stone  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., hollowed on both sides. From Ohio, U.S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Cincinnati, O.
  18. Discoidal stone  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia., hollowed on sides. S.
  19. Discoidal stone,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia., flat sides. "Used in a Hawaiian game—the object being to see who could roll it furthest on a smooth path." The specimen is interesting as being so like many found in Canada and the United States. Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. Rev. Bro. Joseph, St. Mary's Academy, Dayton, O.
  20. Discoidal stone  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co., Ont.
  - 21 to 25. Discoidal stones,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat, 21 and 25 perforated in the centre. From York Tp. W. G. Long, Lansing, York Tp.
  26. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides convex. From West Virginia, U. S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Brookville, Ind.
  27. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat. Perforated. From Goose Lake, near L. Simcoe. S.
  28. Discoidal stone,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia., both sides concave. Miama Valley, near Lawrenceburg. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  29. Discoidal stones,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia., both sides deeply concave. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  30. Discoidal stone, 2 in. in dia. Edge much rounded, both sides hollow. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  31. Discoidal stone, 2 in. in dia., sides hollow. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  32. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. in dia. This specimen differs from all the other hollow sided ones on account of the cavities not merging imperceptibly into the rounded edge. The rounding of the edge is carried  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch over the side and nearly an eighth of an in. deep, so as to form a sharply defined collar, the central portion being but slightly hollowed. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  33. Discoidal stone.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. So deeply hollowed on both sides that the thickness in the middle is barely  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  34. Discoidal stone.  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Flat on both sides. Nottawasaga.
  35. Disc; clay.  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. Eglinton, York township. Loug. collection.
- Nos. 1 to 4, and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 16 are classified by some as hammers, a few of these may have been used thus, but others show no signs of such application. Nos. 1, 3,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ , 13 and 16 retain their original ovate form as viewed from the flattened or hollowed sides.
- 36 to 40. Discoidal stones from 1 in. to 3 in. dia. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
- 41 to 44. Discoidal stones from 1 in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Nottawasaga. William Melville.

## RUBBING STONES.

1 and 2. Rubbing stones, roughly circular, flat and smooth on both sides, 5 in. dia. Orillia. Basil Rowe.

## PESTLES.

3 to 6. Rudely formed pestles from 5 to 7 in. long; cross section oval West Middlesex. M.

7. Pestle, 7 in. long. McGillivray Tp. M.

8. Pestle, 13 in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. in middle. Has a small hole bored in one side near the middle. Simcoe. S.

9. Pestle, 10 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Simcoe. S.

10. Pestle, 8 in. long, and 2 in. dia. W. Middlesex. M.

11. Pestle, 12 in. long and 2 in. dia. McGillivray Tp. M.

12. Pestle,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. No locality. Y. P. col. (This may not be more than a water-worn stone.)

13. Pestle,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Ft. Gratiot, Mich.

14. Pestle,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, conical; diameter of base  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  in.; of head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.; it is worn off on the face or base end at an angle. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. Pestle,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia.; is a little flared at base; upper end or head rounded off. Kentucky. Geological Survey of Kentucky, Prof. Moritz Fischer.

16. Pestle,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, conical; diameter of base  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., tapers to 1 in. Shelby Co., Kentucky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Indiana.

17. Pestle,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, conical; dia. of base 3 in.; head rounded. Linn Co., Missouri. Dr. Rear.

18. Pestle,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, base broken. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.

## CASE U.

### GROOVED STONE AXES AND HAMMERS.

1. Axe, 8 in. by  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Lake Superior. Y. P. col.

2. Axe,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 4 in. one edge ungrooved. Bourbon Co., Ky. Kentucky Geological Survey, Frankfort.

3. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 4 in., one edge ungrooved. Miami Valley, Ind. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

4. Axe, 6 in. by 3 in., Aurora, Ind., one edge ungrooved. J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Ind.

5. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg.

6. Axe, 5 in. by 4 in., one edge ungrooved. No locality. Y. P. col.

7.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved and hollowed lengthwise. Linn Co., Missouri.



8. Axe, 5 in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved. Shelby Co., Ind. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
9. Axe, 5 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Franklin Co., Ind. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
10. 5 in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., one edge ungrooved and hollowed lengthwise. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
11. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved. Garrard Co., Ky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
12. Axe, 7 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , grooved all round. Miami Valley, Ind. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
13. Axe, 7 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. East Williams Tp. M.
14. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
15. Axe,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 3 in., grooved all round. West Williams Tp. M.
16. Axe, 6 in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$ , grooved all round. Near Weston Village. Dr. Richardson.
17. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$ , grooved all round. Arkona. M.
18. Axe, 6 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. W. Middlesex. M.
19. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. Linn Co., Mo.
20. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
21. Axe, 5 in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
22. Axe. 4 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. J. C. Kassebaum. Aurora, Ind.
23. Axe,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Shelby Co., Ky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
24. Axe, 4 in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
25. Axe,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. Brookfield, Mo.
26. Axe, 3 in. by 2 in., grooved all round. East Williams Tp. M.
27. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
28. Axe,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
29. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
30. Axe,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., chiefly grooved on the two edges. McGillivray. M.
31. Axe,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in., groove shallow all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
32. Axe, 6 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved chiefly on edges. No record.
33. Axe,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Shelby Co., Ky. Brookville Nat. Hist. Soc., Ind.
34. Axe,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Brookfield, Mo.
35. Axe, 3 in. by 2 in., thin and slightly grooved. Linn Co., Mo.
36. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., very slightly grooved, and mainly on the edges. Shelby Co., Ky. Brookville Nat. Hist. Soc. Ind.
37. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved mostly on edges. No record.
38. Axe, 6 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. No record.
39. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round with stony projections formed on edges above and below groove. No record.
40. Axe,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., similar to No. 39. No record.

41. Hammer,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Lake Superior.
42. Hammer,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Is evidently only a water-worn stone whose shape has suggested use, and has been slightly hollowed in two sides either for attachment to a handle, or to aid in holding directly in the hand.
43. Hammer, 6 in. by 4 in. 45 miles north-west of Brandon, Man. Is deeply grooved and well shaped. M.
44. Hammer, 5 in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., cylindrical and grooved near the middle. Point Edward. M.
45. Hammer,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved about one-third from smaller end. Leamington, Essex Co.
46. Hammer,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. Has originally been a fine implement—is now broken on one side of each end. Thunder Bay.
47. Hammer, 3 in. by 3 in., grooved near the middle. Thunder Bay.
48.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 5 in. Is a flat water-worn stone. Has originally been somewhat ovate and has now two deeply cut notches on the edges  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. from the smaller end. Point Edward. M.
49. 8 in. by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Corresponds in character to No. 48. Biddulph. M. Neither of these bears any marks to indicate use as a hammer. Perhaps they were used as anchors for the frail birch-bark canoes close to shore. The fact, however, that the latter was found inland, does not add force to this conjecture, unless the same use was made of it for river purposes.

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## CASE V.

### POTTERY.

This case contains a large number of pottery fragments, illustrative of markings or patterns. The specimens are from various parts of this Province and United States. The principal contributors are: Jas. Dickson, P. L. S., Fenelon Falls; Jas. Dwyer, Beverly; T. H. Hulbert, Duluth; Cyrenius Bearss, Humberstone; John McPherson, Toronto; Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth; F. A. Benson, Port Hope; William Welsh, Amberley; Society of Natural History, Cincinnati; Prof. J. L. Deming, Technological Institute, Boston; Thos. White, Nottawasaga; Jas. Rae, Beverly; W. J. Long, Lansing; Albert Loughheed, Nottawasaga; G. Laidlaw, of "The Fort"; David Boyle, sr., Richmond Hill, J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Indiana; and C. Bell, Toronto.

The finest specimen is that presented by Mr. John McPherson. It consists of several pieces now cemented, and shows the outline and proportions of what must have been a very handsome vessel about 9 in. high, 7 in dia. at the widest part, and 5 in. in dia. at the mouth. It was found in Mr. McPherson's island, Mindemoya, in a lake of the same name in Manitoulin Island.

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## CASE W.

## CLEARVILLE SPECIMENS.

This case contains specimens of horn, bone, shell, clay and stone from the site of a fortified village at Clearville, Kent Co., Ont.

18 deer-horn prongs, showing rude human workmanship,

30 bone awls or needles, from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. to 7 in. long.

2 dorsal spines of a large fish. These are about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, triangular in cross section and very sharp.

1 beaver's tooth.

2 muskrats' teeth.

10 unio valves, some of these have been used as scrapers, and one evidently by a left-handed person.

1 walnut.

9 clay pipe-stems.

6 pipe heads, but all imperfect. One is very rude in form, and one is remarkable for its fine finish and design.

3 pieces of burnt clay, showing manipulation.

7 fragments of large and coarse clay vessels.

19 fragments of smaller and finer vessels.

8 rudely made stone chisels.

8 roughly chipped flints.

7 stones, smoothly rubbed.

1 piece of red jasper.

1 sinker—so called.

1 semi-circular, grooved stone.

## CASE X.

## DRILLS.

1. Drill, 2 in. long, broken, T head. Curtis Farm, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear. Toronto.

2. Drill, 2 in. long, unsymmetrical, rounded head. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

3. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T head. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

4. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, notched head, seems to have been an arrow modified for drilling purposes. Middlesex Co., Ont. M.

5. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, broken, head merely a little broader than body and thinner at end. Curtis Farm, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.

6. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, rude, head smaller than body.

7. Drill 1 in. long, half of head broken off crosswise.
8. Drill  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, rounded head.
9. Drill  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, notched head. Outline like arrow, but is flat on one side and round on the other, body comparatively thick, and curved considerably at the point. Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, from Pike's Farm, Wolfe Isl.
10. Drill,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T head, body rhomboidal, and twisted. McGillivray Township, Middlesex, Ont. M.
11. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, head broken.
12. Drill  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head a slight expansion of body, and thinned.
13. Drill 2 in. long, point broken, sharply cut T head.
14. Drill  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long; head like a T double barred, the upper portion being the lesser in size. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, from Townships of East and West Williams. Middlesex Co, M.
15. Drill,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; no marked head, one side of body comparatively flat, curved near the point; greatest width (at head end)  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.
16. Drill, 1 in. long, obscure T head, point broken.
17. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, obscure T head, body curved diagonally, the material is dark blue for half the distance at the head end, the other half being white.
18. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head broken. } Both seem as if made for being inserted
19. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head wedged. } and fastened in a cleft handle.
20. Drill,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, T head, sharply pointed. Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, from Miami Valley, Ind. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
21. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide in middle; drilling portion only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at point; notched neck for fastening to handle  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long.
22. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, broken; unsymmetrical T head.
23. Drill,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, broken; good T head.
24. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T projection,  $\frac{7}{8}$  wide near middle; notched neck for handle.
25. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, obscure neck; roughly chipped; may have been a badly made arrow-tip.
26. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, point broken,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at break; T head.
27. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, neck broken,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest part; might have been an arrow, but is worn smooth on sides and edges.
28. Drill, 3 in. long, notched neck; slightly curved; flat on one side.
29. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, imperfect, oblique T head.
30. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, club-shaped head; tip broken.
31. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; neck broken; white flint.
32. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; head broken.
- (21 to 32 from collection presented by Jas. Dickson, Esq., Fenelon Falls.)
33. Drill,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; thick, and rudely chipped: notched with T head.
34. Drill,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; slightly curved and rudely made; head appears to have been broken.



35. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; otherwise like No. 34.  
 36. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; point broken; club-shaped head.  
 37. Drill, 2 in. long, flat on one side and slightly curved; obscure neck; rude.  
 38. Drill,  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide in front of neck; for  $\frac{2}{3}$  of length from head is as flat as an arrow, but takes rhomboidal form near the point, decreasing to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in width at the same distance from tip.

(33 to 38 from counties of Wentworth and Waterloo.)

39 to 76. These were procured from Mr. C. J. B. Ratjen, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and were all collected in the Miami Valley. They vary from 1 in. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. in width. Some are T headed, others club-headed, and many are simply thinned for insertion in a handle. There is no notched specimen among them.

72 and 73, both imperfect, are serrated on the edges, which are now worn as if the specimens had been used as saws. 42, 43, and 44, may have been arrow-tips, but all the others were no doubt drills.

## CASE Y.

### SLATE WEAPONS.

These objects are shaped like arrow and spear heads. Some writers regard such specimens as knives. They were probably rather of an ornamental character and intended for purposes of display in connection with feasts, dances, and other celebrations. They are not very common in this country.

1 to 3. Western Ontario. S.

4. Broad in proportion to length, being 5 in. long, (including the neck,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.,) and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at the base; it is squarely shouldered to form the neck. Wolfe Island.

5.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, 2 in. wide, and very thin; slightly barbed; the neck is of a kind peculiar to this class of object, being carefully notched or serrated on each edge as if to assist in binding to a shaft. Another peculiarity is that the neck although  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, measures  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. behind the barbs and tapers to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at the base. This shape would seem to add to the difficulty of fastening. S.

6.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, with neck similar to No. 5. Caradoc Tp. S.

7.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, square-shouldered, neck which is tapering like Nos. 5 and 6, but not serrated. S.

8.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, neck broken. S.

9.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, deeply barbed, tapering and serrated neck.

10.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, very perfect, square-shouldered, tapering and round edged neck. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

11.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, single barbed, neck tapering and round edged. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.

12.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, slightly barbed, with nearly parallel-sided and square-edged neck. S.

13.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, very slightly barbed, neck parallel-sided and square-edged. S.

14.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, deeply barbed ; neck broken partly off ; round-edged. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

15. 5 in. long, sharp rib along middle, barbed ; neck slightly tapering and round-edged. S.

16.  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, barbs broken ; has the appearance of having been bored on each side to form neck. Wolfe Island.

17.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, square-shouldered ; tapering, round-edged neck. Downie Tp. P. R. Jarvis.

18.  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, slightly barbed. This small specimen is exceptional in the form of the neck, for although serrated, it is somewhat wider below than above. Lakefield. R. Q. Dench.

19. 4 in. long, considerably mutilated. S.

20.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long ; is a fragment of some tool or weapon ; one side slightly convex, and the other strongly ribbed. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Ottie White, Toronto.

In this case are also :—

1. 11 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick ; sides convex and corners rounded ; one end is square and blunt, and measures  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, the other is thinned to an edge and is only  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. On one side is a scratched figure like a capital T, the lower end of the upright stroke being forked, and on the opposite side a similar mark but with a bar across the middle of the upright. Arkona. S.

2.  $11\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick ; one end 1 in. wide, and chisel-edged ; the opposite end  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, thinned and rounded. West Williams Tp. M.

3.  $8\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick ; one end 1 in. wide, thinned, but blunted as if from use. The opposite end terminates in a rounded point about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Point Edward.

4.  $11\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick ; tapering to both ends, one of which is  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, and the other  $\frac{5}{16}$  in., both are chisel-edged. Chief Smith. Brantford.

Axe of striped slate,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. across the mouth. Looked at sidewise it has the appearance of an elongated pear. Richmond, Indiana.

## CASE Z.

### MISSCELLANEOUS.

1. Smoothly rubbed stone. A. W. Reavley.

2. Flint. A. W. Reavley.

3. " "

4. " "

5. " "

6. " "

7. Stone axe. Wm. Michener. Humberstone.



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- |     |  |                 |
|-----|--|-----------------|
| 8.  | Bone awl or needle.  | Wm. Melville.   |
| 9.  | "  | "               |
| 10. | "  | "               |
| 11. | Clay pipe  | "               |
| 12. | "  | "               |
| 13. | "  | "               |
| 14. | "  | "               |
| 15. | "  | "               |
| 16. | "  | "               |
| 17. | "  | "               |
| 18. | "  | "               |
| 19. | "  | "               |
| 20. | "  | "               |
| 21. | "  | "               |
| 22. | "  | "               |
| 23. | Stone tablet   | "               |
| 24. | Small notched bone or needie.                                  | Wm. Melville.   |
| 25. | Small discoidal stone.   | Wm. Melville.   |
| 26. | "  | "               |
| 27. | "  | "               |
| 28. | "  | "               |
| 29. | Several pipe stems, stone                                      | "               |
| 30. | Small bone chisel.   | David Melville. |
| 31. | Worked bone  | "               |
| 32. | Small stone axe  | "               |
| 33. | Small discoidal stone  | "               |
| 34. | "  | "               |
| 35. | "  | "               |
| 36. | Discoidal stone, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. dia., with hole in centre. | David Melville. |
| 37. | Clay pipe.   | David Melville. |
| 38. | "  | "               |
| 39. | "  | "               |
| 40. | "  | "               |
| 41. | "  | "               |
| 42. | Pipe stems   | "               |

All those from No. 8 to No. 42 are from Nottawasaga Tp.

43. Small discoidal stone, with hole in centre and groove round outer edge.  
York Tp. Jos. Smelser.

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## CASE A2.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Pipe head. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Oattie White.
2. " broken. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
3. String of glass beads. " " " "
4. " and shell beads. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
5. Pipe-stem. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
6. Bear's tooth (bored). Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
7. Diagonally notched bone. " " " "
8. Carved fragment of bone, (probably of European origin). Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
9. Small hollowed stone. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
10. Two broken shell beads. Loughheed col.
11. Small, flat stone, perforated. "
12. Stone in preparation for beads. "
13. Bear's tooth (notched). Loughheed col.
14. Stone axe. Sebastopol Tp. Alex. Parks.
15. Gouge. Golden Lake, Algona Tp. Alex. Parks.
16. Stone axe. Brantford. P. R. Jarvis.
17. " N. Easthope. "
18. " Ellice Tp. "
19. " " "
20. " N. Easthope. "
21. " (grooved). Ellice Tp. P. R. Jarvis.
22. Gouge. P. R. Jarvis.
23. Belt ornament, sheet copper. P. R. Jarvis.
24. Pottery fragments. Delaware Tp. P. R. Jarvis.
25. Shell ornaments (2). P. R. Jarvis.
26. Clay pipe. Zorra Tp. "
27. " " "
28. " " "
29. Red stone bead. Saugeen. P. R. Jarvis.
30. Spoon; Sioux (buffalo horn). "
31. Bone chisel. Near Battleford, N. W. T. Major J. M. Delamere.
32. Pipe from grave near Stony Lake, N. W. T. Major J. M. Delamere.
33. Copper kettle. North-west of Battleford, N. W. T. "
34. Slate  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 4 in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at thickest. Oval hole (long dia. 1 in.) in middle, from side to side. Outline much like the McCallum pipe, and suggestive of a monkey. May have been intended for a large pipe. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.
35. Fragment of stone pipe; head showing a fairly well cut human face  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, above and behind which is a dog's head neatly cut. The latter is only half an inch long, and about the same breadth across the forehead, but the eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils are imitated. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.



36. Pipe-head (snake) somewhat like No. 90 in case S. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

37. Human head from pipe-head. Nottawasaga.

38. Plain clay pipe. Ellice Tp.

39. Small pipe, like modern N. W. type. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

This case contains also 47 flints from various places in Perth Co.

All the articles in cases Z and A2 are placed there only temporarily, until a re-arrangement of specimens in other cases will afford room for them.

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### WALL CASE 1.

#### POTTERY.

1. Small cup, edges broken. Beverly Tp. Dwyer collection.

2. Small cup, almost perfect. Beverly Tp. Dwyer collection.

3. Plain vessel, moulded in grass basket. Humberstone. Cyrenius Bearss.

4. Small spoon-like specimen. Nottawasaga. Lougheed collection.

5 to 42. Very fine specimens of clay vessels, entire or nearly so from mounds in Arkansas. From the collection of C. W. Riggs, Cincinnati.

43. Small and imperfect cup. York Tp. Dr. R. Orr, Maple.

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### WALL CASE 2.

1 to 13. Iron tomahawks from various localities.

14. Copper kettle. Algona Tp., Renfrew Co.

15. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary. Penetanguishene.

16. *Pyrula perversa*. No locality.

17. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary on Cape Hurd.

18. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Humberstone Tp. Mrs. Barney, sr.

19. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

20. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

21. Wooden war club, modern.

22. Wooden war club, made to represent a hand grasping a ball, modern.

23 to 34. Iron tomahawks of various patterns and from various localities.

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### WALL CASE 3.

#### CRANIA.

1 to 55. From ossuary, on the Keffer farm. Vaughan Tp.

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### WALL CASE 4.

#### CRANIA.

- 1 and 2. No record.
- 3. Withrow Avenue, Toronto. E. A. Macdonald.
- 4. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
- 5 and 6. Withrow Avenue, Toronto. E. A. Macdonald.
- 7 to 12. Humberstone Tp.
- 13 to 28. Nottawasaga Tp.
- 19 and 20. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.
- 21. Upper half containing portions of beaver skin and pieces of cedar bark.  
Beverly Tp.
- 22. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.
- 23 to 32. Ridley and Bury farm, Clearville, Orford Tp.
- 33. South Bay, Manitoulin Island. R. Baskerville, Manitowaning.

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### WALL CASE 5.

Contains nearly 400 stone axes and chisels of various dimensions, from two inches to upwards of one foot in length, also 14 iron tomahawks.

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## WALL CASE 6.

Contains about 1,000 arrow and spear heads from different parts of Canada and the United States.

Six iron tomahawks.

A large number of pottery fragments from Miller's farm, York Tp., and a quantity of miscellaneous material.

## MORTARS OR MILLS.

1. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
2. York Tp. S.
3. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.
4. York Tp. contains four cavities.

## MODERN SPECIMENS.

*Blood Indian. N. W. Territory.*

- 1 Leather belt, beaded.
- 1 Pair woman's leggings, beaded.
- 1 " man's leggings, beaded.
- 2 " large breast buttons ; beaded.
- 4 Paint bags, one containing paint, beaded.
- 1 Pair large moccasins, beaded.
- 1 " child's " "
- 1 Tom-tom.
- 1 Large wooden pipe stem, plain.
- 1 " " beaded.
- 1 Kooie stick ; handle beaded.
- 1 Hammer ; long handle, beaded.
- 1 Whip ; handle beaded.
- 1 "Medicine" bag of buffalo hide.
- 1 Hunting knife
- 1 Leather cartridge pouch.
- 1 Scalp, with lock of hair.
- 3 " locks.
- 1 Fire-steel attached to thong.
- 1 Signal hand-glass in richly beaded bag.

These were presented by Rev. John McLean, M.A., Ph. D., Moosejaw, N. W. T.

*Arouay Indian. British Guiana.*

- 1 Man's head-dress.
- 1 Wooden club.
- 1 Blow-gun.

- 1 Bundle of small arrows or darts for use in the blow-gun.
- 1 Bow.
- 1 Bundle of arrows.
- 1 Fan.
- 2 Spears.
- 1 Woman's dress.

These were presented by Mr. M. M. Fenwick, B.A., Head Master, High School, Bowmanville.

## WALL CASE 7.

### ESKIMO.

- 1. Skin of harp-seal.
- 1. Child's coat, fur.
- 3. " trousers, fur.
- 4. Pair of mitts, fur.
- 5. " shoes "
- 6. " boots "
- 7. Man's coat, "
- 8. Woman's coat, "
- 9. Man's coat with hood, fur.
- 10. Bed, fur.

On wall—

- 11. Snow shovel; wood and bone.
- 12. Snow stick.
- 13. Walrus spear.
- 14. Whale line.
- 15-16. 2 seal lines.
- 17. Model of kayak.
- 18. " " frame.

These were presented by Mr. F. F. Payne, of the Meteorological Observatory, Toronto.

- 19. Model of Kayak. Mr. John Notman, Toronto.

### CARIB.

*From Nevis, St. Kitts, Barbados and other West Indian Islands.*

- 1 Stone club head.
- 1 " celt or axe.
- 4 " pestles.
- 1 Shell celt.
- 2 " gouges.

These were presented by Mr. Connell, of Nevis, W. I.



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*u* CHIMMO, COMMANDER W., R. N.—A visit to the North-East coast of Labrador during the autumn of 1867. *Journ. of Roy. Geog. Soc.*, London. Vol XXXVIII. (1868), pp. 258-281.

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*u* DAWKINS, PROF. W. BOYD—The Range of the Eskimo in Space and Time. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. Adv. Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884). London, 1885.

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*u* DAWSON [Sir], JOHN WILLIAM, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.—Acadian Geology. The geological structure, organic remains and mineral resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Third edition. London, 1878. Supplement to second edition of Acadian Geology, containing additional facts as to the geological structure, fossil remains, and mineral resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. London, 1878.

Beds of shell, pp. 17-18; Micmac remains, 18-19.

*cu* ——— On a specimen of Aboriginal Pottery in the museum of the Natural History Society of Montreal. *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist and proceedings of the Natural History Society of Montreal*. Vol. IV (1859), pp. 186-190 (with figure, p. 188). Article is signed "J. W. D."

Describes earthen vessel found on lot 4, 8th range of lots in Clarendon township, in July, 1859, together with stone enclosure.

*cu* ——— Notes on Aboriginal Antiquities recently discovered in the island of Montreal. *Ib.* Vol. V. (1860), pp. 430-449. Article is signed "J. W. D."

Describes (pp. 432-434) skeletons, skulls (with figure, p. 433); remains of articles of food, 434; earthen vessels, 434-5 with 6 figures on p. 435; tobacco pipes, 435 (with figure of clay pipe, p. 436); other earthen objects, 435-436; bone implements, 436-437 (with figure of awl, p. 437); iron implements, 437 (with figure of knife); historical importance of discoveries, 437-49; plan of Hochelaga from Ramusio. 446.

*cu* ——— Note on Relics of the Red Indians of Newfoundland, collected by Mr. Smith McKay and exhibited to the Natural History Society (of Montreal). *Ib.* Vol. V. (1860), pp. 462. Signed "J. W. D."

Describes briefly portion of Walrus tooth, 3 flat pendants of some material, shells, wampum, perforated shells, part of iron knife, hatchet, stone arrowhead, found in a sepulchral cave in the southern part of Newfoundland, with the remains of a body wrapped in birch bark.

*cu* ——— Additional Notes on Aboriginal Antiquities found at Montreal. *Ibid.* Vol. VI. (1861), pp. 362-373. Signed "J. W. D."

Treats of articles found on site of Indian village, near Metcalfe St., Montreal. Human remains, pp. 364-369; beads and wampum, 369 (with 2 figures); bone implements, 369-370 (with 3 figures); pipes, 370-371 (with 2 figures); earthen vessels, 371-372 (with 1 figure); stone implements, 372; metallic articles, 372; articles of food, 373.

*cu* ——— Notes on Indian Beads presented to the Natural History Society by James Robb, Esq., Mining Engineer. *Ibid.* Vol. VI. (1861), p. 471. Signed "J. W. D."

Describes beads of native copper found in an old burying-place on a small island in the St. Lawrence, near Brockville, Ont.

*cu* DAWSON, GEO. M., L.L.D., F.G.S.—Sketch of the Past and Present condition of the Indians of Canada. *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, New Series, Vol. IX. (1881), pp. 129-159.

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*cu*———Note on the occurrence of Jade in British Columbia and its employment by the natives. With quotations and extracts from a paper by Prof. A. B. Meyer, on Nephrite and analogous minerals from Alaska. *Canadian Record of Science*, Vol. II (1887), pp. 364-378. Also Reprint of the same, pp. 1-15.

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*cu*———Notes and Observations on the Kwakwiool People of Vancouver Island. [Reprint from *Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada*, Vol. V (1887), pp. 1-36.] Montreal, 1888, pp. 36, 4vo.

Mode of life, arts, customs of Kwakwiool, pp. 13-17; houses, 13; totem-posts, 13-14; copper-plate, 14; burials, 16-17.

*cu*———Notes and Observations on the Kwakwiool People of Vancouver Island. *Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada*, Vol. V (1887), Sec. II., pp. 1-36.

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Notes on stone implements of the Tahltan Indians, p. 6; weaving, 6; masks, 7; graves of Kutchin Indians, 13; graves of Tagish, 15.

*c* DEANS, JAMES.—The Worship of Priapus among the Indians of British Columbia. *Amer. Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, Vol. IX. (1887), pp. 368-9.

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Describes the inside construction, arrangement, etc., of an ancient Huidah house on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

*c* DUNS, PROF.—On Stone Implements from Nova Scotia and Canada, and on the use of Copper Implements by the aborigines of Nova Scotia. *Proc. of Soc.*



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*c* EELLS, REV. MYRON.—The Thunder Bird. American Anthropologist, Washington, D.C., Vol. II. (1889), pp. 329-326.

Notices (p. 334) masks of Bella-Bella and Makah Indian; war-clubs p. 334.

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*u* GIBB, SIR GEORGE DUNCAN.—Stone Implements and fragments of Pottery from Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Forty-second meeting, 1872, p. 186.

*tu* GORDON, REV. DANIEL M.—Mountains and Prairie. A Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg *via* Peace River Pass. Montreal, 1880, pp. X., 310, 8vo.

Describes (pp. 20-21) fish-rakes for catching oolachan (candle-fish); curious carved bowl or wundah-mortar, up the Skeena River, 65; carved totem-posts, 68; graves, 68-69; lip-ornaments and nose-rings of Achwiligate Indians, 84-85.

*cu* GRANT, W. C. COLQUHOUN, F.R.G.S.—Description of Vancouver Island by its first Colonist. Journ. Roy. Geog. Soc. London, Vol. XXVII. (1857), pp. 268-320.

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*u* HALE, HORATIO.—On the Nature and Origin of Wampum. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884), London, 1885, pp. 910-911.

[Abstract]. General notes.

*u* HALIBURTON, R. G.—Notes on a Tau Cross on the Badge of a medicine man of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-sixth meeting (Birmingham, 1886), London, 1887, p. 845.

[Abstract]. Describes symbol on large sheets of copper to which Indians attach a high value. See Dawson, G. M.

*tu* HATTON, JOSEPH AND HARVEY, REV. M.—Newfoundland, its History, its Present Condition, its Prospects in the Future. Boston, 1888, pp. XVII., 422.

Chapter VII. (pp. 168-187). The Aborigines. Contains remarks on the implements, utensils, weapons, etc., of Beothuks.

*u* HECTOR, JAMES, M.D., AND VAUX, W.N.W., M.A.—Notice of the Indians seen by the exploring expedition under the command of Captain Palliser. Trans. Ethnol. Soc. of London. New Series, Vol. I. (1861), pp. 245-261.

*c* HIND, HENRY YULE, M.A., F.R.G.S.—Narrative of the Canadian Red River exploring expedition of 1857 and of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan exploring expedition of 1858. London, 1860, 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. XX., 494; Vol. II. pp. XVI., 472.

Vol. I. pp. 89-90, describe Indian Mounds near Long Rapids, Rainy River: 'standing stone,' p. 307; remains of ancient encampments in Qu'Appelle Valley, p. 340; Indian buffalo pound, 356-358; description and discussion of wampum, 417-420 (references to Lafitau, Sagard, Champlain and Bressany); Indian fish-weir, 491.

Vol. II. ochre, p. 18; birch bark tents, 63, snowshoes, 85; Sioux dress and moccasins, 105; Sioux knife-sheath, 119; Cree medicine bag, 128; medicine rattle, 132; spirit charm, 134; pp. 137-141 describe pipes, with 16 figures; figures of tobacco pipes of the Swampy-Crees of L. Winnipeg, and of the Ojibways of Rainy Lake, p. 139; figures of Sioux, Chepewyan, Plain Cree, and Blackfoot pipes, p. 140; figures of Babeen pipes, p. 141; Cree fire-bags, 143; Sioux quiver, bow and arrows, 144; Indian graves, 164-165; Huron ossuaries, 165; engraving of Indian burial-places, facing, p. 166; Indian graves are noticed at Vol. I., pp. 90-436, II., 122, 124, 164.

HIRSCHFELDER, C. A.—Gi-ye-wa-no-us-gua-go-wa, Sacrifice of the White Dog. The Indian, Vol. I., pp. 73-74, 86-87, 98-99.

General description of sacrifice of white dog by the Canadian Onondagas. Description of preparation and adorning the dog, p. 86. See Indian, the

———A Ceremonial Ornament. The Indian, Vol. I., No. 5 (March 17, 1886), p. 49.

Describes a stone found on Christian Island, Georgian Bay, semi-circular, with hole through the centre.

*c* ———Anthropological Discoveries in Canada. Read before the Canadian Institute, November 18, 1882. Proc. Canad. Institute, New Series. Vol. I (N. S.), p. 354, [Title].

The paper appeared in "Toronto Mail," December 2, 1882. Deals with the Ossuaries of Simcoe County, Ontario.

*c* ———The Practical and Theoretical Study of Anthropology. Read before the Canadian Institute, March 31, 1883. Proc. Canad. Inst., New Series, Vol. I (N. S.), p. 355, [Title].

The paper appeared in the "Toronto Mail," April 14, 1883.

*u* ———Anthropological Discoveries in Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884), pp. 915-916. [Abstract].

Brief General description of forts, burial-places, ossuaries, archæological relics.

*tu* HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF YORK, ONTARIO. Illustrated. Toronto, C. Blackett Robinson, 1888, 2 vols.

Describes (Vol. I., p. 107) Indian sites at River Rouge, Greenvale and Claremont in Pickering Township; village site on lot 9, concession 8, Waitechurch, opened in 1848, pp. 143-144; on lot 16, concession 6, pp. 149-150; site near Aurora, p. 150.

HUNTER, A. F., B.A.—Ahoendoe; the last refuge of the Hurons. The Indian, Vol. I., p. 217.

Describes flight Hurons (after attack of Iroquois in 1649) to the Island of Ahoendoe (Cristian Island) in Georgian Bay, and the relics found there. Ruins of fort, stone enclosures, pottery, etc.



*cutl*——[Villages and Ossuaries of the Huron country]. Archæological Report. Report of Canadian Institute, Session 1886-7, Toronto, 1888, pp. 57-58.

General description and enumeration of Huron village sites in Simcoe County, 57 ; description of ossuaries and remains found therein, 58.

Mr. Hunter, to whom the compiler of this Bibliography is indebted for various items, has a large amount of valuable information still in MSS.

*c* HUART, L'ABBÉ.—L'Age de Pierre au Saguenay, Le Naturaliste Canadien, Tome XVII. (1886-7). pp. 86-91.

Describes stone relics of Saguenay Valley, Province of Quebec.

"INDIAN, THE." Hagersville [Ontario]. Vol. I. (Nos. 1-24, Dec. 30, 1885, to Dec. 29, 1886), pp. 1-264, 4to.

The Canadian Archæological Museum. Circular of Curator of the Canadian Institute. No. 1 (Dec. 30, 1885). p. 6.

A Ceremonial Ornament, C. A. Hirschfelder. No. 5 (March 17, 1886), p. 49. Describes a specimen found on the north-east end of Christian Island in Georgian Bay, semi-circular in form, with hole through the centre. [A short note on discovery of Indian skeleton at Adolphustown]. *Ib.* p. 50.

Gi-ye-wa-no us-qua-go-wa, Sacrifice of the White Dog. No. 7 (April 14, 1886), pp. 73-74. C. A. Hirschfelder.

[Short note on discovery of bones of an Indian, with Queen Ann musket, kettle, etc., on farm of R. Kennedy, 7th concession, London]. *Ib.* p. 82.

Sacrifice of White Dog (continued). No. 8 (April 28, 1886) pp. 86-87 ; No. 9 (May 12, 1886), p. 98-99. Describes sacrifice as carried on by the Canadian Onondagas.

How the Crees banquetted me. No. 10 (May 26, 1886), pp. 110-111. Description of Cree dog-feast. Pipe (110), kettles (110).

Ahoendoe the last refuge of the Hurons. A. F. Hunter No. 19 (Nov. 24, 1886), p. 217. [The above citations are from a copy of the work kindly lent the compiler by Mr. A. F. Hunter, B.A.]

*tu* JAMESON, MRS.—Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. London, 1838. 3 vols.

Describes (Vol. III., p. 324) Indian graves ; "Island of skulls," an ancient sepulchre of the Hurons, 327.

*tcu* JONES, REV. PETER.—History of the Ojebway Indians, 1861.

Chap. V. (pp. 70- ), mode of life, wigwams, ancient domestic implements, mode of travelling, dress ; mode of burying the dead (98-100) ; weapons of war (131-132) ; amusements (134-135) ; wampum (139-140). The following plates accompany the work : opp. p. 73, plate containing figures of pottery and pipes ; p. 83 and p. 85, idols ; p. 99, Muncey graves ; 131, weapons ; 135, drums, rattles, etc. ; 145, implements of medicine men.

\*———Life and Journals of Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by ! (Rev. Peter Jones), Wesleyan Missionary. Toronto, 1860.

pp. 43-4, description of Pagan Temple at Munceytown ; pp. 233-4, ornaments ; p. 242, deer-fence.

*cu* JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR UPPER CANADA. Edited by the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., Chief Superintendent of schools, assisted by Mr. J. George Hodgins, deputy superintendent. Vol. XVIII. (1865). Toronto, 1865.

Canadian Archæology, pp. 3-4. General remarks on Huron-Iroquois as compared with Hebrews, p. 3 ; relics discovered in Hospital street, Montreal, 4 ; village of Hochelaga, 4 ; notice of relics discovered in Augusta township, near Prescott, mounds, tumuli, etc., 4 ; near Spencerville, in Edwardsburg township, similar to foregoing, pottery, etc.

*cu*———Vol. XIV. (1861), p. 16.

Short note on Indian relics discovered at Montreal.

*u* KALM, PETER.—Travels into North America etc. London, 1771. 3 vols.

Vol. III., pp. 123-127, Notice of pillar with Tatarian characters inscribed on it, 900 miles west of Montreal ; pp. 179-180, note on wampum ; 230-231, tobacco pipes ; 273-274, wampum.

*eu* KANE, PAUL.—Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, etc. London, 1859. XVIII, 468.

Describes, with wood-cut, dark stone pipe, p. 14 ; Chinook and Cowlits head-flattening, 180-181 ; Chinook utensils, 185 ; Chinook hut-building, 186 ; burial place, 202-204 ; fish-hooks, 43 ; fishing implements, 213-214 ; masks, 217 ; wiqua shells, 238 ; Babine lip and nose ornaments, 241-242 ; game of al-kol-lock (bone and ring game), 310-311.

*c* KOHL, J. G.—Kitchi Gami. Wanderings round Lake Superior (Trans. Lascelles Wrixall). London, 1860. XII., 428.

Describes Chippeway house, cradle and ornamentation, pp. 5-10 ; construction of canoes, 29-34 ; medicine lodge, 41-42 ; sacrificial stone, 42 ; figures used in game of *pagessan*, 82 ; game-sticks, 90 ; wampum, 136 ; birch-bark records, 145-165 ; figures of birch-bark drawings, pp. 146, 150, 153, 154, 157, 158, 159, 215, 287, 292, 387, 398, 400, 403 ; pipes, 282-283 ; figure of tomahawk, 296 ; decoy-fish, 330 ; spears, 330 ; snow-shoes, 333-337 ; Indian grave at Rivère au Désert, 373 ; dress of chiefs, 381.

*u* KRAUSE, DR. AUREL.—Die Tlinkit Indianer. Ergebnisse einer Reise nach der Nordwestküste von Amerika und der Beringsstrasse. Jena, 1885, XVI., 420.

S. 302-316, deal with the Haidahs ; 307-308, houses ; 309-310, games.

KUMLEIN, LUDWIG.—Fragmentary notes on the Eskimo of Cumberland Sound. Science, Vol. I., pp. 85-88, 100-101, 214-218.

———Contributions to the natural history of Arctic America, made in connection with the Howgate Arctic expedition, 1877-78. Washington, 1879, pp. 1-179. Forms Bulletin 15 of the National Museum.

Pp. 11-46 take up ethnology ; p. 45, description of charms and ornaments of Eskimo.

*u* LA HONTAN, MR. LE BARON DE.—Nouveaux Voyages dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, etc. A la Haye, 1705. 2 vols.

Vol. I. Facing p. 35, full page illustration of Iroquois bark canoe and paddle, description of same, p. 35 ; pp. 47-48, calumet de paix ; p. 48, collier, belts of wampum ; facing p. 73, figure of snow-shoes (raquettes), description 73-74.

Vol. II. Title is Mémoires de l'Amérique Septentrionale ou la suite des Voyages de Mr. le Baron de Lahontan. pp. 151-152, burial ; facing p. 175, figures of bow, arrow and tomahawks ; facing p. 189, totems of Hurons, Ouataouas, Nadouissis (Scioux) Illinois ; armours, 189-91 ; facing p. 190 totem of Outchipoues (Sauteurs), Outagamis, Oumamis, Pouteouatamis ; opp. p. 191, full page of "Hieroglyphes," with explanations on pp. 191-194.

*eu* LANE, CAMPBELL.—Sun Dance of Cree Indians. Canadian Record of Science, Vol. II. (1886), pp. 22-26.

LANG, J. D., D.D.—Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation. First edition, 1834.

Brief reference to earthwork near Lake Simcoe in foot-note to p. 109. Note not in second edition. [Note of Mr. A. F. Hunter.]

*u* L'HEUREUX, JEAN, M.A.—Notes on the astronomical customs and religious ideas of the Choketapis or Blackfeet Indians. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. for Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884).

P. 921 [Abstract].

Notices talismans, tau-cross, and stone circle.



*u* ———Notes on the Kekip Sesoators or ancient sacrificial stone of the N. W. territory of Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. for Adv. of Science (fifty-fourth meeting, Montreal, 1884). London, 1885.

Pp. 921-922 [Abstract.]

Describes boulder of quartz on S. E. side of Red River, said to be used as sacrificial stone by Blackfeet Indians.

*cu* MARKHAM, CLEMENTS R., F.R.G.S.—On the origin and migrations of the Greenland Esquimaux. Journ. Roy. Geogr. Soc., London, Vol. XXXV (1866), pp. 87-99.

Description, p. 93, of yourts of stone on Melville and Banks Island; p. 94, general notice of Eskimo remains on Melville, Bathurst and Cornwall Islands; p. 95, remains on Wellington Channel, Griffith Island, Prince of Wales Island, N. Somerset, N. Devon, etc.

*ut* MASON, O. T.—Resemblances in Arts widely Separated. Amer. Naturalist. Vol. XXI (1886), p. 251.

List and description of different varieties of throwing-sticks in use amongst the Eskimo; amongst other, at Ungava Bay, Baffin Bay, Anderson River, etc.

*tcu*———Indian Cradles and Head-Flattening. Science, Vol. IX (1887), pp. 617-620.

Describes (p. 617) cradle of Bella Bella Indians of British Columbia, and of Chinook Indians. On pp. 619, 620, are plates containing amongst others figures of Bella Bella and Chinook cradles.

*c* ———The Beginnings of the Carrying Industry. American Anthropologist, Vol. II. (Washington, 1889), pp. 21-46.

Contains (p. 29) figure of hand-basket of Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia. See also Smithsonian Annual Report, 1884 (II., fig. 96).

*u* MAYNE, COMMANDER R. C., R.N., F.R.G.S.—Four Years in British Columbia. London, 1862, pp. XI., 468.

Chapter XI. (pp. 242-304), Aborigines of British Columbia. Pp. 253-254, clam-cooking; 254-5, fish-grease making; 258, carving and painting; 271-2, sepulture (with plate); 281-283, facial and other ornaments; 283-284, clothing, canoes, etc.

\* MCLEAN, JOHN. M.A., Ph.D.—The Indians; Their Manners and Customs. Toronto, 1889. Pp. X., 350.

Gives interesting accounts of wampum. pp. 16-20; Indian burial customs, 29-36; the peace-pipe, 54-57; Indian charms, 70-73; picture-writing, 90-94; iron-stone idol, 201-203.

*cu*. MERCER, MAJOR,—Catalogue of a few remarkable coincidences which induce a belief of the Asiatic origin of the North American Indians. Trans. Lit. and Hist. Soc. of Quebec. Vol. II. (1829), pp. 240-

General enumeration of resemblances in customs, arts, dwellings, implements, weapons.

MEYER, A. B.—Ueber Nephrit und ähnliches Material aus Alaska. Jahresbericht (XXI) des Vereins für Erdkunde zu Dresden, 1884. See Dawson, G. M.

*c* MILLER, PETER, F.S.A. Scot.—Notice of Three Micmac Flint Arrow-heads from Merigomish Harbour on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, now presented to the museum. Proc. Soc. of Antiq. of Scotland, Vol. IX., N. S. 1886-7 (Edinburgh, 1887), pp. 212-214.

Describes arrow-heads from Merigomish Harbour, Pictou county, N. S. Description (p. 212) of camping ground; p. 213-4, quotation from Paterson's (*q v.*) History of Pictou County, describing skull, stone axes, arrow-heads, etc., plowed up by Mr. Donald McGregor of Big Island, and description of ancient burial site.

cut "NATURE." London. Vol. XXXIX (1889), p. 545.

Brief note on paper of Dr. F. Boas on "The Houses of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia" (U. S. National Museum).

l MONTGOMERY, PROF. HENRY, Ph. D.—Indian Remains in Simcoe and Muskoka. Toronto *Globe*, August 3rd, 1888. [Title and description from H. F. Hunter, B.A.]

Treats of Huron ossuaries, burial pits, village sites, pottery, etc., in Medonte, Simcoe county, and supposed inscribed rock in Muskoka.

NOTICE SUR LES MOEURS ET COUTUMES des Indiens Esquimaux de la baie de Baffins, au pôle Arctique, suivie d'un vocabulaire Esquimaux-français. Tours, Mame. 1826. [Title from Pilling's Bibliography of the Eskimo Language.]

NOUVELLE BRETAGNE. Vicariat Apostolique d'Athabasca et Mackenzie. Annales de la Propag. de la Foi., Vol. XLIII. Paris, 1871. 8vo. Pp. 457-78. [Title from Pilling.]

ct PACKARD, A. S.—Notes on the Labrador Eskimo and their former range southward. Amer. Naturalist, Vol. XIX. (1885), pp. 471-481.

t PATERSON, REV. GEO., D.D.—The History of Pictou County, Nova Scotia. 1877.

Contains a sketch of the Archæology of Pictou county. See Miller, Peter.

———Nova Scotia Archæology. The Stone Age. The Paterson Collection. Dalhousie Gazette (Dalhousie College), Vol. XXI., No. 7. Halifax, Feb. 21, 1889.

Description of the Paterson collection of stone, implements, etc., in the museum of Dalhousie college.

PETITOT, ÉMILE.—Sur quelques armes de pierre rapportées d'Amérique, avec atlas par l'auteur. Dans les *Matériaux*, d'Émile Cartailhac. Toulouse, 1875. [Title from Petitot's "Quinze Ans sous le Cercle Polaire."]

u ———Vocabulaire français-esquimaux, dialecte de Tchiglit des bouches du Mackenzie et de L'Anderson, précédé d'une monographie de cette tribu et de notes grammaticales. Paris, 1876. I-LXIV, 1-78, 4to.

The "Monographie" (IX.-XXXVI) contains some items of archæological interest.

\* ———Quinze Ans sous le Cercle Polaire. Mackenzie, Anderson, Youkon. Paris, 1889. Pp. IV-XVI, 1-322.

Notices burial of Déné, 133; Dindjié yourts, 181; Déné hut, 217; opp. p. 190 is a full page illustration of a Dindjié camp, and opp. p. 202 a full page illustration of a group of Déné on a winter voyage; opp. p. 217 is a full page illustration of the interior of a Déné hut with its occupants.

cu ———On the Athapasca district of the Canadian N. W. T. Canad. Record of Science, Vol. I. (1884-5). [Article reprinted from Proc. Roy. Geog. Soc. Lond., Nov. 1885.]

Pp. 46-53 taken up with a general description of the Indian tribes of that region.

\* ———En Route pour la Mer Glaciale. Paris. Pp. 394.

\* ———Les Grands Esquimaux. Paris, 1887. Pp. VI., 307.

Describes Eskimo sledges, p. 11; Eskimo pipes, 13; Eskimo huts, 49-52; Eskimo dances, 153-157; tents, 170; nets, 206. It contains a map of the region in question, besides seven plates, the chief of which are: Portrait of the chief of the Liverpool Bay Eskimo (facing p. 78); Eskimo village at mouth of Anderson River, 138; interior of an igloo, 192; Eskimo dance, 248; Eskimo camp, 299.



*cu* PHILLIPS, HENRY, Jr.—On a supposed Runic Inscription at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. *Proc. Amer. Philos. Soc. Philadelphia*. Vol. XXI, (1883-4), pp. 491-2, with plate on p. 490.

*c* QUESNEL, LEO.—Les Esquimaux, d'après M. Petitot. *Revue Scientifique*. Tome XLII., 3 e Série, 8e Année (1888), pp. 670-674.

Describes (p. 671) construction of an igloo. See Petitot Émile.

*cu* RAE, DR. JNO.—Eskimo Skulls. *Journ. Anthropol. Instit. of Gt. Brit. and Ireland*, Vol. VII. (1877-8).

———Eskimo Migrations. *Journ. of Anthropol. Instit. of Gt. Brit. and Ireland*, Vol. VII. (1877-8).

*c* REVUE CANADIENNE. Québec. February, 1875, pp. 108-109.

Describes Indian dress, feasts burial, etc.

*cu* ROSS, BERNARD R.—An Account of the Botanical and Mineral Products useful to the Chepewyan tribe of Indians inhabiting the McKenzie River District. *Canad. Naturalist and Geologist and Proc. of the Nat. Soc. of Montreal*. Vol. VII. (1862), pp. 133-137.

*u* SAGARD [THEODAT], F. GABRIEL.—Le grand Voyage au Pays des Hurons situé en l'Amérique vers la mer douce, es dernières confins de la Nouvelle France dite Canada, avec un dictionnaire de la langue Huronne, etc. A Paris, 1632. Nouvelle Edition. Publiée par M. Émile Chevalier. Paris, Librairie Tross, 1865. Deux Tomes, pp. 1-268 (orig. paging, 1-380.)

Describes Canots (canoes), p. 89 (129); vessels of bark, 91 (132); cradles, 118 (170); chapelets, 135-136 (194-5); burials, 199 (285). 200 (287); birch-bark drawing, 245 (348), 246 (349); De la grande feste des Morts, 203-206 (291-295).

*cu* SCHULTZ, DR. M.P.—The Mound Builders of the West. *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, etc. Vol. IX. (1881), pp. 60-62.

Describes mounds and contents (skeletons, shells, ornaments), in Lisgar County, Manitoba.

*tu* SCHWATKA, FREDERICK.—Along Alaska's Great River. New York, 1885. Pp. 360.

Describes pp. 216-220, Ayan grave, near old Fort Selkirk, with full page illustration on p. 217; Ayan or Iyan paddle, p. 220; Ayan and Chilkat gambling tools, with figure, 227; dress and ornaments, 228; house and household implements, 230; Ayan moose-arrow, 230-232, with arrow figure on p. 231; knives, 232; winter-tent, 232-3; carved pins for fastening marmot snares, 152; ruins of old Fort Selkirk 205.

*tu* SKIDMORE, E. RUHAMAH.—Alaska, its southern coast and the Sitkan Archipelago. Boston, 1885, pp. 333.

Pages 36-45 treat of the Haidahs. Houses and canoes of the Kasa-an (Haidah) Indians, 36-37; figures of three carved spoons and Shaman's rattle, 38; Haidah carvings and ornaments, 38-30; Shaman's totems, 41-42; figure of Kasa-an pipe, 468; totem-poles, 272-273; chief's residence at Kajan, figure, 274; Haidah canoes, 275; halibut-hook, 276; carving, 275-7.

*ctu* "SCIENCE," New York. Vol. IV. (1884), pp. 316-320.

Brief abstracts of papers read at Montreal meeting of the British Assoc. for Adv. of Science. Range of Eskimo in space and time—Dawkins—316-317.

Huron Iroquois as typical race of Amer. Aborigines—Wilson—318.

Anthropological Discoveries in Canada—Hirschfelder—318.

Origin of Wampum—Hale—320.

*tuc*———Vol. VII. (1886), p. 186.

Brief note on exploration of mounds in Manitoba.

"It appears from surveys made during the past summer that the northern limits of the Mound-Builders lie beyond the Red River of the north."

*ctu*——Vol. IX. (1887), pp. 606-7. Ethnological notes. The Serpent among the North-west American Indians.

Contains (p. 606) figure of dancing implement representing the Sisiutl. See American Antiquarian.

SCHOOLCRAFT, H. R.—Onéota.

Notices (p. 326), earthworks near Dundas, Ontario.

SCHOOLCRAFT, H. R.—The Indian in his Wigwam or Characteristics of the Red Race of America. New York, W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, 1847.

Pp. 324-327 contain a letter, dated from Dundas, Canada West, Oct. 26, 1843, giving an account of a visit to an ossuary in Beverley township. [Title and description from the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, of Baldwinsville, N. Y.]

*c* SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, THE. Vol. V. (1889), pp. 191-198. The Eskimo Tribes.

A review of "The Eskimo of Tribes; their Distribution and characteristics especially in regard to language," by Dr. H. Rink (Vol. XI. of the Meddelelse on Groenland, Copenhagen, (1887). Treats of implements, pp. (192-193), dwellings, 193-194; dress and ornaments, 194; domestic industries and arts, 194-5; religion and folk-lore, 195; social organisation, 195-7; distribution and division, 197-198.

*u* SCOUER, JNO., M.D., F.L.S.—On the Indian Tribes inhabiting the N. W. coast of America. Ethnol. Journ. Journ. of the Ethnol. Soc. of London. Vol. I. (1848), pp. 228-252.

*u* SOUTHESK, THE EARL OF, K.T., F.R.G.S.—Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains, A Diary and Narrative of Travel, Sport and Adventure during a journey through the Hudson's Bay Territory in 1859 and '60, Edinburgh, 1875. XXX., 448.

Describes (p. 59) Cree calumet pattern on Skin Robe; p. 258, Assiniboine Pipe and stem, with figure; p. 261, Assiniboine knife-sheath and fire-bag.

*u* SPROAT, GILBERT, MALCOLM, ESQ.—The West coast Indians of Vancouver Island. Trans. of Ethnol. Soc., London. New Series, Vol. V. (1866), pp. 243-254.

Describes houses (pp. 247-249), arts (249), instruments (250).

*u* SQUIER, E.G., M.A.—Antiquities of the State of New York, being the results of extensive original surveys and explorations, with a supplement on the Antiquities of the West, Buffalo, 1851.

Notices (pp. 15-16), remains found on Canadian side opposite Morrisville by Dr. Reynolds (*q. v.*); p. 16, figure of terra-cotta mask found there. Pages 100-107 treat of ossuaries, etc., in Simcoe County, Ontario, after Bawtree (*q. v.*). P. 100, human bones, etc., discovered near Barrie in 1846, ossuary near St. Tincents; 100-103, ossuary near Penetanguishene in Township of Giny (read *Tiny*) examined in 1847, from which skulls, 26 kettles of copper and brass, 3 large conch-shells, piece of beaver skin, large iron axe, human hair, copper bracelet, beads, etc., were taken, description of pit, p. 101, kettles 100-102 (figure on page 102), conch-shells 102 (figure on 102), axe, with figure, 102, pipe 102-103, beads 103. Pages 103-104 describe another pit (2 miles from above), and contents; 104-105, a pit discovered in Oro township in November, 1847, in which several hundred skeletons, 26 kettles, one conch-shell, one iron axe, a number of flat perforated shell-beads and a pipe were found. Pages 105-6 describe a pit in the Township of Giny (Tiny), from which a large number of skeletons, 16 conch shells, a stone and a clay pipe, copper bracelets, and ear-ornaments, red-pipestone beads, and copper arrowheads were taken. Pages 106-108 deal with a fifth pit in the centre of the Town of Tiny, with figure and plan opposite page 107. P. 108 notices a burial place on Isle Ronde, near the extremity of L. Huron, and one near Hamilton, Ont. Pages 108-110 contain quotation from Charlevoix (II., 194), on the *Fête des Morts* among the Hurons and Iroquois. On p. 142, and p. 267, are brief references to earthworks in Canada.



*l* STONE, WM. L.—Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson during the Oriskany Campaign, 1776-1777. Albany, 1882.

A note on page 68 describes a large Indian burial-ground on the shore of Button Bay, Wolfe Island, discovered in 1878, by reason of the washing away of the shore. Find of large spears, arrowheads and skulls (encased in mica). Also a mound covering skeletons.

THOMAS, MISS NORA.—Burial Ceremonies of the Hurons. Translated from the Relations des Jésuites, 1636, pp. 128-139. Supplemental Note to "Burial Mounds of the Northern Section of the United States," by Prof. Cyrus Thomas in Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1883-1884 (Washington, 1887), pp. 3-139.

Describes the burial customs of the old Hurons of the Province of Ontario as recorded by Brebeœuf and others in the Jesuit Relations.

*c* THOMPSON, GILBERT.—Indian Time Indicators. American Anthropologist, Washington. Vol. II. (1889), pp. 118.

Describes from Hind (Vol. I. p. 150), rude form of sun-dial employed by the Nascapsee Indians.

TORONTO "MAIL." Vol. XVIII., No. 7,913. (February 27, 1889), p. 4, col. 6. Description [from the St. John (N.B.) Educational Review] of Pictographs on the Fairy rocks, between Annapolis and Queen's County.

—September 20, 1889. P. 8, col. 2.

Notice of ossuary and contents, near Thornhill, Ontario.

*cut* TURNER, LUCIEN M.—On the Indians and Eskimos of the Ungava District, Labrador. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada, Vol. V. (1887), Sec. II., pp. 99-119.

Describes Nascopie funeral customs, 113; dressing deer-skins, 110-111; wigwam, 111; method of burial of *Itivimut* (Ungava) Eskimos, Tahaagnagut, 103; dress of Tahagmyut, 102; ivory gambling-blocks, 102.

*c* ————Scraper of the Naskopie (Naynaynots) Indians. American Anthropologist, Washington. Vol. I. (1888), pp. 186-188.

Describes a bone-scraper of the Nascopies and method of making and manner of using it.

*cu* TYLOR, E. B., D.C.L., F.R.S.—Old Scandinavian Civilization among the Modern Esquimaux. Journ. Anthropol. Inst. of Gt. Brit. and Irel. Vol. XIII. (1884), pp. 348-356.

*u* TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER.—The Northern Coasts of America and the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories, with a continuation by R. M. Ballantyne. London, 1854.

Describes ornaments and implements of the Dog-Ribs, 148; house of the Diguthee-Dinees or Quarrellers, 152-153; carved and painted posts, 180; canoes, 180; Eskimo nose-ornaments, etc., 234-255; dress, 235; Eskimo House of Assembly on Atkinson Island, 244-245; Kayaks and oomiaks, 369-370.

*u* VIRCHOW, HERR.—Die anthropologische Untersuchung der Bella-Coola. Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, 18. Bd. (1886), S. 206-215.

Treats of dance-masks, 208; houses and totem-poles, 208; wood-carving, 208; tattooing and scarring, 210-211; physical characteristics, 212-215, and table of measurements of body and skull of Bella-Coola.

*l* WELD, ISAAC, JR.—Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada during the years 1795, 1796 and 1797. Fourth edition. Illustrated and embellished with 16 plates. London, 1807, 2 vols., I-VIII, 1-376.

Describes Indian dress and ornaments, 231-238; brooches, 236; bracelets, ring, ear-rings, etc., 236, nose-pendants, 237; silver and shell breast-plates, 237; utensils, 241-243; weapons, 243-244; wampum, 249-252; quill-work, 259-260.

*c* WEST, JOHN, A.M.—The Substance of a Journal during a residence at the Red River Colony, British North America and frequent excursions among the North-west American Indians, in the years 1821, 1822; 1823. Second Edition enlarged with a journal of a mission to the Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the Mohawks on the Ouse or Grand River, Upper Canada, 1825-1826. London, 1827, I-XVI, 1-326.

Describes Eskimo toys, images, etc., 7; Indian (Saulteaux?) burial, 33; burial of Stone (?) Indians, 55.

*tu* WHYMPER, FREDERICK.—Travel and Adventure in Alaska. New York, 1869. I-XIX., 353.

Describes (p. 74) masks used by the Aht Indians of Vancouver Islands with figure of the mask on page 77.

*u* WILSON, CAPTAIN.—Report on the Indian Tribes inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the 49th parallel of N. Latitude. Ethnol. Journ. Journ. of the Ethnol. Soc. of London. Vol. IV. (1865), pp. 275-332.

Describes, Kootenay head flattening; burials; dwellings; canoes; Selish houses; dress; native manufactures.

*tuc* WILSON, SIR DANIEL, L.L.D., F.R.S. E.—The Huron Race and its Head-Form. Canad. Journal, Second Series, Vol. VIII. (1871-3), pp. 113-134.

Plates opposite pp. 113, 126, 128; table of measurements, p. 131.

*tu* ———Prehistoric Man. Researches into the origin of Civilization in the Old and New World. Cambridge and London, 1862, 2 vols. New Editions, 1876, 2 vols.

Passim, and at I., 105, archæological discoveries at Toronto.

*u* ———Supposed prevalence of one Cranial Type throughout the American aborigines. Edinburgh New Philos. Journ., VII. (1858), 1-32.

*u* ———Some ethnological phases of Conchology. *Ib.* IX. (1859), 65-82; 191-210.

*u* ———On some modifying elements affecting the ethnic signification of peculiar forms of the human skull. *Ib.* XIV. (1861), 269-281.

*cu* ———On some modifying elements affecting the ethnic significance of peculiar forms of the human skull. Canadian Journal, Second Series, Vol. XV. (1861).

*cut* ———Pre-Aryan American Man. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. I. (1882-3), Section II., pp. 35-70.

Brief references to Eskimo and Haidah dwellings, 38; Haidah carving and ornaments, 40; companion of art of Eskimo and man of Vezère, 48-50.



*tcu*——Inaugural Address. Read May 22, 1882. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. I. (1882-3), Sec. II., pp. 1-12.

Brief comparison (p. 14) of art of Eskimo and Haidahs.

*utc*——The Huron-Iroquois of Canada. A Typical Race of the American Aborigines. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. II. (1884), Sec. II., pp. 55-100.


*tu* WINSOR, JUSTIN.—The Progress of opinion respecting the origin and antiquity of man in America. Narrative and Critical History of America. Edited by Justin Winsor. Vol. I. (1889), pp. 369-412.

Contains valuable bibliographical items. Also, p. 377 and 389, figure of Hochelaga skull from Dawson "Fossil Men."

---

## REMARKS.

The present contribution contains some 160 titles (the first contribution contained 74) and the compiler hopes, with about three more, to make the Bibliography fairly complete. The Relation, of the Jesuits, works like those of Charlevoix, Lafitau, etc., will be cited in the next section, as will also the mass of books of travel relating to the Arctic coast of British America (some of which will be found in the present section), together with local histories and fugitive articles in newspapers and periodicals.

 *C, l, t, u*, before a title mean that the work from which the title and description have been taken, is to be found in the Library of the Canadian Institute (*c*), the Library of the Ontario Legislature (*l*), the Toronto Public Library (*t*), or the Library of the University of Toronto (*u*). A work marked by an asterisk (\*) is cited from a copy in the possession of the compiler.

## CORRIGENDA.

Corrigenda in No. I. (Report, 1887-188). P. 6, l. 27, read Sœur Ste Héléne. P. 6, line 8, read 2 vols. ; p. 3, l. 41, read Aborigènes.

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ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
CANADIAN INSTITUTE,  
SESSION, 1888-9.  
BEING PART OF APPENDIX  
TO THE  
REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION, ONTARIO,  
1889.

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PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

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TORONTO:  
PRINTED BY WARWICK & SONS, 68 AND 70 FRONT ST. WEST,  
1889.





# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE—SESSION 1888-89 .....	v.
Appendix I. Membership .....	viii.
“ II. Treasurer's Statement .....	viii.
“ III. Classification of Papers .....	xi.
“ IV. Librarians Report .....	xi.
REPORTS OF SECTIONS—	
Biological Section .....	xii.
Philological Section .....	xiv.
Geological and Mining Section .....	xiv.
Architectural Section .....	xvi.
Sociological Committee .....	xvi.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT by David Boyle .....	
Names of Contributors .....	1
Dr. F. Parkman's Letter .....	2
American Visitors' Opinions .....	3
The Land of Souls .....	4
Township of Nottawasaga (Tobacco Nation) .....	4
Population .....	5
Ossuaries .....	5
Burial Customs .....	6
Situation of Village Sites and Ossuaries .....	9
Anderson Earthwork .....	11
Fort-building .....	12
Aboriginal Clearings .....	13
Agriculture among the Tionnontates .....	13
Food of the Aborigines .....	13
Birch-bark Canoes .....	14
Clay and Stone Pipes .....	14
Extinction of the Hurons .....	14
Village Site at Clearville, Orford Township .....	15
Clearville “Fort” .....	15
Plan of “Fort” .....	16
Result of Examination at Clearville .....	17
Triple occuple occupation of the ground .....	17
Township of Humberstone .....	18
Find made by “Solid Comfort Club” .....	18
Specimens from Township .....	



ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT—*Continued.*

	PAGE.
Township of York .....	19
Village Site .....	19
Pottery.....	19
Township of Vaughan.....	20
Ossuary and Large Find of Skulls .....	20
NOTES.....	21
Pottery.....	21
Mindemoya Vase.....	22
Clay Pipes.....	23
Stone Pipes.....	28
Bone and Horn.....	31
Flint .....	35
Stone Tubes .....	35
Miscellaneous Stone Relics.....	36
Mills or Mortars.....	38
Copper .....	39
Crania.....	41
Modern Indian Dress, etc.....	42
FRENCH RELICS FROM VILLAGE SITES OF THE HURONS, BY A. F. HUNTER, B.A.....	42
Table Showing Geographical Distribution of French Relics in the Counties of Simcoe, York and Ontario.....	44
CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS IN THE PROVINCIAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM.....	47
Case A., European Manufacture.....	48
“ B., Broken and Unfinished Articles .....	50
“ C., Rough Flints.....	53
“ D., Typical Flints.....	53
“ E., Miscellaneous Flints.....	54
“ F., Flaked Tools and Weapons .....	54
“ G., Bone and Horn .....	56
“ H., “ “ .....	60
“ J., Shell .....	62
“ K., Gouges.....	64
“ L., Stone Pipes.....	66
“ M., Slate Objects .....	68
Bird Amulets .....	68
Winged and Horned Specimens .....	71
Tubes .....	73
Bar Amulets .....	74
“ N., Gorgets—two or more holes .....	74
“ O., “ —one hole.....	76
“ P., Copper and Hematite .....	78
“ Q., Of Unknown Use .....	80
“ R., Clay Pipes.....	83
“ S., Clay Pipes .....	85
“ T., Discs .....	87
Rubbing Stones and Pestles .....	89

CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS, ETC—*Continued.*

PAGE.

Case U., Grooved Axes and Hammers.....	89
“ V., Pottery .....	91
“ W., Clearville Specimens .....	92
“ X., Drills .....	92
“ Y., Slate Weapons .....	94
“ Z., Miscellaneous .....	95
“ A2., Miscellaneous .....	97
Wall Case 1, Pottery.....	98
“ 2, Iron Tomahawks, etc .....	98
“ 3, Crania.....	99
“ 4, Crania.....	99
“ 5, Celts.....	99
“ 6, Arrow and Spear Heads .....	100
Mortars or Mills.....	100
Modern Specimens .....	100
Blood Indian, N. W. Terr.....	100
Arouay Indian, British Guiana.....	100
“ 7, Eskimo.....	101
Carib (West Indian) .....	101

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF THE DOMINION  
OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—SECOND PAPER by A. F. Chamberlan M. A. .... 102





## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE. SESSION 1888-89.

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The Council of the Canadian Institute has the honor to lay before its members its Fortieth Annual Report.

The Council has much pleasure and gratification in recording an increased interest in the work, and an extension in the influence and prestige of the Institute.

The movement for a universal system of time-reckoning, initiated by Mr. Sandford Fleming, has spread far and wide. A deputation waited on His Excellency Lord Lansdowne in May of last year with regard to this subject, who was kind enough to bring the pamphlet on "Time-Reckoning" before the notice of the Secretary of State, through whom it was sent to all the colonial and foreign governments.

Cosmic or twenty-four hour time is being largely adopted on this continent. Inquiries have lately been received from the government of Hong Kong on this subject. The very enterprising kingdom of Japan has adopted the system as the basis of its time reckoning.

A clock marking cosmic time, the present of an American firm, has been in the reading room of the Institute for over twelve months.

The government of our Province paid the institute the compliment of placing one of its members, Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, on the Royal Commission to enquire into the Mineral and Mining Resources of the Province. The report is of great value and will largely extend the development of our mineral resources.

The interest in the work of the Institute has not flagged during the past year; there have been 24 ordinary meetings at which 31 papers were read, and 36 meetings of sections at which 39 papers were read, or a total of 70 papers for the session.

The range and character of these communications have been fully equal to the standard of former years; they have been well and fully discussed. The average attendance of the meetings is in advance of last year. The attendance of members in the reading room has also increased.

The Council desires to record its high appreciation of the generosity of the Government in again placing the sum of \$1,000 at the disposal of the Institute for the extension of archaeological research. Through the indefatigable exertions of the curator many valuable additions have been made to the museum from the Province and from the United States. The admirable arrangement of the speci-



mens in the various cases, has greatly assisted the study of this important branch of our national history. It is gratifying to report that the museum has been visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, from many of whom valuable donations have been received.

The appointment of Mr. David Boyle, as representative of the Provincial Government at the Cincinnati Exhibition last year, has been productive of much good to the interests he represented there, and has been the means of many valuable gifts being presented to our museum. His archæological report for 1888 has already appeared as an appendix to the report of the Minister of Education for last year.

The thanks of the Institute are due to Mr. Sandford Fleming for his exertions in procuring an interesting and valuable present from the Grand Trunk Railway Company of a portion of the first sod of the Northern Railway, cut on the 15th October, 1851, by Her Excellency the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, and the bottle used on 14th January, 1853, to christen Collingwood harbor, and an extract from the *Globe* of the 26th January, 1863, giving an account of these relics and other interesting matters.

The members of the Photographic Section, desiring to extend their work in a more practical manner, resolved to form a Photographic Society having wider scope than they believed would be offered by a union with the Institute; they have in consequence withdrawn from the Institute. The Council regrets this action.

The Biological and Natural History Section continues to make its influence felt, and deserves the thanks, not only of the Institute but of the citizens at large, for its recent successful remonstrances against the destruction of the purely natural beauties of High Park.

The list of donations and exchanges has increased. The library has received many valuable additions; this department is carefully attended to by our energetic librarian; over 300 volumes were bound this year; extra accommodation in the library is an urgent necessity.

The treasurer's statement shows a satisfactory balance at the credit of the Institute, and the increased interest taken in the Institute by the comparatively small number of members in arrears.

The membership has been increased by 22 elections during the past session. The Council after much careful thought determined to make a thorough examination of the list of members and enforce the rules against members in arrears who refused to make any settlement. The list now submitted is more complete than any hitherto presented to the Institute, and represents truly the actual membership. The Council would urge on the Institute the importance of adhering to the step now taken, and enforcing the rules against members in arrears, as it is only by this means that membership in the Institute will become of value.

The Council endorses the remarks of the auditors that a proper valuation of the assets of the institute should be made.

---

During the past year the Institute has lost by death two distinguished life members, the Rev. Walter Stennett, of Cobourg, and Prof. G. Paxton Young. Apart from his special attainments in the department of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Prof. Young was a mathematician of a very high order; some of his later papers read before and published in the Proceedings of the Institute, place him in the foremost rank of mathematicians.

In recognition of his valuable services at the inception and in the early days of the Institute, as well as his honorable professional career, Mr. Kivas Tully, C.E., (who was our first Secretary) has been elected an honorary member.

Your Council is much gratified to announce that the invitation of the Institute to the American Association for the Advancement of Science to hold its next meeting in this city has been accepted, and there are bright prospects of a very successful meeting.

Following up the memorial of January, 1888, meetings have been held with the Honorable Commissioner of Crown Lands with reference to setting aside a tract of land for the preservation of the forests and wild animals in this Province. At his suggestion a memorial with a sketch map showing an area which could be made available for such purposes is being prepared.

The reports of the various Sections are appended. They all show satisfactory progress in their several branches.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHARLES CARPMAEL,  
*President.*

---



## APPENDIX I.

### MEMBERSHIP.

Number of Members on 1st April, 1888,—309.

Honorary Members .....	7	
Life Members .....	10	
	—	17

Ordinary Members :

1. Who have paid their subscriptions to 31st December, 1889, including new members .....	141	
2. Who have paid their subscriptions to 31st December, 1888.....	65	
3       "                                       "                       31st December, 1887.....	14	
4. Who are two years and more in arrears .....	3	
	—	223
		240
5. Losses through death and withdrawals .....	36	
6. Names struck off the roll for non-payment of arrears .....	23	
7. Names placed on suspense list for non-payment of arrears ....	10	
	—	69
		309
8. Members elected during the present session who have paid their annual subscription .....	15	
9. Members elected during the present session who have not yet paid .....	7	
	—	22
Associates .....	32	

## APPENDIX II.

TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH INSTITUTE FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH  
31st, 1889.

To Summary :—

" Amount received, from building fund .....	\$ 110 11
"       "       "       in Imperial Bank .....	163 56
" Cash on hand .....	9 20
" Annual subscriptions .....	809 75
" Rents .....	233 50

## To Summary :—

" Government Grant .....	\$1,000 00
" Journals sold .....	15 65
" Periodicals sold ...	9 49
" Biological Section .....	50 00
" Woodcuts .....	4 75
" For Conversazione of 1886 .....	2 00
" Interest .....	60
	<u>\$2,408 61</u>

## By Summary:

" Salaries .....	\$ 370 50
" Printing Journal .....	688 67
" " Miscellaneous .....	39 25
" Stationery .....	45 53
" Postage .....	129 26
" Freight and express charges .....	23 27
" Repairs .....	56 96
" Gas .....	32 88
" Water .....	24 00
" Periodicals .....	123 21
" Furniture .....	6 00
" House cleaning .....	99 30
" Fuel .....	78 25
" Taxes .....	9 36
" Phonographic Exhibition .....	15 00
" Architect .....	50 00
" Customs charges and brokerage ..	3 00
" Advertising .....	7 75
" Sundries .....	19 35
" Interest ...	212 00
" Promissory note.....	200 00
" Balance in Imperial Bank .....	137 00
" Cash in hand.....	38 07
	<u>\$2,408 61</u>

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) ARTHUR HARVEY, } Auditors.  
J. B WILLIAMS, }



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JAMES BAIN, JR., IN ACCOUNT WITH ARCHÆOLOGICAL GRANT.

To Government Grant for 1888-89 .....	\$1,000 00
“ Balance forward .....	35 45
	<u>\$1,035 45</u>
By Purchase of specimens .....	\$ 550 00
“ “ cases .....	91 65
“ Engraving and printing of specimens for Report.....	102 50
“ Travelling expenses and remuneration of Curator... ..	285 67
“ Bank charges.....	38
“ Balance on hand .....	5 25
	<u>\$1,035 45</u>

Examined and found correct.

(Signed) ARTHUR HARVEY, }  
J. B. WILLIAMS, } Auditors.

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ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

## ASSETS.

Building.....	\$11,500 00
Warehouse.....	720 00
Ground.....	3,000 00
Library.....	5,000 00
Specimens .....	2,000 00
Personal Property .....	1,000 00
	<u>\$23,220 00</u>

## LIABILITIES.

Mortgage No. 1, due 1892.....	\$3,000 00
“ “ “ .....	1,000 00
Balance in favor of the Institute .....	19,220 00
	<u>\$23,220 00</u>

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The Auditors having carefully gone over the accounts and vouchers beg to report.

That the cash accounts kept by Mr. Young are in perfect order.

That the distribution into the various heads of income and expenditure, made by Mr. Bain, the treasurer, corresponds therewith.

Your Auditors think it would be wise to have a proper valuation made of the various assets of the Institute—Library, museum and building, and to procure by this means a reliable statement of its Assets and Liabilities—and recommend the subject to the consideration of the Council.

(Signed)      ARTHUR HARVEY }  
                 J. B. WILLIAMS, } Auditors.

Canadian Institute, Toronto,

April 25, 1889.

### APPENDIX III.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF PAPERS.

Classification of papers read, by subjects:—Anthropology, 1; Archæology, 3; Astronomy, 2; Chemistry, 2; Economics, 1; Geology, 3; History, 2; Mathematics, 1; Miscellaneous, 3; Philology, 3; Political Science, 1; Physics, 3; Physiology, 1; Sanitary Science, 2; Social Science, 1; Sociology, 2; total, 31 papers read at 24 meetings.

Read at the meetings of the Biological Section, 22 papers; Architectural Section, 3; Geological and Mining Section, 5; Philological Section, 9 papers; total, 39. Making in all 70 papers.

### APPENDIX IV.

#### LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

The statement for the Library for the year 1888-89 is as follows:

I. Donations to the Library .....	85
II. Exchanges:	
1. Canada.....	138
2. Great Britain and Ireland.....	481
3. United States.....	569
4. Mexico and South America.....	43
5. Austria-Hungary .....	150
6. Belgium.....	54
7. Denmark.....	4
8. France and Algeria .....	396



9. Germany.....	106
10. Italy.....	146
11. Netherlands . . . . .	25
12. Norway. ....	30
13. Portugal . . . . .	7
14. Russia . . . . .	37
15. Spain . . . . .	18
16. Sweden . . . . .	18
17. Australia . . . . .	31
18. British India and China . . . . .	34
19. Japan and Java.....	20
Total. ....	2,307
III. New exchanges.....	39
IV. Total number of exchanges.....	435
V. Periodicals subscribed for, same as last year with the exception of "Hardwicke's Science Gossip," which has been discontinued.....	31
Total single copies of these received.....	769
VI. Number of volumes bound during the year.....	306
VII. Number of publications taken from Reading Room and Library during the year.....	1,900
All of which is respectfully submitted.	

GEO. E. SHAW,  
*Librarian.*

## REPORT OF THE BIOLOGICAL SECTION.

The section has to report a year of progress and prosperity.

The regular fortnightly meetings have been held throughout the year, and the attendance has been satisfactory.

A schedule is attached showing the papers read—22 in all.

As this section is to a large extent educational in its objects, it is not required that the papers read should be the result of original research, and we would welcome the assistance of some of the many members of the Institute who are well qualified to give us much information that would both interest and instruct.

The microscope which our last report mentioned as having been purchased but not then arrived, has been received, and by its means many points in the papers read before the section are illustrated, and the enthusiasm of those mem-

bers engaged in the study of minute forms of life, has been quickened. The microscopical curator will always be ready to attend meetings of the Institute, or other sections, when the use of the instrument is desired. A small collection of slides has already been secured for the section's cabinet, and more are expected.

Two years ago when the Institute contemplated the completion of the museum upstairs, this section became responsible for two years for the interest on the mortgage of \$1,000, which was given to raise the necessary funds, and we are glad to say that this has been paid, and the section is now free from debt or liability.

Not much progress has been made in our department of the museum. We merely desire to draw attention to the fact that biological specimens cannot be mounted without money, and that our section has absolutely no source of income except grants from the Council of the Institute.

W. E. MIDDLETON,  
*Secretary of Biological Section.*

The officers for next year are : James H. Pearce, President ; W. E. Middleton, Secretary.

SCHEDULE OF PAPERS.

1. E. E. Thomson.....*Canadian Birds.*
2. Rev. K. F. Junor.....*Echini.*
3. J. H. Pearce..... *Inaugural Address.*
4. M. Chamberlain.....*Canadian Birds.*
5. J. Noble.....*Mosses (First Paper).*
6.       "       .....       "       *(Second Paper).*
7. Wm. Brodie.....*Parasites of Potato Beetle.*
8. Wm. Brodie.....*Lemothrips Graminæ.*
9. J. H. Pearce.....*Flowers (First Paper).*
10.       "       .....       "       *(Second Paper).*
11. W. E. Middleton.....*Fresh Water Sponges.*
12. J. B. Williams.....*Birds Observed in 1888.*
13. Wm. Brodie.....*Snakes.*
14. W. E. Middleton.....*Structure and Fructification of Ferns.*
15. C. Armstrong.....*Canadian Ferns.*
16. Wm. Brodie.....*Relation to Environment.*
17. E. E. Thompson..... *Winter Birds of Toronto District.*
18. J. H. Pearce.....*Moulds and Kindred Fungi.*
19. W. E. Middleton.....*Microscopic Mounting.*
20. James Noble.....*Plant Evolution.*
21. James Noble.....*Plant Development.*
22. A. Elvins.....*Volvox Globator.*



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## REPORT OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SECTION.

*Gentlemen*.—I have the honor to present for your consideration the Third Annual Report of the Philological Section, for the year ending March 31, 1889. During the session the section has met regularly on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Following is a list of papers read at the various meetings :

- (1) April 10, 1888—"A Chart of Elocutionary Drill." By T. B. Browning, M. A.
- (2) April 24, 1888—"Volapük, the New World-Language." By D. R. Keys, B. A.
- (3) April 24, 1888—"On some words of Indian origin in the French Canadian Dialect and Literature." By A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.
- (4) November 13, 1888—"The language of the Mississaguas of Scugog, with special reference to Sematology." By A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.
- (5) November 27, 1888—"The Semitic Vowels." By Rev. Prof. McCurdy Ph.D.
- (6) January 8, 1889—"The Origin and Development of Grammatical Gender." By A. F. Chamberlain, B.A.
- (7) January 22, 1889—"Language Learning and Language Teaching." By William Houston, M.A.
- (8) February 12, 1889—"The Gaelic Vowel System." By David Spence, Esq.
- (9) " 26, 1889—"The Gaelic Consonants." " "

During the month of March the section continued the investigation of the Gaelic Language introduced by the papers of Mr. Spence, of whose valuable assistance it was enabled to avail itself. On the 8th January, 1889, the Rev. J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., resigned the office of chairman of the section, to which position Mr. D. R. Keys, B.A., was duly elected.

The officers for the ensuing year are:—Chairman, D. R. Keys, M.A.; Vice-Chairman, Jno. Squair, B.A.; Secretary, A. F. Chamberlain, M.A.

(Signed) A. F. CHAMBERLAIN,  
*Secretary Philo. Section, C. I.*

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## REPORT OF THE GEOLOGICAL AND MINING SECTION.

*Gentlemen*.—Very much interest continues to be manifested by the members of this section, in the study and discussion of those subjects which form the specialty of our organisation.

At the various meetings which have been held during the year, the attendance has been good.

At the first meeting of the sessional year, communications were read from the Department of the Interior, referring to measures taken by that Department for collecting and publishing statistics and other information on the mining and metallurgical interests of the Dominion, and enclosing a copy of an Order-in-Council on the same subject, approved by the Governor-General in Council; also referring to an interview had by the chairman and secretary of this section, with the Deputy Minister of the Interior, on the subjects of (1) Prompt publication of the Survey's reports on mining affairs; (2) Coöperation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in the collection of such information, and (3) Legislation making the furnishing of such information compulsory.

In thus directing the attention of the authorities to an important subject, the section has been able to do good work, and recent publications of reports justify the action taken by this section.

A number of interesting papers have been read during the year, and the discussions arising therefrom have aided materially in familiarizing many with facts relative to the minerals and mineral resources of our Province.

The Section has also taken much interest in the project of establishing in this city a Provincial Mineralogical Museum, and trusts that its efforts in this direction may yet be crowned with success.

Officers have been elected as follows for the current year:

Chairman—W. Hamilton Merritt.

Vice-Chairman—Arthur Harvey.

Secretary and Curator—David Boyle.

Managing Committee—R. W. Phipps, A. F. Chamberlain, A. Elvins, John Notman, P. H. Bryce, M.D.

The present year is confidently regarded by the section as likely to prove more than usually profitable to the section in all that relates to the investigation and study of geology and mining in Ontario.

W. HAMILTON MERRITT,

*Chairman.*

ARTHUR HARVEY,  
*Vice-President.*

DAVID BOYLE,

*Secretary.*

#### PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. Harvey—"On Certain Lacustrine Deposits;" "On the Synclinal Trough of Lake Superior."

Mr. Merritt—"The Iron Ranges of Northern Michigan and Minnesota;" "Laurentian Formation of New Jersey, with relation to the Iron Mines therein."



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## REPORT OF THE ARCHITECTURAL SECTION.

*Gentlemen*—The members of the Section have met fortnightly during the Session, the meetings being chiefly occupied by instructive and interesting discourses, theoretic and practical, delivered by some of the prominent Architects and Master Mechanics of this city, who commended and encouraged the objects and motives of the Section, promising and offering us their entire sympathy and support.

The following were among the papers read and debated upon, being subsequently published in the *Canadian Architect*:

"The responsibilities of Students to their Profession," by R. R. Gambier Bousfield, A.R.I.B.A.; "Subsoil Irrigation," by E. Burke, Architect; "A Discourse on Carpentry," by R. Wilson.

Besides the papers and addresses, competitions were engaged in in designing Bay windows, Oriel windows, Entrances, etc.

At the close of the Session the following officers were elected: Robert Dawson, Chairman; Chas. D. Lennox, Treasurer; J. Fras. Brown, Secretary.

Yours verily,

J. FRAS. BROWN, *Secretary*.

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## REPORT OF THE SOCIOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Sociology begs leave to present its report for the year 1888-89.

1. Your Committee was constituted at the first meeting of Council this year and at once procured a circular, which appears in the last *Fasciculus* under the heading "Sociological Circular," to be drawn up, printed and distributed chiefly to the following classes of persons:

(1) Indian agents, farm instructors, inspectors, teachers in Indian schools in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia.

(2) Magistrates, inspectors of North-West Mounted Police, registrars, clerks of the peace, members of Council in North-West.

(3) Missionaries of the leading churches: Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan.

More than a thousand copies have been distributed, so that your Committee is of opinion that the circular has found its way to most persons in the Dominion who are interested in Indian questions.

2. Your Committee has received material assistance from the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs for the Dominion, the Hon. A. S. Hardy and the Hon. G. W. Ross, Ministers respectively of Crown Lands and Education of Ontario ; is deeply indebted to the newspapers, educational, religious and legal press of Canada for bringing the subject to the attention of the public, and for extended and favorable notices of the Committee's work ; also to the following periodicals : Magazine of Western History, Popular Science Monthly, Journal of Anthropology of the United States, Historical Review and Law Quarterly of England.

3. At the request of your Committee the Canadian Pacific Railway has kindly consented to carry archæological and natural history specimens free of charge for the Institute.

4. The publication of the Indian Treaties of Canada and the Provinces has engaged the attention of your Committee. The Council and Institute will, no doubt, be pleased to learn, from the accompanying letter of Mr. Vankoughnet, that this important work is under way and will shortly be completed. The correspondence on the subject is herewith submitted. Copies of the Dominion Reports on Indian Affairs from 1875 up to and inclusive of 1888 have been received for the use of the Institute, for which your Committee has duly returned its thanks to the Superintendent-General.

5. In reply to the circular a number of letters and abstracts have been received, among them

(1) A short abstract from the Rev. T. S. Cole, B.A.

(2) An interesting letter from Inspector A. Bowden Perry of Prince Albert, North-West Territories, which your Committee begs to submit to the Editorial Committee for publication, together with a detailed paper on

(3) "The Western Déné," by the Rev. A. G. Morrice, O.M.

A number of other papers are promised, principally by reverend gentlemen whose duties bring them into direct contact with the Indian population of Manitoba and the North-West.

6. Your Committee begs leave to reserve such remarks of a sociological nature as it may desire to make for the separate papers as they appear, suggests that the circular be re-issued with such alterations and additions as may seem proper, and entertains the hope that the success which has accompanied its efforts this year will be redoubled in the year to come to the common benefit of the Institute, its members and the country.

All which is respectfully submitted on behalf of the Committee.

T. B. BROWNING,  
*Chairman.*



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The second part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The fourth part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The sixth part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The eighth part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The ninth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The tenth part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

The eleventh part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom. The twelfth part is devoted to a detailed discussion of the problem. It is shown that the problem is of great importance in the theory of the structure of the atom.

# ARCHÆOLOGICAL REPORT.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

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*To the President and Members of the Canadian Institute:*

GENTLEMEN,—It is gratifying to be able to state that the interest in archæological matters has increased very considerably throughout the province, since the inception of our scheme to place ourselves as nearly as possible abreast of other countries in this respect. The hope expressed in our first report, that “its appearance would tend to arouse a more general interest in the subject,” has thus been realized. The activity, however, has been mainly displayed in the work of collecting. Old collectors have been encouraged to go on, and many new ones have entered the field. On this account there is no doubt that much valuable material will be preserved, which otherwise would have been lost, but as a consequence, there is now greater difficulty in adding specimens to our collection. Ultimately, it is probable that many amateur lots will find their way to the provincial museum, and already several assurances have been given to this effect by individual collectors. Another good result arising from our project, is the very general determination arrived at by almost all who pick up specimens, not to let them go out of the country. In a few instances collectors seem to be mainly actuated by mercenary motives, but as a rule they are really *amateurs*. Among the latter are some who take the broad, public-spirited view, that it is better to place their “finds” in a large collection, where every one may see them, than to retain them at home for merely personal gratification.

On a list of such for the past year, the Institute must place the names of Messrs. R. W. Reavley, B.A., Teacher, Tilsonburg; R. D. George, Teacher, Fonthill; William and David Melville, Creemore; Dugald Carrie, Teacher, Creemore; Cyrenius Bearss, Sherkston; Wm. Michener, Sherkston; Isaac and Ezra Bearss, Sherkston; John N. Boyle, Braeside, Richmond Hill; Dr. R. Orr, Maple; William and Robert Loughheed, Smithdale; Herbert and Theophilus Connor, Glenhuron; Thomas White, Cashtown; Thomas Boon, Bothwell; Mrs. Barney, senior, Sherkston; Geo. Muma, Humberstone; Mr. John McPherson, Toronto; Miss Kirkwood, Toronto; Wardie and Ottie White, Toronto; Joseph Smelser, Vaughan; Luke Mullock, Waterdown; Major J. M. Delamere, Toronto; Wm. Welsh, Amberley; Rev. John McLean, Moosejaw, N. W. T.; Angus Buie, Nottawasaga, and Clarence Bell.

Thanks are also due to a large number of persons in various parts of the province, who have supplied information of great value. The names of some of these gentlemen, with a statement of the results arising from their communications, will be found in the present report. In other cases the work remains to be done.

Owing to some misunderstanding, the number of reports printed last year was considerably less than for the year previous. On this account I believe that even the members of the Institute were not supplied with them, and many applications for copies have had to be refused. This year it is hoped that a large enough number will be struck off, to supply all who are interested.



I have already stated that the increased archæological activity recently displayed among amateurs, has manifested itself chiefly in the work of collecting. This is good so far as it goes, but does not accomplish what is required from the Institute's standpoint. For present and future use are demanded at least moderately accurate surveys of all aboriginal locations, with drawings of fortified works, and exact data relating to materials, patterns, depths, soils, ash-heaps, position of bodies, with particulars relating to skulls, modes of burial, presence or absence of European influences, and many other details requiring experience, time and labor to record satisfactorily.

Mr. A. F. Hunter has devoted considerable time and done a good deal of travelling, for the purpose of locating villages, potteries and ossuaries, in townships formerly occupied by the Hurons. His paper on that district is exceedingly interesting, and will enable any future explorer with "reasonable means," to economize time in making a more detailed survey, or in excavating for relics.

Having begged permission from Dr. Francis Parkman, the historian, to quote from his works for use in this report, in connection with the work done in Simcoe county, a prompt and courteous reply was received from that gentleman, granting the favor asked. In this note Dr. Parkman wrote:

"I infer from what you write, that you are making investigations in the old Huron country. Should the result be printed, I should be glad if you would let me know of it."

Copies of our two former reports having been mailed to him, he afterwards wrote:

"Thank you for the two reports of the Canadian Institute which you have kindly directed to be sent me. It is certainly in the power of the Institute if it has reasonable means at its disposal, to do good service to American archæology, by exploring the Indian remains of Ontario, and above all those of the old Huron country, including that of the Tobacco nation. I am glad a beginning has been successfully made in this direction, and hope that the Institute will be enabled to continue its work, before the spread of settlement makes such researches difficult or impossible.

"Yours very truly,

"F. PARKMAN.

"Boston, 3rd July, 1889"

It is inspiring, even inspiring, to know that we have the countenance of so high an authority, the very highest in fact, in all that appertains to the history of American and more especially (so far as we are concerned), of Canadian Indians. No one better than he can fully estimate the value of such investigation, in their bearing upon the past and present European relations of the Aborigines to the history of our country, for no one else has devoted so much of a busy life-time to the patient, arduous and scholarly study of Canadian colonial development, the results of which are embodied in a series of volumes, that are perhaps unequalled in the historic literature of any other land in the world.

It would be difficult to conjecture what Dr. Parkman regards as "reasonable means" at the disposal of the Institute, whereby "to do good service to American archæology," and he would probably be incredulous were he informed as to the smallness of the sum that has been spent by us in three years, for the purpose in question—a sum which has covered payment of services, travelling expenses, employment of manual labor, purchase of specimens, express and freight charges, supply of show cases, printing of circulars and labels, postage and engraving.

During the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, many of the most distinguished ethnologists and archæologists on this continent, examined our collection of illustrative specimens, and their remarks on the extent and character of the museum were such as to afford the Institute satisfaction with what has been accomplished, as well as encouragement for future prosecution of work in the same direction.

Prof. Putnam, of the Peabody museum, which has one of the largest collections of this kind in the United States, said that in proportion to its size, our museum contained a greater variety of unique and instructive specimens, than any other he had ever seen.

Dr. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, expressed himself as being especially pleased with the contents of the cases containing ornaments and implements of bone.

Rev. Mr. Beauchamp declared that our collection of stone "bird-amulets" was superior to anything of its kind in any American museum.

Prof. Morse, of the Essex Institute, Mass., was surprised to see the variety of pottery patterns.

Several of the visitors recorded their opinions on the pages of our register, and from these the following are quoted:

Mr. A. E. Douglas, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, wrote:—"I consider this collection is almost unique in objects of great interest to archæologists." Mr. Douglas is himself, the owner of one of the largest private collections in America. It is on permanent exhibition in the New York museum.

The Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, of Baldwinsville, New York, and an *attaché* of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, expresses himself as follows:—"I have been greatly pleased and profited by examining the valuable collection of Indian articles in the Canadian Institute, among which are some that are beyond price to an antiquarian, and will prove of the highest use in solving some questions of early history. Ontario will soon have reason to be proud of such treasures." Mr. Beauchamp is now employed in getting together for the Smithsonian Institute just such information relative to the Hurons, as Mr. A. F. Hunter and myself employed a portion of the past season in procuring for the Institute.

Mr. Chas. W. Smiley, who is also connected with the Department at Washington, wrote:—"Here is a fine collection, which we should appreciate in Washington very highly. Whatever more can be obtained and added before it is too late, should be secured *at once*. Unless Ontario gather up her scattered materials soon, they will be taken away to enrich museums abroad. Now or never!"

Few persons are better qualified than Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey, to express an intelligent opinion in relation to matters of this kind. He has devoted many years to archæological study, and is the author of several works on the subject. His immense private collection is on view at the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dr. Abbott has left us the following record:—"I have examined the archæological collection of this Institute, and am delighted with it. Its value for scientific purposes is very great, and already there is gathered here the material for comparative study, so much needed by students of archæology. Collections of given areas as complete as possible, are the requirements for finally solving the problem of North America's aboriginal peoples; and I earnestly pray that not only the citizens of Toronto, but the Provincial Government, will be exceedingly liberal in assisting those who have made so

a l      collection as is here brought together."



The time of Prof. Putnam was so fully occupied in the performance of his duties as secretary of the A. A. A. S., that he had but little leisure to do more than make a few brief visits to the museum. The following sentence however, may be quoted from what he has written:—"I have found here very much of importance to me in my study of the skulls of American peoples." Prof. Putnam ranks among the first of American ethnologists and archæologists, and it was exceedingly gratifying to receive from him, both orally and in writing, so high an opinion of the work that has been done.

It is a matter of some regret that Prof. Putnam's visit to the city did not occur a few weeks later, as during that time we more than doubled our collection of crania, several specimens of which exhibit notable peculiarities, one at least having the Inca bone well marked.

### "THE LAND OF SOULS."

"We come from the Land of Souls, where all is sorrow, dismay, and desolation. Our fields are covered with blood; our wigwams are filled, but with the dead, and we ourselves have only life enough left to beg our friends to take pity on a people drawing near their end." Petition of the Hurons to the Andastes in 1647. Raguénau, *Relation des Hurons*.

The vast number of communal and other burial places that may still be traced over the area formerly occupied by the Hurons, evidence the density of the aboriginal population and afford a reason for the poetic title given by the natives to their dying country, when they besought their kindred on the Susquehanna for assistance, nearly two-hundred and fifty years ago.

Having spent considerable time last June in the township of Nottawasaga for the purpose of mapping the district, marking the ancient village sites and ossuaries, and collecting specimens, I cannot do better than quote from Parkman, a brief description of that land and its people.

"In the woody valleys of the Blue Mountains, south of the Nottawasaga Bay, of Lake Huron, and two days journey west of the frontier Huron towns, lay the nine villages of the Tobacco Nation, or Tionnontates;\* In manners as in language they closely resembled the Hurons. Of old they were their enemies, but were now at peace with them, and about the year 1640 became their close confederates. Indeed in the ruin which befel that hapless people, the Tionnontates alone retained a tribal organization; and their descendants, with a trifling exception, are to this day the sole inheritors of the Huron or Wyandot name. Expatriated and wandering, they held for generations a paramount influence among the western tribes. In their original seats among the Blue Mountains, they offered an example extremely rare among Indians, of a tribe raising a crop for the market; for they traded in tobacco largely with other tribes. Their Huron confederates, keen traders, would not suffer them to pass through their country to traffic with the French, preferring to secure for themselves the advantage of bartering with them in French goods at an enormous profit."†

If other reasons were wanting, the facts cited in the foregoing quotation are sufficient to interest us in all that pertains to a people so exceptional in many respects to other aborigines inhabiting this part of the continent. The axe and

\* The district formerly occupied by the Tobacco Nation, and now included within the limits of Collingwood, Nottawasaga and Sunnidale townships, held, within recent geological time, a very different relation to the great fresh water sea from what it does at present. The proofs are everywhere abundant that the valley drained by the Nottawasaga River was at one time a prolongation of Nottawasaga Bay, connecting the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, and bounded westwards by the gentle slopes of the "Blue Mountains," so-called; for the term is a misnomer, where we take into account that these elevations seldom if ever exceed 500 feet, above the lake level, and are cultivated from base to crown.

† Parkman, *The Jesuits in North America*. Introduction, p. xliii, 21st edition. Boston, 1885.

the plow are rapidly removing every land-mark; already many have been obliterated, but a large enough number remain to attest the truth of all that has been stated regarding the population, which was reckoned at from twenty thousand to thirty-five thousand.\*

If we regard the nine villages or towns of the Tionnontates or Tobacco Nation, as having been of average population with the remainder of the thirty-two all of which were reckoned in 1639, to contain thirty thousand souls, it would appear that the population of the Blue Mountain district was not less than five thousand five hundred, but if we make allowance for the agricultural habits of the Tobaccos and their consequently less persistent warlike proclivities, it is probable that the number of the people fell little short of eight thousand, about the year 1640.

Even with half that number the country of the Tobacco Nation must have been well populated, when it is borne in mind how large an area is required for the support of those who depend more or less on the results of the chase for their livelihood.

Some of the ossuaries, or communal burial pits have been estimated by intelligent settlers who have opened them, to contain from five hundred to fifteen hundred skeletons. Making due allowance for exaggeration in viewing the spectacle of immense quantities of bones, without any effort to assort them or otherwise make an exact count, it seems to be capable of proof, that fully a thousand skeletons have been found in a single pit. One settler informed me that he had counted upwards of nine hundred skulls almost whole, and assured me that there must have been from one hundred to two hundred others in a fragmentary condition. Dr Taché of Quebec, writing to Dr. Parkman, says, "I have inspected sixteen *bone-pits*. \* \* \* \* \*

They contain from six hundred to twelve hundred skeletons each." Most of these ossuaries, known locally as "bone-holes," are of post-European date and contained copper or brass kettles. Here, as in the township of Beverly (mentioned in a former report,) the pioneer settlers, or some of them rather, made it their business to open every known grave-pit, for the purpose of procuring these utensils, sometimes to the number of twenty or more from one place. All those I opened last summer had been previously ransacked, and I think I am safe in saying that it is now almost impossible to find within the ancient limits of the Tobacco Nation, or indeed any where in the old Huron country, an ossuary that has been left undisturbed.

Even, however, at the time when these burial-pits were first opened, many of them were totally devoid of anything save promiscuously interred bones, and we are thus brought face to face with the fact that it was *not* the invariable custom of the aborigines to deposit tools, utensils and ornaments with human remains, at any rate, during the latter days of savage existence in this part of the world. That the custom was much more prevalent in former times there is little doubt, but it is my own experience as well as that of others, that graves evidently of prehistoric date have been found wholly destitute of material for the use of the departed spirits. This may be accounted for either on the supposition that the bodies were hastily interred after some bloody affray, and in proximity to the enemy, by those who were defeated, or, that those who succeeded in maintaining

\* "The number of the Huron towns changed from year to year. Champlain and Le Caron, in 1615, reckoned them at seventeen or eighteen, with a population of about ten thousand, meaning, no doubt, adults. Brébeuf, in 1635, found twenty villages, and, as he thinks, thirty thousand souls. Both Le Mercier and Du Ques, as well as Dollier de Casson and the anonymous author of the *Relation* of 1660, state the population at from thirty to thirty-five thousand. Since the time of Champlain's visit, various kindred tribes, or fragments of tribes, had been incorporated with the Hurons, thus more than balancing the ravages of pestilence which had decimated them."—Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*. Introduction—note, p. xxv



their ground after an engagement thus buried the slain of the discomfited party. I am not aware that any such record exists, but nothing can be more reasonable than to conclude that the victors would hasten to bury the bodies of those who had been killed, especially when the fighting had taken place as it so often did at, or close to, a village, and when it involved less trouble and inconvenience to bury the dead than to strike camp and leave the bodies exposed. In the Huron country this must frequently have been a powerful reason, where clearings were made for simple agricultural purposes, and dwellings were erected of a more permanent type than that of the Indian who subsisted altogether by hunting.

Another reason suggests itself, namely, that numerous deaths as the result of sickness or war may have so depleted the living of personal property that nothing in many cases was left for mortuary offerings.

Account for it as we may, it is well at all events to disabuse the popular mind of a fallacy that has been confirmed by so many writers, leading to the belief that every Indian grave necessarily contains objects of human workmanship.

Nevertheless, the great feast of the dead was an occasion of vast importance when conducted according to traditional custom, and occurring as it did at intervals of several years. Brébeuf in 1636, was the first to describe fully the ceremonies attendant upon a communal burial at Ossossané or La Conception, the site of which was not far from the present village of Wyevale. The people inhabiting this district were the Attigneaouentans or Bear Nation, of the Huron confederacy, among all the members of which the practices were similar. From the *Relation* of Brébeuf, and from other sources we are tolerably well informed with regard to the ceremonies in question. Dr. Parkman's vivid rendering of Brébeuf's description may be quoted: "The body was usually laid on a scaffold, or, more rarely in the earth. At intervals of ten or twelve years, each of the four nations \* which composed the Huron confederacy gathered together its dead, and conveyed them all to a common place of sepulture. Here was celebrated the great 'Feast of the Dead,'—in the eyes of the Hurons, their most solemn and important ceremonial. \* \* \* \* \*

"The corpses were lowered from the scaffolds and lifted from their graves. Their coverings were removed by certain functionaries appointed for the office, and the hideous relics arrayed in a row, surrounded by the weeping, shrieking, howling concourse. The spectacle was frightful. Here were all the village dead of the last twelve years. \* \* \* Each family reclaimed its own, and immediately addressed itself to removing what remained of flesh from the bones. These, after being tenderly caressed, with tears and lamentations, were wrapped in skins and adorned with pendent robes of fur. In the belief of the mourners they were sentient and conscious. A soul was thought to still reside in them; and to this notion, very general among the Indians, is in no small degree due that extravagant attachment to the remains of the dead, which may be said to mark the race.

"These relics of mortality, together with the recent corpses, which were allowed to remain entire, but which were also wrapped carefully in furs, were now carried to one of the largest houses and hung to the numerous cross-poles, which, like rafters, supported the roof. Here the concourse of mourners seated themselves at a funeral feast; and as the squaws of the household distributed the food, a chief harangued the assembly, lamenting the loss of the deceased and extolling their virtues. This solemnity over, the mourners began their march for Ossossané, the scene of the final rite. The bodies remaining entire were borne on a kind of litter, while the bundles of bones were slung at the shoulders of the

\* The Tobacco Nation similar in language and manners, did not join the Huron confederacy until about 1639-40.

relatives like fagots. Thus the procession slowly defiled along the forest pathways with which the country of the Hurons was everywhere intersected; and as they passed beneath the dull shadow of the pines, they uttered at intervals, in unison, a dreary, wailing cry, designed to imitate the voices of disembodied souls \* winging their way to the land of spirits, and believed to have an effect peculiarly soothing to the conscious relics which each man bore. When, at night, they stopped to rest at some village on the way, the inhabitants came forth to welcome them with a grave and mournful hospitality.

"From every town of the nation of the Bear processions like this were converging towards Ossossané. This chief town of the Hurons stood on the eastern margin of Nottawasaga Bay, encompassed with a gloomy wilderness of fir and pine. \* \* \* \* The capacious bark houses were filled to overflowing, and the surrounding woods gleamed with camp fires: for the processions of mourners were fast arriving, and the throng was swelled by invited guests of other tribes. Funeral games were in progress, the young men and women practising archery and other exercises for prizes offered by the mourners in the name of their dead relatives. Some of the chiefs conducted Brébeuf and his companions to the place prepared for the ceremony. It was a cleared area in the forest many acres in extent. In the midst was a pit about ten feet deep and thirty feet wide. Around it was reared a high and strong scaffolding, and on this were planted numerous upright poles, with cross-poles extended between for hanging the funeral gifts and the remains of the dead.

"Meanwhile there was a long delay. The Jesuits were lodged in a house where more than a hundred of these bundles of mortality were hanging from the rafters. Some were mere shapeless rolls, others were made up into clumsy effigies adorned with feathers, beads, and belts of dyed porcupine quills. \* \* \* \* At length the officiating chiefs gave the word to prepare for the ceremony. The relics were taken down, opened for the last time, and the bones caressed and fondled by the women amid paroxysms of lamentation. Then all the processions were formed anew, and each bearing its dead, moved towards the area prepared for the last solemn rites. As they reached the ground they defiled in order, each to a spot assigned to it on the outer limits of the clearing. Here the bearers of the dead laid their bundles on the ground, while those who carried the funeral gifts outspread and displayed them for admiration of the beholders. Their number was immense and their value relatively very great. Among them were many robes of beaver and other rich furs, collected and preserved for years with a view to this festival. Fires were now lighted, kettles slung, and around the entire circle of the clearing, the scene was like a fair or caravansary. This continued till three o'clock in the afternoon when the gifts were repacked and the bones shouldered afresh. Suddenly at a signal from the chiefs, the crowd ran forward from every side towards the scaffold, like soldiers to the assault of a town, scaled it by rude ladders with which it was furnished, and hung their relics and their gifts to the forest of poles which surmounted it. Then the ladders were removed and a number of chiefs, standing on the scaffold, harangued the crowd below, praising the dead and extolling the gifts, which the relatives of the departed now bestowed in their names upon their surviving friends.

"During these harangues other functionaries were lining the grave with robes of beaver skin. Three large copper kettles were next placed in the middle and then ensued a scene of hideous confusion. The bodies which had been left entire were brought to the edge of the grave, flung in, and arranged in order at the bottom by ten or twelve Indians stationed there for the purpose, amid the wildest excitement and the uproar of many hundred mingled voices. When this part of

\* It is not easy to conjecture where they got their model for this imitation.



the work was done night was fast closing in. The concourse bivouacked around the clearing and lighted their camp-fires under the brows of the forest, which hedged in the scene of the dismal solemnity. Brébeuf and his companions withdrew to the village, where an hour before dawn, they were roused by a clamor which might have wakened the dead. One of the bundles of bones, tied to a pole on the scaffold had chanced to fall into the grave. This accident had precipitated the closing act and perhaps increased its frenzy. Guided by the unearthly din and the broad glare of flames fed with heaps of fat pine logs, the priests soon reached the spot, and saw, what seemed in their eyes, an image of Hell. All around blazed countless fires and the air resounded with discordant outcries. The naked multitude on, under and around the scaffold, were flinging the remains of their dead, discharged from their envelopments of skins, pell-mell into the pit, where Brébeuf discerned men who, as the ghastly shower fell among them arranged the bones in their places with long poles. All was soon over, earth, logs and stones were cast upon the grave and the clamor subsided into a funereal chant, so dreary and lugubrious, that it seemed to the Jesuits the wail of despairing souls from the abyss of perdition.\*"

This most vivid and succinct description of one great burial ceremony may be regarded as being applicable in a general way to all other great feasts of the dead. It is probable that the various nations, composing the confederacy, differed to some extent in matters of detail, and there is reason to believe that in at least one important particular, the Tobacco Nation differed from the Hurons proper. Referring to the first disposal of the dead, as may be gathered from the foregoing extract, Dr. Parkman says, "The body was usually placed upon a scaffold, or, more rarely, in the ground." When we bear in mind the settled habits of the Tionnontates or Tobaccos and the somewhat limited area they had to occupy, we can readily see that the scaffolding of dead bodies was not so well adapted to them as to peoples who led a roving life over vast extents of country. I have accordingly found numerous evidences that among the Tobacco Nation, inhumation, was the prevalent, if not the sole mode of preliminary disposal. On many of the farms in the Blue Mountain district, the plough has brought to light human remains that had been laid in graves singly, and not far below the surface. On lot 19 of the 7th concession of Nottawasaga, Mr. Edward Beecroft informed me that there were on the front or west end of the farm about one hundred single graves, and twice that number on the rear of his property. On the same lot an extensive village had been situated judging by the numerous deep and widely spread beds of ashes, while not far away the manufacture of clay vessels and pipes had been carried on, as is shown even yet by proofs of the most unmistakeable kind. There is a large ossuary on the same farm within a short distance of the village site.

If, therefore, we regard the existence of the village as having been contemporaneous with the individual graves, and there is no reason to doubt this, we can understand why inhumation was preferable to scaffolding.

In the account of the great communal burial, quoted from Parkman, reference is made to the topography of the "cleared area in the forest, many acres in extent," and "in the midst [of which] was a pit, about ten feet deep and thirty

\* Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*. 21st ed. Boston 1885. p. 72 *et seq.*

It is to be remembered that the description given by Brébeuf, is that upon which are based all the popular notions regarding Indian burials in this country. On the occasion in question there was considerable dissension among the Attignauentons, or Pear Nation, whose feast of the dead he witnessed. A respectable minority consisting of three or four towns, refused to take any part with the others in this ceremony, and declared their intention to conduct one independently. This naturally caused ill-feeling between the dissentients and we are therefore warranted in assuming that on this account, those with whom Brébeuf was present conducted the proceedings with much more "braverie" than was their wont. No doubt the seceding towns were actuated by similar motives. Is it right then, to regard this as having been a normally typical burial?

feet wide," but is to be noted that these burial pits are almost invariably found on the top of knolls and hills; generally the highest ground within easy reach of the town or village.\* Was this practice in any way connected with the mound-building predilections of other tribes? Did our northern Indians cease to throw up great earth heaps for such a purpose because they found so many of natural formation? Does the construction of mounds by people occupying more level areas in any way indicate the persistence of a habit formed by their ancestors in some hill country? Or are both practices but the survival of some ancient custom of religious or other significance derived from common predecessors?

During the time in spent the township of Nottawasaga, I endeavored to ascertain the position of every known locality associated with the Tionnontates, and succeeded in being able to mark upon the map ten village or town sites, twenty-one ossuaries, one fortified place, and three potteries. There are no doubt other places of which nothing could be learned, as the first settlers on many farms are now dead, and every surface trace has been removed in the course of cultivation. In almost every case I examined the places, and found in only two instances that spots which had for many years been popularly regarded as "bone holes," were but natural depressions, caused probably by the infiltration of water through the sandy subsoil which was little more than a foot below the surface.



\*I have met with only one instance of a grave on low land. This is situated in the township of Humberstone, within a short distance of Lake Erie. The flat, near the middle of which the grave has been made, is of several acres in extent, and almost surrounded by sandhills of considerable height, from forty to sixty feet. Although pipes and other relics of Indian production have been found in this ossuary, it is suspiciously connected with "white" origin, as some of the skulls taken from it, and now in our possession, appear to be those of Europeans.



A reference to the map-diagram will show that all the locations marked extend in a direction from north-west to south-east, that is to say, corresponding with the range of hills that stretch through the township of Nottawasaga. The hills extend into Collingwood and Osprey townships, but time did not permit of these places being visited. The whole of this neighborhood should be examined carefully, as soon as possible for much of it is no doubt quite as valuable archæologically as any other portion of the Nottawasaga Bay district.

Beds of askes, blackened earth, fragments of pottery and bone, flint flakes and sometimes charred corn-cobs mark the village sites. Dr. Taché is said to have prepared a map of the Huron country (including probably the Tobacco Nation,) by means of which he thought he could identify many places with those mentioned in the *Relations*, but I am informed by Mr. Douglas Boymner, Dominion Archivist, that it has never been published.\* A few of the places showing traces of habitation seem to have been mere temporary camping-grounds, where the quality of the clay and the proximity of water afforded facilities for the making of pottery and pipes; others, however, judging by their extent and the depth of the ash-beds seem to have been more permanent abodes.

One of the most interesting of these village sites is on the farm of Mr. William Melville, north half of lot 10, concession 5. The proprietor informed me that in the course of ploughing over this place he had turned up large quantities of corn and corn-cobs. William and David Melville, his sons, both intelligent collectors, have picked up several whole and fragmentary pipes, a few stone and shell beads, and an excellent bone chisel upwards of eleven inches in length.† All of these they presented to our collection.

On lot 12, concession 7, is the famous Loughed farm, from the old site on which so much valuable material has been mentioned and figured in former reports. This year again we are indebted to Master Loughed, for some very good specimens.

Two other villages occupied what are now respectively the north half of lot 11, concession 8, and the south half of lot 11, concession 9; immediately north of the former, on lot 12 concession 8, is an ossuary, and west of the latter on the same lot there is another. About midway between these and Mr. Melville's farm there is an ossuary on lot 10, concession 7.

Due east of the Loughed farm, on the property of Mr. Thos. White, lot 13, concession 1, there are extensive indications of former residence. Broken pottery is plentiful and pipes of stone and clay have been found. Mr. White presented the Institute with several good specimens from his farm, chief among which is a well made bone chisel nearly a foot long. From the son of Mr. Ed. Coyle, on the adjacent farm, in the township of Sunnidale, we received some clay pipes found on Mr. White's property.

South of the White farm, there is an ossuary on lot 12, concession 1.

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\* A rude map purporting to show the topography of the Huron towns as they were in 1660, was published in the Canadian Journal, for November, 1857, to accompany a paper by Mr. John Langton, "On the Early Discoveries of the French in North America." It is too confused to be worth much, beyond enabling us to see that St. Michael was south of St. Louis, or St. John north of St. Ignatius, information that may be obtained more satisfactorily elsewhere. This map showing Creuxius' topography, is from Ducreux's *Histoire Canadenses*, Paris, 1664. The Rev. Mr. Annis, of St. Thomas, claims to have located a few of the old Huron towns, but owing to the transient character of these Indian habitations, it seems impossible that we should ever be able fix with certainty the spots occupied at different times by the same people, and always known by the same names.

† Since this was written, Ah-yand-wah-wa, Ma-shuck-ah-wa-we-tong and John Settee, intelligent and educated representatives of the Ojibwa and Cree tribes on the Lake Winnipeg Reserve, paid several visits to the museum. They informed me that similar instruments are still used among their people for skinning purposes.

On the south half of lot 16, concession 4, and the north half of lot 16, concession 6, are ossuaries.

West of these on the lot 16, concession 8, the property of Mr. Conner, there is a village site from which his sons, Herbert and Theophilus have collected a good many specimens all of which they have sent to form part of our collection.

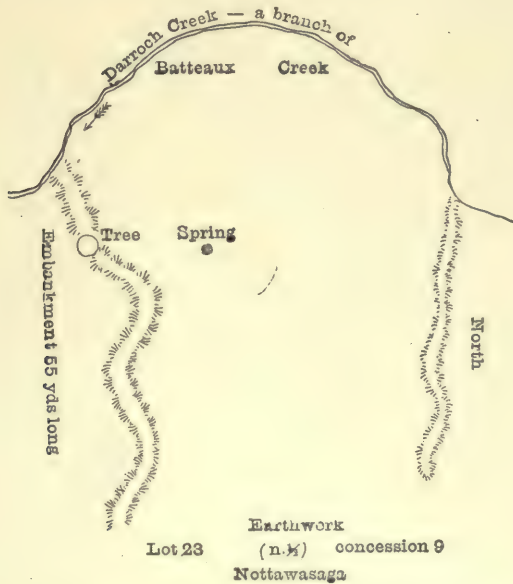
A little to the north, lot 19, on the same concession, is the Beecroft farm, on which are a village site, a pottery and a grave-pit, besides about three hundred single graves.

On lot 21, concession 9, is a village site, and on lot 22, immediately north, an ossuary.

Another village site is on lot 22, concession 5, the farm of Squire Currie, and not far away to the south-west are three ossuaries on the farm of Mr. John Edmonds, lot 21, concession 6.

There has been a village on lot 26, concession 10, on this lot there is also an ossuary.

Other ossuaries exist on lot 24, concession 7; lot 25, concession 8; lot 27, concession 10; lot 29, concession 10; and lot 30, concession 12.



On the farm of Mr. Wm. Anderson, north half of lot 23, concession 9, traces of an old village are visible on the face of, and near the top of a hill sloping towards the west, and at the foot of which runs a small stream known as Darroch's Creek, flowing into the larger Batteaux Creek. At this point Darroch's Creek makes a bend almost semi-circular and nearly encloses a strong spring. Between the base of the hill and the creek the land is low and level. From the extremities of the bend, banks have been thrown up stretching towards the high land. That to the north is now barely discernible, but the one on the south side can be easily traced for a distance of fifty-five yards, inclusive of its windings. In the construction of such earthworks no regularity was observed. When the nature of the ground offered any advantage the line of embankment was adapted to it, but in this case



the curves were evidently made to extend from one large tree to another ; one of these is still standing, the others have disappeared, either in the partial clearing that has taken place, or in the course of nature. I was unable to discover whether this embankment had been palisaded, as I believe it was, if we suppose the construction of it had anything to do with the protection or defence of the spring.

The situation of this earthwork is remarkable. Usually we find embankments thrown up on higher ground, and serving to protect habitations ; here the village was on the hill face, and overlooking the fortified enclosure. Perhaps the embankment originally extended up the hill, so as to surround the village. If so, it has disappeared during years of tillage.

The irregularity of the work points to a time anterior to French influence, for according to Brébeuf, the missionaries taught the natives of that neighborhood how to construct regular fortifications, having bastions and other European devices for defensive and offensive purposes.

Previous to this their palisaded embankments must have been far from strong, notwithstanding the enormous labor that was required to make them. The ground selected as a fortified dwelling place, was usually chosen on account of its natural advantages for defence, usually high ground at the confluence of two streams, or on a point formed by the sharp bend of a river. But other conditions were desirable. The soil should be loose and easily tilled ; good clay for pottery and pipes should be within easy distance ; the proximity of nut-bearing trees was not overlooked, and a good spring of water was almost indispensable, for it is worthy of note that the Indians were evidently partial to spring water. Perhaps one reason may be found for this preference in the non-freezing quality of springs during winter. Another was no doubt the coolness of the water in summer, but in the depraved condition of their taste it is not likely they were influenced by any consideration of purity or flavor.

.As has already been remarked, the labor required to build and fortify a village must have been enormous, and this mainly on account of the primitive tools employed. For edge-tool purposes stone was the chief material, copper more rarely. To effect a clearing of from five to ten acres in extent, fire was therefore to them a powerful agent, as indeed it is even to the white settler who is well provided with all "modern conveniences." Kindling a fire at the root of a tree, the charred wood was removed from time to time with their stone axes, so many of which are found all over this province, in common with many other places on the continent. These implements, of which small specimens are usually called "skining tools," were fastened to withe or to crotched handles. They were generally plain, decreasing slightly in size towards the head or pole. This shape caused them to tighten in the handle when a blow was struck. The grooved axe was a much more elaborate affair, and few of them are found either in the Huron country or elsewhere in Ontario.

The work of clearing finished, much more of a similar kind had to be done, to procure the large number of small poles to form the walls of their houses, and larger ones for the palisading, unless we assume that many such were saved during the great burning. To dig holes for the reception of these must have been tedious and difficult. Splinters of wood, pieces of bark and flat stones served for picks and shovels. Then the earth had to be thrown up round the outside of the wigwam or the "longhouse," and a ditch two or three feet deep dug along the whole line of the palisades, both outside and inside, and thrown up to form a breastwork as well as to strengthen the hold of the posts in the ground. It is to be remembered too, that these posts were sometimes in two, three, or even four

parallel rows, those on one side of the embankment inclining towards those on the other, and crossing at the top where they were lashed to each other with pliable twigs and strips of tough bark. A platform of poles was laid to extend lengthwise, resting at the intersection of the palisades, and here it is said the defenders stood to pour water upon fires lighted by the besieging force to make a breach in the "wooden wall." Here also heaps of stones were piled, for use against the enemy at close quarters. In addition to the labor of erecting such a frame, the finishing touches must also have required much time and patience, for the palisades were covered to the height of six feet or more, with sheets of bark. As a whole, and considering the lack of good cutting tools, we cannot fail to be surprised at the amount of work the Hurons and other Indians accomplished, and the manner in which it was executed, although it would appear that in the art of fortification, the Hurons were excelled by their kindred the Iroquois.\*

With regard to the extent and number of the aboriginal clearings in the Tobacco Nation's country, there has probably been some exaggeration. One writer has given it as his opinion that almost every square yard of land in that district, shows signs of a former clearance. It would be interesting to know what these signs were that persisted in showing themselves, after a lapse of two hundred years, now two hundred and forty. A farmer on whose property there is an old village site, told me that the trees growing upon it had smoother bark than those in the surrounding woods. I failed to observe the difference, but allowing it to be as represented, it proves too much, for even if the richer soil produced a finer bark, the coarser covering of the surrounding trees yielded no evidence of such an advantage. It is chimerical after so long a time, to look for surface indications of this kind, where the upturned roots of trees from three to four feet in diameter, sometimes disclose flakes of flint, broken pipes and fragments of pottery.

Still it is plain that the agricultural operations of the Tionnontates were comparatively extensive, for the density of the population made game scarce, and their chief food consisted of maize or Indian corn, raw or roasted, or boiled with flesh and fish. This grain they stored in caches or pits. The only evidence now existing of the use of corn are the charred cobs and grains found among the ashes of old dwellings.

Our knowledge of aboriginal vegetable diet is not very extensive, but it would appear that in addition to maize, they cultivated sunflowers, pumpkins and beans, all of which were probably introduced from southern sources. Wild fruits, especially plums, were moderately plentiful about the Georgian Bay, and the district is at the present time noted for its cultivated varieties of this fruit. Cherries, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, though not abundant were no doubt added to their scanty list of tid-bits, and beech-nuts could sometimes be gathered in considerable quantities. They no doubt made use of maple sap during early spring, but their traditional manufacture of sugar by boiling is a little dubious.

From a coarse hemp the women twisted strong cord or twine, which was used chiefly in making nets and constructing wigwams. From coarse grasses and sedges they wove mats and articles of clothing. Baskets were made in the same way and from similar material. In these were formed at least a few of the clay vessels, fragments of which are so plentifully found.

There is perhaps no single article of aboriginal manufacture with which the popular imagination so intimately associates the Indian, as the birch-bark

\* "The forts of the Iroquois were stronger and more elaborate than those of the Hurons; and to this day, large districts in New York are marked with frequent remains of their ditches and embankments." Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*, Intro. p. xxix.



canoe, and the Hurons were adepts in the art of building this frail type of vessel. The capacity and strength of these boats when compared with their lightness, were wonderful. One man could with ease carry across a portage, a canoe large enough to hold five or six persons. Scattered remnants of these people continue to make birch-bark canoes, as is also the case with many Algonkin tribes who have lost the art of producing almost everything else that was characteristic of the stone age in America.

As might be expected, the Tionnontates displayed much ingenuity in the making of pipes. Those of clay were by far the more numerous, but many fine specimens have been found carved from stone. In size the bowls vary from that of a small thimble and of far less capacity, to upwards of three inches in length. In clay pipes the hole is often so small, that a modern smoker would require to fill one several times before getting a satisfactory smoke—in stone pipes the capacity is usually much greater. In form there is considerable variety, one of the most common patterns being the flared or trumpet-mouthed head; a second has the margin compressed, forming a heavy collar round the upper third of the bowl; another kind has a square mouth, and occasionally a specimen is found upon which the human face or whole form is represented.

It seems probable that pipes as well as tobacco were produced for commercial purposes. The pipes found in the country inhabited by the Attiwandarons along Lake Erie, are undistinguishable in any way from those that are so comparatively abundant in the district occupied by the Hurons. This is particularly noticeable in the square-mouthed pipes, which are of the least common type any where, and in the manufacture of which there appears to have been almost perfect adherence to a regulation pattern. Of course it is easy to suppose that peoples even so widely separated might conform in their tastes, as to designs, patterns and forms, but when it is taken into account that the Attiwandarons or Neuters had easy access to an unlimited supply of material for spear and arrow-tips, and that all the "flints" found in the Huron country appear to have come from this source, we may reasonably conclude that a system of exchange existed in these articles, and this supposition is strengthened, when it is known that extensive beds of flakings are found along the Erie shore, where the chert-bearing rock is most abundant.

Of the Tobacco Nation as distinguished from the Hurons proper, there is not a vestige left in Canada to-day. The last of the confederacy had to give way before the Iroquois, about 1652-3, when they were compelled to flee to Michilimackinac. Thence they were driven by their old foe to the islands in Green Bay, Michigan, and again from this place to the country of the Illinois. Removing westwards they reached the Mississippi, but the Sioux drove them away. They next found a resting place on Shagamigon Point, on Lake Superior, but this spot they had to abandon, and they returned to Michilimackinac about 1670-1. Their next move was southward to the neighborhood of Detroit and Sandusky, where they were known as Ouendots or Wyandots. Latterly they were removed to a western reserve, and it is now improbable that anything more than the name of Wyandot exists.

Thus has totally disappeared the Tionnontates or Tobacco Nation, a people who, although conforming in many respects to what we characterize as savage, were yet remarkable for their skill in the practice of much that is inseparable from civilization. Their relics scattered so profusely among the Blue Mountains attest the mechanical ability possessed by them, and the French missionaries leave us in no doubt respecting their agricultural and commercial tendencies. While we may not feel warranted in expressing a belief that by any inherent potentiality they would, if left unmolested, have ever reached a much higher

plane than that in which they were found by Brébeuf, yet it appears evident that but for the implacable enmity of the Iroquois they would, under European influences, eventually have ranked among the most progressive of American aborigines in the arts of civilized life.

In the townships adjacent to Nottawasaga, and indeed throughout the whole of the district occupied by the Huron nation, there is yet much to be recorded and considerable material to be collected. Meanwhile it is gratifying to be able to state that our cases now contain a moderately good representation of all that is procurable to illustrate the social condition of a nation which enacted so important a part in the history of Canada, whose hunting and war parties no doubt frequently trod the woods where Toronto now stands, and which, as Parkman says, was "once prosperous, and in its own eyes and those of its neighbors", powerful and great."

### VILLAGE SITE AT CLEARVILLE.

On receipt of information from Mr. Thomas Boon, of Bothwell, I visited Clearville in company with that gentleman on May 31. Clearville, once a place of some importance, is a little more than a mile from lake Erie, and is situated near the south-east corner of the township of Orford, in the county of Kent.\*

What is known as the "Fort" lies about a mile due north of the village on the property of Messrs. Ridley and Bury. Clear Creek, passes through the farm, and at this point in its flow southwards makes a considerable detour round a low terraced table land, the slopes showing evidence of former higher levels in what must have been a much larger stream. The Indians had taken advantage of the situation for domiciliary and strategic purposes, for both of which it was well adapted. The sandy loam was fitted for the cultivation of corn, the creek supplied fish in abundance, walnut and chestnut trees were plentiful in the neighborhood, and, no doubt, game was easily procured. Here were all the requisites for aboriginal happiness if only protection could be assured against attack from enemies. To effect this the natural bluffs rising from ten to thirty or forty feet above the bed of the creek were utilized. A reference to the diagram will show how this was accomplished. There appear to have been two village sites occupying different levels, but it is not easy to say whether both have been used at the same or different times, or by the same people. The western embankment of the high level site consists chiefly of ashes, and it is probable the face of the natural bluff was made to serve as a place of deposit from the camp-fires. At any rate the materials are those of a kitchen-midden—shells, bones, skulls, broken pipes and pottery, and an immense quantity of ashes. At a point a few yards south of the walnut stump the ashes formed an almost solid bed to the depth of five feet from the surface. Four feet seven inches down we found several large fragments of what must have been very capacious clay vessels. These were proportionately thick and very coarse-grained, free from any ornamentation, and quite unlike many smaller and more delicately made pieces found higher in the deposit. The fragments of flint also appeared to indicate a different source of supply, as those near the top were of a uniform grey color, while the flakes found at the greater depth were of a lighter hue and streaked with narrow dark bands. From three to four feet from the surface were taken three skulls of the common deer, a human jawbone, and pieces of pottery.

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\*Mr. Archibald Blue, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, had previously directed my attention to this locality.



Beyond taking measurements and sketching a ground-plan nothing further was done at Clearville on this occasion, as permission was required to make a thorough examination of the ground.

Having received this from Messrs. Ridley and Bury, I returned on July 16th, again accompanied by Mr. Thomas Boon, who had previously, at my request, engaged men to dig. A drive of fifteen miles from Bothwell occupied some of the first day, and openings made in a number of places brought to light large quantities of coarse pottery fragments, some bone awls or needles, and several stones, one or more surface on each of which showed that they had been employed for rubbing, smoothing, or polishing other bodies. Subsequent operations lasting two days, yielded in addition to these a very fine clay pipe head of unique pattern, a small and rudely formed old pipe, the upper half of a clay pipe in appearance like



On the second day we turned up a skull on the face of the western embankment (marked C) at a depth of three feet. Decay had proceeded too far to make it worth taking away. The day following Mr. Boon laid bare two skeletons near the edge of the northern bluff overlooking the creek (at D). These also were too far gone for preservation. Other portions of human remains were found in various places. A few small and rudely formed slate chisels, two semicircular flint "scrapers," a number of implements made from deer-horn, some union shells, most of which were worn on the edge, as they had been used in scraping bones, were also found here.

Human remains, much decayed, were found also at A. Here there were two skeletons lying in a north and south direction, not deeper than one foot from the surface.

Mr. Blue and Dr. Bryce afterwards discovered another grave near F, but the bones were too far gone for preservation.

On the third day my sounding rod struck a "soft place," (B) which, on examination, turned out to be a grave containing the skulls and limb bones of eight persons. No ribs or other small bones were found, so that this was evidently a case of second burial. The leg and arm bones had been first thrown into the hole, and above these were placed the skulls in a cluster, without any arrangement, some lying face down, and others on one side. Five under-jaws were found. The distance from the surface of the ground to the uppermost skull was barely two feet.

When compared with those we had previously unearthed the remains in this pit were quite fresh, although some of the femora were more decayed than others, looking as if they had been underground a longer time. All these skulls were secured and are now in the museum, as are also specimens of the femora and tibiae.

The examination of this ground was peculiarly interesting from the fact that not a vestige of European presence or influence was met with over the whole area, and numerous evidences led to the conclusion that the place must have been occupied at widely separated periods by at least two, and perhaps by three different tribes.

The earthworks, I take it, were the work of those who first perceived the advantages of the situation. At one point on the embankment near the creek (E) traces of posts or palisades were discovered, and it is probable that the whole of the lower plateau, as well as the higher one, was thus enclosed. The broken pottery found near the base of the middle embankment (C) were large and coarse and without ornament, and the flint-flakes were different in color and appearance from those nearer the surface. The houses of these people would occupy the enclosed spaces, and in accordance with this we find beds of ashes at depths varying from two to four feet, and alternating with thin layers of sand all over the area in question. A bed of ashes four feet from the surface was found below the eight skulls and other bones already mentioned. The deepest of these were probably left by those who threw up the earthwork, and this view is confirmed from the correspondence in appearance between the potsherds and flint-flakes found at the greatest depths here, with those found deep in the embankment.

By the time the second people took possession it is likely that every trace of former occupation had disappeared, and the new arrivals erected their tents or wigwams close to the middle bank on the higher, or easterly side, finding the western slope convenient as a dumping-ground for refuse. Along the central portion of the bank, north and south of the walnut stump, ashes and earth are intermingled with splintered bones, tips of deer-horn, broken shells, skulls of deer, beavers' teeth and even human remains. Unless we attribute the presence of the last mentioned to accident we shall have to accept it as evidence of cannibalism, for many of the smaller bones are split, while others are wholly or partly charred. The broken pottery found in the midden is finer than what comes from a greater depth and is relieved with simple patterns, although greatly inferior to what we see from many other places.



With few exceptions all the flint and bone specimens we found would be regarded in Europe as belonging to the palæolithic age. Even the slate chisels have scarcely more rubbing done to them than was required to produce a cutting edge.

The grave in which the eight skulls were found, I regard as being comparatively recent, and the work of a third people. Aside from the freshness of the remains in this ossuary, it is not reasonable to believe that those who fortified the place would bury within the enclosure. In addition to this the existence of ashes below the bones goes to show a more ancient possession of the spot by others. A single unio valve, worn on the edge as if it had been used as a scraper was the only thing in the grave besides the bones, and, judging from its position, its presence was probably accidental.

Although the Clearville site did not yield much of what goes to make a museum attractive, it is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting localities I know of in Ontario, on account of its situation, its three-fold (?) occupation, and its perfect freedom from even the slightest trace of the white man. Amateur collectors have at various times made openings and procured relics, and it may be that they have met evidence calculated to upset the non-European view, but I can hardly think it possible that if ever white intercourse had taken place, some proof would not have come to light in the course of our making so many openings.

The diagram of the Clearville village site is not to be regarded as having any pretensions to accuracy, although the relative proportions are correct. The measurements of the spaces enclosed by the embankments are from outside to outside, as nearly as could be ascertained. The height of the bluffs is given approximately.

Mr. Henry Watson, township clerk of Orford, and Mr. Ridley of Clearville gave material assistance to us.

## TOWNSHIP OF HUMBERSTONE.

On the 12th of August Mr. Jas. Bain and myself constituted a self-appointed delegation of the Institute, and accepted an invitation from Mr. Peter McIntyre, captain of a Memphis (Tenn.) camping club near Port Colborne, to examine a quantity of Indian relics that had been discovered when digging a hole to plant a flag-pole.

I had previously written to Mr. McIntyre hoping to secure the specimens for preservation in our collection. His reply indicated uncertainty as to the ultimate disposal of the find, but expressed a wish that representatives of the Institute should, meanwhile, see what had been unearthed. We were received with genuine southern hospitality by the members, numbering about eighty, of the "Solid Comfort Club," and had the pleasure of examining several skulls, a few clay pcts, some clay pipes, wampum, stone tomahawks, and a considerable quantity of material of European manufacture including glass beads, iron and copper bracelets, and iron hatchets. While rejoicing heartily with our American friends over the happy discovery they had made, our pleasure was not unmingled with a few degrees of envy, especially when we contemplated the possibility of these objects being taken away from the province, although we have reason to hope that some, or all, of them will yet find a suitable depository with us.

As illustrative of the value set upon articles of an archæological nature by Americans, it may be stated that almost immediately after the discovery was

made at "Solid Comfort" camp, a highly influential deputation consisting of "honorable," municipal officials, and medical gentlemen arrived from a neighboring city in the United States to secure if possible, the "find" for their museum.

We did not return, however, from this locality empty-handed, for by a previous arrangement we met our old friend Mr. Cyrenius Bearss who has always taken a warm interest in our project, and has made himself correspondingly active in supplying information and procuring specimens. Through his instrumentality we succeeded in adding several valuable stone and other relics to our collection. These include, a very fine gouge from Mr. Gustav Utz; a tube and two cutting implements from Mr. William Michener; a bird-formed amulet (?) from Mr. George Muma; a large shell and some wampum from Mrs. Barney, senior, and two clay pipes from Mr. Isaac Bearss, Mr. C. Fearss himself presented us with a number of valuable specimens all of which are now in our cases.

### TOWNSHIPS OF YORK AND VAUGHAN.

On the 5th of September, in company with Drs. Orr and Noble of Maple, Wilson of Richmond Hill, Orr of Toronto, Watson of Sherwood, the Rev. Mr. Rutledge of Richmond Hill, and Messrs. Smelser of Vaughan. I visited a village-site on a farm in the township of York. Mr. Miller the tenant was engaged in ploughing a field which had formed part of the aboriginal village ground, and a large quantity of broken pottery was picked up by the members of our party, who were well supplied with spades, and who managed to dig to a depth of two or three feet over a considerable area in the most promising places.

Many of the fragments were those of large vessels—from ten to twelve inches in circumference, and proportionately deep. A few days before this Dr. R. Orr was fortunate enough to find at this place enough fragments of an unusually large vessel, to complete the rim, and show the form of the body. Its dimensions are, externally: diameter at lip, 14 inches; greatest diameter at swell of body, 17 inches; depth, 17 inches. The upper edge of the lip is formed by four arcs making depressions about half-an-inch below the level of the points of their junction which are not equi-distant. The edge is relieved with a series of diagonal markings, and a border two inches wide consisting of upright and oblique linings surrounds the margin. Considering the enormous size of this vessel its form is not devoid of gracefulness, and the material is thinner than might be expected. Two holes about an inch apart have been bored on each of two opposite sides not far from the top. At first sight these suggest a means of suspension, but the existence of other holes lower down is puzzling, unless, indeed, we suppose that they were made for the purpose of binding fractures by means of thongs, as, in most cases, the hole is close to a broken edge. Had the crack appeared subsequent to the boring, it would most probably have passed through the hole.

Some of the pieces obtained by us were of pots nearly as large, and ornamented with a similar pattern. A very unusual kind of lip was found here. Portions of the margins have been bent inward making the outside convex, and forming a sharp angle on the inside.

The markings on all the fragments picked up at this place are good, and many of them are of unusual designs. A small and plain clay cup was turned up. Although not perfect, it is sufficiently so to show what it looked like when new. It is three inches in diameter across the mouth, and one inch and a half deep, the slope of the sides making the bottom only about two inches in diameter.



Flint-flakes appeared, but only one finished arrow-tip was found. This was procured from Mr. Miller who turned it up with the plow.

A few bone awls, more or less perfect, a number of tarsal bones of the deer and some portions of human skulls were found among the ashes.

From the same farm we procured through the kindness of Mr. James Lawson earlier in the season, a very fine mill or mortar. It weighs upwards of two hundred weight, and has four hollows worn deeply by grinding.

Although, so far, no ossuary has been discovered near this village site, it is certain that one exists not far away—probably in the woods close by, but a search made by us failed to locate the spot.

For many years an ossuary has been known on lot 12, con. 3, Vaughan, and once or twice superficial openings had been made in it. After leaving the village site we determined to examine this place thoroughly, with the consent of Mr. Keffer the proprietor which was kindly given. Mr. Keffer also did everything he could to facilitate the work while it was in progress.

We uncovered a portion of the surface, and reached the bones at a depth of three feet, but the presence of water compelled a stoppage for the day. As it was evident that our amateur digging would not enable us to master the difficulties, Dr. R. Orr kindly undertook to procure two professional spademen for the following day, when with the aid of a pump we were able to examine the contents thoroughly, as well as to ascertain the extent of the pit.

This ossuary presented a number of peculiar features which it may be well to note. Usually these communal graves occupy the highest knoll within easy reach of the village, and light, sandy soil was considered preferable, but in this case the ossuary is not on the most elevated point, and the soil consists of an exceedingly tenacious clay. Overlying the bones was a coating of light-colored "hard-pan" about three inches in thickness. This clay had evidently been employed to cover the bones uniformly, and probably the sides of the pit had been plastered with it also, thus accounting for the quantity of water we found it necessary to pump out.

Then, again there is considerable diversity in the type of skulls in this ossuary. Not only are there the long and short varieties, but many of them have an abnormally large occipital development.

As in other ossuaries, there did not appear to be any special arrangement of bones, except that here and there the skulls were placed in groups of half-a-dozen or more, but lying base up, crown up, or side up. Not a vestige of anything artificial was met with. The diameter of the pit was fully twelve feet and Dr. R. Orr estimated the interments at not fewer than one thousand. We procured for our collection from this place (including a few presented by Dr. Orr) upwards of fifty skulls all more or less perfect. Should time and opportunity permit it is intended to give in next report the measurement of these, and of the other crania in the Museum.

# NOTES.

BY DAVID BOYLE.

## POTTERY.

In no department of "Primitive Industry" (to borrow the title of Dr. Abbott's interesting book) does our museum continue to afford so scanty a representation as in perfect specimens of aboriginal plastic art. We have accumulated a considerable quantity of fragments bearing a variety of patterns, but nothing like a whole vessel has been added to our collection since last report. The nearest approach was the small cup picked up by Dr. Orr, in York Tp., on the occasion referred to on a former page. This specimen, Fig. 1, is exceedingly plain. There is not the

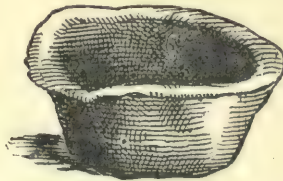


FIG. 1. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size).

remotest attempt at ornamentation. Many of the sherds, however, found on the same site are lined and dotted in various ways. Other good specimens were procured from the farm of Mr. Thos. White, Nottawasaga, and from the Ridley and Bury property, Orford Township.

Sometimes a certain pattern of ornamentation is found more frequently in a given locality than any other pattern. On the Murray farm, York Township, already mentioned, amid a variety of designs, that shown at Fig. 2 was the most common. A heavy band formed the upper portion of the vessel. This was scalloped or crenated on the lower edge. Near the upper and under edges of the collar parallel lines were drawn all round, and between these the pattern consisted of upright and diagonal lines.

Early in the season Mr. John McPherson, of this city, brought from his summer residence on Mindemoya Island, in a lake of the same name in the



Island of Manitoulin, a number of fragments that were remarkable for the fine quality of the material and the character of the ornamentation. These, when put

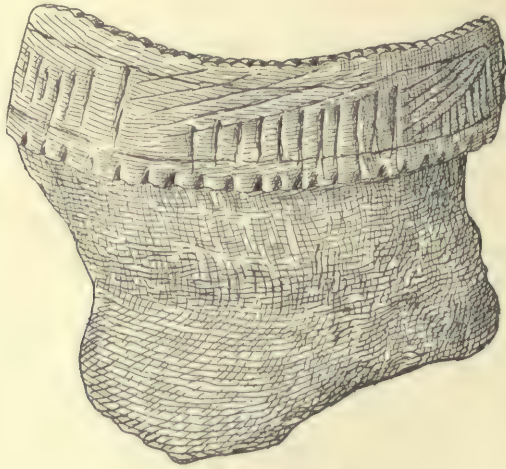


FIG. 2. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size.)

together, revealed the shape and proportions of a vessel so handsome in form and so unique in design, that I have dignified it with the name of the Mindemoya Vase.

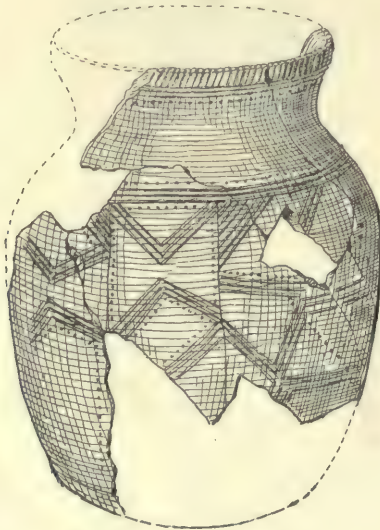


FIG. 3. Mindemoya Vase.

The surface has first been divided into sections by means of straight lines drawn from the upper part of the body to the base. Between these lines the

design consists of triangular and lozenge-shaped figures chiefly bounded by three parallel lines. It is to be observed that these have not been made by any tool that would produce the desired effect at one draw, for, although in the main approximately equidistant, there is not the exactitude that would result from fixed teeth or projections having been employed. Each line has been drawn singly with considerable care and patience, just as have the two series that surround the neck, above and below.

Its measurement when perfect would be 5 in. dia. at the mouth, 7 in. at the widest part of the body, and about 9 in. in height.

The gracefulness of outline displayed in the Mindemoya Vase must appeal to the artistic conception of beauty. In this respect it is equal to the best specimens found anywhere else on this continent, and will compare, not unfavorably with the ancient vessels that have been unearthed in Europe and Asia Minor.

The grain of the fracture, though coarse, is still much finer than is ordinarily the case with Indian pottery, and the material thinner, harder, and more uniform in thickness than is usual. The surface is very smooth, and almost as true and as free from traces of manipulation as if it had been made on a wheel.

It is to be regretted that Mr. McPherson did not succeed in getting all the fragments of this peculiarly interesting vessel, but owing to the situation of the find, beneath the roots of a stump, there is still a probability that further careful search may bring the remainder of the pieces to light.

#### CLAY PIPES.



FIG. 4. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size.)

This quaint-looking pipe-head is from the township of Humberstone, where it was found by that intelligent collector and friend of the Institute, Cyrenius Bearss. In spirit and execution it is totally unlike any other specimen in our cases. The cheeks are broadened until they merge imperceptibly into large ears, the edges of which are united by means of four lines across the back of the head. The eyes are made by small depressions round which the clay forms an elevated ring or collar. The mouth is simply a small round hole somewhat larger than those of the eyes. The representation of lips has been neglected. The nose is prominent but damaged at the point. The eyebrows are sharply brought out. The outside diameter at the mouth of the bowl is one inch, and the total length of the specimen is one inch and a quarter.





FIG. 5. (Full Size.)

The finest specimen of handiwork found on the Clearville site last summer is here figured. Enough of the neck remains to indicate that the face looked towards the smoker. Unfortunately the nose is broken, and only the cutline of its extent on the face remains. Unlike Fig. 4, the eyes are simply holes, and pains have been taken to form lips. The eye-brows and cheeks are well modelled. The projections for ears are crude, and each is penetrated by a small hole. The band forming the head-dress is peculiar.



FIG. 6. (Nearly full size.)

In common with the greater number of our best clay pipes, that represented in Fig. 6 is from the Township of Nottawasaga. From the curve to the

lips of the bowl this specimen is unusually long. The marking, too, is unlike the prevailing style. Two plain lines surround the upper portion of the bowl, and between these there are four pairs of upright lines, two of which (one each of two pairs) are shown in the engraving. The specimen is of a bright ochre tint, and does not appear even to have been in use. As is the case with a good many specimens that are found where they were made, it was probably broken in the process of burning. It was presented by Master David Melville.

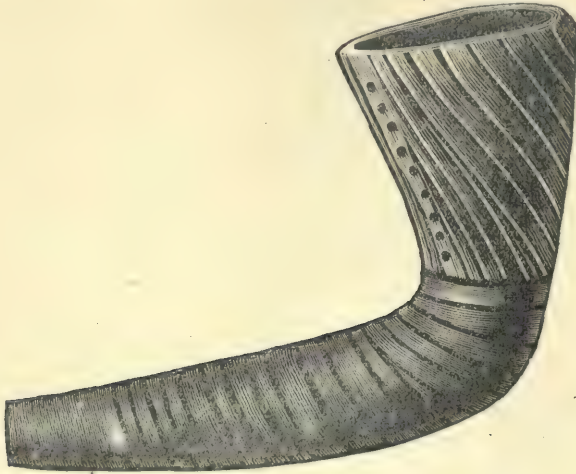


FIG. 7. (Nearly Full Size.)

In form and ornamentation this pipe is unlike any other in the museum. The bowl is capacious and the sides are thin. The lines and dots are quite different in order and arrangement from the normal patterns. It was found on an old village site near a branch of the Don on Bræside farm, Richmond Hill, and presented by Mr. David Boyle, sr.

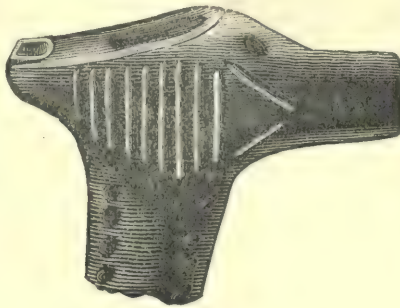


FIG. 8. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size.)

This pipe bowl is from the Loughheed farm, Nottawasaga. The engraving does not bring out all the details. The bowl hole should be shown as circular, and a deep cut marks the mouth almost meeting the two oblique lines beneath the eye. The nose should also be longer. As an imitation of some animal form, it is per-



haps meant for a fox. The break is too near the head to enable one to say how the stem turned, but it was probably in the direction of the face.



FIG. 9. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size).

The style of rude art shown in Fig. 9 is totally distinct from anything else in the museum. It is indescribable, and is not well brought out in the cut. When perfect the face must have looked down upon the stem at an angle of  $30^\circ$ . The face consists mainly of three cavities, containing mouth and eyes, which are deeply impressed at the bases. Viewed from underneath it has a laughing appearance. From the farm of Mr. Thos. White, Nottawasaga. Mr. Edward Coyle.



FIG. 10. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

This pattern of pipe is unique, so far as I know. Although the hole is almost circular, the outline of the exterior at the mouth is oval, measuring from front to back  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. and from side to side  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. One side is shown in the cut. An inch and a quarter from the lip the shorter diameter is still further compressed to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in., the measurement from side to side remaining the same. Longitudinally the head is divided by upright lines into four equal parts—one

of them is shown above. These are connected by diagonals. Nottawasaga Tp. David Melville.

It is somewhat singular that although no other clay pipe of a similar shape had ever found its way into our collection, the finder of the specimen shown at Fig. 10 was fortunate enough to find the stem of what was evidently another pipe made after the same pattern. It was intended to give a figure showing the resemblance between the head figured and the stem here referred to, but as the engraving was not ready its presentation must be deferred. In the case of the stem the ornamentation has been, however, somewhat more elaborate than on the pipe head, for the lines are more numerous and more carefully made, and a series of dots on the lower side relieves the pattern. The toothed edges are neatly moulded.



FIG. 11. (Full Size).

Although the original of Fig. 11 is imperfect, the cut does not do it justice. It is meant no doubt to represent the head of a snake, and is, in this respect somewhat like No. 90 in Case S. The jaws, however, are reversed in this specimen. Fig. 11 was found in the Nottawasaga, and was presented by Mr. Angus Buie.



## STONE PIPES.



FIG. 12. (Nearly Full Size.)

Fig. 12 represents what is the heaviest if not the most elegant pipe in the collection. The material is a light grey, veined marble. Originally, no doubt, smooth, it is now very rough on the surface, looking as if it had been long exposed to the action of the weather. Notwithstanding the size of the specimen the bowl is remarkably small, as the hole (whose greatest diameter is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. and narrows rapidly) is less than an inch and a quarter in depth. The wall of the bowl is from  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in thickness. In cross section this pipe is somewhat oval, the longer diameter being at right angles to the stem hole:

It was found on Bræside Farm, near Richmond Hill, by Alexander and Arthur Boyle, children of the proprietor.



FIG. 13. (Nearly Full Size.)

The smallest stone pipe in the museum is illustrated at Fig. 13. It is well made and resembles in shape some that we have much larger. The stem-hole

enters the lower triangular portion. This diminutive specimen is from the Qu'Appelle River Valley, N. W. T., and was presented by Mr. Jas. C. Stokes, Reeve of King Tp.



FIG. 14. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size).

Fig. 14 is a somewhat rude attempt to imitate the human face, on a stone pipe bowl. The marks of the workman's tools are still apparent in this specimen. A first attempt to bore a hole at the base has proved a failure, and a second beginning has been made immediately above on the side shown in the cut. The stem hole enters below the middle on the opposite side. The bowl is thin, and is brought to a sharp edge at the lip. Hubert Conner, Nottawasaga.

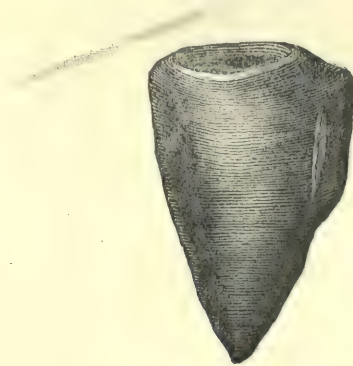


FIG. 15. (Full size.)

Fig. 15 illustrates an unusual attempt at variation in the form of stone pipe-heads. Apparently the design of the workman has not been completed, for the projecting portion on the upper half is a rough and unfinished representation of a human face. The stem hole enters from the opposite side. This specimen was



procured from Mr. Ed. Coyle, Sunnidale, but it was picked up from the village site on the farm of Mr. Thomas White, Nottawasaga.



FIG. 16. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size.)

Fig. 16 must have been when perfect a beautiful piece of aboriginal handicraft. It is made of serpentine, and contains large crystals of iron pyrites which have been carefully rubbed down uniformly with the body of the material. Fig. 16 is given here chiefly on account of its having two stem-holes. This pipe was found on the farm of Mr. Duff, Nottawasaga, and was by him presented to the museum.



FIG. 17. (Full Size.)

This very handsome stone pipe was presented by Wardie and Ottie White. It was found at Lambton Mills, York Tp. It is nearly perfect in every respect. The material is a fine, light brown sandstone. The stem-hole is bored immediately below the central groove, on the right hand side of the engraving.

FIG. 18. ( $\frac{1}{4}$  Size.)

Specimens of the "white stone" pipe are rare in Ontario. Fig. 18 illustrates one of two in the museum. It is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, considerably weathered, and has what appears to be the head of a bear or dog on the inner edge of the bowl. This pipe was found on the Lotteridge farm, near Hamilton, a spot from which large numbers of valuable relics have been procured.



FIG. 19. (Full Size).

To Mr. Dugald Currie, teacher, Creemore, we owe the pipe here figured. It is very well made, the chief defect in its form being in the flared tip, where, no doubt owing to a want in the material on one side the prominence is less than elsewhere. Two parallel lines (not shown) surround the bowl, which in cross sections is rather oval than circular. A hole for suspension has been bored through the bottom, below the stem hole on the left side of the illustration. The material of this pipe is steatite

#### BONE AND HORN.



FIG. 20. (Full Size.)

Fig. 20 is a somewhat rare form of relic in anything like a perfect condition, and even fragments are not common. This specimen formed part of the collection presented to the museum by Mr. James Dickson, of Fenelon Falls, and was found in the county of Victoria. The form is extremely suggestive of Eskimo



influence or contact, and some force is added to this conjecture from the fact that we have a small walrus tusk found in the same locality.

This specimen, in any event, must be classed among those of comparatively recent date.



FIG. 21.

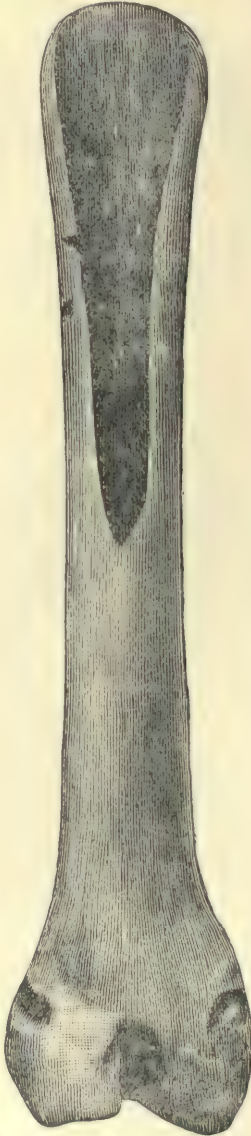


FIG. 22.



FIG. 23.

The specimen here figured (21) is an exceedingly handsome one, and measures  $11\frac{3}{4}$  inches in length. The bone of which it is formed is almost square in cross section, and the workmanship is so well done as almost to lead one to the conclusion that steel tools must have been used in reducing the material to its present shape. The side shown in the engraving has been neatly shouldered down near the head

where the bone is an inch and a quarter thick, and has been made to taper until a good cutting edge is formed at the opposite end.

This tool was found on the farm of Mr. Thomas White, Nottawasaga.

Within a few miles of the same place another similar implement was found on the farm of Mr. Melville, by whose son it was presented to the museum. It is shown at Fig. 22. In this case the workmanship is not so good, although the specimen is equally interesting. The bone, in cross section, is oval, and no pains have been taken to modify the knuckle or joint processes that form the head. No attempt has been made to form a shoulder as in Fig. 21, as the upper side shown has been ground in a uniform line to produce an edge at the mouth. It is somewhat shorter than Fig. 21, measuring only  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in.

Some light was thrown on the probable use of these implements, by Messrs. Ah-yan-dwa-wa and Mah-shuck-a-wa-we-tong, two Indians from St. Francis' Reserve, Manitoba, who visited the museum during the fall. They stated that similar tools are still in use among the tribes in the North-west for the purpose of skinning or of dressing skins, and these gentlemen promised to send us specimens of those that are thus employed.

Since that we have been presented by Major J. M. Delamere of this city, with one of the North-west specimens, which is represented at Fig. 23. Like Fig. 21 its cross section has been ground square, and like Fig. 22 the original joint formation at the head is left intact—indeed a good deal of cartilage is still adherent to that end. It differs, however, from both of these at the mouth, where a number of shallow notches have been worked on both sides lengthwise giving the cutting edge a serrated appearance. For scraping purposes this device would prove serviceable. Major Delamere's specimen was procured from near Battleford. It is  $14\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and at the thickest part of the squared portion measures  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. The taper extends only  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. from the lip.

Among a number of articles recently presented by William and David Melville is a small tool, somewhat imperfect, of the same type as these.



FIG. 24. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  Size.)

Fig. 24 represents a forked deer-horn prong, the marks upon which tell their own tale. The abraded hollow as seen in the cut on one branch has a corresponding (C.I.)



ponding depression on the opposite side of the other. It seems evident, therefore to have been held in the hand by the squarely cut end, and to have been used for rounding or smoothing thongs and sinews in a state of tension as the material passed over one part and under the other while the tool was moved briskly backwards and forwards. It is from Humberstone Tp., and was presented by Mr. Cyrenius Bearss.



FIG. 25.

Fig. 25 is a piece of bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at its greatest diameter. A deep hollow runs along the side shown in the engraving. From edge to edge of this hollow, round the opposite side fourteen lines are deeply cut diagonally, the seven from the one side crossing those from the other and forming a lozenge pattern. The bone is cut smoothly and squarely off at both ends and has a semi-lunar hole through it. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Ottie White, Toronto.

FIG. 26. ( $\frac{2}{3}$  size.)

A few bones similar to Fig. 26 are labelled in our cases as "Tally" or "Record" bones. The fact that these are notched slightly, crosswise, in one or more rows, naturally suggests keeping count of something; scalps, captives, number of men in a band, days' travel, etc. Having counted the notches on all the specimens of this kind (about half a dozen) in our possession, it was interesting to note that none exceeded twenty-nine or thirty, that one had two rows of fourteens, and that another was arranged in sevens, the total amounting to twenty-eight.

In Fig. 26 there are two rows of notches, twenty-eight in each row. These are delicately cut along the crowns of the two ridges that extend from the cylindrical body of the bone to the joint. As reckoning time wholly by "moons" was common to the Indians with the uncivilized of all countries, the maximum of marks on these bones might lead one to regard such specimens as simple calendars, or, perhaps, rather as mnemonic aids relating to days past. On the latter supposition, we should not, of course, expect to find the groups of markings exceed twenty-eight or twenty-nine, and any less number could be easily accounted for.

With so small a number of specimens to compare, it would be rash to write with assurance on this point, but it is to be desired that those who have "Tally" bones will examine them carefully, and inform us of the result. It is needless to say that we will be glad to receive specimens that tend either to confirm or to disprove the view suggested.

Fig 26 is a very fine specimen, squarely cut at one end, and exceedingly smooth. Near the ridged and marked end it is stained green owing to contact with copper. I found it along with some native copper beads in Tremont Park, Tidd's Island.

## FLINT.

FIG. 27. ( $\frac{3}{4}$  Size.)

The specimen figured here is of an unusual type. Our collection of "flints" is large, but this is the only one of its kind we have. It is from the Miami Valley, Indiana, and formed part of the collection of Mr. C. J. B. Ratjen, of Lawrenceburg.

## STONE TUBES.

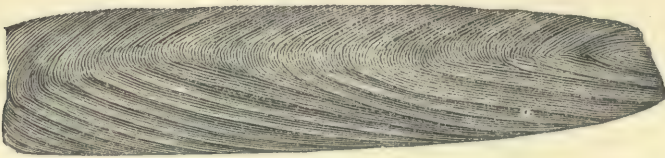


FIG. 28.

Our collection of these mysterious objects has received some valuable additions since the issue of last report. Two very fine specimens came from Wolfe Island, the largest of which measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length.

Fig. 28 is  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. The hole is not quite round and corresponds in size with the outside measurement of the stone. Lengthwise, on the opposite side from that shown above there is a shallow groove. The material is stripped slate. This specimen was presented by Mr. Wm. Michener, one of the oldest and most highly respected surviving settlers in the Township of Humberstone.

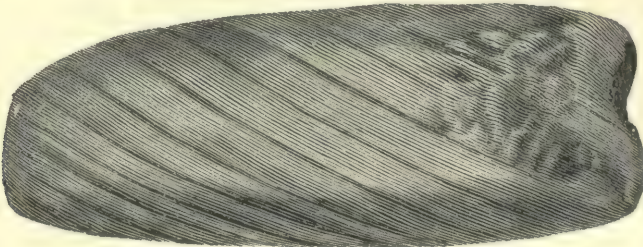
FIG. 29. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  Size).

Fig. 29 is of the same material as Fig. 28, and is evidently an unfinished tube. A hole about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in dia. has been bored to a depth of  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. at the larger end. Found on farm of Mr. W. H. Johnston, Township of West Williams.



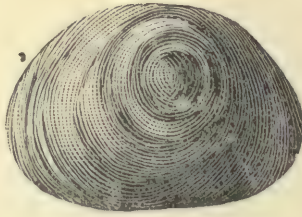


FIG. 30. (Nearly Full Size.)

This really fine specimen appears to be unfinished, as it was likely the intention to bore it perpendicularly. It is of striped slate, well made (better than the engraving) and was found near the village of Burford.

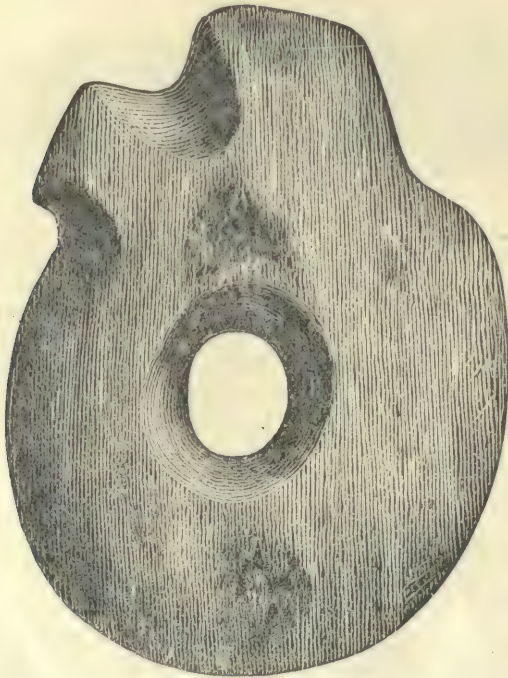


FIG. 31.

The specimen represented here is one of the puzzles. But for its great size,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and 4 in. wide, it might be taken for an intended pipe-head of the

McCallum type found near Milton, figured in our report for 1886-7. The material is a close grained, dingy blue argillite, and is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. The hole in the middle is counter-sunk on both sides, and some pecking has been done on each side both above and below this hole, either with the intention of enlarging it, or of producing others. Whatever the ultimate intention may have been, the work is evidently incomplete, but is none the less interesting on that account.

This, along with some other fine specimens was presented to the museum by Mr. Angus Buie, of Nottawasaga.

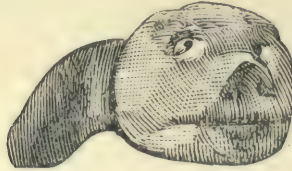


FIG. 32. (Full Size).

The curious nondescript specimen here figured is from Nottawasaga. It is made of white marble, and has a strong resemblance to the head of a bull-dog. Owing to mistake on the part of the engraver, there should be a shoulder and short leg shown behind the neck. Originally the specimen was probably full length as the lower end presents a rough surface as if a piece had been broken off. From Mr. John Hannah, teacher, Duntroon.

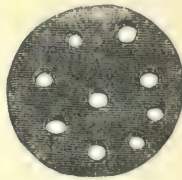


FIG. 33. (Full size.)

Fig. 33 is of brown argillite, less than  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an in. in thickness. It seems to have been worn as a pendant; perhaps, as a part of a string of beads. One hole near the margin is larger than the others and shows signs of wear. It is unique so far as our collection is concerned, and not common anywhere. Loughheed farm, Nottawasaga.



## MILLS OR MORTARS.

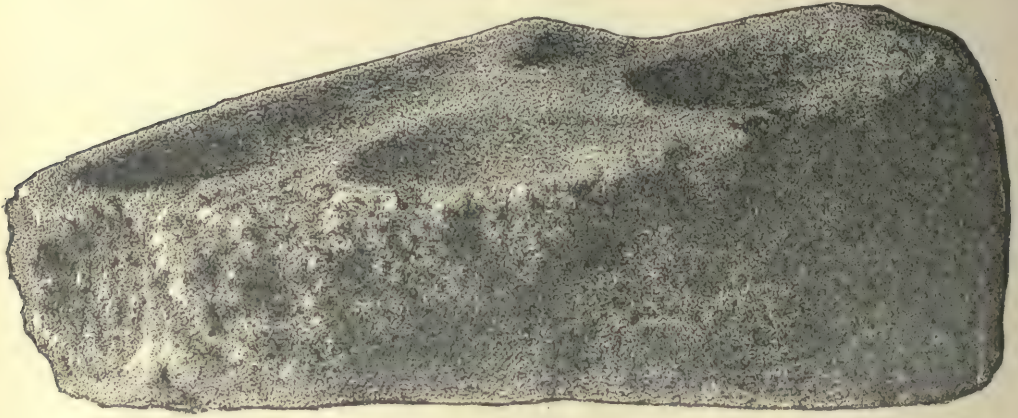


FIG. 34.

Although our collection of mills or mortars is not an extensive one we have been successful in procuring a few very good specimens. The largest and best is from the township of York, within a few miles of Toronto. It is 2 ft. 9 in. long; 1 ft. 7 in. at the widest, and 8 in. thick. The stone is of gneiss, hard, and of a light pink color. At the larger end a hollow has been formed, 16 inches long, 10 in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. Near the middle of the length, but to one side, there is another and almost circular hollow, the greatest diameter of which is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in., and the depth 1 in. At the smaller end of the stone, which rounds off to less than a foot across, there is a third hollow whose longest diameter is 9 in., and the shortest 8 in. The depth of this one is only about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. On the opposite side to the second hollow mentioned, is a fourth hollow, occupying all the remaining available space. It is only half round, being worn out to the margin of the stone, which has here a straight face.

This must have proved an excellent stone for grinding purposes, as the gneissoid laminations have broken off sharply in the course of rubbing, thus presenting a series of angular edges along the sloping sides of the hollows that no doubt facilitated very much the bruising process as applied to seeds, nuts or roots. The weight of this specimen cannot be less than two hundred pounds.

In many parts of the world stones have been found indicative of bruising by means of pounding, and some of those met with in this country may have been so used, but all the specimens we have, appear from the character of the hollowed portion to have been subjected to a circular, grinding motion. This was manifestly so with the large stone in question. It is large enough to permit of at least three persons grinding at the same time. The continued use of such a heavy, and consequently unportable stone, points to a considerable permanency of *habitat*, or else frequent return of people at intervals to the same locality.

The upper, or hand stone, was usually a somewhat flattened and rounded piece of primitive rock weighing from three to six pounds. Long and artificially formed pestles are of comparatively rare occurrence in Ontario, and those that have been discovered are, as a rule, exceedingly plain, differing in this respect from many that are found in more southerly districts.

## COPPER.

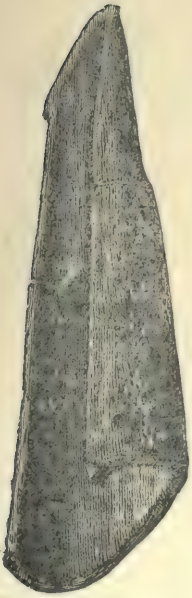
FIG. 35. ( $\frac{1}{4}$  Size.)

FIG. 36. (Full size.)



FIG. 37. (Full Size.)

The Fig. 35 represents a remarkably fine specimen of native copper implement found on the north bank of the River Kaministiquia, near Fort William, and was presented to the museum by Capt. J. S. Smith, of Fort William,



along with a spike or spear of the same material, about one foot long, from the same locality. The edges forming the handle socket are just turned over enough to give a good grip, and the cutting end has been worked to as keen an edge as it is possible for copper to take.\* This is in many respects the best specimen of native copper implement in our cases.

Although our collection of native copper relics is comparatively small, its extent is already much greater than we anticipated making it when we began to form cabinets. Neither is it to be expected that we shall ever possess objects of this material in such profusion as those of stone or bone. It is not quite easy to account for the scarcity of native copper tools. Distance from source of supply is not enough. Indeed, it seems probable that for most purposes the implement of hornstone or chert was in nearly every way more serviceable than that of the virgin metal. However this may be, copper has not, at any rate, entered so largely into aboriginal economy in this part of the country, as has shell of a species that had to be brought from even a greater distance in an opposite direction, and offering fewer facilities for travel.

Fig. 36 is a good example of the spear or lance head. It was found in the valley of the Ottawa, and has with other objects been placed in our keeping by Dr. T. W. Beeman, of Perth.

Another weapon of this material is illustrated here, Fig. 37. It was found near Lakeside and was presented by Mr. Sparham Sheldrake of that village. Like nearly all such objects it has a rough surface as the result of weathering, and this roughness is shown in short and crooked ribs running longitudinally. Had the metal ever been smelted no such effect would have been produced from weathering, because the metal would then be homogeneous throughout; but in its native condition small portions here and there are harder than the rest, and the effect of hammering into shape is to elongate these. In consequence of their greater hardness these parts withstand the action incident to decay better than the other portion and are thus left standing above the general surface. It is mainly on account of such ridges that so many persons, writers and others, have concluded that the implements or weapons were cast in a mould.

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\*It may be remarked here that the commonly accepted belief with regard to tempering of copper tools by the Indians is a fallacy. If they have any unusual hardness it is merely the result of cold hammering.

## CRANIA.



FIG. 38.

This figure represents one of eight skulls taken from within the ancient enclosed village site on the Ridley and Bury farm, Clearville. The measurement of these and other skulls will probably be given in next report; meanwhile the contour of figure 38 is worthy of study. The frontal recession is particularly noticeable.



FIG. 39.

Among the large number of interesting skulls from the Keffer ossuary in Vaughan township, a good many are remarkable for their occipital development, as in Fig. 39.



## MODERN INDIAN DRESS, ETC.

It is perhaps almost as desirable that we should preserve specimens of the present day of aborigines' workmanship as well as those of a bygone time. While it is true that the Indian as we know him has lost the art of producing stone weapons and tools, he (and we should say also she) exists in the manufacture of a few simple articles including chip baskets, snow-shoes, and various objects ornamented with bead-work. In the production of these, the women, especially, show considerable taste, and the exercise of much patience.

Beads were valued highly among them even in their primitive condition when stone, shell and bone were their only available materials, and the introduction of the colored glass article proved so attractive that the ancient wampum was discarded at a very early date even in the making of treaty belts. All the belts of this description now held by Fire-keeper, John Buck, for the Six Nation Indians on the Tuscarora Reserve, are composed of European material, as glass, or of other material shaped by European skill, as shell.

We are indebted to the Rev. John McLean, now of Moosejaw, N.W.T., for a number of modern specimens illustrative not only of the skill, but of the manners and customs of the Blood Indians among whom he spent many years of enthusiastic labor, and regarding whom he has written an extremely interesting volume, besides numerous papers that have been read before the Canadian Institute, and some that have appeared in the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

A list of the specimens presented by Mr. McLean and others will be found in the catalogue accompanying this report.

## FRENCH RELICS FROM VILLAGE SITES OF THE HURONS.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THESE RELICS IN THE COUNTIES OF SIMCOE, YORK, AND ONTARIO.

*By A. F. Hunter, B.A.*

The French traders of the seventeenth century brought amongst the Huron Indians of Ontario large quantities of articles of European manufacture in exchange for the Indians' furs. The metal portions of these articles are found in abundance at the present day in those parts of the province inhabited by the Hurons at that time.

The most abundant relic of this kind is the iron tomahawk, thousands of which have been found in various parts of the province, but more especially in North Simcoe, and at the west end of Lake Ontario, where the Neuters dwelt. These tomahawks are of various sizes, but almost all of the same well-known shape, each bearing three crosses in relief on one side; their appearance is, however, too well known to require a description.

Copper and brass kettles are also numerous, and are almost invariably found in the ossuaries. In nine cases out of ten these kettles, which were formed of sheet metal, were rendered useless by blows from a tomahawk upon the bases of the vessels. This practice of rendering useless every article deposited with the dead was, however, common to many tribes, the apparent object being to remove any temptation to desecrate the graves.

Besides tomahawks and kettles, there are iron knives, earthen and glass beads, copper bracelets and ear ornaments, and many other articles. The various kinds of French relics are well represented in the Museum of the Canadian Institute, where they can be minutely examined at any time, so that they do not require further notice here. We shall now proceed to the special subject of this paper—the geographical distribution of these relics over the Hurontario isthmus. The analysis by townships of the Huron village sites and ossuaries in the three counties of Simcoe, York and Ontario, which is given in the table accompanying this paper, shows certain evident facts regarding the geographical distribution of French relics. The information supplied by this table has been obtained from catalogues opened by the writer for each of the counties mentioned, in which details of each village site, ossuary, etc., have been collected and recorded. A majority of the sites were personally visited.

The Huron custom of settling in village communities and remaining for a considerable time, makes it an easy task to recognize the remains of one of their villages. These are indicated by abundant accumulations of charred soil and ashes, broken relics, etc.; complete relics are, unfortunately, becoming rare. In preparing these catalogues, therefore, although many sites were visited, it was almost impossible to obtain any relics. In most cases, accordingly, all that the writer could do was to make notes of what relics had been found in past years from as many reliable sources as possible. It occasionally happened that the very fact of the former existence of a village or ossuary had almost passed from the recollection of the present inhabitants of the district.

Up to the present time the writer has made a record of the following Huron sites :—

Villages .....	Simcoe .....	218	York .....	33	Ontario .....	14
Ossuaries .....	" .....	122	" .....	5	" .....	6

[These figures do not include a considerable number of Algonquin village sites and burial grounds, which have also been recorded; they apply altogether to the sites once occupied by Hurons.]

They do not indicate the absolute number of village sites and ossuaries in each county, nor are they any index of the relative numbers of sites which may subsequently be found to exist. They merely indicate the numbers recorded so far in each county according to our opportunities for making enquiries. They are, however, sufficiently representative to enable us to arrive at certain important conclusions respecting the geographical distribution of French relics.

Many persons have contributed valuable facts towards the preparation of the catalogues mentioned, for which the writer is under obligations to them; and it would be a long task to give the names of all those to whom credit is due. It will be sufficient for the present to say that the name of every person who became authority for a statement regarding any site, has been recorded in its descriptive account of the catalogues.



Further investigation may modify to some extent the statistics furnished here; but a degree of confidence may be placed upon the general relations indicated by the table:—

TABLE SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF FRENCH RELICS IN THE COUNTIES OF SIMCOE, YORK, AND ONTARIO.

TOWNSHIP.	VILLAGE SITES.			OSSUARIES.		
	In Catalogues.	Post-French.	Percentage.	In Catalogues.	Post-French.	Percentage.
Simcoe County:						
Nottawasaga....	32	11	35	41	11	27
Tiny.....	27	14	51	19	8	42
Tay.....	16	12	75	18	9	50
Medonte.....	41	33	80	19	14	74
S. Orillia.....	6	4	66	2	1	50
Oro.....	23	8	35	9	5	55
Vespra.....	19	5	27	2	1	50
Flos.....	12	2	16	4	1	25
Innisfil.....	30	5	17	3		
W.Gwillimbury.	5	1	20	2		
Tecumseth.....	7	1	14	3		
York County:						
E. Gwillimbury.	4					
King.....	2					
Whitchurch.....	6			2		
Vaughan.....	3			1		
Markham.....	3			2		
York.....	13	1	8			
Scarboro'.....	2					
Ontario County:						
Scott.....	3			2		
Uxbridge.....	1					
Reach.....	6	1	16	2		
Pickering.....	3			1		
Whitby.....	1			1		
Totals.....	265			133		

The first column of the table gives the townships. In the second is given the number of village sites so far recorded in each township. The third contains the number of village sites at which French relics have been found, and the relative percentage which these bear to the whole number recorded is carried out into the fourth. This is done for the purpose of comparing one township with another. The fifth, sixth, and seventh contain similar statistics relating to the ossuaries.

The townships are arranged in the table, beginning at Georgian Bay and descending southwards. Bearing this fact in mind and glancing down the fourth column, it will be observed how rapidly the percentage of villages where French relics have been found falls off after leaving the first few townships in the remote north beside Georgian Bay. This was the district occupied by the Hurons in the time of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. If we draw a line from east to west through Kempenfeldt Bay on Lake Simcoe, it will be seen that of all villages south of this line less than twenty per cent. have yielded French relics. The difference in the geographical distribution of these relics on the two sides of this line is made apparent by contrasting one representative township from each part, say Medonte and Innisfil. In Medonte 41 village sites have been entered in the catalogue, of which no less than 33 (or 80 per cent of them) have yielded French relics; while of 30 village sites in Innisfil, only 5 (or 17 per cent.) have yielded French relics, and merely one or two isolated tomahawks in most of these five cases. There is a wide difference here—viz., between 80 per cent. and 17 per cent., and this difference of geographical distribution can only be accounted for by supposing that the larger part of the villages of Innisfil, as well as of the others south of the line just drawn, were occupied by the Hurons before the arrival of the French traders. In York and Ontario counties there is but one case in each, so far as the writer has ascertained, of European relics having been found at Huron village sites, and in neither of these cases is the evidence very conclusive. Many European relics have been found at Algonquin sites in these two counties, and the two cases in question may be of relics lost by later Mississagas on the ground previously occupied by the Huron lodges.

Independent evidence of a similar character is furnished by the ossuaries. There is no proof of any French relics having been found in the ossuaries south of the line through Kempenfeldt Bay, that is in South Simcoe, York, and Ontario. But in North Simcoe the percentage runs as high as 74.

This classification affords us a means of arriving approximately at the date of Huron occupation of these parts of Central Ontario under consideration. The beginning of French intercourse with the Hurons may be said to have taken place in 1615, when Champlain made his celebrated journey to their country. From that year onwards traffic between the French and Hurons was established. So that speaking in a general way, this date, 1615, is the dividing line between post-French and ante-French villages. Wherever French relics are found, in most cases it may be concluded that the village dates after 1615. The table therefore shows that the sites in N. Simcoe, near Georgian Bay, were mostly post-French, while the more southerly ones—those in S. Simcoe, York and Ontario—were chiefly ante-French.

The former statement might readily have been inferred from our historical data of the first half of the seventeenth century, without the assistance of archæology; but, little of an historical nature has been known with regard to the numerous Huron sites of S. Simcoe, York and Ontario. It would appear from the table that they chiefly belong to a period preceding the sites of N. Simcoe.



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There are references in the early French writers to an increase of population in the Huron tract (now North Simcoe) from which we may infer that what might be called a migration took place. Champlain and Le Caron in 1615 reckoned 17 or 18 villages in the Huron peninsula, with 10,000 persons. Brebeuf, in 1635—20 years later—found 20 villages, and about 30,000 souls. [Relations (Canadian edition), 1635, p. 33 ; 1636, p. 138.] Here is evidence of a rapid influx from some quarter into the sheltered peninsula of N. Simcoe, between the years 1615 and 1635.

The aborigines of any country are always found at the corner opposite to the point of entry of their invaders. This was the case with the early Celts of Britain, the Lapps of North Europe, the Basques of Southern France, and indeed with every race of conquered people known to history. It might therefore be expected that the Hurons would remove as far as possible from their enemies, the Iroquois ; and it was in this position—against the northerly limit of land adapted to agricultural pursuits—that they were found by the early French.

These inferences from historical considerations have been fully confirmed by the table of sites given, from which it is evident that a removal from the sites of Ontario, York and S. Simcoe took place about the time the French first came.

In conclusion, it may be stated that there is another important feature of the N. Simcoe sites, not indicated in the table, and which though highly important, will be merely alluded to in this paper. The largest Huron village sites in the country are found there, and they are likewise post-French. It would appear from this that as danger from the invading Iroquois grew greater, the population became amassed into larger villages for safety.

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CATALOGUE OF SPECIMENS

IN THE

PROVINCIAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

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The following list does not comprise all that is in the cases of the museum. Many pages would be required, merely to mention the names of donors and localities connected with hundreds of stone axes, "flints," and other comparatively common types of relics.

Neither are the arrangement and classification to be regarded as satisfactory or final. Museums, like libraries of humble origin, require frequent changes and re-arrangements corresponding to the increase and variety of the collections. This is especially so when, as with us, the growth is remarkably rapid, and the space at disposal limited. From almost absolutely nothing four years ago, what follows will give some idea of the success that has attended the efforts of the Canadian Institute to form an archæological collection in some degree worthy of the province.

It is hoped that the example set by so many persons whose names appear in this list as those of donors will be emulated by others, who may have in their possession single specimens or small collections, and that these objects may be presented to us for safe keeping.

S. stands for Mr. J. W. Stewart and M. for Mr. W. Matheson, from whom we purchased small collections, and Y. P. col. stands for York Pioneers' collection.

DAVID BOYLE,  
Curator.

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## CASE A.

PARTLY OR WHOLLY OF EUROPEAN MANUFACTURE, BUT FOUND IN FIELDS AND OSSUARIES.

1. Quantity of small red glass beads. Beverly Tp. Jas. Dwyer.
2. Quantity of small blue and purple glass beads. Beverly Tp. Jas. Dwyer.
3. String of glass beads. Baby Farm,\* York Tp. Miss Kirkwood.
4. String of very small red glass beads. York Tp. Y. P. col.
5. Four blue glass beads. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
6. Two blue and one red glass bead (all square in cross section). Brantford. S.
7. String of glass beads, various colors, with stone pendant. Beverly Tp. Dwyer, col.
8. String of long red glass beads. No locality. Y. P. col.
9. String of glass, shell and stone beads. Y. P. col.
10. String of long blue glass beads. York Tp. Y. P. col.
11. Quantity of long and spherical glass beads, red and blue. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
12. Thirteen glass beads from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, variegated red and blue, Lake Medad. Y. P. col.
13. Two oval glass beads. Beverly. Dwyer col.
14. Quantity of blue and red glass beads, various sizes and forms. Nottawasaga. G. Loughheed.
15. Three long, pale blue, glass beads (cross section square). Beverly. Dwyer, col.
16. Three red glass beads. Norwich Tp. S.
17. Quantity of small glass beads, various colors. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
18. One cylindrical variegated glass bead, 1 in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
19. String of red and blue (mainly round) glass beads, with small Catholic medallion. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood, Toronto.
20. Brass brooch plate. Mindemoya Island, Manitoulin. John McPherson, Toronto.
21. Silver brooch plate. Brant Co. S.
22. Silver medal (temp. George III.). The body of the medal is thin but has the bust of the youthful king ob. and royal arms rev. in strong relief. Y. P. col.
23. Brass belt medal,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
24. Iron bracelet. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
25. Large brass finger-ring. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.
26. Rude copper medal apparently made from fragment of some copper vessel. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.
27. Small ring-brooch and pin. Baby Farm. Y. P. col.

\*Pronounced *Bawby*. The Baby family was intimately associated with the early history of Detroit.

28. Small brass seal finger-ring. On the seal is the letter L enclosing a heart. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.
29. Brass seal finger-ring. On seal are engraved I. H. S., with a cross standing on the bar of the H. This ring was presented in a neat box of porcupine quill work. Ossossané, Simcoe Co., Rev. Father Laboureau. Penetanguishene.
30. Silver ornament—circular,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Consists of a narrow, flat rim,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. across, enclosing a six-pointed star, in the centre of which is a circle  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter, outside measurement. The whole of the pattern is of the same dimensions as the rim. The star and inner circle are slightly relieved with double-dotted lining on both sides. No locality. Y. P. col.
31. Copper coil nearly 1 in. in diameter. This seems to have been made of round wire which was beaten flat after being coiled. Baby Farm. Jas. Kirkwood.
32. Brass belt-buckle, oval,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. Found near Toronto, Wm. Townsend.
33. Quantity of glass beads in considerable variety. Parkdale. J. R. Wismer, Parkdale.
34. Two large beads, one blue, one white. Near Toronto. Y. P. col.
35. Rudely formed ear of large copper kettle. It is made of several thicknesses of sheet copper folded. Beverly. Dwyer col.
36. Sheet copper coiled to form a rough tube and bent like L. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.
37. Sheet copper, fragment of kettle bottom. Shows hammer marks. Beverly. Dwyer col.
38. Four fragments of sheet copper from kettles. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.
39. Twelve pieces sheet copper. Five of them triangular and perforated near the middle, Five are coiled conically. Beverly. Dwyer col.
40. Several fragments of copper kettles. Beverly. Jas. Rae.
41. Two fragments copper kettles. F. A. Benson, Port Hope.
42. Brass vessel 6 in. diameter and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep, with ears. No record.
43. Lead ingot and conical bullet. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.
44. Lead smoking pipe. Scotland Village, Brant Co. S.
45. Piece of sheet copper 7 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  at widest. Said to have been over two feet long when found along with other relics. Jas. Dickson, Fenelon Falls.
46. Sheet copper needle (?)  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, barely  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at head where it is broken apparently about midway through a long eye,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. of which remains. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
47. Iron pipe-tomahawk. Pipe head broken off. Blade has floral design engraved on each side. Some lines are also cut on the sides of the eye. Vardy Lake, Addington Co. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth.
48. Part of gun-lock. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.
49. Fire or tinder steel. Y. P., col.
50. Gun flint. Baby Farm. Miss Kirkwood.
51. Six gun flints. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.



52. Part of white clay pipe stem on which are stamped two lozenge-shaped figures, quartered, each quarter containing a *fleur de lis*. Baby Farm. J. Kirkwood.

53. Iron pipe tomakawk, complete, with perforated handle. No record. Y. P. col.

54. Iron nodule containing pyrites. Found with some Indian relics in Huron Tp. William Welsh, Amberly.

## CASE B.

### BROKEN AND UNFINISHED ARTICLES SHOWING METHODS OF WORKING.

1-11. Pieces of red freestone and grey limestone smoothed and marked off as if preparatory to making beads. G. Loughed, Nottawasaga.

12. Stone marked to form pipe. Head portion broken. G. Loughed, Nottawasaga.

13. Part of what was probably a pipe stem. Now in two pieces—broken lengthwise and showing the bore. A. Loughed, Nottawasaga.

14. Piece of limestone in process of being shaped as a pipe-head (probably). This illustrates one of the methods of cutting through stone. A row of holes has been bored in the direction of the proposed cut. When broken off, grinding or rubbing has been begun to efface the marks left by the holes.

15. Small, roughly oblong piece of limestone about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  deep, and nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. A hole (oval) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long has been worked on one of the narrow sides, and this penetrates to the opposite side where it terminates as a small round hole. The latter side shows that the piece has been detached from another larger or smaller portion by cutting all round to weaken before breaking. The carving of a human face has been begun on one end. A. Loughed, Nottawasaga.

16. Portion of large implement quite unlike anything else in the collection. Marks of work are perfectly evident, but the specimen is not easily described. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.

17. Rudely formed, or unfinished implement of limestone, semicircular, with projection like a handle on the straight side. Has a general resemblance to an old-fashioned hand meat-chopper. Length of blade  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. and from edge to end of handle  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. Middlesex Co. M.

18. A flat ovate, striated slate pebble, 4 in. long, greatest width  $2\frac{3}{8}$ , and greatest thickness  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch. Is deeply cut lengthwise into five sections. Incisions on both sides. Apparently the intention was to break the several pieces off for beads or other ornaments. McGillwray Tp., Middlesex. M.

19. Small piece of limestone pebble, showing a cut-off mark corresponding in kind to that on No. 15 in this case, but much more distinct.

20. Two specimens marked A and B. These are unfinished beads of red freestone like Nos. 1 to 7. The smaller piece, 20 A, is only half an inch long, and has been bored from one end. The larger piece  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long is unbored. G. Loughed, Nottawasaga.

21. A spoiled or unfinished tablet. (See description, cases N and O.) The four sides have been hollowed to depth of  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an in., and the corners are rounded. One hole has been partly bored. S.

22. Small cylindrical piece of limestone, 1 in. long, and about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter. One side is split off, evidently as the result of boring which has been begun at one end. Albert Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

23. A waterworn, nearly globular pebble; longest diameter  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Transverse to this a beginning has been made in cutting a groove, as if for attachment to a handle by means of a thong. J. Wood, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

24. A waterworn stone. Appears to have been at first globular, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. Two opposite sides have been rubbed down presenting nearly parallel faces  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. across. M.

25. A spherical waterworn pebble,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. A hole has been bored into it about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep. Brookfield, Missouri.

26. A waterworn granitic pebble,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter. Shows traces of hand-rubbing in two or three places. Mercer Co., Kentucky. Prof. Moritz Fischer, Curator Ky. Geol. Sur. Mus., Frankfort.

27. Granite,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  long,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  wide, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  thick in the middle. Although still rough, an immense amount of work must have been done on this stone. The two ends have been pecked down and rounded to half the thickness of the middle, where a ridge has been left, running from side to side as if the intention had been to bore through in that direction. Point Edward, Dr. Rear, Toronto.

28. Waterworn stone, 5 in. long,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  wide and nearly 2 in. thick; the natural shape has suggested an ax or other tool, and one side has been pecked to make it correspond with the opposite side. The material is a close-grained, dark grey limestone. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

29. Fragment of steatite vessel. Three slit-like holes in this piece are probably of recent origin. Alamance Co., N. Carolina, Prof. Jos. Moore, Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

30. Slate tablet 5 in. long,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wide. Apparently unfinished—holes not bored. Lot 25, con. 22, McGillivray Tp. M.

31. Slate tablet, 4 in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. No holes. Lot 4, con. 4. Biddulph Tp. M.

32. Unfinished implement or weapon of veined blue slate, like 43, 44, 46 and 47, Case M. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

33. Unfinished slate tablet,  $4 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ , with corners rounded. Unbored. S.

34. Slate, three inches long, two and a half wide at one end, one and three-fourths at the other; one inch and a quarter thick at the wider end and having roughly convex sides. At the larger end two holes have been drilled, one 9-16 of an inch in diameter, is  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inch deep; the other  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch diameter, is only  $\frac{7}{8}$  inch deep. The inner or adjoining sides of the holes have met giving the drilling a figure 8 outline, the longer diameter of the double boring being only 1 1-16 inch. At the smaller end the hole is 10-16 inch diameter, and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inch deep. Although the length of the borings is equal to the total length of the specimen the holes do not meet, the deeper of the two at the wider end having been drilled somewhat aslant. McGillivray, Tp. Middlesex. M.

35. Piece of argillite,  $9\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, about an inch in diameter, with roughly clipped or pecked, rounded sides, along one of which, as well as at one end, an angular groove has been cut. M.



36. Argillite, 4 in. long, 1 inch in diameter at thick end, and tapering to a point. Is half of an implement like 30 and 31 in case M. M.

37. Tablet (?)  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$  in. greatest measurements. Thickness in middle,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Edges convex, one side slightly convex, the other very much so. Specimen carries what seem to be crystals of calcite. Miss Maria Tipton, Paris Kentucky.

38. Tablet of brown argillite,  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ . 5-16 inch thick. Edges convex. One side nearly flat, other convex. No holes. M.

39. Tablet, much like 38 in material and form, but  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ . S.

40. Small hatchet-shaped piece of limestone, showing signs of having been used to sharpen, polish or rub other material. One corner is coated with iron rust owing to the proximity of a small quantity of hematite where it was found, near the east end of Tidd's island opposite Gananoque.

41. Pipe-stem of limestone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. The workmanship is suggestive of European influence.

42. Much like 41, but only 2 in. long. Both from A. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

43. Unfinished pipe-stem of limestone,  $2\frac{3}{4} \times 1$  inch and roughly square. Has evidently been separated from the head after the bowl was bored. Instructive as showing mode of reducing to required size. Deep cuts have been made with flint flakes at intervals of from 3-16 to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch, and the intervening portions have been broken off. A. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

44. Seems also to have been part of a pipe. It is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  thick in one direction, and only a little more than an inch in the other. The two wider sides are flattened and the other two are rounded. Near to one of the round sides a  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch hole has been bored nearly  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep, in the direction of the longer axis. The same end also shows that the piece of stone has been cut from another by notching deeply (3-16 of an inch) all round, and then breaking forcibly.

45. A roughly blocked out pipe-head of marble, intended for a hole to receive a wooden stem. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.

46. Two fragments of pipe-stems, limestone, square. Geo. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

47. Broken pipe-stem, limestone, rounded. Albert Lougheed, Nottawasaga

48. Roughly blocked pipe (?) Perhaps only a water worn stone. S.

49. Piece of limestone, cylindrical, 1 in. in diameter, a hole  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch in diameter has been bored lengthwise close to the outside. The portion between the hole and outside has then been removed, the work now looking like a groove made from the outside. David Melville, Creemore.

50. Rough block for pipe. Baby Farm, Lambton Mills. J. Kirkwood.

51. Three pipe-stems. (See remark, 41.) G. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

52. Spoiled pipe-head, limestone. The bowl has been badly bored and the stem is broken off. This specimen, three inches long and two wide at the broken mouth, shows that both sides of the bowl have been lined up the middle exteriorly to aid the eye in directing the drill. G. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

A to S.—Contents of a grave opened on Noncon island by Mr. A. Stevens. The find consists of two bone awls or needles, three tips of deer-horn, a bone spear-head, a wolf's jaw bone, a stone ax, a perforated slate tablet, a bit of pottery, seven flints, and two small pieces of graphite. A. F. Chamberlain, Toronto.

## CASE C.

## ROUGH FLINTS.

- 1 to 9. Palæolithic flints from Sussex Mills, England. W. Ransom, Hitchin.
10. Large flint core  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, from which flakes have been chipped. Le Grande Persigny, France. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
11. Flint knife. Persigny, France. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
- 12 to 18. Palæolithic implements of flint varying in color from light gray to almost black, and in size from three inches to six inches long.
19. Palæolithic implements. Bedford, Eng. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
20. Small barbed arrow head  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inches long without neck. Derry, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin
21. Small and beautiful barbed and necked arrow head,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. across base of barbs. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
22. Leaf-shaped flint,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and 1 in. wide. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
23. Arrow head  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long barbed and necked. Antrim, Ireland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
24. Fragment of neolithic implement, apparently about half of a bored axe or club-head, originally upwards of six inches long, but now broken across the hole. Sussex mills, England. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.
25. Small stone axe in deer-horn handle, from lake-dwelling, Switzerland. W. Ransom, Hitchin, England.

The foregoing were procured through Mr. Jas. H. Pearce of the Institute.

Case C. includes also sixty-nine leaf shaped "flints" from 2 inches to 4 inches long, found in a heap a few inches below the surface, on the farm of Arthur Seabrook, Komoka.

Eight large and rudely chipped implements from Wolfe Island.

And coarse specimens from N. Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio and Wyoming.

All in this case are of such a character as would be called "palæolithic" if our data permitted. The total number is nearly 200.

## CASE D.

## TYPICAL FLINTS.

Contains 240 specimens of "flints" varying from half an inch to six inches in length, and were probably all used as spears, lances or arrows. The arrangement in this case is for the purpose of illustrating, sizes, shapes, material and modes of fastening to shafts.

Mainly of chert, some are of flint, others of jasper, chalcedony, obsidian and agate. One is of pure quartz.

The territory represented covers many of the United States as well as Ontario.



## CASE E.

## MISCELLANEOUS FLINTS.

Contains about 200 small flaked "flints" mainly from the United States. The chief donors were Drs. Craig and Collins, Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the Natural History Society of Brookville, Indiana, the Geological Survey of Kentucky; Prof. Jas. Moore, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; E. T. Hummell, Decatur, Alabama; the Society of Natural History, Cincinnati; and Prof. J. L. Deming, of the Technological Institute, Boston, Mass.

## CASE F.

## FLAKED TOOLS AND WEAPONS.

1. Shaly chert, almost black,  $8\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and averaging about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick; no notch for attachment to handle; general outline, an irregular oval. An intrusive vein one line in thickness crosses it at a slight angle  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the point. May have been intended for a spade or a hoe, but shows no signs of use. From a grave mound in Tremont Park, Tidd's Island, R. St. Lawrence (opposite Gananoque). C. A. See, Tremont Park.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Quartzite,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  wide, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickest part, has been notched, but is broken at shoulder; rudely chipped, and of irregular outline. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

2. Chert, dark brown,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide, and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick in middle; broken in three pieces; no notch; signs of wear slightly observable. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

3. Chert, dingy grey,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $3\frac{1}{8}$  wide and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick in the middle, sides unsymmetrical; notched; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

4. Flint; not homogeneous; 8 in. long by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  wide, greatest thickness 5-16 in.; thicker towards each end than in the middle; symmetrical; no notch, leaf-shaped, pointed and slightly worn. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

5. Veined quartzite,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by 3 inches wide, leaf-shaped, with a comparatively small neck, thin in proportion to length. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

6. Chert,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide at base; slightly barbed; neck broken; thin and almost symmetrical; lanceolate. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

7. Quartzite, translucent, 6 in. long by  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck; sides not symmetrical. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

8. Chert, grey and brown, not homogeneous,  $9\frac{3}{8}$  in. long by  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, leaf-shaped; very thin; symmetrical, but slightly curved in direction of flat-side. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

9 to 14. Fragments of similar weapons or tools from same place.

14 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Quartzite, translucent, 4 in. long by  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide; symmetrical and somewhat thick in proportion to length; leaf-shaped. Tremont Park. C. A. See.

15. Chert,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; leaf-shaped; fractured slightly at base; about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at the thickest part; symmetrical; this is the largest flaked implement in the museum. Pickering Tp. Jas. Dickson, Fenelon Falls.

16. Cherty limestone,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by 3 in. wide; very thin; notched neck. Wolfe Island.

17. Fine chert,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; short and deeply notched neck, forming semi-barbs; beautiful heart-shaped outline. Wolfe Island.

18. Coarse chert,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  in. long by  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and 1 inch wide; somewhat rudely chipped; very broad in proportion to length. Wolfe Island.

19. Chert, 5 in. long by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  wide; slightly barbed; neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 1 in. wide. In this specimen there is a well-defined oval nucleus exactly in the middle and showing both sides; on one side this measures about 2 in. by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., and on the other  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $1\frac{3}{8}$ . Wolfe Island.

20. Fine veined chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. at base; sides little curved; straight neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Edges thinned from left side; very thin in proportion to length. Biddulph Tp. M.

21. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  wide; point broken; straight neck  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch long, very thick. Sarnia Indian Reserve. M.

22. Impure chert.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide; sides almost straight; notched neck. East Williams Tp. M.

23. White chert,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by 3 in. wide; unsymmetrical; leaf-shaped. Plympton Tp. S.

24. Chert, 8 in. long by  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; symmetrical and gracefully formed; neck faintly marked off from body,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  inch long. McGillivray Tp. M.

25. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  wide; notched neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and same width; body comparatively thick. Wolfe Island.

26. Chert,  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide, squarely-shouldered neck,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and pointed. McGillivray Tp. M.

27. Chert,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; slightly notched neck; edges symmetrical, one side flat. Middlesex, Co. M.

28 to 39. Chert, group of weapons from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at base. With the exception of No. 28, they are all of the same pattern, being square-shouldered and having heavy, strong necks about an inch long. No. 28 is almost leaf-shaped, the neck being abortive. These "flints" were found together at the edge of a swamp on gore lot 27; N. B., West Williams Tp. M.

40. Dark brown flint,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and forked at base. Wolfe Island.

41. Brown cherty limestone,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, neck broken. Plympton Tp. S.

42. Chert, a beautiful leaf-shaped specimen,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and scarcely a quarter inch thick; edges flaked chiefly from right side. Wolfe Island.

43. Chert, leaf-shaped,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; tip broken, symmetrical and elegant. McGillivray Tp. M.

44. Very coarse chert, leaf-shaped,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 2 in. wide; rudely chipped. Biddulph Tp. M.



45. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long by  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; notched neck,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide; roughly flaked and unsymmetrical. Wolfe Island.

46. Chert,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; square shouldered, neck  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. This specimen is very thick in the middle in proportion to length.

47. Coarse chert, 5 in. long by  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; neck has a slightly square shoulder, and is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, being rounded at base. Madison Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

48. Fine chert,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at base, leaf-shaped; edges flaked from left side and slightly serrated; body almost flat otherwise and about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. Fayette Co., Kentucky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

49. Light bluish flint,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at base; leaf-shaped; edges rudely flaked. Forest. S.

50. Milky quartzite,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; neck notched and equal in breadth to base of body; tip broken; body  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick in middle, cross section would show a good ellipse; not quite symmetrical in the edges. St. Mary's. S.

51. Coarse chert, 5 in. long by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; leaf-shaped; edges symmetrical and much curved, the general outline being more egg-shaped than is usual. No locality. S.

52. Very dark (almost black) chert, with light colored veins;  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide; middle of body  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch thick and smoothly flaked to edges; deeply notched neck, which is also hollowed at base; very symmetrical. North Branch, Mich. S.

53. Chert,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long by 2 in. wide; straight neck 1 in. long; barb  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, one barb off. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

54 to 58. Five notched necked "flints," varying from 4 in. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from 2 in. to  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. McGillivray Tp. M.

59. Chert, 6 in. long by  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; point broken; straight neck; rudely flaked. West Williams. M.

## CASE G.

### BONE AND HORN.

1. Small turtle shell perforated with sixteen holes. Has probably been a rattle. Beverly. Dwyer col.

2. Bone, somewhat cylindrical,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter, rudely worked at each end. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.

3. Splinter of deer-horn, 9 in. long and about 1 in. wide. Edges appear to have been hacked with a sharp tool. One end roughly sharpened; other end broken. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

4. Bone of beaver's tail. Found with many relics in London, Ont., by Jas. McDowell, 1849. M.

5. Part of turtle shell, semicircular,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter, perforated with three holes.

6. Gouge or chisel of deer-horn,  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. across widest part;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. behind lip. Beverly. Dwyer col.

7. Horn chisel, 7 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  wide. Considerably injured; head broken. York Tp. Y. P. col.

8. Bone knife, 8 in. long. Y. P. col.

9. Circular portion of human skull, 4 in. diameter, three holes bored 1 in. apart in middle, as if at the angles of an equilateral triangle. Three smaller holes have also been bored close to the margin triangularly. York Tp. Geo. Miller.

10. Circular portion of human skull, 4 in. diameter, unperforated. No work done on it beyond rubbing down the edges smoothly, and scouring the outside. Aurora, York Tp. S.

11. Portion of human skull, somewhat oval. Longer diameter,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in., shorter diameter,  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. Perforated with seven holes, six of them in pairs from  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. to 1 in. apart, but not regularly arranged. The odd hole is near the margin of the longer axis. Beverly. Dwyer col.

12-16. Horn tips sharpened to chisel points. Kitchen midden. Vancouver, British Columbia. James Johnson, Vancouver.

17. Rude bone awl. Kitchen midden. Vancouver. James Johnson, Vancouver.

18. Bone awl—ditto.

19. Bone awl—ditto. Point broken.

20. Deer-horn fork; one tip broken. Has had a hole at base of prong. Lower part now broken away; 4 in. long. Beverly. Dwyer col.

21. Deer-horn fork,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and tip of longer prong broken. A  $7/16$  inch hole bored at base of fork  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from tip of smaller prong. A base of 2 inches extends beyond the hole, where the cut-off marks are very plain. Beverly. Dwyer col.

22. Horn-tip, split and blackened by fire; 3 in. long. Point has been sharpened. Noncon Island, Lake Seugog. Jas. Stevens, per A. F. Chamberlin.

23. Bone spear or harpoon,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, but a portion of the shaft has been broken off. Greatest width at end of shaft  $11/16$  in., 2 in. from point shaft narrows to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., and the head consists of a flat portion decreasing from  $9/16$  in. to a point, and having on each side five barbs. The bone is grooved longitudinally on each side. Near Simcoe Town. S.

24. Horn spear or harpoon (single-barbed), 8 in. long. Breadth of shaft from hole 1 in. This part is flat and 2 in. long, with square shoulders where it meets the middle portion which is a flattened oval  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long from the shoulders to the inner angle of the barb. The barb itself is  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and from its tip to the point of the spear is  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. Beverly. Jas. Rae.

25. Bone spear or harpoon (three-barbed on one side)  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, point broken a little; barbs deeply cut. From broken point to tip of first barb is 2 inches; from tip of first to tip of second barb  $1\frac{5}{16}$  in.; from tip of second to tip of third barb  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. The shaft from inner angle of third barb is 2 in.,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from shaft end and below the third barb; close to edge is an oval hole about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. the longer way. The shaft end has been ground down to a chisel point, and has no doubt had a secondary use. Victoria Co. Dickson col.



26. Harpoon, three-barbed,  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; hole  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from shaft end, and eccentric towards barbed edge. Barbs slightly ogee on edge; axils well rounded. York Tp. Jackes col.

27. Point of spear-head  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, three barbed on each side. Shaft portion remaining  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. Five barbs square shouldered—one a little under cut. Breadth across widest portion of barbed end  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Lake Medad.

28. Fish-hook. Length from upper end to curve  $3\frac{7}{16}$  inch; barbed end from curve to point  $2\frac{1}{16}$  in.; thickest portion of shaft at curve  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., tapering to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. near upper end; shaft terminates in small knob about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter; carved part averages fully  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., with inside fairly rounded, and outside more angular and roughly finished; barb from tip to tip  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in., with axil  $\frac{3}{16}$  deep; width between shaft and barb axil  $\frac{1}{2}$  in., between tip of barb and inner curve  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., and between tip of hock and shaft  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. One side of curve appears as if gnawed, leaving four bars with a slight bend running across it from the barbed side towards the shaft side. Lindsay. S.

29-30. Two halves of beaver's upper jaws. Grave, Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

31. Lower jaw of beaver. Grave, Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

32-34. Bear's teeth. Grave near Orillia. Jas. Fraser, Craighurst.

35-41. Bears' teeth. Village site, Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

42. Bear's tooth. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co.

43. Walrus tooth. Balsam Lake, Ont. T. Bell.

44-52. Small compressed pear-shaped teeth (elk's) about 1 in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. These are ground smooth at small end and are then perforated. No locality. Y. P. col.

53. Bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, carved to represent a fish. The outline is somewhat whale like;  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. from nose and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. from throat, are what may have been intended for gills (not if a whale). A small hole has been bored from side to side,  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. in advance of this and a little higher are two small depressions. These are too far forward for eyes, and too high as well as too far back to be nostrils. They were probably meant for eyes. Mouth deeply cut and extending back almost to the gills. No imitation of fins or tail. At tail end  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. on the upper side relieved by nine lines cut at right angles to long axis, and eight lines crossing these diagonally from left to right. Exeter. S.

54. Human form—bone;  $\frac{31}{16}$  in. long; width at shoulders  $\frac{9}{16}$  in. Right arm placed on left shoulder. Left arm extending to right side of waist. No feet. The figure is proportionate. While head and neck measure  $\frac{7}{16}$  in., the body is fully  $1\frac{9}{16}$  in., and the legs only  $1\frac{1}{16}$  inch long. Beverly Tp. Rae col.

55. Bone mask, human;  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Eye holes are bored through. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

56. Horn, spear or harpoon, one barb. Shaft end  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  wide. Hole near middle two inches from end. Flat portion at shaft end shouldered down to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in., then rounded on edges to tip. Barb, tip to tip,  $2\frac{1}{16}$ . Axil  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, and nearly same width. Shaft end behind hole, whittled, and hole has been cut through, not bored; or else has been enlarged by cutting after boring. York Tp. Long col.

57. Deer-horn fork,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in long, cut off squarely at butt or lower end. One prong is  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. and the other  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Greater diameter of butt at

cut  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. Across upper side of larger prong, and lower side of the other, and in a line with the axil two grooves are worn as if the object had been employed as a tool to smooth thongs or sinews by rubbing them lengthwise. About midway below the prongs other fainter grooves are perceptible. Humberstone Tp., Welland Co. Cyrenius Bearss.

58. Bone chisel  $11\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, and averaging  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. across blade. This tool is made of an undetermined quadruped's leg bone, a cross section of which is roughly quadrangular. The upper or handle end is almost square and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. on each side. For  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. the bone has been left intact, beyond rubbing the joint down to a level surface. At this distance the wall on one side is cut sharply down until the cavity of the bone is reached, and the whole side is made to taper beautifully to the lip, giving the tool when viewed edgewise the appearance of an elongated wedge. Nottawasaga. Thomas White.

59. Bone chisel or gouge,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. This appears to be made from a leg-bone, but is quite unlike No. 58. A cross section of it would be oval, and the diameter is less in the middle than at the ends, being  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. near the lip, 2 in. near the joint, and only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at the middle. The processes at the joint have not been altered in any way, and the rubbing down to produce a cutting edge extends back only about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. The tool bears evidence of long use. Nottawasaga. David Melville.

60. Five wolf's teeth. Village site. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

61. Cylindrical bone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $5/16$  in. diameter, rounded at one end. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.

75. Portion of human skull like No. 10. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.

ESKIMO. Presented by F. F. Payne, Esq.

62. Comb,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from back to point of teeth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  wide.

63. Four pendants, conical and perforated at flattened ends.

64. Powder measure,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. Formed somewhat like a grocer's scoop. A small hole for suspension when carried is bored through the lower corner of the larger end.

65-66. Two human figures in bone,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

67. Forty-three pieces of bone from  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, and from  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{5}{8}$  wide, generally decreasing in width towards one end which is rounded. These are marked like dominoes. The highest number on this set is 39. The game is not played as are dominoes, but seem to be a kind of grab-game.

68. Bone thimble.

69. Bear,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

70 Seal,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long.

71. Fish, with fins and tail,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long.

72. Water-fowl,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long.

73. Dog, 1 in. long.

74. Toothpick, about 2 in. long.



## CASE H.

## BONE AND HORN.

1 to 24. Bone awls or needles from 7 in. to 3 in. long. York Tp. Wm. G. Long.

25. Eyed needle,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. thick in middle, oval hole,  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. long and less than  $\frac{1}{16}$  wide at an in. from end. Grooves on both sides extending from ends of hole, bone slightly curved, with natural hollow on concave side. Both ends thinned and rounded, but left flat. Point end the more so, being highly polished and very sharp. York Tp. Wm. G. Long.

26 to 37. Bone awls from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in long. Various localities.

38 to 43. Bone awls from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 in long. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.

44 to 45. Bone awls. London Tp. M.

46. Bone awl. Onentisati, Simcoe Co.

47 to 49. Bone awls. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

50 to 54. Tarsal bones of deer, two are ground flat on both sides exposing the cavity, one has had the larger end cut wholly out and a small hole bored obliquely through the opposite end. One has been ground flat on one side but is otherwise intact, and one has been bored into from each end.

55. Two fragments of horn implements and two splintered bones, (one whittled) from kitchen midden, British Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

56. 2 bone awls,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in long. Dumfries Tp., near Galt. Jas. G. Caven, Toronto.

57. Almost cylindrical bones, 2 in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, rounded at both ends. Nottawasaga. Lougheed, col.

58. Bone, small, 3 in. long, cut at both ends, has one notch; perhaps a tally or record bone. Beverly.

59. Bone  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in, to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter, cut at both ends. Either a bead or a tally bone. Beverly.

60. Five bone beads from 2 in. to  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.

61 to 64. Four bone beads, respectively,  $4\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $2\frac{5}{8}$ ,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  and 1 in. long. Y. P. col.

65. Deer-horn tip, cut at large end and ground at point, 5 in. long Y. P. col.

66. Cylindrical bone  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, general diameter 5-16 in., rounded at both ends. From larger end two parallel lines have been scratched lengthwise  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches between which are four diagonal crosses.

67. Horn tip  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in long, ends rounded, weathered. Y. P. col.

68. Horn tip 2 in. long, ends rounded. Y. P. col.

69. Cylindrical bone bead  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Guelph Tp. Dr. Hugh G. Roberts.

70 to 72. Three bone beads respectively  $3\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long. Beverly.

73. Oblong section of horn 2 in. long, smoothed on all sides and one end; other end broken off. Has four transverse slight cuts on outer side, as if marked for cutting off. Beverly. Dwyer col.

74. Tally bone 3 in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, triangular at one end and rounded at the other. Has three rows of small notches on edges extending in line of angles. On each of two rows are twenty-nine cuts, and on the third twenty-eight. Beverley. Dwyer col.

75 to 80. Six bone beads about 1 in. long. Waterdown.

81. Heavy bone bead  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 1 in. diameter. Dumfries Tp.

82. Bone bead  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long. Dumfries Tp.

83 to 85. Three bone beads, 3 in.,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Sarnia Tp.

86. Bone 2 in. long and 1 in. diameter, cut off squarely at smaller end leaving small portion of detached section adhering. Larger end has eight notches deeply cut leaving the margin like saw teeth round the cavity. Beverly. Dwyer col. A doubtful specimen.

87. Tarsal deer-bone, rubbed down a little on one side, opposite has four cross-bars of a dark color as if burnt. Dumfries Tp.

88. Tarsal deer-bone, on one side ground flat exposing cavity at upper end. Opposite side ground in such a manner as to suggest a whistle. Dumfries Tp.

89. Portion of deer-horn, near base 3 in. long, marks of cutting at both ends. Beverly.

90. Tally-bone (?)  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in long, triangular cross section; although slightly notched as in the case of those that seem to be records, this is somewhat dubious as the markings appear to be without any method or arrangement. Most of them also are on one of the flat sides and not along the ridges. Beverly. Dwyer col.

91. Bone bead 1 in. long, with two small notches near the larger end. Beverly. Dwyer col.

92. Fragment of bone  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long with serrated edge and two deeply cut lines lengthwise. Beverly. Dwyer col.

93. Tally-bone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, with three rows of lightly cut notches, counting respectively twenty-one, fourteen and fourteen. Beverly. Dwyer col.

94. Bone needle or awl  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, both ends damaged. Nottawasaga Loughheed col.

95. Tally-bone  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, notched on two ridges, total number twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Beverly. Dwyer col.

96. Small piece of bone  $\frac{5}{8}$  in long, split, cut and smoothed at each end. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

97-100. Four bone beads,  $4\frac{5}{8}$ ,  $4\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

101.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide at widest part. Less than  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, lance-shaped with notches forming a neck  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from wide end.

102. Horn bead,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Ohio, U. S. Soc. of Nat. Hist. Cincinnati.

103. Bone bead,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. " " " " "

104. Bone bead,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. " " " " "

105. Cylindrical bone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, ends rounded like No. 57. Ohio, U. S. Soc. of Nat. Hist., Cincinnati.

106. Tally-bone 4 in. long, almost round at smaller end and oval (one side depressed) at the other, average diameter  $\frac{1}{2}$  in.  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. from the larger end



and extending towards middle are two rows of markings, numbering in each case twenty-eight.\* Tidd's Island, R. St. Lawrence.

107. Deer-horn tip bored out,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in long. Ohio, U. S. Nat. Hist. Soc. of Cincinnati.

108. Horn chisel pointed, 5 in. long. Ohio. Nat. Hist. Soc. of Cincinnati.

109. Idem, point broken.

110. Splintered bones, ash-heap. Lake Medad.

111. Small bone chisel. Nottawasaga. David Melville.

112. Bone awl or needle 6 in. long. Nottawasaga. Wm. Melville.

## CASE. J.

### SHELL.

1. Beads or wampum made from columellæ of *pyrula perversa*, probably. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

2. Four beads from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 in. long and from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter, from columellæ of large shell, (species not identified) Beverly. Dwyer col.

3. Wampum (discs) from  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter and averaging under  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. This large number was found in an ossuary in Beverly. Dwyer<sup>r</sup> collection. Some of them (in one instance six) adhere face to face, showing that they had been carried or worn that way and not edge to edge as they are usually strung in collections.

4. Eight fragments of *p. perversa*, broken and cut in preparation for the making of wampum. Nottawasaga. Chas. Smith, Smithdale.

5. Six fragments of large shell partly cut in preparation for wampum. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

6. Two fragments, ditto. Beverly. Jas. Rae.

7. Two strips, ditto. Beverly. Dwyer col.

8. Three pieces. Two bored at margin and one about an inch long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch wide, marked off into ten small squares.

9. Four fragments of *p. perversa*. Beverly Tp. Jas. Rae.

10. Fragment of large shell. Beverly. Dwyer col.

11. Two spiral shells from which the body whorls have been cut, leaving the columellæ bare. Through the anterior end of one a small hole has been bored. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

12. Spiral shell, bored through the tip. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

13. Wampum, (disc and cylinder). Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

14. Wampum (disc) Beverly. Dwyer col.

15. Wampum, one large disc, fully  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter and four cylinders from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in. long. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.

16. Wampum (discs) Baby Farm, York Tp. W. Kirkwood.

\* The recurrence of 28 and the lesser multiples of 7 are suggestive of lunar computation of time. Compare Nos. 93 and 95. Even in No. 90 the markings count not more than thirty, but lack of order and precision makes the number uncertain.

17. Solid cylinder  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
  18. Triangular bead. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  19. Bead, columellæ of *p. perversa*, with hole through middle of side to meet other hole from end. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  20. Eight beads, cylindrical. Some of these are very beautifully made. Baby Farm, York Tp. W. Kirkwood.
  21. Pendants (two). Beverly tp. Rae collection.
  22. Half of circular ornament  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter and  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thick, bored through edgewise and ornamented with dots round the margin as well as across. S.
  23. Two triangular pieces of unio. Edges smoothed. Perforated near one angle.
  24. Two long cylindrical beads and four small ditto. The latter probably of European manufacture. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  25. Two beads (cylindrical). One  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter is only bored a short distance from each end in the direction of its length, and holes are bored from the sides near the end to meet these. Beverly. Rae col.
  26. Wampum (purple, nine pieces, discs). Nottawasaga. Lougheed collection.
  27. Pendant, 2 inches long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch diameter. Hole bored at one end and through corner. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
  28. Two fragments of beads. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
  29. Bead partly bored. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
  30. String of columella beads. Y. P. col.
  31. String of columella beads (small). Y. P. col.
  32. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  33. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  34. String of wampum (disc). Y. P. col.
  35. Unio valve, ossuary. Beverly. Dwyer col.
  36. Three unio valves, ossuary. Ste. Marie. Simcoe County.
  37. Large spatulate ornament, 8 in. long, 3 in. at widest and narrowing to rounded end about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. across. Has two holes, one near middle and one near large end.
  38. Ornament 2 in. long; half oval across short diameter. Hole bored near edge in middle of short side.
  39. Circular ornament about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter. Has a  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch hole near centre and two small holes  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. apart, near edge.
  40. Circular ornament  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter, bored as in No. 39.
  41. Half of ornament, originally larger than No. 40, bored in the same way as No. 39.
  42. Fragment of ornament like Nos. 39 and 40.
  43. Similar to Nos. 39 and 40. Stained green, with copper.
- No. 37 to 43 inclusive form part of the contents of a grave opened on the east side of Blackfriar's Bridge, London, Ont., in 1849, by a Mr. John McDowell. M.
44. Gouge—Barbadoes, W. I., Toronto Nat. Hist. Soc.
  45. Gouge—Barbadoes, W. I., Toronto Nat. Hist. Soc.



46. Two unio valves with large hole punched through centre of each. Cincinnati Nat. Hist. Soc.
47. Wampum ("cock-spur shells"). Pacific coast. D. H. Price.
48. Circular ornament, like No. 39 to 43, but without the middle hole. Norfolk county. S.
49. Four unio valves from ash-heap. Lake Medad.
50. Is much like No. 37, but shorter and broader. Three holes are bored across the widest part, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the end. This is one of a few old gifts to the Institute but has no record.
51. Wampum (discs). Humberstone Tp. Mrs. Barney, sen.
52. Five pieces of black wampum (discs), two cylindrical and one serpentine bead. Y. P. col.
53. Wampum—unfinished specimen, incomplete rounding and boring. Beverly. Dwyer col.
54. Bead,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, side broken exposing hole. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
55. Bead (cylindrical). Near Sarnia. S.

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## CASE K.

### GOUGES.

1.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth or edge,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; hollowed,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in.; tapers to rounded head about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in diameter, Limestone. Western Ontario.
2.  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; mouth, 2 in.; width in middle,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in.; at head  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; thickness in middle,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; hollowed 4 in. Groove flared near lip. Sides sharply cut and narrowing rapidly towards top. York tp. James Kirkwood.
3. 7 in long;  $2\frac{1}{8}$  wide at mouth; scarcely any taper;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick; hollowed 3 inches, slightly; head broken. Striped slate. Ancaster. William Forbes.
4.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; mouth rounded and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; width in middle, 2 in., tapering to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at head; hollowed 8 in. slightly. Edges of hollowed side from top to mouth comparatively straight. Opposite side sharply rounded transversely and much curved lengthwise; greatest thickness being  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in., and tapering to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Granitic. Victoria County.
5.  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in long;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, tapering slightly to head; hollowed,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in.; sides flat;  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick. Erin Tp. R. McRae.
6. 6 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; hollowed,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in.;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Upper side flat; lower rounded throughout. Granitic. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
7.  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$ , tapering to rounded top about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. diameter; hollowed, 2 in, slightly. Greatest thickness near head,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Granitic. Adjala Tp. Mr. Connor, Toronto.
8.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.; hollowed, 3 in., as in No. 2. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Compact greenstone. Near Lindsay.

9. 9 in. long; width at mouth, 2 in. No taper. Hollowed, 4 in. Head broken. Upper side flat, lower side rounded throughout. Blue slate. Victoria County. S.

10.  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Lip rounded, tapers to rounded head. Hollowed, 5 in. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Dark limestone. Chingua-cously Tp.

11.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to rounded head. Hollowed 4 in. Sides flat, edges rounded. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Victoria County. Jas. Dickson.

12.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$ . Tapers to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. Hollowed total length, deeply; the edges left along the sides of the groove being only about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Pilkington Tp.

13.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; hollowed,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , as in Nos. 2 and 8; greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{8}$ . Buff colored material, resembling lithographic limestone. Near Belleville. S.

14.  $7\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; in the middle nearly 2 in. Tapers very slightly to rounded head. Hollowed, 3 in.; greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Much weathered. Granitic. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. 6 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to 1 in. at flattened head. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Granitic. Victoria County. Jas. Dickson.

16.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at flattened head. Upper side flat, lower side rounded except near head where it is flat, giving head a triangular look when viewed endwise. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. York Tp. Jas. Kirkwood.

17.  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  wide. Hollowed 3 in., slightly; other portions rounded. Blue slate. York Tp. Jas. Kirkwood.

18. 10 in. long; width at mouth,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in., tapering to 1 in. at head. Hollowed from end to end, deeply;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. at lip, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Material like No. 13. Victoria County. S.

19.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., tapering gently to head. Hollowed  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Upper side flat, lower rounded. Head a little broken. Greatest thickness,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Granitic. Pilkington Tp.

20. 14 in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; at head,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.; hollowed, 5 in. Lower side and both edges flat for 4 in. at mouth end, the corners only being rounded to correspond with the groove; all remaining portion rounded. Limestone. No locality. John Hind.

21. 6 in. long; width at mouth, 2 in., tapering to 1 in. at head. Hollowed, 2 in. Thickness, 1 in. Schistose slate. Western Ontario. S.

22.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth, 2 in.; at head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . Hollowed slightly from end to end. Granitic. Pickering Tp. G. Welborne.

23.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{5}{8}$ , tapers to rough head about 1 in. across. Hollowed slightly,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Lower side ridged. Gneiss. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.

24.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth 1 in., tapers to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Hollowed deeply the whole length. Greatest thickness,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. Port Perry. S.

25.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Hollowed 2 in., as in Nos. 2, 8 and 13. Thickness,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. No locality. S.

26. 5 in. long; width at mouth 2 in. Tapers (with slight depression on each side mid-way) to rounded head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Can barely be called a gouge



as the hollow is scarcely  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep, and extends but a short distance from the lip. Upper side flat, lower round and curved lengthwise. West Middlesex. M.

27.  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Tapers with slightly convex sides to rounded head about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in dia. Hollowed only about  $1/16$  in. at lip, and only  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch at back. Upper side flat, lower round. Granite. West Middlesex M.

28.  $7\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. A little wider in middle. Head 1 in. dia. Hollowed slightly,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from lip, upper side flat, lower rounded and much curved lengthwise. No locality. Y. P. col.

29.  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to 1 in. Well rounded head. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. deeply. Upper side slightly rounded, lower side very much. Immediately behind groove, but on the under side a transverse groove has been cut for handle attachment. Granite. McGillivray Township. M.

30.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at rounded head. Hollowed slightly for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Upper side flat. Granite. West Middlesex. M.

31.  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Sides convex. Head  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Hollowed slightly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from lip. Upper side flat. Granite. West Middlesex. M.

32. 6 in. long; width at mouth  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. Tapers to rounded head 1 inch. Hollowed deeply  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Upper side flat. Head rounded. McGillivray Township. M.

33.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers to rough head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Hollowed from end to end deeply. Serpentine. No locality S.

34.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tapers rapidly to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. at broken head. Hollowed from end to end deeply. Thickness  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. in middle. Lower side has two sharply cut notches as if for binding to a handle. These are  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. apart, the lower one being  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. from lip. They extend only half way round. Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.

35. 4 in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Tapers to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. at smoothly rounded head. Hollowed from end to end. 1 in. thick. Addington County. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

36.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. expanding for remainder of length to  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Hollowed  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. Thickness  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head rough. Lanark County Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

37.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long; width of mouth (which is rounded)  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Hollowed very slightly nearly the full length. West Middlesex. M.

38.  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. long; width of mouth  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in., expands slightly and tapers to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Hollowed  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. Upper and lower sides flat, with corners chamfered. Thickness 1 in. Argillite. Humberstone Tp. Gustav Utz.

39.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; width at mouth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., enlarges behind to  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. Tapers to rough head 1 in. Hollowed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Sherbrooke Tp. Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth. (O. L.)

## CASE L.

### STONE PIPES.

1. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
2. Nottawasaga Tp. Wm. Smith, Toronto.
3. Nottawasaga Tp. Herbert Connor.

4. Orillia. S. G. Plunkett, Toronto.
5. Albion Tp. S.
6. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
7. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
8. Sault Ste Marie. Y. P. col.
9. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
10. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
11. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
12. Eglinton, Y. Tp. York P. col.
13. Victoria Co. S.
14. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
15. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
16. Kent Co. Y. P. col.
17. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
18. Probably modern North-west. Y. P. col.
19. Newmarket. Stew. col.
20. Burlington Beach. Y. P. col.
21. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
22. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
23. Forest. S.
24. Near Milton. Finlay McCallum.
25. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
26. Modern North-West. Y. P. col.
27. Markham. S.
28. Nottawasaga Tp. Catlinite. Ed. Beecroft.
29. Modern Northwest. Catlinite. Y. P. col.
30. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
31. Beverly Tp. A. McKnight.
32. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
33. York Tp. Y. P. col.
34. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
35. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
36. Plympton. S.
37. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.
38. Pembina. Manitoba. S.
39. Nottawasaga Tp. Ed. Coyle.
40. Kincardine. M.
41. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co.
42. Stem catlinite modern North-west. York P. col.
43. West William Tp. M.
44. Wiarton. M.



45. Nottawasaga Tp. Dugald Currie.
46. London Tp. M.
47. Wiarton. M.
48. Nottawasaga Tp. Loughheed col.
49. York Tp. Y. P. col.
50. Lake Moira, near Madoc. Mr. Moon.
51. Richmond Hill. Alex. and Arthur Boyle.
52. Miami valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
53. York Co. Y. P. col.
54. Simcoe Town. S.
55. Boone Co., Kentucky U. S.
56. Pittsburg Tp. Frontenac Co. W. G. Kidd, Kingston,
57. Nottawasaga Tp. Mr. Duff.
58. Nottawasaga Tp. Herbert Connor.
59. London Tp. M.
60. Grand Bend, Sable River. M.
61. McGillivray Tp. M.
62. Bay of Quinte, (pewter or lead). Dr. T. W. Beeman (O. L.)
63. Qu'Appelle R. Valley, N, W. T. Jas. C. Stokes.
64. Dakota, U. S. (catlinite) Dr. Rear.
65. Eglinton, Y. Tp. Y. P. col.
66. Lake Medad, ("white stone.") Y. P. col.
67. Burlington Beach. Y. P. col.
68. Pacific Coast, Brit. Columbia. Y. P. col.
69. Blood Indian (modern) Rev. John McLean.
70. Modern. " "

## CASE M.

### MAINLY OF SLATE.

#### *Bird Amulets.*

1.  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. across middle of base, neck  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. (at crown of head) above level of back. The attempt to represent a head is very simple, the neck being sloped off at about  $45^\circ$  a slight downward curve on the under side adding to beak appearance. Tail at widest part  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. erected at angle and stands  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. higher than back, length of base 3 in., slightly hollowed lengthwise and a little rounded transversely. Aurora, York Co. S.

2.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. across middle of base, which is 2 in. long, neck erect, crown of head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. above base, head  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, beak from  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep in front

of eyes, to  $\frac{1}{4}$  at end. Peduncled eyes, only part of one now left, tail erect and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inches long from base. Base very slightly hollowed lengthwise, otherwise flat. No locality. S.

3. 3 in. long, head and tail erected at about  $45^\circ$ ; from crown to tip of beak 1 in. Peduncled eyes  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter the upper portion of them rising  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. above crown of head. Bar across base at each end and projecting about  $\frac{3}{16}$  below base. Thorndale, Perth Co. S.

4.  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, neck erect, sharp curve forming crown of head and continuation of curve forming beak. Lower curve more circular. width of head from crown to neck 1 in. Base  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and convex both ways. S.

5.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, neck erect, crown of head  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. above base. Head formed as in No. 4. No tail. The original hole through rear end having been broken out, a new one has been bored coming out on the top. Base  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide, slightly convex in both directions. York Tp. (?)

[This handsome specimen was presented to the museum about three years ago. It was handed in by the gentleman who owned it, but unfortunately the record of its reception has been lost. Should the owner recognize it by the above description, or by seeing it in the case, he will confer a favor by addressing the curator.]

6. 3 5-16 in. long, the outline is similar to that of No. 4. Base  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide; convex in both directions. S.

7.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Head and tail on line with back, except for slight depressions to form neck and flatten tail. Base  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long with heavy transverse bar at each end. From front bar to tip of beak is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. and from rear bar to end of tail  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. The tail is  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. At the shoulders the specimen is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide whence it narrows rapidly to tip of beak. Brantford. S.

8. 3 5/16 in. long, neck and head raised a little, tail depressed and pointed. Base 2 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide and barred. It is quite impossible to write an intelligible description of this singular specimen. The eyes project but have no disc. They stand out 3-16 in. from the head and terminate in a rounded end, less than  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. diameter. The material is huronite. Port Rowan. S.

9.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, neck and tail almost at right angles to body. Base  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Tail  $1\frac{3}{8}$  wide and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. from base to end. The head from crown to point of beak is 2 in. and is at right angle to neck, tapering from  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to 3/16. Biddulph Tp., Middlesex. M.

10.  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, neck and tail erect and rising  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. above back. Breast forms nearly a right angle with base. Tail more oblique with a central rib in continuation of sharp ridge forming the whole upper outline. Head from breast to point of back  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. Tail from base  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Base 3 in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, concave lengthwise and concave across. Brown and purple veined argillite. London Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

11.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, neck rises high. Crown of head  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. above base. Head from curve of throat to point of beak 1 in. long. Tail from base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. and same width as body. Base  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long and 13/16 in. wide, slightly convex in both directions. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

12.  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, head above base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Tail above base 1 in. and ribbed. Base  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and 9/16 in. wide, convex in both directions. Stephen Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

13.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Head rises  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. above base. Tail broken. Base  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and 13/16 in. wide, convex and twisted a little lengthwise—slightly convex across. West Williams, Middlesex Co. M.



14.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long. Head and neck almost on level with back, the two measuring  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from shoulder. Tail rises  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. above base and of same width as body. Base  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and 1 in. wide. Front hole in base broken and no hole at rear angle. Base slightly convex both ways. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

15.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, broken off at tail end. Form of head similar to Nos. 5 and 6. Pale pink granite. City of London, Middlesex Co. M.

16. This specimen is in many respects of the same unusual type as No. 8, but its condition is less perfect, both head and tail being damaged. The head fracture has been rubbed down pretty smoothly and the angularities of the tail fracture have been rounded off. All that remains of the left eye indicates pedimenculation but the disc is broken off. The body oval in outline, being 2 in. long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. The thickness of the body from upper to lower side is only about half an inch. The material is the striped slate of which so many are made. East Williams, Middlesex Co. M.

16 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Neck elevated, head horizontal, eyes peduncled; one broken; tail almost horizontal and depressed marginally near body. Base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide and barred. McGillivray Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

17.  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long. Neck almost at right angles to body, head horizontal and crown  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. above base. Head from centre of crown  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. and from throat  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Eyes peduncled, discs about  $7/16$  in. diameter. Tail rises only a little above horizontal. Base  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{16}$  in. wide and barred. This specimen seems to be in an unfinished condition as the holes have not been bored through the bars. The two extremities of the front hole have merely been marked. Huronite. West Williams Tp., Middlesex Co. M.

18.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Neck rises with a gentle curve, beginning within 1 in. of tail. Height of crown from base  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, points downwards at angle corresponding to rise of neck, it is  $9/16$  in. wide, about  $3/16$  in. thick, square pointed and edge up. Eyes peduncled and projecting about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., discs about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter. Base  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and varying in. width from  $9/16$  in. in front to  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. behind. Tail rises at sharp angle  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in above base and is  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide. This specimen is perfect in every respect and is admirably made. West Williams Tp. M.

19.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. Crown of head same height as tail. Tail erect almost at right angle. Base  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Convex both ways. W. Muma, Humberstone Tp.

20.  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long. Neck in line with back and head pointing downwards. Crown surmounted with oval projection  $7/16$  in. long and  $3/16$  wide. Tail only a slight upward curve of back line about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Base  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, convex in both directions.

21. Tail fragment. McGillivray Tp. M.

22. Head and neck of bird-amulet. Peduncled eyes. One broken off. Upper edge of whole piece notched. A hole has been drilled through the neck end for secondary rise. S.

Unless where otherwise noted, all these are of striped slate, and are bored diagonally on each end at the under side.

25.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{7}{16}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick in middle, decreasing at end to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Hole bored edgewise and oval, the longer diameter being on one side  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., and on the other  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. The specimen is hammer shaped, but shows no signs of use on ends. All the edges are square. Slate, faintly striped. Ontario. S.

26.  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Ovate sidewise and edgewise. Bored One end broken. S.

27.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and 1 in. deep. Port Rowan. S.

28. 2 in. long,  $1\frac{11}{16}$  in. wide and 1 in. thick. Oval; flattened at each end. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter at one end, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  at the other, bored lengthwise. Edges of specimen rounded, and one of them bearing nineteen notches crosswise, from  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Striped slate. Western Ontario. S.

29.  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. diameter, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, viewed from side it is perfectly circular. A hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in diameter is bored through the longer axis. On one side and parallel with the hole a hollow has been formed, the greatest width of which is fully one inch. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.

30.  $6\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick in middle, ending in a blunt point at the extremities. All the sides are rounded smoothly, and a  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. hole is bored through greater diameter of middle. Striped slate, brown. Wingham. S. (Perfectly symmetrical in every respect.)

31.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Finely rounded on all sides, and pointed at each end. A  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole bored through middle. This specimen is similar in shape to No. 30, but one side is less curved than the opposite. Striped slate. Norfolk Co.

32.  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick, tapering to point at each end. Hole  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. diameter, bored through shorter diameter of middle. Brown striped and mottled slate. Caradoc Township. M.

### *Winged and Horned Specimens.*

33. 5 in. long across tips of curved horns which are knobbed at ends,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep in middle through which a  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole is bored. Not quite symmetrical. Slate; weathered. Plympton Tp. S.

34.  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. from tip to tip of horns, which are terminated in handsome oval knobs. Depth in middle  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter. Same type as No. 33, but smoothly finished and perfect in symmetry. Zone Tp. S.

35.  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in. from tip to tip of wings, which are flattened in line with the hole, nearly  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. in diameter in middle, which is  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep. The wings are curved to one side  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. beyond the centre, and on the opposite side are two projections, each about  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. from centre of hole, and extending fully the same distance beyond the body in the centre. One wing is a little longer and more pointed than the other. Light gray slate. Lake shore, Norfolk Co. S.

36.  $6\frac{1}{8}$  in. across horns, which terminate in oval knobs sharply ridged on outer surface. Depth in middle  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Dark striped slate. Specimen closely resembles No. 34, but has been broken across the hole and cemented. Highly finished. Forest. S.

37.  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. across wings, which are flattened in line with hole through the middle, which is  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. deep. The wings are about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at the broadest part, and not more than  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick where they join the central portion, which is flat sided and rises with sharply marked shoulders above the sides of the wings. The thickness of the central portion is less than an inch, and the hole is  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. in diameter on one side, and slightly less on the other. Brown argillite. Wingham. S.

38.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, irregularly quadrangular. Wings full breadth—ends have been broken off and rubbed down again. This has been effected by



some one recently, as the rubbing has been done to produce a sharp edge. A squarely cut notch  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep and the same width is made on one side where the hole comes out. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter at this end, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter at the other. Striped slate. Port Perry. S.

39.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and 3 in. wide. One wing much damaged. Notched in middle at extremities of hole, which is about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One notch  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep, and one 1 in. deep. Specimen has been broken across hole and cemented. Slate. S.

40.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. Each wing forms half of a six sided figure. Notches in middle between wings  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep. The hole has been bored through the entire width before the notches were made. Has been broken and cemented. One side of eye lost. One side of each wing injured. Wings less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Brown slate. Y. P. col.

41.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $3\frac{3}{16}$  in. wide. Outline approximately oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One notch  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep, and one  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep. Notches made after boring. Wings near middle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Striped slate. Blanshard Township. M.

50.  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Has been almost circular in outline when perfect. One wing broken. Notches between wings about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep, and as they are  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide, the hole being only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, it is not possible to tell whether they were made before or after the boring. Striped slate. Mound in Perry Co., Ohio.

43.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  inch long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Approximately oval in outline. Wings  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick near middle. No notches. Hole  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. diameter at one side, and a little over  $\frac{5}{16}$  at the other. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

44.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. wide. Outline a long oval, somewhat pointed at the ends. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. One side weathered. Brown striped slate tinged with blue. East Williams Tp. M.

45.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Outline oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. diameter. Notches  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep and made after boring. At point of one wing a circular depression  $\frac{7}{16}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep has been made. McGillivray Tp. M.

46.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. Hole  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. diameter. Two half round depressions less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep take the place of notches. Wings thick in proportion to size. Ends chipped as if used for hammering. Dark striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

47.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Butterfly outline. Hole on more rounded side  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter; on the other under  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Striped slate. East Williams Tp.

48.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide. Outline a pointed oval. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter at one end, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. nearly at the other. No notches. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.

49.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, and 3 in. wide. One wing is nearly an inch shorter than the other, and has been re-worked. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Only one side notched  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. deep. Striped slate. Biddulph Tp. M.

51.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Wings triangular. Point of one broken. Hole about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, and walls very thin. Notches  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. deep. A sharp ridge rises on the sides of the hole, and in line with it, making diameter across centre  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. This is the smallest specimen of its kind in the collection. Striped slate. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.

52. In outline like a pipe, but the hole (which is oval) pierces the "head" in line with the "stem." Upper edge of what may be called stem slightly grooved in continuation of curve made by lower side of hole. Stem  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Upper side  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide at angle and tapering to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. at point. Lower side brought to a rounded edge. Head  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. deep,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide in direction of stem. Hole 11-16 by 5-16 in. diameter. Brown striped slate. No locality. S.

55. Fragment of a peculiar specimen, having apparently had two large and two small incurved wings. S.

56. Fragment of horned specimen. The horn rises in a curve almost in line with the hole. Simcoe Town. S.

57. One half of specimen like No. 30. Caradoc Tp. M.

59. One half of specimen similar to No. 57. M.

### *Tubes.*

62.  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{3}{8} \times 1$  in. Striped slate. Forest. S.

63.  $2\frac{7}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 1$  in. Striped slate. Norfolk Co. S.

64.  $2\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$  in. Slate. Norfolk. S.

65.  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter, perfectly round. Hole  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. This is a fragment of what is said to have been a tube at one time upwards of a foot in length. The material appears to be a fine close-grained limestone, resembling somewhat German lithographic stone, but darker. It takes a good polish. Mr. Galbraith, the gentleman who handed it in, said he remembered seeing it when whole. Unfortunately the record of its locality has been lost. Perhaps this notice will meet the gentleman's eye.

66.  $6\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 1$  1-16 in. Hole  $\frac{3}{8}$  in diameter at one end and 5-16 at the other. Sides rounded. Cross section oval. Slate. Beverly Township. Miss Jessie Robertson, Valens.

67.  $7\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Almost round and tapering slightly from  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter. Hole  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter at larger end, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  at the other. Slate. S.

68. 4 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. at larger end, tapering to an oval of 1 in.  $\times$  13-16 in. at the other end. Hole is flared at large end to nearly full dia. of tube. At small end it is also somewhat enlarged, being  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. at the tip, and barely  $\frac{3}{8}$  in., half an inch in. The material is much like that of No. 65, but lighter in color. Wolfe Island.

69.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Almost perfectly round. One end slightly larger than main body, measuring nearly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Hole as in No. 68. Material similar, but darker in color, darker even than No. 65.

70.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. Broken. Slate. West Williams Tp. M.

71.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 1 in.  $\times$   $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. dia. in middle. Sides rounded and tapering with convexity to about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. dia. at smaller end which is broken. Hole decreases from  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

72. 5 in. long, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. Two sides flattened and two rounded. Striped slate. McGillivray Tp. M.

73. 4 in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Longitudinal fragment; shows side of hole. McGillivray Tp. M.



*Bar Amulets.*

20.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  deep. Cross section triangular. Bosanquet Tp. M.

21.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in long. Base  $9/16$  in. wide, depth  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. Boring of holes at each end incomplete. Scotland Village. S.

22. 3 in. long. Base nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide. Depth  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. Both ends fractured on upper side. St. Mary's. S.

23.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, nearly  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. deep. Cross section semi-circular. West Williams Tp. M.

53. 3 in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. deep. Higher in middle than at ends; ends collared. No locality. Y. P. col.

24.  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at ends, less in middle.  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep. McGillivray Tp. M.

74.  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. Hole  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., bored  $1\frac{3}{8}$  deep as if intended for a tube. Smaller end only about 1 in. diameter. Striped slate. West Williams Tp. M.

75.  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide, and 1 in. thick. Sides rounded. Smaller at each end than in the middle. Striped slate. London Tp. M.

76.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and about  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. dia. Broken at each end, Sides slightly rounded. Hole shows longitudinal markings deeply cut. Striped slate. Blanshard Tp. M.

77.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide. One side splintered but leaving hole intact. Sides rounded. Striped slate. Biddulph Tp. M.

84: Fragment of object like No. 52. This specimen is less in size than No. 52. but has been much more handsomely made. Striped slate. Biddulph Tp. M.

85.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, fully 1 in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick. Viewed from the edge it tapers to a point at each end. Viewed from the side the two edges are almost parallel. The ends are slightly hollowed, but the sides are perfectly flat. A  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hole pierces it edgewise in the middle. Under side weathered, but on the whole a beautiful specimen. Western Ontario. S.

86. Similar in almost every particular to No. 85, except that the ends are more deeply hollowed. Perth Co. P. R. Jarvis.

## CASE N.

## GORGETS OR TABLETS—TWO OR MORE HOLES.

The specimens in cases N and O are, almost without exception, made from slate. They vary very much both in size and shape. They appear to be considerably more plentiful in the western than in the eastern portion of the province. In many instances it is easy to believe that these were worn as gorgets or breast-plates, but in other specimens, especially some of those in case N, the number and position of the holes would seem to indicate a different use. One tablet has had as many as seven holes bored through it, some of them close to the edges and now partly broken off, others near the middle, and all apparently without any regularity.

1. St. Thomas. S.
2. Fingal. S.
3. No record. S.
4. Sarnia Tp. S.
5. Galt. S.
6. Orillia. S.
7. No record. S.
8. Caradoc Tp. S.
9. Near Stratford. S.
10. No record. York P. col.
11. St. Mary's. S.
12. No record. S.
13. Near Norwich. S.
14. Exeter. S.
15. London Tp. S.
16. Pilkington Tp.
17. Plympton Tp. S.
18. No record. S.
19. Eramosa Tp.
20. Owen Sound. S.
21. No record. S.
22. No record. S.
23. No record. S.
24. No record. S.
25. West Williams Tp. M.
26. McGillivray Tp. M.
27. McGillivray Tp. M.
28. West Williams Tp. M.
29. Thedford Tp. M.
30. West Williams Tp. M.
31. McGillivray Tp. M.
32. West Williams Tp. M.
33. West Williams Tp. M.
34. McGillivray Tp. M.
35. West Williams Tp. M.
36. West Williams Tp. M.
37. McGillivray Tp. M.
38. West Williams Tp. M.
39. McGillivray Tp. M.
40. Caradoc Tp. M.
41. Biddulph Tp. M.



42. Middlesex Co. M.
43. McGillivray Tp. M.
44. Biddulph Tp. M.
45. East Williams Tp. M.
46. Biddulph Tp. M.
47. West Williams Tp. M.
48. West Williams Tp. M.
49. McGillivray Tp. M.
50. Middlesex Co. M.
51. McGillivray Tp. M.
52. Near Lindsay. S.
53. Near Lindsay. S.
54. St. Thomas. S.
55. McGillivray Tp. M.
56. Hamilton Co. O., W. K. Moorhead.
57. Stephen Tp. M.
58. No record. S.
59. No record. S.
60. No record. S.
61. No record. Y. P. col.
62. Wolfe Island, R. St. Lawrence.
63. Biddulph Tp. M.
64. No record.
65. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
66. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
67. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
68. Miami Valley, O., C. J. B. Ratjen.
69. Lee Co. Va., Ky., Geol. Sur., Frankfort.

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#### CASE O.

##### GORGETS OR TABLETS—ONE HOLE.

1. Western Ontario. S.
2. Western Ontario. Notched at one end. S.
3. Imly City, Mich., U. S. S.
4. Western Ontario. S.
5. Jarvis, Norfolk Co. S.
6. Western Ontario. S.
7. Western Ontario. S.
8. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

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9. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
  10. Near Cobourg. S.
  11. Western Ontario. S.
  12. Moore Tp. S.
  13. Exeter. S.
  14. Near Galt. S.
  15. Western Ontario. S.
  16. Guelph Tp.
  17. York Tp. Y. P. col.
  18. Western Ontario. S.
  19. Western Ontario. S.
  20. No record. Y. P. col.
  21. Western Ontario. S.
  22. Forest. S.
  23. Western Ontario. S.
  24. McGillivray Tp. M.
  25. Biddulph Tp. M.
  26. McGillivray Tp. M.
  27. London City. M.
  28. West Williams. M.
  29. West Williams. M.
  30. McGillivray Tp. M.
  31. Biddulph Tp. M.
  32. Caradoc Tp. M.
  33. McGillivray Tp. M.
  34. Bosanquet Tp. M.
  35. West Williams Tp. M.
  36. West Williams Tp. M.
  37. Middlesex Co. M.
  38. McGillivray Tp. M.
  39. McGillivray Tp. M.
  40. McGillivray Tp. M.
  41. McGillivray Tp. M.
  42. Biddulph Tp. M.
  43. McGillivray Tp. M.
  44. Caradoc Tp. M.
  45. Blanshard Tp. M.
  46. West Williams Tp. M.
  47. McGillivray Tp. M.
  48. Biddulph Tp. M.
  49. Stephen Tp. M.



50. West Williams Tp. M.
51. Humberstone Tp. Wilson.
52. Weston, Ontario. S.
53. Weston, Ontario. S.
54. Weston, Ontario. S.
55. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
56. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.
57. Weston, Ontario. S.
58. Wolfe Island.
59. Wolfe Island.
60. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
61. Wolfe Island.
62. McGillivray Tp. M.
63. No record.
64. Caradoc Tp. M.
65. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
66. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

## CASE P.

### COPPER AND HEMATITE.

#### *Hematites.*

1.  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$ . Hartford city, Mason Co., West Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.
2.  $3\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$ . Locust Creek, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.
3.  $2\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$ . Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear.
4. Brookfield, Mo. Dr. Rear.
5. Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear.
6. Sinker or plummet  $1\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{5}{8}$  in. Near Columbus, O., C. D. Pettibone, Cincinnati, O.

#### *Native Copper.*

1. Chisel with socket for handles. Total length  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. Width at lip  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Manitoulin Island. Mr. Yellowlees.
2. Axe  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. Brantford. S.
3. Axe or chisel 4 in. long,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island, Gananoque. C. A. See.
3. Axe or chisel, 6 in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at lip, and tapering with convex sides to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Beverly. J. Humphrey, Troy.
5. Spear-head  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, 1 in. at widest, and about  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. thick in middle. Has tine for insertion in handle.

6. Spear-head,  $7\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest, with tine 2 in. long. Greatest thickness of blade  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. Brantford. S.

7. Spear-head, or knife, 4 in. long. Widest part of blade  $1\frac{1}{16}$  in. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. Has a neck for attachment to handle. Neck  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long with a projection at each lower angle to aid in holding place in shaft. Rice Lake. S.

8. Spear-head with socket. Total length  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. Blade 3 in. long,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at widest part. and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. Near Toronto. S.

9. Spear-head or knife  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long with tine. Greatest width of blade  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. and about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. No locality. S.

10. Fragment of knife,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. No locality. S.

11. Knife with tine. Total length  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. Blade 2 in. long and 1 in. wide—thinned on one edge only. No locality. S.

12. Knife with tine. Total length  $7\frac{3}{8}$  in. Blade  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Greatest width  $1\frac{3}{16}$  in., and although thinned on both edges, has only one made to cut. The cutting edge is convex as the result of the greater thinning, and the back is correspondingly hollow. The shape of this knife is suggestive of a European model. Beverly. James Rae.

13. Bracelet, 2 in. dia., and from  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thick. Cross section a flattened oval, the longer dia. being in the plane of the circle. Rice Lake. S.

14. Bracelet and fragment; sheet copper coiled in tubular form and bent. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. Spear-head with tine. Total length  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. Blade 4 in. long, 1 in. at widest,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, and smoothly finished to double edges. Tine round. London Tp. M.

16. Spear-head with small socket. Total length 9 in. Blade  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. Burford. M.

17. Axe or chisel,  $4\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Thinned at both ends. One end roughly so, as if for insertion in a handle. Width of lip  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., of handle end  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. This specimen contains a speck of native silver. Biddulph. M.

18. Axe or chisel,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Width at lip  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in., tapering to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. at head. Greatest thickness  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Noncon Island, Lake Scugog. A. F. Chamberlain.

19. Bead  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. dia. Has been bent to form a hole. London City. M.

20. Nine copper heads on piece of hide as attached originally. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island.

21. Pendant, triangular  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Eye at wide end, which is 1 in. wide. Wolfe Island.

22. Small bead, coiled,  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. long, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Caradoc. S.

23. Double-pointed awl or needle  $4\frac{1}{8}$  in. long;  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. dia. in middle.

24. Half of button,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Mound, Ross. Co., Ohio. W. K. Moorehead.

25. Spear-head  $6\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, tined,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. at the widest, and about  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thick. A strong rib forms the centre of the blade on each side. Dr. Beeming, Perth. (O. L.)

26. One hundred and four copper beads from  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., and three pendant spikes about 3 in. long. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.



27. Spike or spear  $12\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{5}{8}$  in. in middle, and tapering to flat points at each end. Sides square. North bank of River Kaminstiquia at Fort William. Capt. J. S. Smith.

28. Axe or adze with socket. Total length  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Width at lip  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , at end of socket  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. The edges are turned almost the whole length to form the socket, but 2 in. from the lip the material is flattened by "shouldering" to form a blade. This implement has the *appearance* of having been made in a swage. North bank of Kaminstiquia River at Fort William. Capt. J. S. Smith.

29. Axe  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, with beaver-skin in which it was wrapped. Pt. Mamainse, Lake Superior.

30. Spike; round;  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. [Pointed at one end and chisel-edged at the other. Near London, Ont.]

### CASE Q.

#### MOSTLY OF UNKNOWN USE.

1. Fifteen brown stone beads from half an inch to three inches long. York P. col.

2. String of blood-stone beads. Y. P. col.

3. Five brown stone beads. Y. P. col.

4. Six blood-stone beads. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

5. Eight brown stone beads. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

6. Five brown stone beads. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

7. One large brown stone bead. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

8. One large brown stone bead. Saskatoon, N.W.T. M.

9. Five blood-stone beads. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

10. Circular, thin and flat brown slate, nearly 1 in. dia. with eight small holes round margin, one larger than the others as if used for suspension—one small hole in centre. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

11. Small flat brown stone pendant (?) Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

12. Steatite bead, two fragments of steatite objects and one of limestone. Wolfe Island.

13. Hawaiian sling-stone, Helia, Oahu, Sandwich Isles. St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, O.

14. Carved head, perhaps a wolf's; limestone. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

15. Finely carved human head  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.

16. Bird's head and neck, broken from some large object. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

17.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, profile of beaver in blue slate. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

18. Profile of quadruped in brown slate about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Nottawasaga Tp. Lougheed col.

19. Circular, conical (with flattened apex) striped slate  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Burford Village. S.

20. A hollowed conical stone  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep outside measurement. Outside smooth and shows a laminated structure. Bottom of hollow smoother than sides. Near Woodstock. S.

21. Light blue slate depressed cone;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia. and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. high. Not hollowed. "God's Country," Hamilton Co., O. W. K. Moorehead, Washington. D. C.

22. A light oval (pumice-like) stone  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide and 1 in. thick in middle. A  $5/16$  in. hole goes through the centre, sidewise. McGillivray Tp. M.

23. Slate implement  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 in. wide. Thin and shaped like a knife blade. One end fractured within  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., of which a small oblique hole is bored. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.

24. Perhaps a "slick-stone"; slate. Caradoc Tp. M.

25. Perhaps a "slick-stone." No locality. S.

26. Pointed instrument of slate  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, roughly rounded and tapering to a narrow chisel point  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide. Greatest dia. about  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. Large end broken. Tremont Park, Tidd's Isl. C. A. See.

27. Fragment of pointed weapon  $5\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, two sides rounded and smooth, two flat and rough. Large end broken. Dia. at large end 1 in. S.

28. Dark slate  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$  in. in middle. Three sides flat, one rounded. Tapers to blunt point at each end. Norfolk Co. S.

29. Striped slate  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick in middle. Three sides nearly flat and slightly convex lengthwise. Fourth side much rounded and bevelled towards each end. With flat side up has a square-ended canoe look. West Williams. M.

30. Light colored striped slate  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, much like No. 29 except that the bevelled side is not rounded transversely. Two holes  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. apart, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. from each end, have been bored from the straight to bevelled side. Dia. on upper side  $5/16$  in. and on lower side barely  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. East Williams Tp. S.

31. Dark striped slate,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, similar in outline to Nos. 29 and 30, but deeper in proportion to length, and deeply hollowed from end to end. Two holes are bored through the hollowed and opposite sides, one  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. and the other  $13/16$  from the end. Holes have been bored from both sides. Nissouri Tp. S.

32. Light brown double horned or winged stone,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. long—with a groove surrounding the middle. Boone Co., Ky.

33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 are similar in outline, although of different kinds of stone. They are from 2 in. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, flat, with two rounded sides terminating in points. No. 34 differs from the others in having two holes through it. Except No. 37, these all came from Noncon Isl., L. Seugog. A. F. Chamberlain.

No. 37 is from Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

39. Small light blue slate pointed implement. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

40. Pointed slate implement with notched end as for a string. The point was broken off when being taken out of the mound. Tremont Park, Tidd's Island. C. A. See.

41. Small slate object like No. 52, case M. Newmarket. S.

42. Plummert-like stone,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Egg-shaped with small knot at one end. McGillivray Tp. M.



43. A black pebble grooved. This is a doubtful specimen, as the groove is apparently the result of weathering on a soft micaceous vein. Victoria Co. Dickson col.

44. Half of a notched stone. The specimen is oval and the notch is cut a little obliquely round the longer diameter. Miami Valley, O. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg. See No. 90.

45. Small brown pebble  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide with notch cut round the middle. Aurora, Ind. J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Ind.

46. Water-worn pebble 3 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, hollowed. The hollow has probably been deepened artificially, and the specimen may be called a paint-mill, or paint-cup. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

47. Small limestone paint cup (?) Miami Valley. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

48. Limestone paint cup (?) West Williams Tp. M.

49. Slate  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick, ends broken. Victoria, Brit. Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

50. Fragment of a slate implement. Victoria, Brit. Columbia. Jas. Johnson, Vancouver.

51. Cast of the Cincinnati Tablet. Robt. Clarke, Cincinnati, O.

52. Cast of the Clarke Tablet. Waverly, O. Robt. Clarke, Cincinnati, O.

54. Mottled slate  $8\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide in middle, where it is also  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick. At each end it is  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Between the middle and ends it is reduced in beautifully regular curves on one side to  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. The same side is smoothly rounded transversely, making a sharp angle with the lower side, which is very smooth and perfectly straight. Cobourg. S.

55. Brown stone bead. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.

56. Three brown stone beads. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

78. Round and tapering fragment of stone implement  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. McGillivray Tp. M.

79. Black slate  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick, three sides flat, one rounded both ways. Ends thin. Caradoc Tp. M.

80. Striped slate  $5\frac{5}{8}$  in. long and  $9/16$  thick. Pointed; one side flat, others rounded.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. from point is a portion  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick, forming a flattened bulb. Near Hamilton, Butler Co., O. W. K. Moorehead.

81. Brown veined slate 6 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide in middle, whence it decreases by curved sides to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide at each end. About  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. One side flat, on which  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. apart and equi-distant from the centre, lengthwise, are the beginnings of two holes. Shelby Co., O. Prof. Moritz Fischer, Frankfort, Ky.

82.  $5\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, similar to No. 81. (No holes). Mason Co., W. Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.

83. Gray slate,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  in. long. Dia. at widest 1 in. and at thickest  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. Resembles No. 80, but is pointed at both ends and the bulb is more elongated. Point of longer end broken. Near Hartford, Mason Co., W. Virginia. W. K. Moorehead.

84. Dark veined slate,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick in middle. Three sides flat, one rounded and bevelled to each end. A shallow groove goes round two adjoining sides. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

85. Brown slate  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in. long. Greatest dia.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. from widest part to one end, may be regarded as the body of some animal. The other end is the unfinished head and neck. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

86. Granite, 3 in. long. Much like No. 31. One end broken. The one hole remaining has been bored from the hollowed side. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

87. Sandstone,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick in middle. Oval. Edge has twenty-two deep sharply angular notches. Hole through smaller end. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

88. Quartzite, 2 in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Plummet-like. No knob on smaller end. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

89. Conglomerate,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. dia. Plummet-like. Grooved round small end to form knob. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

90. Sandstone,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Flat on one side. The rest of the surface rounded. A groove along the rounded side in the direction of longer axis. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

91. Close-grained, mottled, argillite.  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide and  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick at largest. Tapers on two sides to a chisel point at one end, and on three sides to a pick-point at the other. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

92. Slate,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at one end and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide at the other. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Edges rounded. Hole bored 1 in. from small end. Large end bevelled from both sides to an edge. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

With the exception of the beads, it is impossible in the present state of knowledge to give suitable names with certainty to the objects in this case. Many of them also are indescribable for want of space.

## CASE R.

### CLAY PIPES

1. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
2. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
3. Highland Creek. Y. P. col.
4. Lake Medad.
5. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
6. Eramosa.
7. Beverly. Dwyer col.
8. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
9. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
10. No record. Y. P. col.
11. Beverly. Dwyer col.
12. No report. Y. P. col.
13. No report. Y. P. col.



14. Beverly. Dwyer.
15. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
16. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
17. No record. Y. P. col.
18. Forest. S.
19. Holland Landing. S.
20. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
21. Vaughan.
22. No record. Y. P. col.
23. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
24. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
25. Beverly. Dwyer col.
26. Beverly. Dwyer col.
27. Nottawasaga. Loughheed. col. (2)
28. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (2)
29. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
30. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
31. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
32. Orillia. L. Hayden, Toronto.
33. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.
34. Beverly. Jas. Rae.
35. Beverly. Jas. Rae.
36. No record.
37. York Tp. B. Jackes, Toronto.
38. Near Lake Simcoe. S.
39. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
40. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
41. No record. Y. P. col.
42. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
43. No record. Y. P. col.
44. No record. Y. P. col.
45. Nottawasaga. Loughheed.
46. No record. Y. P. col.
47. Onentisati. Simcoe Co.
48. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
49. Orillia. Basil R. Rowe.
50. No record. Y. P. col.
51. No record. Y. P. col.
52. No record. Y. P. col.
53. York Tp. B. Jackes.
54. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

55. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
56. Eglinton, York Tp. Y. P. col.
57. Eglinton, York Tp. B. Jackes.
58. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
59. Onentisati. Simcoe Co.
60. No record. Y. P. col.
61. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
62. York Tp. B. Jackes.
63. McGillivray Tp. M.
64. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (3)
65. Lake Medad. C. Macpherson.
66. Onentisati. Simcoe Co.
67. Beverly. Dwyer col.
68. Penetanguishene. F. A. Benson.
69. York Tp. B. Jackes.
70. No record. Y. P. col.
71. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (2)
72. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co.
73. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
74. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
75. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
76. No record. Y. P. col.
77. No record. Y. P. col.
78. No record. Y. P. col.
144. Lambton Mills, York Tp.

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## CASE S.

### CLAY PIPES.

79. York Tp. J. Kirkwood.
80. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Owl's head from lip of bowl.)
81. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, open mouth.)
82. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
83. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
84. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)
85. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, elongated.)
86. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face, elongated.)
- 87.
88. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human face.)



89. Onentisati. Simcoe Co. (Eagle's head on lip.)
90. Beverly. Jas. Rae. (Snake's head.)
91. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Owl's head.)
92. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Two human faces from bowl.)
93. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Spiral coil round bowl.)
94. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.
95. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (2 birds' heads from pipes.)
96. Near L Simcoe. S. (Double human face, forward and backward.)
97. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Human face.)
98. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
99. Onentisati. Simcoe Co. (Square mouth.)
100. Ste. Marie. Simcoe Co. (Square mouth.)
101. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
102. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
103. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Square mouth.)
104. Nottawasaga. Loughheed. col. (Square mouth.)
105. Lake Medad. C. Macpherson. (Square mouth.)
106. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
107. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
108. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
109. Ancaster. J. E. McCrimmon. (Human form, head broken.)
110. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Fox's head ?)
111. York Tp. George Miller.
112. York Tp. George Miller.
113. York Tp. George Miller.
114. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
115. Nottawasaga. Ed. Coyle. (Human face.)
116. " " "
117. Nottawasaga. Thos. White. (Fragment diagonally marked on upper edge.)
118. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Oval curve.)
119. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Stem of pipe like 118.)
120. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
121. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Square mouth.)
122. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Square mouth.)
123. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
124. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col. (Human face elongated.)
125. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
126. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
127. Nottawasaga. Mr. Doner.
128. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner. (Square mouth.)
129. Nottawasaga. Dugald Currie.
130. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.
131. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.

132. Nottawasaga. Thos. White.
133. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Human figure, broken.)
134. " " " "
135. Lake Medad. Mr. Lillycrop. (Human face from pipe.)
136. Nottawasaga. David Melville. (Human face from pipe.)
137. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
138. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col.
139. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
140. Nottawasaga. Lougheed col. (Dog's head.)
141. Lake Medad. Luke Mullock.
142. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
143. Nottawasaga. Herbert Conner.
144. (See case R.)
145. Lake Medad. Luke Mullock.
146. Nottawasaga. Thos. White. (Human face.)
147. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss. (Small.)
148. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
149. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.
150. Humberstone Tp. Isaac Bearss.
151. Dumfries Tp. Jas. G. Caven.
152. York Tp. Geo. Miller.
153. Amberly Tp. Wm. Welsh. (Square mouth, fragment.)
154. Tremont Park, Tidd's Islands. C. A. See. (Stem.)
155. Eglinton, York Tp. W. G. Long. (Long stem.)
156. Nottawasaga. Snake head. Angus Buie.

This case contains also a large number of stems from various localities.

## CASE T.

### *Discs.*

1 to 6. Six discoidal stones (varying from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter) said to have been used in playing a game by rolling them along the ground, opponents aiming missiles at them when in motion, and bets being made as to where they would stop, or which side would lie uppermost. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

7 to 12. Six small discoidal stones. The smallest  $\frac{5}{8}$  of an in. in diameter and the largest  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . No. 9 is marked by four lines cut on both sides, crossing each other near the centre and extending to the margin. Geo. Lougheed, Nottawasaga.

$12\frac{1}{2}$  and 13. Two stones apparently in preparation for discs. Originally they were water-worn, but there are evidences of manipulation by pecking on the flattened sides. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

14. Rude or unfinished disc. Both sides hollowed as if to aid in grasping. Edges of stone not circular. Natural Hist. Soc. Brookville, Ind.



15. Discoidal stone, 4 in. in dia., well hollowed on both sides. S.
  16. Discoidal stone unfinished;  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., sides hollowed, but periphery not made quite circular. From New York State. Moses Barrowman, Buffalo.
  17. Small discoidal stone  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia., hollowed on both sides. From Ohio, U.S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Cincinnati, O.
  18. Discoidal stone  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia., hollowed on sides. S.
  19. Discoidal stone,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. dia., flat sides. "Used in a Hawaiian game—the object being to see who could roll it furthest on a smooth path." The specimen is interesting as being so like many found in Canada and the United States. Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. Rev. Bro. Joseph, St. Mary's Academy, Dayton, O.
  20. Discoidal stone  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat. Ste. Marie, Simcoe Co., Ont.
  - 21 to 25. Discoidal stones,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat, 21 and 25 perforated in the centre. From York Tp. W. G. Long, Lansing, York Tp.
  26. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides convex. From West Virginia, U. S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Brookville, Ind.
  27. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia., sides flat. Perforated. From Goose Lake, near L. Simcoe. S.
  28. Discoidal stone,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia., both sides concave. Miama Valley, near Lawrenceburg. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  29. Discoidal stones,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. in dia., both sides deeply concave. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  30. Discoidal stone, 2 in. in dia. Edge much rounded, both sides hollow. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  31. Discoidal stone, 2 in. in dia., sides hollow. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  32. Discoidal stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia. This specimen differs from all the other hollow sided ones on account of the cavities not merging imperceptibly into the rounded edge. The rounding of the edge is carried  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch over the side and nearly an eighth of an in. deep, so as to form a sharply defined collar, the central portion being but slightly hollowed. Same locality. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  33. Discoidal stone.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. So deeply hollowed on both sides that the thickness in the middle is barely  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
  34. Discoidal stone.  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick. Flat on both sides. Nottawasaga.
  35. Disc; clay.  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. in dia.  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick. Eglinton, York township. Loug. collection.
- Nos. 1 to 4, and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 16 are classified by some as hammers, a few of these may have been used thus, but others show no signs of such application. Nos. 1, 3,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ , 13 and 16 retain their original ovate form as viewed from the flattened or hollowed sides.
- 36 to 40. Discoidal stones from 1 in. to 3 in. dia. Nottawasaga. David Melville.
- 41 to 44. Discoidal stones from 1 in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Nottawasaga. William Melville.

## RUBBING STONES.

1 and 2. Rubbing stones, roughly circular, flat and smooth on both sides, 5 in. dia. Orillia. Basil Rowe.

## PESTLES.

3 to 6. Rudely-formed pestles from 5 to 7 in. long; cross section oval West Middlesex. M.

7. Pestle, 7 in. long. McGillivray Tp. M.

8. Pestle, 13 in. long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. in middle. Has a small hole bored in one side near the middle. Simcoe. S.

9. Pestle, 10 in. long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Simcoe. S.

10. Pestle, 8 in. long, and 2 in. dia. W. Middlesex. M.

11. Pestle, 12 in. long and 2 in. dia. McGillivray Tp. M.

12. Pestle,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. dia. No locality. Y. P. col. (This may not be more than a water-worn stone.)

13. Pestle,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia. Ft. Gratiot, Mich.

14. Pestle,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, conical; diameter of base  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  in.; of head,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in.; it is worn off on the face or base end at an angle. No locality. Y. P. col.

15. Pestle,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. dia.; is a little flared at base; upper end or head rounded off. Kentucky. Geological Survey of Kentucky, Prof. Moritz Fischer.

16. Pestle,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, conical; diameter of base  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., tapers to 1 in. Shelby Co., Kentucky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Indiana.

17. Pestle,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, conical; dia. of base 3 in.; head rounded. Linn Co., Missouri. Dr. Rear.

18. Pestle,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, base broken. Humberstone Tp. Cyrenius Bearss.

## CASE U.

### GROOVED STONE AXES AND HAMMERS.

1 Axe, 8 in. by  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Lake Superior. Y. P. col.

2. Axe,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 4 in. one edge ungrooved. Bourbon Co., Ky. Kentucky Geological Survey, Frankfort.

3. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 4 in., one edge ungrooved. Miami Valley, Ind. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

4. Axe, 6 in. by 3 in., Aurora, Ind., one edge ungrooved. J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Ind.

5. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Miami Valley. C. J. B. Ratjen, Lawrenceburg.

6. Axe, 5 in. by 4 in., one edge ungrooved. No locality. Y. P. col.

7.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved and hollowed lengthwise. Linn Co., Missouri.



8. Axe, 5 in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved. Shelby Co., Ind. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
9. Axe, 5 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Franklin Co., Ind. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
10. 5 in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., one edge ungrooved and hollowed lengthwise. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg, Ind.
11. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. by 3 in., one edge ungrooved. Garrard Co., Ky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
12. Axe, 7 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , grooved all round. Miami Valley, Ind. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
13. Axe, 7 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. East Williams Tp. M.
14. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
15. Axe,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 3 in., grooved all round. West Williams Tp. M.
16. Axe, 6 in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$ , grooved all round. Near Weston Village. Dr. Richardson.
17. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$ , grooved all round. Arkona. M.
18. Axe, 6 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. W. Middlesex. M.
19. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. Linn Co., Mo.
20. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
21. Axe, 5 in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Miami Valley. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
22. Axe. 4 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. J. C. Kassebaum. Aurora, Ind.
23. Axe,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. Shelby Co., Ky. Nat. Hist. Soc., Brookville, Ind.
24. Axe, 4 in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
25. Axe,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved all round. Brookfield, Mo.
26. Axe, 3 in. by 2 in., grooved all round. East Williams Tp. M.
27. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 in., grooved all round. McGillivray Tp. M.
28. Axe,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
29. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
30. Axe,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., chiefly grooved on the two edges. McGillivray. M.
31. Axe,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in., groove shallow all round. No locality. Y. P. col.
32. Axe, 6 in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved chiefly on edges. No record.
33. Axe,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Shelby Co., Ky. Brookville Nat. Hist. Soc., Ind.
34. Axe,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in., one edge ungrooved. Brookfield, Mo.
35. Axe, 3 in. by 2 in., thin and slightly grooved. Linn Co., Mo.
36. Axe,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in., very slightly grooved, and mainly on the edges. Shelby Co., Ky. Brookville Nat. Hist. Soc. Ind.
37. Axe,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in., grooved mostly on edges. No record.
38. Axe, 6 in. by 3 in., grooved all round. No record.
39. Axe,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in., grooved all round with stony projections formed on edges above and below groove. No record.
40. Axe,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., similar to No. 39. No record.

41. Hammer,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Lake Superior.

42. Hammer,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Is evidently only a water-worn stone whose shape has suggested use, and has been slightly hollowed in two sides either for attachment to a handle, or to aid in holding directly in the hand.

43. Hammer, 6 in. by 4 in. 45 miles north-west of Brandon, Man. Is deeply grooved and well shaped. M.

44. Hammer, 5 in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., cylindrical and grooved near the middle. Point Edward. M.

45. Hammer,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., grooved about one-third from smaller end. Leamington, Essex Co.

46. Hammer,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. Has originally been a fine implement—is now broken on one side of each end. Thunder Bay.

47. Hammer, 3 in. by 3 in., grooved near the middle. Thunder Bay.

48.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 5 in. Is a flat water-worn stone. Has originally been somewhat ovate and has now two deeply cut notches on the edges  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. from the smaller end. Point Edward. M.

49. 8 in. by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Corresponds in character to No. 48. Biddulph. M. Neither of these bears any marks to indicate use as a hammer. Perhaps they were used as anchors for the frail birch-bark canoes close to shore. The fact, however, that the latter was found inland, does not add force to this conjecture, unless the same use was made of it for river purposes.

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## CASE V.

### POTTERY.

This case contains a large number of pottery fragments, illustrative of markings or patterns. The specimens are from various parts of this Province and United States. The principal contributors are: Jas. Dickson, P. L. S., Fenelon Falls; Jas. Dwyer, Beverly; T. H. Hulbert, Duluth; Cyrenius Bearss, Humberstone; John McPherson, Toronto; Dr. T. W. Beeman, Perth; F. A. Benson, Port Hope; William Welsh, Amberley; Society of Natural History, Cincinnati; Prof. J. L. Deming, Technological Institute, Boston; Thos. White, Nottawasaga; Jas. Rae, Beverly; W. J. Long, Lansing; Albert Loughheed, Nottawasaga; G. Laidlaw, of "The Fort"; David Boyle, sr., Richmond Hill, J. L. Kassebaum, Aurora, Indiana; and C. Bell, Toronto.

The finest specimen is that presented by Mr. John McPherson. It consists of several pieces now cemented, and shows the outline and proportions of what must have been a very handsome vessel about 9 in. high, 7 in dia. at the widest part, and 5 in. in dia. at the mouth. It was found in Mr. McPherson's island, Mindemoya, in a lake of the same name in Manitoulin Island.

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## CASE W.

## CLEARVILLE SPECIMENS.

This case contains specimens of horn, bone, shell, clay and stone from the site of a fortified village at Clearville, Kent Co., Ont.

18 deer-horn prongs, showing rude human workmanship,

30 bone awls or needles, from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. to 7 in. long.

2 dorsal spines of a large fish. These are about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, triangular in cross section and very sharp.

1 beaver's tooth.

2 muskrats' teeth.

10 unio valves, some of these have been used as scrapers, and one evidently by a left-handed person.

1 walnut.

9 clay pipe-stems.

6 pipe heads, but all imperfect. One is very rude in form, and one is remarkable for its fine finish and design.

3 pieces of burnt clay, showing manipulation.

7 fragments of large and coarse clay vessels.

19 fragments of smaller and finer vessels.

8 rudely made stone chisels.

8 roughly chipped flints.

7 stones, smoothly rubbed.

1 piece of red jasper.

1 sinker—so called.

1 semi-circular, grooved stone.

## CASE X.

## DRILLS.

1. Drill, 2 in. long, broken, T head. Curtis Farm, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear. Toronto.

2. Drill, 2 in. long, unsymmetrical, rounded head. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

3. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T head. Bourbon Co., Ky. Dr. Collins, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

4. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, notched head, seems to have been an arrow modified for drilling purposes. Middlesex Co., Ont. M.

5. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, broken, head merely a little broader than body and thinner at end. Curtis Farm, Linn Co., Mo. Dr. Rear, Toronto.

6. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, rude, head smaller than body.

7. Drill 1 in. long, half of head broken off crosswise.
8. Drill  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, rounded head.
9. Drill  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in long, notched head. Outline like arrow, but is flat on one side and round on the other, body comparatively thick, and curved considerably at the point. Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, from Pike's Farm, Wolfe Isl.
10. Drill,  $3\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T head, body rhomboidal, and twisted. McGillivray Township, Middlesex, Ont. M.
11. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, head broken.
12. Drill  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head a slight expansion of body, and thinned.
13. Drill 2 in. long, point broken, sharply cut T head.
14. Drill  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long; head like a T double barred, the upper portion being the lesser in size. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, from Townships of East and West Williams. Middlesex Co, M.
15. Drill,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long; no marked head, one side of body comparatively flat, curved near the point; greatest width (at head end)  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. Pike's Farm, Wolfe Island.
16. Drill, 1 in. long, obscure T head, point broken.
17. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, obscure T head, body curved diagonally, the material is dark blue for half the distance at the head end, the other half being white.
18. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head broken. } Both seem as if made for being inserted
19. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, head wedged. } and fastened in a cleft handle.
20. Drill,  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, T head, sharply pointed. Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, from Miami Valley, Ind. Dr. Craig, Lawrenceburg.
21. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, 1 in. wide in middle; drilling portion only  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at point; notched neck for fastening to handle  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long.
22. Drill,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, broken; unsymmetrical T head.
23. Drill,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, broken; good T head.
24. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, T projection,  $\frac{7}{8}$  wide near middle; notched neck for handle.
25. Drill,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, obscure neck; roughly chipped; may have been a badly made arrow-tip.
26. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, point broken,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide at break; T head.
27. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, neck broken,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at widest part; might have been an arrow, but is worn smooth on sides and edges.
28. Drill, 3 in. long, notched neck; slightly curved; flat on one side.
29. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, imperfect, oblique T head.
30. Drill,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, club-shaped head; tip broken.
31. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; neck broken; white flint.
32. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; head broken.
- (21 to 32 from collection presented by Jas. Dickson, Esq., Fenelon Falls.)
33. Drill,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide; thick, and rudely chipped: notched with T head.
34. Drill,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide; slightly curved and rudely made; head appears to have been broken.



35. Drill,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. long ; otherwise like No. 34.  
 36. Drill,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide ; point broken ; club-shaped head.  
 37. Drill, 2 in. long, flat on one side and slightly curved ; obscure neck ; rude.  
 38. Drill,  $3\frac{7}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide in front of neck ; for  $\frac{2}{3}$  of length from head is as flat as an arrow, but takes rhomboidal form near the point, decreasing to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. in width at the same distance from tip.

(33 to 38 from counties of Wentworth and Waterloo.)

39 to 76. These were procured from Mr. C. J. B. Ratjen, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and were all collected in the Miami Valley. They vary from 1 in. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and from  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. in width. Some are T headed, others club-headed, and many are simply thinned for insertion in a handle. There is no notched specimen among them.

72 and 73, both imperfect, are serrated on the edges, which are now worn as if the specimens had been used as saws. 42, 43, and 44, may have been arrow-tips, but all the others were no doubt drills.

## CASE Y.

### SLATE WEAPONS.

These objects are shaped like arrow and spear heads. Some writers regard such specimens as knives. They were probably rather of an ornamental character and intended for purposes of display in connection with feasts, dances, and other celebrations. They are not very common in this country.

1 to 3. Western Ontario. S.

4. Broad in proportion to length, being 5 in. long, (including the neck,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.,) and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide at the base ; it is squarely shouldered to form the neck. Wolfe Island.

5.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, 2 in. wide, and very thin ; slightly barbed ; the neck is of a kind peculiar to this class of object, being carefully notched or serrated on each edge as if to assist in binding to a shaft. Another peculiarity is that the neck although  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. long, measures  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. behind the barbs and tapers to  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. at the base. This shape would seem to add to the difficulty of fastening. S.

6.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, with neck similar to No. 5. Caradoc Tp. S.

7.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, square-shouldered, neck which is tapering like Nos. 5 and 6, but not serrated. S.

8.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, neck broken. S.

9.  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, deeply barbed, tapering and serrated neck.

10.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, very perfect, square-shouldered, tapering and round edged neck. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

11.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. long, single barbed, neck tapering and round edged. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.

12.  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. long, slightly barbed, with nearly parallel-sided and square-edged neck. S.

13.  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, very slightly barbed, neck parallel-sided and square-edged. S.

14.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; deeply barbed; neck broken partly off; round-edged. Nottawasaga. Loughheed col.

15. 5 in. long, sharp rib along middle, barbed; neck slightly tapering and round-edged. S.

16.  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, barbs broken; has the appearance of having been bored on each side to form neck. Wolfe Island.

17.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, square-shouldered; tapering, round-edged neck. Downie Tp. P. R. Jarvis.

18.  $1\frac{7}{8}$  in. long, slightly barbed. This small specimen is exceptional in the form of the neck, for although serrated, it is somewhat wider below than above. Lakefield. R. Q. Dench.

19. 4 in. long, considerably mutilated. S.

20.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long; is a fragment of some tool or weapon; one side slightly convex, and the other strongly ribbed. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Ottie White, Toronto.

In this case are also:—

1. 11 in. long,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick; sides convex and corners rounded; one end is square and blunt, and measures  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, the other is thinned to an edge and is only  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. wide. On one side is a scratched figure like a capital T, the lower end of the upright stroke being forked, and on the opposite side a similar mark but with a bar across the middle of the upright. Arkona. S.

2.  $11\frac{3}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick; one end 1 in. wide and chisel-edged; the opposite end  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, thinned and rounded. West Williams Tp. M.

3.  $8\frac{5}{8}$  in. long,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in. wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  in. thick; one end 1 in. wide, thinned, but blunted as if from use. The opposite end terminates in a rounded point about  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. diameter. Point Edward.

4.  $11\frac{3}{4}$  in. long,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. wide, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick; tapering to both ends, one of which is  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. wide, and the other  $5/16$  in., both are chisel-edged. Chief Smith. Brantford.

Axe of striped slate,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, and  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. across the mouth. Looked at sidewise it has the appearance of an elongated pear. Richmond, Indiana.

## CASE Z.

### MISSCELLANEOUS.

1. Smoothly rubbed stone. A. W. Reavley.

2. Flint. A. W. Reavley.

3. " "

4. " "

5. " "

6. " "

7. Stone axe. Wm. Michener. Humberstone.



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- |     |  |                 |
|-----|--|-----------------|
| 8.  | Bone awl or needle.                                | Wm. Melville.   |
| 9.  | "  | "               |
| 10. | "  | "               |
| 11. | Clay pipe  | "               |
| 12. | "  | "               |
| 13. | "  | "               |
| 14. | "  | "               |
| 15. | "  | "               |
| 16. | "  | "               |
| 17. | "  | "               |
| 18. | "  | "               |
| 19. | "  | "               |
| 20. | "  | "               |
| 21. | "  | "               |
| 22. | "  | "               |
| 23. | Stone tablet                                       | "               |
| 24. | Small notched bone or needle.                      | Wm. Melville.   |
| 25. | Small discoidal stone.                             | Wm. Melville.   |
| 26. | "  | "               |
| 27. | "  | "               |
| 28. | "  | "               |
| 29. | Several pipe stems, stone                          | "               |
| 30. | Small bone chisel.                                 | David Melville. |
| 31. | Worked bone  | "               |
| 32. | Small stone axe                                    | "               |
| 33. | Small discoidal stone                              | "               |
| 34. | "  | "               |
| 35. | "  | "               |
| 36. | Discoidal stone, 2½ in. dia., with hole in centre. | David Melville. |
| 37. | Clay pipe.   | David Melville. |
| 38. | "  | "               |
| 39. | "  | "               |
| 40. | "  | "               |
| 41. | "  | "               |
| 42. | Pipe stems   | "               |

All those from No. 8 to No. 42 are from Nottawasaga Tp.

43. Small discoidal stone, with hole in centre and groove round outer edge.  
York Tp. Jos. Smelser.

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## CASE A2.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Pipe head. Lambton Mills. Wardie and Ottie White.
2. " broken. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
3. String of glass beads. " " " "
4. " and shell beads. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
5. Pipe-stem. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
6. Bear's tooth (bored). Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
7. Diagonally notched bone. " " " "
8. Carved fragment of bone, (probably of European origin). Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
9. Small hollowed stone. Lambton Mills. W. and O. White.
10. Two broken shell beads. Lougheed col.
11. Small, flat stone, perforated. "
12. Stone in preparation for beads. "
13. Bear's tooth (notched). Lougheed col.
14. Stone axe. Sebastopol Tp. Alex. Parks.
15. Gouge. Golden Lake, Algona Tp. Alex. Parks.
16. Stone axe. Brantford. P. R. Jarvis.
17. " N. Easthope. "
18. " Ellice Tp. "
19. " " "
20. " N. Easthope. "
21. " (grooved). Ellice Tp. P. R. Jarvis.
22. Gouge. P. R. Jarvis.
23. Belt ornament, sheet copper. P. R. Jarvis.
24. Pottery fragments. Delaware Tp. P. R. Jarvis.
25. Shell ornaments (2). P. R. Jarvis.
26. Clay pipe. Zorra Tp. "
27. " " "
28. " " "
29. Red stone bead. Saugeen. P. R. Jarvis.
30. Spoon; Sioux (buffalo horn). "
31. Bone chisel. Near Battleford, N. W. T. Major J. M. Delamere.
32. Pipe from grave near Stony Lake, N. W. T. Major J. M. Delamere.
33. Copper kettle. North-west of Battleford, N. W. T. "
34. Slate 5½ in. long, 4 in. wide, and 1½ in. at thickest. Oval hole (long dia. 1 in.) in middle, from side to side. Outline much like the McCallum pipe, and suggestive of a monkey. May have been intended for a large pipe. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.
35. Fragment of stone pipe; head showing a fairly well cut human face ⅝ in. long, above and behind which is a dog's head neatly cut. The latter is only half an inch long, and about the same breadth across the forehead, but the eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils are imitated. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.



36. Pipe-head (snake) somewhat like No. 90 in case S. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

37. Human head from pipe-head. Nottawasaga.

38. Plain clay pipe. Ellice Tp.

39. Small pipe, like modern N. W. type. Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

This case contains also 47 flints from various places in Perth Co.

All the articles in cases Z and A2 are placed there only temporarily, until a re-arrangement of specimens in other cases will afford room for them.

## WALL CASE 1.

### POTTERY.

1. Small cup, edges broken. Beverly Tp. Dwyer collection.

2. Small cup, almost perfect. Beverly Tp. Dwyer collection.

3. Plain vessel, moulded in grass basket. Humberstone. Cyrenius Bearss.

4. Small spoon-like specimen. Nottawasaga. Lougheed collection.

5 to 42. Very fine specimens of clay vessels, entire or nearly so from mounds in Arkansas. From the collection of C. W. Riggs, Cincinnati.

43. Small and imperfect cup. York Tp. Dr. R. Orr, Maple.

## WALL CASE 2.

1 to 13. Iron tomahawks from various localities.

14. Copper kettle. Algona Tp., Renfrew Co.

15. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary. Penetanguishene.

16. *Pyrula perversa*. No locality.

17. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary on Cape Hurd.

18. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Humberstone Tp. Mrs. Barney, sr.

19. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

20. *Pyrula perversa* from ossuary in Nottawasaga. Angus Buie.

21. Wooden war club, modern.

22. Wooden war club, made to represent a hand grasping a ball, modern.

23 to 34. Iron tomahawks of various patterns and from various localities.

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WALL CASE 3.

## CRANIA.

1 to 55. From ossuary, on the Keffer farm. Vaughan Tp.

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WALL CASE 4.

## CRANIA.

- 1 and 2. No record.
- 3. Withrow Avenue, Toronto. E. A. Macdonald.
- 4. Beverly Tp. Dwyer col.
- 5 and 6. Withrow Avenue, Toronto. E. A. Macdonald.
- 7 to 12. Humberstone Tp.
- 13 to 28. Nottawasaga Tp.
- 19 and 20. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.
- 21. Upper half containing portions of beaver skin and pieces of cedar bark, Beverly Tp.
- 22. Withrow Avenue, Toronto.
- 23 to 32. Ridley and Bury farm, Clearville, Orford Tp.
- 33. South Bay, Manitoulin Island. R. Baskerville, Manitowaning.

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WALL CASE 5.

Contains nearly 400 stone axes and chisels of various dimensions, from two inches to upwards of one foot in length, also 14 iron tomahawks.

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## WALL CASE 6.

Contains about 1,000 arrow and spear heads from different parts of Canada and the United States.

Six iron tomahawks.

A large number of pottery fragments from Miller's farm, York Tp., and a quantity of miscellaneous material.

## MORTARS OR MILLS.

1. Victoria Co. Dickson col.
2. York Tp. S.
3. Vaughan Tp. Dr. Orr, Maple.
4. York Tp. contains four cavities.

## MODERN SPECIMENS.

*Blood Indian. N. W. Territory.*

- 1 Leather belt, beaded.
- 1 Pair woman's leggings, beaded.
- 1 " man's leggings, beaded.
- 2 " large breast buttons; beaded.
- 4 Paint bags, one containing paint, beaded.
- 1 Pair large moccasins, beaded.
- 1 " child's " "
- 1 Tom-tom.
- 1 Large wooden pipe stem, plain.]
- 1 " " beaded.
- 1 Kooie stick; handle beaded.
- 1 Hammer; long handle, beaded.
- 1 Whip; handle beaded.
- 1 "Medicine" bag of buffalo hide.
- 1 Hunting knife.†
- 1 Leather cartridge pouch.
- 1 Scalp, with lock of hair.
- 3 " locks.
- 1 Fire-steel attached to thong.
- 1 Signal hand-glass in richly beaded bag.

These were presented by Rev. John McLean, M.A., Ph. D., Moosejaw, N. W. T.

*Arouay Indian. British Guiana.*

- 1 Man's head-dress.
- 1 Wooden club.
- 1 Blow-gun.

- 1 Bundle of small arrows or darts for use in the blow-gun.
- 1 Bow.
- 1 Bundle of arrows.
- 1 Fan.
- 2 Spears.
- 1 Woman's dress.

These were presented by Mr. M. M. Fenwick, B.A., Head Master, High School, Bowmanville.

## WALL CASE 7.

### ESKIMO.

- 1. Skin of harp-seal.
- 1. Child's coat, fur.
- 3. " trousers, fur.
- 4. Pair of mitts, fur.
- 5. " shoes "
- 6. " boots "
- 7. Man's coat, "
- 8. Woman's coat, "
- 9. Man's coat with hood, fur.
- 10. Bed, fur.

On wall—

- 11. Snow shovel; wood and bone.
- 12. Snow stick.
- 13. Walrus spear.
- 14. Whale line.
- 15-16. 2 seal lines.
- 17. Model of kayak.
- 18. " " frame.

These were presented by Mr. F. F. Payne, of the Meteorological Observatory, Toronto.

- 19. Model of Kayak. Mr. John Notman, Toronto.

### CARIB.

*From Nevis, St. Kitts, Barbados and other West Indian Islands.*

- 1 Stone club head.
- 1 " celt or axe.
- 4 " pestles.
- 1 Shell celt.
- 2 " gouges.

These were presented by Mr. Connell, of Nevis, W. I.



# BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE

## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES

OF THE

DOMINION OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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*By A. F. Chamberlain, M.A.*

*tu* ABBOT, CHARLES C., M.D.—Primitive Industry, or illustrations of the handiwork in stone, bone and clay of the native races of the Northern Atlantic seaboard of America. Salem and Cincinnati, 1881. 8vo. VI., 560.

Describes (p. 64) woman's knife used by Eskimo of Cumberland Sound. Describes (pp. 408-9) charm and ornament of Eskimo of Cumberland Sound, after Kumlein. See Kumlein, L.

*c* ALLEN, J. ROMILLY, F. S. A. Scot.—Notes on Fire-Producing Machines. Proc. Soc. of Antiquaries of Scotland. Vol. VII. (N. S.), 1879-80 (Edinburgh, 1880), pp. 229-249.

Describes (p. 233) process of fire-making by Chinooks of British Columbia; p. 239 figure of Esquimaux cord-drill apparatus, with description of its working (240); p. 241 figure of Esquimaux bow-drill from Ft. Anderson, with description; p. 249 figure of Esquimaux steel now in Edinburgh museum.

*u* ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Published under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of Gt. Britain and Ireland. Vol. XVIII. (London, 1861),

Contains (p. 374) brief note on fragments of pottery found beneath a pine tree near the Great (? Grand) River, Canada.

*u* ————Vol. XXIV (1867),

Contains (p. 76) notice of flint arrowheads from the extreme west coast of N. Canada.

BARRIE "ADVANCE" [Newspaper], June 28, 1888.

Describes skeletons and other remains found at Cameron's Point, Lake Simcoe. [Title and description from Mr. A. F. Hunter, B.A.]

BAWTREE, ED. W., M.D.—Indian Sepulchral Pits in Canada. Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, Vol. XLV. See Squier, E. G.

Describes ossuaries, etc., in Simcoe county, Ontario.

*cu* BELL, CHAS. N.—Die Mound-Builders von Canada. Verh. der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropol. Ethnol. und Urgeschichte. Bd. 18 (1886), s. 192-194.

Describes mounds in the Lake Winnipeg region, near Lake Traverse, and a group of mounds near St. Andrews. See *Toronto Mail*, Feb. 22, 1886.

*u* —————Remains of Prehistoric Man in Manitoba. Report of British Assoc. of Adv. of Science, 26th meeting, Birmingham, 1886. (London, 1887), pp. 845-6.

General ideas on mounds and camp-sites.

—————Mounds in Manitoba. American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal, Vol. IX. (1887), p. 300.

Short note. Brief general description.

*cu* BELL, ROBERT, M.D., LL.D.—Observations on the Geology, Mineralogy, Zoology and Botany of Labrador Coast, Hudson's Strait and Bay. Geol. and Nat. Hist. Survey of Canada, A. R. C. Selwyn, LL.D., Director. Report of Progress, 1882-3-4.

Description (p. DD. 30) of old Eskimo camp at Port de Boucherville. Description (p. DD. 32) of ancient Eskimo works (camp, etc.,) at Port La Perrière (Digges Island).

*c* BOAS, DR. FRANZ.—On certain Songs and Dances of the Kwakiutl of British Columbia. Journal of American Folk-Lore, Vol. I. (1888), pp. 49-64.

Notes (p. 50) instruments and ornaments used by dancers; carved bones used in games (p. 51).

*cu* —————Sagen der Eskimos von Baffin Land. Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropol. Ethnol. und Urgeschichte. Bd. xx. (1888), s. 398-405.

Describes (402-404) the "Tornit" (pre-Eskimo population), their weapons (403), old stone houses (403-4), etc., according to legend.

*c* —————Indian skulls from British Columbia. Trans. New York Acad. of Science, 1888-9. VII., pp. 4-6.

*c* —————Notes on the Snanaimuq. American Anthropologist, Washington. Vol. II., (1889), pp. 321-328.

Describes (p. 323) mortuary customs of the Snanaimuq Indians of British Columbia.

\* —————The Houses of the Kwakiutl Indians, British Columbia. From Proceedings of U. S. National Museum, 1888, pp. 197-213.

An elaborate treatise on the structure, ornamentation, etc., of the houses of the Kwakiutl Indians from personal observations made during a lengthened stay (1886-7) in British Columbia. The information given is of the highest value in determining the relations of the British Columbian and other Canadian and American Indians. The paper is illustrated by figures as follows: 1, Model of a Kwakiutl house, Fort Rupert, B. C., (p. 197); 2, Ground plan of Kwakiutl house (198); 3, Front elevation (198); 4, Longitudinal section (199); 5, Carved settee in a house at Qumta'spe, Hope Island (200); 6, View of rear part of house in Qumta'spe (201); plate, view of village of Qumta'spe (facing p. 202); 7-8, Carved uprights in Kwakiutl house (203); 9, Carved upright (204); 10, Heraldic column of the Gens Sentlae, Alert Bay (205); 11, Sun mask (204); 12, Gables of houses at Alert Bay (206); 13, Heraldic column at Qumta'spe (207); 14, Post in house in Qumta'spe (208); plate (facing p. 208), Painting on front of house at Qumta'spe (Hope Island); 15, House front in Qumta'spe (210); 16 17, Uprights in house at Qumta'spe (211); 18, Statue on house at Alert Bay (212); 19, Statue in house at Qumta'spe (212); plate (facing p. 212), Front of house at Alert Bay; 20, Post in house at Comox (213); 21, Base of 20 enlarged.

At pp. 209-210 is an interesting account of the famous copper plates.



\* ———The Central Eskimo. [Extract from the Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology]. Washington 1888. pp. 399-669.

This, perhaps the most important work that has ever appeared dealing with the Canadian Eskimo (those inhabiting Baffin Land, the western shore of Hudson Bay, the region of Boothia, Felix and Back River, Smith Sound, etc.), is invaluable to the archaeologist and ethnographer. It describes the distribution of the various tribes (419-470); Hunting and fishing (471-516); Manufactures, implements, etc., (516-526); Boats and sledges (527-538); Habitations and dress (539-561); Social and religious life (561-615); Tales and traditions (615-643); Science and the arts (643-658); Glossary of Eskimo words (659-662); Eskimo geographical names with equivalents (662-666); Appendix, Notes (667-669.) Accompanying the texts are two large folding maps, one showing in detail the geographical divisions of territory occupied by the Eskimo tribes of North Eastern America, the other showing the territory occupied by the Eskimo tribes of North America, with boundaries. The full-page plates are as follows: Map of Cumberland Peninsula, drawn by an Eskimo (p. 643); Eskimo drawings (pp. 648, 650, 651). Eskimo carvings (pp. 652, 653); Modern implements (654). The work is also elaborately illustrated with 157 figures (the last four of which are Eskimo maps) of hunting and fishing implements, weapons, boats, sledges, houses, tents, dress and ornaments, gaming implements, etc.

*u* BOGGE, ED. B., R. N.—The Fishing Indians of Vancouver's Island. Memoirs of Anthropol. Soc., London. Vol. III. (1867-8-9), pp. 260-5.

Describes method of fishing of Songish tribe, p. 260-262; of Tahtoosh or Cape Flattery Indians, 262-263; of Ahousad tribe, 263; head-flattening, 263; amusements, dances and games, 264; burial, 265.

\* BOMPAS, RT. REV. WILLIAM CARPENTER, D.D.—Diocese of Mackenzie River (Colonial Church Histories). London, 1888. 8vo., pp. 108.

Describes (pp. 40-41) houses, dress, etc., of Tenui tribes; tents of Tukudh (43); rafts, canoes, snowshoes (44); Eskimo face ornaments (46); pipe (47); carving, (47); dwellings, tents, etc. (48, 49); tools, fire-making, etc. (50). Chapter IX. (pp. 90-100) treats of dress and habits; dress (90); tattoo (91); ornaments (91); burial (91-92); stone implements (92); cooking (93); Eskimo fish-hooks (94); cradle-bags (95).

BOYLE, DAVID.—Work and Play among the Indians. III. School Work and Play. Toronto. Vol. I., No. 6 (March 15, 1889), p. 6.

Describes (with illustrations) Indian pipes. Figures of "McCallum" pipe in shape of monkey, from Halton county; "Beecroft" pipe of bloodstone, from Nottawasaga; "McKnight" pipe of Marble from Beverley township, and a pipe from British Columbia.

*cutl*———Archæological Report. pp. 9-59 of Annual Report of Canadian Institute. Session 1887-8. Being part of appendix to the report of the Minister of Education, Ontario, 1888. Published by order of the Legislative Assembly. Toronto, 1889. pp. 1-59, with 84 figures.

pp. 11-12, enumeration of Canadian specimens added to the museum; pp. 20-22, clay pipes from Glenhuron, Nottawasaga, Lambton; pp. 23-28, stone pipes from Frontenac, McGilivray, Lake Moira, London township, Hope Bay (Warton), West Williams township, Nottawasaga; pp. 28-40, implements of stone from McGillivray, Scugog Island, W. Middlesex, Nottawasaga, Brandon (Man.), Point Edward (Ont.), Biddulph. Toronto, Wolfe Island, West Williams, Vaughan, Ft. McLeod; p. 40, Eskimo bone figures and measure; pp. 40-41, shell gorgets, London (Ont.); pp. 41-45, flints from Wolfe Island, Fenelon Falls, etc.; p. 46, carved stone head from Beverley township; pp. 48-50, copper beads from Wolfe Island, Tidd's Island, chisels from Biddulph, Burford, London townships; pp. 51-53, types of recent iron axes from Nottawasaga, Toronto, etc.; pp. 54-59, Contributions towards a Bibliography of the Archæology of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland.

*cut* BRESSANI, J.—Relation Abrégée de quelques Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans la Nouvelle France, par le R. P. F. J. Bressany, de la

même Compagnie. Traduit de l'Italien et augmenté d'un avant-propos, de la biographie de l'auteur, et d'un grand nombre de notes et gravures, par le R. P. F. Martin de la même Compagnie. Montréal, 1852.

Chapter III. (pp. 66-78) treats of the "Sol, Nourriture, Vêtement et Caractère des Sauvages de la Nouvelle-France"; Burial customs and rites of the Hurons, 101-103; Notes on Wampum, 301-302. The work contains p. 50 "Tabula Novæ Franciæ anno 1660," and (p. 280) "Carte de l'ancien pays des Hurons," besides numerous engravings. pp. 330-333 are taken up with explanatory notes on the maps and engravings. On p. 101 is a note relating to an ossuary discovered near Penetanguishene in 1846, and on p. 333, references to the ruins of Ft. Ste. Marie on the Wye.

c BRINTON, D. G., M. D.—*Lenâpé Conversations. Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. I. (1888), pp. 37-43.

Conversations with Rev. A. S. Anthony, a Canadian Delaware Indian. Notes on weapons, 38-39; utensils, 39; boats, 40; houses, 50; games, and implements used in them, 40; hooks, 41; sweat lodges, 41; trephining, 41.

BRITISH COLONIAL Newspaper, Sept. 24, 1847. [Title from Squier].

See Squier.

cut BROWN, MRS. W. W.—Some indoor and outdoor Games of the Wabanaki Indians. *Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada*, 1888, Sect. II., pp. 41-46.

tu CANNIFF, WILLIAM, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.—History of the settlement of Upper Canada, with special reference to the Bay of Quinte district. Toronto, 1869. I.-XXI., 1-671.

Notes (p. 380) site of Indian village at Cataragui; battle ground (p. 393); island scene of massacre (407).

u CARTAILHAC, M.—Kjoekkenmöddings de l'Amérique du Nord par le Dr. Charles A. White (Prof. de Géol. à l'Univ. de l'État d'Iowa (États-Unis). Congrès internat. d'Anthrop., et d'Archéol. préhistoriques. *Compte-Rendu de la cinquième session à Bologne, avec planches et figures intercalées dans le texte*. Bologne 1873. pp. 379-391.

Notes briefly (p. 380) kitchen midden at St. Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia, pp. 390-391. Bibliography of Shell-heaps. See White, Dr. Charles A.

cut CHAMBERLAIN, A. F.—The Archæology of Scugog Island. 1889. 2 pp. [Reprint from the Port Perry *Standard* of March 7, 1889, p. 2].

Describes graves, and camp or village site, on Noncon Island (part of Scugog Island), Lake Scugog, Ontario county, Ontario, with specimens obtained therefrom.

cut ——— Contributions towards a Bibliography of the Archæology of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, pp. 6. [Reprint from Report of Canadian Institute, 1887-8, pp. 54-9. See Boyle, D.].

c ——— Notes on the history, customs and beliefs of the Mississagua Indians. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. Vol. I. (1888), pp. 150-160.

Describes (p. 154), method of fishing; p. 155, gathering and drying rice; p. 156, manufactures.

tu CHAPPELL, LIEUT. EDWARD, R.N.—Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay in his Majesty's ship *Rosamond*, containing some account of the North-East coast of America and the tribes inhabiting that remote region. London, 1817.

Notes (p. 61) circles of loose stones at Eskimo fire-places; description of an Eskimo burial place; body found by Capt. Sterling in 1813, together with bows, spear, harpoon, etc., p. 111; Eskimo canoes pp. 55-57; bow, p. 70; throwing-stick, p. 101; list of articles illustrating the manners and customs of the natives of N. W. (?) coast of America, brought to Europe by Commander Billings, pp. 254-255. (Appendix E).



*u* ——— Voyage of His Majesty's ship *Rosamond* to Newfoundland and the southern coast of Labrador, etc. London, 1818.

Cut of Micmac wigwam, p. 59; Micmac wigwams described, 74-75; Esquimaux winter huts, 101; Mountaineer sledges, 106; Red Indians, 169-187 (170-178, from Whitbourne); canoes, 174; bark kettles, 175.

*u* CHIMMO, COMMANDER W., R. N.—A visit to the North-East coast of Labrador during the autumn of 1867. *Journ. of Roy. Geog. Soc.*, London. Vol XXXVIII. (1868), pp. 258-281.

Notes on Eskimo dress, p. 273; Eskimo graves at Hopedale, 273.

*u* DAWKINS, PROF. W. BOYD—The Range of the Eskimo in Space and Time. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. Adv. Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884). London, 1885.

Brief abstract of paper, p. 898.

*u* DAWSON [Sir], JOHN WILLIAM, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.—Acadian Geology. The geological structure, organic remains and mineral resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Third edition. London, 1878. Supplement to second edition of Acadian Geology, containing additional facts as to the geological structure, fossil remains, and mineral resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. London, 1878.

Beds of shell, pp. 17-18; Micmac remains, 18-19.

*cu* ——— On a specimen of Aboriginal Pottery in the museum of the Natural History Society of Montreal. *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist and proceedings of the Natural History Society of Montreal*. Vol. IV (1859), pp. 186-190 (with figure, p. 188). Article is signed "J. W. D."

Describes earthen vessel found on lot 4, 8th range of lots in Clarendon township, in July, 1859, together with stone enclosure.

*cu* ——— Notes on Aboriginal Antiquities recently discovered in the island of Montreal. *Ib.* Vol. V. (1860), pp. 430-449. Article is signed "J. W. D."

Describes (pp. 432-434) skeletons, skulls (with figure, p. 433); remains of articles of food, 434; earthen vessels, 434-5 with 6 figures on p. 435; tobacco pipes, 435 (with figure of clay pipe, p. 436); other earthen objects, 435-436; bone implements, 436-437 (with figure of awl, p. 437); iron implements, 437 (with figure of knife); historical importance of discoveries, 437-49; plan of Hochelaga from Ramusio, 446.

*cu* ——— Note on Relics of the Red Indians of Newfoundland, collected by Mr. Smith McKay and exhibited to the Natural History Society (of Montreal). *Ib.* Vol. V. (1860), pp. 462. Signed "J. W. D."

Describes briefly portion of Walrus tooth, 3 flat pendants of some material, shells, wampum, perforated shells, part of iron knife, hatchet, stone arrowhead, found in a sepulchral cave in the southern part of Newfoundland, with the remains of a body wrapped in birch bark.

*cu* ——— Additional Notes on Aboriginal Antiquities found at Montreal. *Ibid.* Vol. VI. (1861), pp. 362-373. Signed "J. W. D."

Treats of articles found on site of Indian village, near Metcalfe St., Montreal. Human remains, pp. 364-369; beads and wampum, 369 (with 2 figures); bone implements, 369-370 (with 3 figures); pipes, 370-371 (with 2 figures); earthen vessels, 371-372 (with 1 figure); stone implements, 372; metallic articles, 372; articles of food, 373.

*cu* ——— Notes on Indian Beads presented to the Natural History Society by James Robb, Esq., Mining Engineer. *Ibid.* Vol. VI. (1861), p. 471. Signed "J. W. D."

Describes beads of native copper found in an old burying-place on a small island in the St. Lawrence, near Brockville, Ont.

*cu* DAWSON, GEO. M., L.L.D., F.G.S.—Sketch of the Past and Present condition of the Indians of Canada. Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, New Series, Vol. IX. (1881), pp. 129-159.

*cu*———On the Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands. Appendix A. of Report on the Queen Charlotte Islands. Geological Survey of Canada, A. R. C. Selwyn, Director. Report of Exploration and Surveys. Report of Progress, 1878-1879. Montreal, 1880, pp. 103-171.

Describes ornaments, pp. 106-109; plate of houses and carved posts at Kumshewa village, 114; plate of carved posts, houses, etc., 115-116; shell-currency, 135; burial customs, 132-133; arts and architecture, 137-147; marks, 133-139; carved sticks, 139; dishes and vessels, 140-141; stone mortars, etc., 141; spoons, dishes, etc., 142; adzes, hammers, 143; spears, hooks, 144; canoes, 145; houses, 146; pots, 148-149; 2 plates of houses and carved posts, 146-147.

*cu*———Note on the occurrence of Jade in British Columbia and its employment by the natives. With quotations and extracts from a paper by Prof. A. B. Meyer, on Nephrite and analogous minerals from Alaska. Canadian Record of Science, Vol. II (1887), pp. 364-378. Also Reprint of the same, pp. 1-15.

Describes (pp. 365-6) partly worked boulders of jade at Littleton and Yale on Lower Fraser River; jade implements in museums at Ottawa and Montreal, 366; enumeration of specimens, 366-367; chemical composition of jade, 367; implements and fragments, 368; figures of boulders from Littleton and Yale with description, 368, 369, 370; quotation, (370-378) from Prof. Meyer (Ueber Nephrit, etc.); chisel from Queen Charlotte Islands, 374-375.

*cu*———Notes and Observations on the Kwakwiool People of Vancouver Island. [Reprint from Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada, Vol. V (1887), pp. 1-36.] Montreal, 1888, pp. 36, 4vo.

Mode of life, arts, customs of Kwakwiool, pp. 13-17; houses, 13; totem-posts, 13-14; copper-plate, 14; burials, 16-17.

*cu*———Notes and Observations on the Kwakwiool People of Vancouver Island. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada, Vol. V (1887), Sec. II., pp. 1-36.

*cu*———Notes on the Indian Tribes of the Yukon District and adjacent northern portion of British Columbia. (Reprint from Annual Report of Geological Survey of Canada, 1887, pp. 191B-213B), pp. 1-23.

Notes on stone implements of the Tahltan Indians, p. 6; weaving, 6; masks, 7; graves of Kutchin Indians, 13; graves of Tagish, 15.

*c* DEANS, JAMES.—The Worship of Priapus among the Indians of British Columbia. Amer. Antiquarian and Oriental Journal, Vol. IX. (1887), pp. 368-9.

Describes lingam images dedicated to Slo-caw (Priapus).

*c*———Inside view of a Huidah Dwelling. *Ibid.* pp. 309-310.

Describes the inside construction, arrangement, etc., of an ancient Huidah house on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

*c* DUNS, PROF.—On Stone Implements from Nova Scotia and Canada, and on the use of Copper Implements by the aborigines of Nova Scotia. Proc. of Soc.



of Antiquarians of Scotland, New Series, Vol. III. (1879-1880). Edinburgh, 1880, pp. 176-180.

Describes (p. 176) stone axe (from entrance to Pictou Harbour, N. S.) of heavy greenstone, pitted over with small holes; porphyrite scraper from L. Superior, Micmac axe from Middle River Point, Pictou, N.S., granitoid axe from Merigomish, N.S., 178; skinning knife from L. Superior, 3 arrowheads from Lunenburg, N.S., 2 arrowheads from L. Superior, 5 unfinished arrowheads from Merigomish, N.S., 1 from Prince Edward Island, and some from Canada West. 179; pp. 179-180, notes on use of copper founded on Dawson and Paterson (*q. v.*).

*l* DURAND CHARLES.—Indian Graves on the Humber. Paper read before York Pioneers, Dec. 26, 1886. See note in "Toronto Globe," Jan. 15, 1887.

*c* EELLS, REV. MYRON.—The Thunder Bird. American Anthropologist, Washington, D.C., Vol. II. (1889), pp. 329-326.

Notices (p. 334) masks of Bella-Bella and Makah Indian; war-clubs p. 334.

*cu* GATSCHE, A. S.—The Beothuk Indians. Proc. Amer. Philos. Soc. Phila., Vol. XVII. (1885), pp. 408-424.

Ethnologic notes, 411-412; bibliography, 412-413 mentions archæological articles.

*u* GIBB, SIR GEORGE DUNCAN.—Stone Implements and fragments of Pottery from Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Forty-second meeting, 1872, p. 186.

*tu* GORDON, REV. DANIEL M.—Mountains and Prairie. A Journey from Victoria to Winnipeg *via* Peace River Pass. Montreal, 1880, pp. X., 310, 8vo.

Describes (pp. 20-21) fish-rakes for catching oolachan (candle-fish); curious carved bowl or wundah-miortar, up the Skeena River, 65; carved totem-posts, 68; graves, 68-69; lip-ornaments and nose-rings of Achwiligat Indians, 84-85.

*cu* GRANT, W. C. COLQUHOUN, F.R.G.S.—Description of Vancouver Island by its first Colonist. Journ. Roy. Geog. Soc. London, Vol. XXVII. (1857), pp. 268-320.

Describes dwellings, implements, etc., of Indians, pp. 299-300; burial, 301, 302, 303; money, wampum, 307; spears, 300.

*u* HALE, HORATIO.—On the Nature and Origin of Wampum. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884), London, 1885, pp. 910-911.

[Abstract]. General notes.

*u* HALIBURTON, R. G.—Notes on a Tau Cross on the Badge of a medicine man of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-sixth meeting (Birmingham, 1886), London, 1887, p. 845.

[Abstract]. Describes symbol on large sheets of copper to which Indians attach a high value. See Dawson, G. M.

*tu* HATTON, JOSEPH AND HARVEY, REV. M.—Newfoundland, its History, its Present Condition, its Prospects in the Future. Boston, 1888, pp. XVII., 422.

Chapter VII. (pp. 168-187). The Aborigines. Contains remarks on the implements, utensils, weapons, etc., of Beothuks.

*u* HECTOR, JAMES, M.D., AND VAUX, W.N.W., M.A.—Notice of the Indians seen by the exploring expedition under the command of Captain Palliser. Trans. Ethnol. Soc. of London. New Series, Vol. I. (1861), pp. 245-261.

*c* HIND, HENRY YULE, M.A., F.R.G.S.—Narrative of the Canadian Red River exploring expedition of 1857 and of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan exploring expedition of 1858. London, 1860, 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. XX., 494; Vol. II. pp. XVI., 472.

Vol. I. pp. 89-90, describe Indian Mounds near Long Rapids, Rainy River: 'standing stone,' p. 307; remains of ancient encampments in Qu'Appelle Valley, p. 340; Indian buffalo pound, 356-358; description and discussion of wampam, 417-420 (references to Lafitau, Sagard, Champlain and Bressany); Indian fish-weir, 491.

Vol. II. ochre, p. 18; birch bark tents, 63, snowshoes, 85; Sioux dress and moccasins, 105; Sioux knife-sheath, 119; Cree medicine bag, 128; medicine rattle, 132; spirit charm, 134; pp. 137-141 describe pipes, with 16 figures; figures of tobacco pipes of the Swampy-Crees of L. Winnipeg, and of the Ojibways of Rainy Lake, p. 139; figures of Sioux, Chepewyan, Plain Cree, and Blackfoot pipes, p. 140; figures of Babeen pipes, p. 141; Cree fire-bags, 143; Sioux quiver, bow and arrows, 144; Indian graves, 164-165; Huron ossuaries, 165; engraving of Indian burial-places, facing, p. 166; Indian graves are noticed at Vol. I., pp. 90-436, II., 122, 124, 164.

HIRSCHFELDER, C. A.—Gi-ye-wa-no-us-qua-go-wa, Sacrifice of the White Dog. The Indian, Vol. I., pp. 73-74, 86-87, 98-99.

General description of sacrifice of white dog by the Canadian Onondagas. Description of preparation and adorning the dog, p. 86. See Indian, the. ¶

———A Ceremonial Ornament. The Indian, Vol. I., No. 5 (March 17, 1886), p. 49.

Describes a stone found on Christian Island, Georgian Bay, semi-circular, with hole through the centre.

*c* ———Anthropological Discoveries in Canada. Read before the Canadian Institute, November 18, 1882. Proc. Canad. Institute, New Series. Vol. I (N. S.), p. 354, [Title].

The paper appeared in "Toronto Mail," December 2, 1882. Deals with the Ossuaries of Simcoe County, Ontario.

*c* ———The Practical and Theoretical Study of Anthropology. Read before the Canadian Institute, March 31, 1883. Proc. Canad. Inst., New Series, Vol. I (N. S.), p. 355, [Title].

The paper appeared in the "Toronto Mail," April 14, 1883.

*u* ———Anthropological Discoveries in Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. f. Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884), pp. 915-916. [Abstract].

Brief General description of forts, burial-places, ossuaries, archæological relics.

*tu* HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF YORK, ONTARIO. Illustrated. Toronto, C. Blackett Robinson, 1888, 2 vols.

Describes (Vol. I., p. 107) Indian sites at River Rouge, Greenvale and Claremont in Pickering Township; village site on lot 9, concession 8, Whitechurch, opened in 1848, pp. 143-144; on lot 16, concession 6, pp. 149-150; site near Aurora, p. 150.

HUNTER, A. F., B.A.—Ahoendoe; the last refuge of the Hurons. The Indian, Vol. I., p. 217.

Describes flight Hurons (after attack of Iroquois in 1649) to the Island of Ahoendoe (Christian Island) in Georgian Bay, and the relics found there. Ruins of fort, stone enclosures, pottery, etc.



*cutl*——[Villages and Ossuaries of the Huron country]. Archæological Report. Report of Canadian Institute, Session 1886-7, Toronto, 1888, pp. 57-58.

General description and enumeration of Huron village sites in Simcoe County, 57; description of ossuaries and remains found therein, 58.

Mr. Hunter, to whom the compiler of this Bibliography is indebted for various items, has a large amount of valuable information still in MSS.

*c* HUART, L'ABBÉ.—L'Age de Pierre au Saguenay, *Le Naturaliste Canadien*, Tome XVII. (1886-7). pp. 86-91.

Describes stone relics of Saguenay Valley, Province of Québec.

"INDIAN, THE." Hagersville [Ontario]. Vol. I. (Nos. 1-24, Dec. 30, 1885, to Dec. 29, 1886), pp. 1-264, 4to.

The Canadian Archæological Museum. Circular of Curator of the Canadian Institute. No. 1 (Dec. 30, 1885). p. 6.

A Ceremonial Ornament, C. A. Hirschfelder. No. 5 (March 17, 1886), p. 49. Describes a specimen found on the north-east end of Christian Island in Georgian Bay, semi-circular in form, with hole through the centre. [A short note on discovery of Indian skeleton at Adolphustown]. *Ib.* p. 50.

Gi-ye-wa-no us-qua-go-wa, Sacrifice of the White Dog. No. 7 (April 14, 1886), pp. 73-74. C. A. Hirschfelder.

[Short note on discovery of bones of an Indian, with Queen Ann musket, kettle, etc., on farm of R. Kennedy, 7th concession, London]. *Ib.* p. 82.

Sacrifice of White Dog (continued). No. 8 (April 28, 1886) pp. 86-87; No. 9 (May 12, 1886), p. 98-99. Describes sacrifice as carried on by the Canadian Onondagas.

How the Crees banqueted me. No. 10 (May 26, 1886), pp. 110-111. Description of Cree dog-feast. Pipe (110), kettles (110).

Ahoendoe the last refuge of the Hurons. A. F. Hunter No. 19 (Nov. 24, 1886), p. 217.

[The above citations are from a copy of the work kindly lent the compiler by Mr. A. F. Hunter, B.A.]

*tu* JAMESON, MRS.—Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. London, 1838. 3 vols.

Describes (Vol. III., p. 324) Indian graves; "Island of skulls," an ancient sepulchre of the Hurons, 327.

*tcu* JONES, REV. PETER.—History of the Ojebway Indians, 1861.

Chap. V. (pp. 70- ), mode of life, wigwams, ancient domestic implements, mode of traveling, dress; mode of burying the dead (98-100); weapons of war (131-132); amusements (134-135); wampum (139-140). The following plates accompany the work: opp. p. 73, plate containing figures of pottery and pipes; p. 83 and p. 85, idols; p. 99, Muncey graves; 131, weapons; 135, drums, rattles, etc.; 145, implements of medicine men.

\*———Life and Journals of Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by! (Rev. Peter Jones), Wesleyan Missionary. Toronto, 1860.

pp. 43-4, description of Pagan Temple at Munceytown; pp. 233-4, ornaments; p. 242, deer-fence.

*cu* JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR UPPER CANADA. Edited by the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., Chief Superintendent of schools, assisted by Mr. J. George Hodgins, deputy superintendent. Vol. XVIII. (1865). Toronto, 1865.

Canadian Archæology, pp. 3-4. General remarks on Huron-Iroquois as compared with Hebrews, p. 3; relics discovered in Hospital street, Montreal, 4; village of Hochelaga, 4; notice of relics discovered in Augusta township, near Prescott, mounds, tumuli, etc., 4; near Spencerville, in Edwardsburg township, similar to foregoing, pottery, etc.

*cu*———Vol. XIV. (1861), p. 16.

Short note on Indian relics discovered at Montreal.

*u* KALM, PETER.—Travels into North America etc. London, 1771. 3 vols.

Vol. III., pp. 123-127, Notice of pillar with Tatarian characters inscribed on it, 900 miles west of Montreal; pp. 179-180, note on wampum; 230-231, tobacco pipes; 273-274, wampum.

*cu* KANE, PAUL.—Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, etc. London, 1859. XVIII, 468.

Describes, with wood-cut, dark stone pipe, p. 14; Chinook and Cowlits head-flattening. 180-181; Chinook utensils, 185; Chinook hut-building, 186; burial place, 202-204; fish-hooks, 43; fishing implements, 213-214; masks, 217; wiqua shells, 238; Babine lip and nose ornaments, 241-242; game of al-kol-lock (bone and ring game), 310-311.

*c* KOHL, J. G.—Kitchi Gami. Wanderings round Lake Superior (Trans. Lascelles Wrixall). London, 1860. XII., 428.

Describes Chippeway house, cradle and ornamentation, pp. 5-10; construction of canoes, 29-34; medicine lodge, 41-42; sacrificial stone, 42; figures used in game of *pagessan*, 82; game-sticks, 90; wampum, 136; birch-bark records, 145-165; figures of birch-bark drawings, pp. 146, 150, 153, 154, 157, 158, 159, 215, 287, 292, 387, 398, 400, 403; pipes, 282-283; figure of tomahawk, 296; decoy-fish, 330; spears, 330; snow-shoes, 333-337; Indian grave at Rivère au Désert, 373; dress of chiefs, 381.

*u* KRAUSE, DR. AUREL.—Die Tlinkit Indianer. Ergebnisse einer Reise nach der Nordwestküste von Amerika und der Beringsstrasse. Jena, 1885, XVI., 420.

S. 302-316, deal with the Haidahs; 307-308, houses; 309-310, games.

KUMLEIN, LUDWIG.—Fragmentary notes on the Eskimo of Cumberland Sound. Science, Vol. I., pp. 85-88, 100-101, 214-218.

———Contributions to the natural history of Arctic America, made in connection with the Howgate Arctic expedition, 1877-78. Washington, 1879, pp. 1-179. Forms Bulletin 15 of the National Museum.

Pp. 11-46 take up ethnology; p. 45, description of charms and ornaments of Eskimo.

*u* LA HONTAN, MR. LE BARON DE.—Nouveaux Voyages dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, etc. A la Haye, 1704. 2 vols.

Vol. I. Facing p. 35, full page illustration of Iroquois bark canoe and paddle, description of same, p. 35; pp. 47-48, calumet de paix; p. 48, collier, belts of wampum; facing p. 73, figure of snow-shoes (raquettes), description 73-74.

Vol. II. Title is Mémoires de l'Amérique Septentrionale ou la suite des Voyages de Mr. le Baron de Lahontan. pp. 151-152, burial; facing p. 175, figures of bow, arrow and tomahawks; facing p. 189, totems of Hurons, Ouataouas, Nadouissis (Scioux) Illinois; armours, 189-91; facing p. 190 totem of Outchipoues (Sauteurs), Outagamis, Oumamis, Pouteouatamis; opp. p. 191, full page of "Hieroglyphes," with explanations on pp. 191-194.

*cu* LANE, CAMPBELL.—Sun Dance of Cree Indians. Canadian Record of Science, Vol. II. (1886), pp. 22-26.

LANG, J. D., D.D.—Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation. First edition, 1834.

Brief reference to earthwork near Lake Simcoe in foot-note to p. 109. Note not in second edition. [Note of Mr. A. F. Hunter.]

*u* L'HEUREUX, JEAN, M.A.—Notes on the astronomical customs and religious ideas of the Choketapis or Blackfeet Indians. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. for Adv. of Science. Fifty-fourth meeting (Montreal, 1884).

P. 921 [Abstract].

Notices talismans, tau-cross, and stone circle.



*u* ———Notes on the Kekip Sesoators or ancient sacrificial stone of the N. W. territory of Canada. Report of Proc. of Brit. Assoc. for Adv. of Science (fifty-fourth meeting, Montreal, 1884). London, 1885.

Pp. 921-922 [Abstract.]

Describes boulder of quartz on S. E. side of Red River, said to be used as sacrificial stone by Blackfeet Indians.

*cu* MARKHAM, CLEMENTS R., F.R.G.S.—On the origin and migrations of the Greenland Esquimaux. Journ. Roy. Geogr. Soc., London, Vol. XXXV (1865), pp. 87-99.

Description, p. 93, of yourts of stone on Melville and Banks Island; p. 94, general notice of Eskimo remains on Melville, Bathurst and Cornwall Islands; p. 95, remains on Wellington Channel, Griffith Island, Prince of Wales Island, N. Somerset, N. Devon, etc.

*ut* MASON, O. T.—Resemblances in Arts widely Separated. Amer. Naturalist. Vol. XXI (1886), p. 251.

List and description of different varieties of throwing-sticks in use amongst the Eskimo; amongst other, at Ungava Bay, Baffin Bay, Anderson River, etc.

*tcu* ———Indian Cradles and Head-Flattening. Science, Vol. IX (1887), pp. 617-620.

Describes (p. 617) cradle of Bella Bella Indians of British Columbia, and of Chinook Indians. On pp. 619, 620, are plates containing amongst others figures of Bella Bella and Chinook cradles.

*c* ———The Beginnings of the Carrying Industry. American Anthropologist, Vol. II. (Washington, 1889), pp. 21-46.

Contains (p. 29) figure of hand-basket of Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia. See also Smithsonian Annual Report, 1884 (II., fig. 96).

*u* MAYNE, COMMANDER R. C., R.N., F.R.G.S.—Four Years in British Columbia. London, 1862, pp. XI., 468.

Chapter XI. (pp. 242-304), Aborigines of British Columbia. Pp. 253-254, clam-cooking; 254-5, fish-grease making; 258, carving and painting; 271-2, sepulture (with plate); 281-283, facial and other ornaments; 283-284, clothing, canoes, etc.

\* MCLEAN, JOHN. M.A., Ph.D.—The Indians; Their Manners and Customs. Toronto, 1889. Pp. X., 350.

Gives interesting accounts of wampum, pp. 16-20; Indian burial customs, 29-36; the peace-pipe, 54-57; Indian charms, 70-73; picture-writing, 90-94; iron-stone idol, 201-203.

*cu*. MERCER, MAJOR,—Catalogue of a few remarkable coincidences which induce a belief of the Asiatic origin of the North American Indians. Trans. Lit. and Hist. Soc. of Quebec. Vol. II. (1829), pp. 240-

General enumeration of resemblances in customs, arts, dwellings, implements, weapons.

MEYER, A. B.—Ueber Nephrit und ähnliches Material aus Alaska. Jahresbericht (XXI) des Vereins für Erdkunde zu Dresden, 1884. See Dawson, G. M.

*c* MILLER, PETER, F.S.A. Scot.—Notice of Three Micmac Flint Arrow-heads from Merigomish Harbour on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, now presented to the museum. Proc. Soc. of Antiq. of Scotland, Vol. IX., N. S. 1886-7 (Edinburgh, 1887), pp. 212-214.

Describes arrow-heads from Merigomish Harbour, Pictou county, N. S. Description (p. 212) of camping ground; p. 213-4, quotation from Paterson's (*q. v.*) History of Pictou County, describing skull, stone axes, arrow-heads, etc., plowed up by Mr. Donald McGregor of Big Island, and description of ancient burial site.

cut "NATURE." London. Vol. XXXIX (1889), p. 545.

Brief note on paper of Dr. F. Boas on "The Houses of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia" (U. S. National Museum).

l MONTGOMERY, PROF. HENRY, Ph. D.—Indian Remains in Simcoe and Muskoka. *Toronto Globe*, August 3rd, 1888. [Title and description from H. F. Hunter, B.A.]

Treats of Huron ossuaries, burial pits, village sites, pottery, etc., in Medonte, Simcoe county, and supposed inscribed rock in Muskoka.

NOTICE SUR LES MOEURS ET COUTUMES des Indiens Esquimaux de la baie de Baffins, au pôle Arctique, suivie d'un vocabulaire Esquimaux-français. Tours, Mame. 1826. [Title from Pilling's Bibliography of the Eskimo Language.]

NOUVELLE BRETAGNE. Vicariat Apostolique d'Athabasca et Mackenzie. *Annales de la Propag. de la Foi*, Vol. XLIII. Paris, 1871. 8vo. Pp. 457-78. [Title from Pilling.]

ct PACKARD, A. S.—Notes on the Labrador Eskimo and their former range southward. *Amer. Naturalist*, Vol. XIX. (1885), pp. 471-481.

t PATERSON, REV. GEO., D.D.—The History of Pictou County, Nova Scotia. 1877.

Contains a sketch of the Archæology of Pictou county. See Miller, Peter.

———Nova Scotia Archæology. The Stone Age. The Paterson Collection. *Dalhousie Gazette* (Dalhousie College), Vol. XXI., No. 7. Halifax, Feb. 21, 1889.

Description of the Paterson collection of stone, implements, etc., in the museum of Dalhousie college.

PETTITOT, ÉMILE.—Sur quelques armes de pierre rapportées d'Amérique, avec atlas par l'auteur. Dans les *Matériaux*, d'Émile Cartailhac. Toulouse, 1875. [Title from Petitot's "Quinze Ans sous le Cercle Polaire."]

u ———Vocabulaire français-esquimaux, dialecte de Tchiglit des bouches du Mackenzie et de L'Anderson, précédé d'une monographie de cette tribu et de notes grammaticales. Paris, 1876. I-LXIV, 1-78, 4to.

The "Monographie" (IX.-XXXVI) contains some items of archæological interest.

\* ———Quinze Ans sous le Cercle Polaire. Mackenzie, Anderson, Youkon. Paris, 1889. Pp. IV-XVI, 1-322.

Notices burial of Déné, 133; Dindjié yourts, 181; Déné hut, 217; opp. p. 190 is a full page illustration of a Dindjié camp, and opp. p. 202 a full page illustration of a group of Déné on a winter voyage; opp. p. 217 is a full page illustration of the interior of a Déné hut with its occupants.

cu ———On the Athapasca district of the Canadian N. W. T. *Canad. Record of Science*, Vol. I. (1884-5). [Article reprinted from *Proc. Roy. Geog. Soc. Lond.*, Nov. 1885.]

Pp. 46-53 taken up with a general description of the Indian tribes of that region.

\* ———En Route pour la Mer Glaciale. Paris. Pp. 394.

\* ———Les Grands Esquimaux. Paris, 1887. Pp. VI., 307.

Describes Eskimo sledges, p. 11; Eskimo pipes, 13; Eskimo huts, 49-52; Eskimo dances, 153-157; tents, 170; nets, 206. It contains a map of the region in question, besides seven plates, the chief of which are: Portrait of the chief of the Liverpool Bay Eskimo (facing p. 78); Eskimo village at mouth of Anderson River, 138; interior of an igloo, 192; Eskimo dance, 248; Eskimo camp, 299.



*cu* PHILLIPS, HENRY, JR.—On a supposed Runic Inscription at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. *Proc. Amer. Philos. Soc. Philadelphia*. Vol. XXI, (1883-4), pp. 491-2, with plate on p. 490.

*c* QUESNEL, LEO.—Les Esquimaux, d'après M. Petitot. *Revue Scientifique* Tome XLII., 3 e Série, 8e Année (1888), pp. 670-674.

Describes (p. 671) construction of an igloo. See Petitot Émile.

*cu* RAE, DR. JNO.—Eskimo Skulls. *Journ. Anthropol. Instit. of Gt. Brit. and Ireland*, Vol. VII. (1877-8).

———Eskimo Migrations. *Journ. of Anthropol. Instit. of Gt. Brit. and Ireland*, Vol. VII. (1877-8).

*c* REVUE CANADIENNE. Québec. February, 1875, pp. 108-109.

Describes Indian dress, feasts, burial, etc.

*cu* ROSS, BERNARD R.—An Account of the Botanical and Mineral Products useful to the Chepewyan tribe of Indians inhabiting the McKenzie River District. *Canad. Naturalist and Geologist and Proc. of the Nat. Soc. of Montreal*. Vol. VII. (1862), pp. 133-137.

*u* SAGARD [THEODAT], F. GABRIEL.—Le grand Voyage au Pays des Hurons situé en l'Amérique vers la mer douce, es dernières confins de la Nouvelle France dite Canada, avec un dictionnaire de la langue Huronne, etc. A Paris, 1632. Nouvelle Edition. Publiée par M. Émile Chevalier. Paris, Librairie Tross, 1865. Deux Tomes, pp. 1-268 (orig. paging, 1-380.)

Describes Canots (canoes), p. 89 (129); vessels of bark, 91 (132); cradles, 118 (170); chapelets, 135-136 (194-5); burials, 199 (285), 200 (287); birch-bark drawing, 245 (348), 246 (349); De la grande feste des Morts, 203-206 (291-295).

*cu* SCHULTZ, DR. M.P.—The Mound Builders of the West. *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, etc. Vol. IX. (1881), pp. 60-62.

Describes mounds and contents (skeletons, shells, ornaments), in Lisgar County, Manitoba.

*tu* SCHWATKA, FREDERICK.—Along Alaska's Great River. New York, 1885. Pp. 360.

Describes pp. 216-220, Ayan grave, near old Fort Selkirk, with full page illustration on p. 217; Ayan or Iyan paddle, p. 220; Ayan and Chilkat gambling tools, with figure, 227; dress and ornaments, 228; house and household implements, 230; Ayan moose-arrow, 230-232, with arrow figure on p. 231; knives, 232; winter-tent, 232-3; carved pins for fastening marmot snares, 152; ruins of old Fort Selkirk, 205.

*tu* SKIDMORE, E. RUHAMAH.—Alaska, its southern coast and the Sitkan Archipelago. Boston, 1885, pp. 333.

Pages 36-45 treat of the Haidahs. Houses and canoes of the Kasa-an (Haidah) Indians, 36-37; figures of three carved spoons and Shaman's rattle, 38; Haidah carvings and ornaments, 38-30; Shaman's totems, 41-42; figure of Kasa-an pipe, 268; totem-poles, 272-273; chief's residence at Kajan, figure, 274; Haidah canoes, 275; halibut-hook, 276; carving, 275-7.

*ctu* "SCIENCE," New York. Vol. IV. (1884), pp. 316-320.

Brief abstracts of papers read at Montreal meeting of the British Assoc. for Adv. of Science.

Range of Eskimo in space and time—Dawkins—316-317.

Huron Iroquois as typical race of Amer. Aborigines—Wilson—318.

Anthropological Discoveries in Canada—Hirschfelder—318.

Origin of Wampum—Hale—320.

*tuc*———Vol. VII. (1886), p. 186.

Brief note on exploration of mounds in Manitoba.

"It appears from surveys made during the past summer that the northern limits of the Mound-Builders lie beyond the Red River of the north."

*ctu*———Vol. IX. (1887), pp. 606-7. Ethnological notes. The Serpent among the North-west American Indians.

Contains (p. 606) figure of dancing implement representing the Sisiutl.  
See American Antiquarian.

SCHOOLCRAFT, H. R.—Onéota.

Notices (p. 326), earthworks near Dundas, Ontario.

SCHOOLCRAFT, H. R.—The Indian in his Wigwam or Characteristics of the Red Race of America. New York, W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, 1847.

Pp. 324-327 contain a letter, dated from Dundas, Canada West, Oct. 26, 1843, giving an account of a visit to an ossuary in Beverley township. [Title and description from the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, of Baldwinsville, N. Y.]

*c* SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, THE. Vol. V. (1889), pp. 191-198. The Eskimo Tribes.

A review of "The Eskimo of Tribes; their Distribution and characteristics, especially in regard to language," by Dr. H. Rink (Vol. XI. of the Meddelelse on Groenland, Copenhagen, (1887). Treats of implements, pp. (192-193), dwellings, 193-194; dress and ornaments, 194; domestic industries and arts, 194-5; religion and folk-lore, 195; social organisation, 195-7; distribution and division, 197-198.

*u* SCOULER, JNO. M.D., F.L.S.—On the Indian Tribes inhabiting the N. W. coast of America. Ethnol. Journ. Journ. of the Ethnol. Soc. of London. Vol. I. (1848), pp. 228-252.

*u* SOUTHESK, THE EARL OF, K.T., F.R.G.S.—Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains, A Diary and Narrative of Travel, Sport and Adventure during a journey through the Hudson's Bay Territory in 1859 and '60, Edinburgh, 1875. XXX., 448.

Describes (p. 59) Cree calumet pattern on Skin Robe; p. 258, Assiniboine Pipe and stem, with figure; p. 261, Assiniboine knife-sheath and fire-bag.

*u* SPROAT, GILBERT, MALCOLM, ESQ.—The West coast Indians of Vancouver Island. Trans. of Ethnol. Soc., London. New Series, Vol. V. (1866), pp. 243-254.

Describes houses (pp. 247-249), arts (249), instruments (250).

*u* SQUIER, E.G., M.A.—Antiquities of the State of New York, being the results of extensive original surveys and explorations, with a supplement on the Antiquities of the West, Buffalo, 1851.

Notices (pp. 15-16), remains found on Canadian side opposite Morrisville by Dr. Reynolds (*q. v.*); p. 16, figure of terra-cotta mask found there. Pages 100-107 treat of ossuaries, etc., in Simcoe County, Ontario, after Bawtree (*q. v.*). P. 100, human bones, etc., discovered near Barrie in 1846, ossuary near St. Tincents; 100-103, ossuary near Penetanguishene in Township of Giny (read *Tiny*) examined in 1847, from which skulls, 26 kettles of copper and brass, 3 large conch-shells, piece of beaver-skin, large iron axe, human hair, copper bracelet, beads, etc., were taken, description of pit, p. 101, kettles 100-102 (figure on page 102). conch-shells 102 (figure on 102), axe, with figure, 102, pipe 102-103, beads 103. Pages 103-104 describe another pit (2 miles from above), and contents; 104-105, a pit discovered in Oro township in November, 1847, in which several hundred skeletons, 26 kettles, one conch-shell, one iron axe, a number of flat perforated shell-beads and pipe were found. Pages 105-6 describe a pit in the Township of Giny (Tiny), from which a large number of skeletons, 16 conch shells, a stone and a clay pipe, copper bracelets, and ear-ornaments, red-pipestone beads, and copper arrowheads were taken. Pages 106-108 deal with a fifth pit in the centre of the Town of Tiny, with figure and plan opposite page 107. P. 108 notices a burial place on Isle Ronde, near the extremity of L. Huron, and one near Hamilton, Ont. Pages 108-110 contain quotation from Charlevoix (II., 194), on the *Fête des-Morts* among the Hurons and Iroquois. On p. 142, and p. 267, are brief references to earthworks in Canada.



*l* STONE, WM. L.—Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson during the Oriskany Campaign, 1776-1777. Albany, 1882.

A note on page 68 describes a large Indian burial-ground on the shore of Button Bay, Wolfe Island, discovered in 1878, by reason of the washing away of the shore. Find of large spears, arrowheads and skulls (encased in mica). Also a mound covering skeletons.

THOMAS, MISS NORA.—Burial Ceremonies of the Hurons. Translated from the Relations des Jésuites, 1636, pp. 128-139. Supplemental Note to "Burial Mounds of the Northern Section of the United States," by Prof. Cyrus Thomas in Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1883-1884 (Washington, 1887), pp. 3-139.

Describes the burial customs of the old Hurons of the Province of Ontario as recorded by Brebœuf and others in the Jesuit Relations.

*c* THOMPSON, GILBERT.—Indian Time Indicators. American Anthropologist, Washington. Vol. II. (1889), pp. 118.

Describes from Hind (Vol. I p. 150), rude form of sun-dial employed by the Nascapsee Indians.

TORONTO "MAIL." Vol. XVIII., No. 7,913. (February 27, 1889), p. 4, col. 6. Description [from the St. John (N.B.) Educational Review] of Pictographs on the Fairy rocks, between Annapolis and Queen's County.

———September 20, 1889. P. 8, col. 2.

Notice of ossuary and contents, near Thornhill, Ontario.

*cut* TURNER, LUCIEN M.—On the Indians and Eskimos of the Ungava District, Labrador. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada, Vol. V. (1887), Sec. II., pp. 99-119.

Describes Nascopie funeral customs, 113; dressing deer-skins, 110-111; wigwam, 111; method of burial of *Itivimut* (Ungava) Eskimos, Tahaagmagut, 103; dress of Tahagmyut, 102; ivory gambling-blocks, 102.

*c* ———Scraper of the Naskopie (Naynaynots) Indians. American Anthropologist, Washington. Vol. I. (1888), pp. 186-188.

Describes a bone-scraper of the Nascopies and method of making and manner of using it.

*cu* TYLOR, E. B., D.C.L., F.R.S.—Old Scandinavian Civilization among the Modern Esquimaux. Journ. Anthropol. Inst. of Gt. Brit. and Irel. Vol. XIII. (1884), pp. 348-356.

*u* TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER.—The Northern Coasts of America and the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories, with a continuation by R. M. Ballantyne. London, 1854.

Describes ornaments and implements of the Dog-Ribs, 148; house of the Diguthee-Dinees or Quarrellers, 152-153; carved and painted posts, 180; canoes, 180; Eskimo nose-ornaments, etc., 234-255; dress, 235; Eskimo House of Assembly on Atkinson Island, 244-245; Kayaks and oomiaks, 369-370.

*u* VIRCHOW, HERR.—Die anthropologische Untersuchung der Bella-Coola. Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, 18. Bd. (1886), S. 206-215.

Treats of dance-masks, 208; houses and totem-poles, 208; wood-carving, 208; tattooing and scarring, 210-211; physical characteristics, 212-215, and table of measurements of body and skull of Bella-Coola.

*l* WELD, ISAAC, JR.—Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada during the years 1795, 1796 and 1797. Fourth edition. Illustrated and embellished with 16 plates. London, 1807, 2 vols., I-VIII., 1-376.

Describes Indian dress and ornaments, 231-238; brooches, 236; bracelets, ring, ear-rings, etc., 236, nose-pendants, 237; silver and shell breast-plates, 237; utensils, 241-243; weapons, 243-244; wampum, 249-252; quill-work, 259-260.

*c* WEST, JOHN, A.M.—The Substance of a Journal during a residence at the Red River Colony, British North America and frequent excursions among the North-west American Indians, in the years 1821, 1822, 1823. Second Edition enlarged with a journal of a mission to the Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the Mohawks on the Ouse or Grand River, Upper Canada, 1825-1826. London, 1827, I-XVI., 1-326.

Describes Eskimo toys, images, etc., 7; Indian (Saulteaux?) burial, 33; burial of Stone (?) Indians, 55.

*tu* WHYMPER, FREDERICK.—Travel and Adventure in Alaska. New York, 1869. I-XIX., 353.

Describes (p. 74) masks used by the Aht Indians of Vancouver Islands with figure of the mask on page 77.

*u* WILSON, CAPTAIN.—Report on the Indian Tribes inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the 49th parallel of N. Latitude. Ethnol. Journ. Journ. of the Ethnol. Soc. of London. Vol. IV. (1865), pp. 275-332.

Describes, Kootenay head flattening; burials; dwellings; canoes; Selish houses; dress; native manufactures.

*tuc* WILSON, SIR DANIEL, LL.D., F.R.S. E.—The Huron Race and its Head-Form. Canad. Journal, Second Series, Vol. VIII. (1871-3), pp. 113-134.

Plates opposite pp. 113, 126, 128; table of measurements, p. 131.

*tu* ———Prehistoric Man. Researches into the origin of Civilization in the Old and New World. Cambridge and London, 1862, 2 vols. New Editions, 1876, 2 vols.

Passim, and at I., 105, archæological discoveries at Toronto.

*u* ———Supposed prevalence of one Cranial Type throughout the American aborigines. Edinburgh New Philos. Journ., VII. (1858), 1-32.

*u* ———Some ethnological phases of Conchology. *Ib.* IX. (1859), 65-82; 191-210.

*u* ———On some modifying elements affecting the ethnic signification of peculiar forms of the human skull. *Ib.* XIV. (1861), 269-281.

*cu* ———On some modifying elements affecting the ethnic significance of peculiar forms of the human skull. Canadian Journal. Second Series, Vol. XV. (1861).

*cut* ———Pre-Aryan American Man. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. I. (1882-3), Section II., pp. 35-70.

Brief references to Eskimo and Haidah dwellings, 38; Haidah carving and ornaments, 40; companion of art of Eskimo and man of Vezère, 48-50.



*tcu*——Inaugural Address. Read May 22, 1882. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. I. (1882-3), Sec. II., pp. 1-12.

Brief comparison (p. 14) of art of Eskimo and Haidahs.

*utc*——The Huron-Iroquois of Canada. A Typical Race of the American Aborigines. Proc. and Trans. Roy. Soc. of Canada. Vol. II. (1884), Sec. II., pp. 55-100.


*tu* WINSOR, JUSTIN.—The Progress of opinion respecting the origin and antiquity of man in America. Narrative and Critical History of America. Edited by Justin Winsor. Vol. I. (1889), pp. 369-412.

Contains valuable bibliographical items. Also, p. 377 and 389, figure of Hochelaga skull from Dawson "Fossil Men."

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## REMARKS.

The present contribution contains some 160 titles (the first contribution contained 74) and the compiler hopes, with about three more, to make the Bibliography fairly complete. The Relation, of the Jesuits, works like those of Charlevoix, Lafitau, etc., will be cited in the next section, as will also the mass of books of travel relating to the Arctic coast of British America (some of which will be found in the present section), together with local histories and fugitive articles in newspapers and periodicals.

 *C, l, t, u*, before a title mean that the work from which the title and description have been taken, is to be found in the Library of the Canadian Institute (*c*), the Library of the Ontario Legislature (*l*), the Toronto Public Library (*t*), or the Library of the University of Toronto (*u*). A work marked by an asterisk (\*) is cited from a copy in the possession of the compiler.

## CORRIGENDA.

Corrigenda in No. I. (Report, 1887-188). P. 6, l. 27, read Sœur Ste Héliène. P. 6, line 8, read 2 vols. ; p. 3, l. 41, read Aborigènes.

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